MARVEL

MARVEL ZOMBIES

MARVEL ZOMNIBUS

ROBERT KIRKMAN • MARK MILLAR

MARVEL ZOMBIES

MARVEL ZOMBIES: DEAD DAYS

WRITER: Robert Kirkman
ARTIST: Sean Phillips
COLORIST: June Chung
LETTERER: VC's Rus Wooton
EDITOR: Ralph Macchio

MARVEL APES: PRIME EIGHT

plus material from MARVEL APES: SPEEDBALL, AMAZING SPIDER-MONKEY & GRUNT LINE

WRITER: Karl Kesel
PENCILERS: Todd Nauck with Ramon Bachs, Reilly Brown & Joe Suitor
INKERS: Jaime Mendoza with Ramón F. Bachs, Victor Olazaba & Joe Suitor
COLORISTS: Chris Sotomayor with Javier Mena Guerrero & Joe Suitor
LETTERERS: Dave Sharpe with VC's Joe Caramagna
EDITORS: Tom Brennan & Stephen Wacker

MARVEL ZOMBIES: EVIL EVOLUTION

WRITER: Karl Kesel
PENCILERS: Roberto Di Salvo with Adam DeKraker, Carlo Soriano & Joe Suitor
INKERS: Roberto Di Salvo with Walden Wong, Carlo Soriano & Joe Suitor
COLORISTS: Andrew Dalhouse with John Kalisz, Chris Sotomayor, Antonio Fabela, Andres Mossa & Joe Suitor
LETTERER: Dave Sharpe
EDITORS: Tom Brennan & Stephen Wacker

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #21-23

WRITER: Mark Millar
PENCILER: Greg Land
INKER: Matt Ryan
COLORIST: Justin Ponsor
LETTERER: Chris Eliopoulos
EDITOR: Ralph Macchio

MARVEL ZOMBIES #1-5

WRITER: Robert Kirkman
ARTIST: Sean Phillips
COLORIST: June Chung
LETTERER: VC's Randy Gentile
EDITOR: Ralph Macchio

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #30-32

plus material from ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #24, #27 & #29

WRITER: Mark Millar
PENCILERS: Greg Land with Mitch Breitweiser
INKERS: Matt Ryan with Mitch Breitweiser
COLORISTS: Justin Ponsor with Jason Keith
LETTERERS: VC's Randy Gentile with Chris Eliopoulos
EDITOR: Ralph Macchio

BLACK PANTHER #28-30

plus material from BLACK PANTHER #27

WRITER: Reginald Hudlin
PENCILER: Francis Portela
INKERS: Francis Portela with Victor Olazaba
COLORIST: Val Staples
LETTERER: VC's Cory Petit
EDITOR: Axel Alonso

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2 #1-5

WRITER: Robert Kirkman
ARTIST: Sean Phillips
COLORIST: June Chung
LETTERER: VC's Rus Wooton
EDITORS: Bill Rosemann & Ralph Macchio

MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #1-5

WRITERS: Fred Van Lente, David Wellington, Jonathan Maberry & Seth Grahame-Smith
PENCILERS: Nick Dragotta, Andrea Mutti, Jason Shawn Alexander, Richard Elson & Wellinton Alves
INKERS: Nick Dragotta, Andrea Mutti, Jason Shawn Alexander, Richard Elson & Scott Hanna
COLORISTS: Lee Loughridge, Gotem Studio's Luca Malisan, June Chung, Matt Milla & Guru-eFX
LETTERER: Simon Bowland
EDITORS: Bill Rosemann & Ralph Macchio

MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1-4 AND MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #1-4

WRITER: Fred Van Lente
ARTIST: Kev Walker
COLORIST: Jean-Francois Beaulieu
LETTERER: VC's Rus Wooton
EDITORS: Bill Rosemann & Ralph Macchio

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #1-5

WRITER: Fred Van Lente
PENCILERS: Kano & Fernando Blanco with Michael William Kaluta, Felix Ruiz & Frank Brunner
INKERS: Tom Palmer & Fernando Blanco with Alvaro Lopez, Michael Wm. Kaluta, Felix Ruiz & Frank Brunner
COLORIST: Val Staples
LETTERER: Simon Bowland
EDITOR: Mark Paniccia

MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #1-5

WRITER: Frank Marraffino
PENCILER: Fernando Blanco
INKERS: Jason Paz & Fernando Blanco
COLORIST: Chris Chuckry
LETTERER: Dave Sharpe
EDITOR: Mark Paniccia

COVER ART: Arthur Suydam

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MARVELOUS ZOMBIES

INTRODUCTION FROM *MARVEL ZOMBIES* HARDCOVER

I didn't even really want to do this book. No, seriously. Aside from the plethora of marvelous Marvel Comics I do on a monthly basis, I keep my toe firmly dipped into the creator-owned pool of the comics industry. I do two other books, *Invincible* and *The Walking Dead*, the latter of which (as the title would indicate) is a zombie book.

I love zombies—zombie movies, zombie comics, zombie lunch boxes, zombie toothpaste—I love it all. But the thing is, *The Walking Dead* pretty much scratches that itch. And it's *very* easy in this business I like to call comics to get labeled as something. You can be the "talking animal guy" or the "crappy ending guy" or the "way too much dialogue guy" after just one or two high-profile projects.

I didn't want to be the "zombie guy" not that I think there's anything wrong with that—it's just that I've always prided myself on the diversity of the work I produce. I didn't want to suddenly look like a one-trick pony. Especially because the bulk of my work aside from *The Walking Dead* is super hero stuff...so a zombie super hero book seemed a bit too, I don't know...easy.

So when Ralph Macchio (of *Karate Kid* fame, I don't know if anybody knows that), the editor of this fine book, called me up, I was stunned. After I got over the initial shock of receiving a phone call from cinema's Karate Kid, I started to listen to what he was saying, things like:

"Zombie Marvel Universe."

"Ultimate Fantastic Four."

"Mark Millar's idea."

"Would you want in?"

Turns out ol' Mark Millar created some kooky zombie-filled Marvel Universe that was to be discovered by the Ultimate Fantastic Four in the opening arc of his new run on that book. Marvel, being the brilliant company they are, decided to do a miniseries spinning off from that world. Since I was quickly becoming the "zombie guy" due to my other zombie book...I got the call.

I thought about it, and ultimately I accepted. You just don't turn down the Karate Kid.

It's not wise.

Nor do you ignore the words of wisdom from the Kid's cohorts—Associate Editors John Barber and Nicole Boose. Both of whom contributed mightily to the direction this series finally took. Couldn't have done it without them. Thanks, guys!

So then came the fun part...what do we actually do in this miniseries? A lot of ideas were thrown about. One involved Hawkeye escaping in a Quinjet to the Arctic and trying to live there—until the zombies found him and he had to go on the run again. Kinda boring, I know...we didn't do it after all.

Another idea I had was "Luke Cage: last man on Earth!" For that idea Luke Cage would be finding pockets of civilization, normal humans in hiding...and he would be leading the hordes of Marvel Zombies *to them*. He'd be working for the zombies because the child he had with Jessica Jones was being held prisoner, and the zombies agreed to not eat her—as long as Cage provided them something *else* to eat. I thought it was kinda cool. Maybe a little obscure...it relied heavily on a plotline from *The Pulse* and could have been confusing, but it would have been cool, Cage forming an army, figuring out how to take out the zombies...stuff like that.

Thankfully, Karate Kid drop-kicked that idea right into the trash. In a very "paint fence, wash windows" kinda moment, he suggested maybe we just focus on the zombies as the main characters. That guy's a freaking Zen master or something.

It had never even occurred to me that we could do that. I wasn't really thinking outside of the box. I thought we'd need someone for the reader to relate to...someone to see the world through their eyes...it couldn't all just be *zombies*...but actually...it *could*.

My mind began to race with possibilities. I mean, five full issues with just zombies...running around, doing whatever? Could that work? Could that be entertaining? I thought it could... but there was a catch.

I called Ralph up one day while I was plotting the book out. I had realized that doing a book with an entirely zombie cast had one major problem...*they were zombies*. "Ralph," I said, "I don't really know how I can do this. These guys are rotting and falling apart, losing body parts and eating whatever they can find...this book is going to be *gross*, bloody and *gross*." To which he replied, "Yeah?" I was shocked...I said to him, I said, "*Ralph*, for the love of Pete, this is a *Marvel comic*." And he said back to me, "So? I think it'll be fine. Go *crazy!*"

And I did. I got off the phone and over the next three weeks I put my heart and soul into the first issue of this book you now hold in your hands. I won't ruin anything for you here but it was nasty, *really* nasty...way nastier than it had any right to be. There were severed arms and swollen legs and chewed intestines and all kinds of gross gore stuff that every zombie story should be chock-full of.

I actually *liked* it. I don't usually get done with a script and think "Hey, that was pretty good." Usually it's "Man, I hope they like it." Because I have no idea how to judge my own work. But this, I thought, was cool. I emailed it into the editorial office (which is how we do things here in the future). A buddy of mine called, an "industry pro" as I like to call them, I won't drop names (oh, it was Steven Spielberg, who am I kidding?). He asked what I was up to. I said, "Well, I just turned in the first script for *Marvel Zombies,*" and Steve said, "Really? Wow, what's it like?" I then went on to tell him about all the nastiness inside, in great detail, and as I went on I got more and more excited.

"And then this happens! And then this! And then *this!* It's *crazy!!*"

And I paused. The phone was silent. Steven was stunned. He replied back to me, "This is a Marvel book, right? You did *what?!*" I came to a startling realization—I had made a huge mistake! I immediately hung up on Spielberg (which immediately shot me out of the running to write *Indiana Jones 4*), and I started to sweat buckets!

I was going to be fired. I couldn't believe I was *stupid* enough to put the things I'd put in *Marvel Zombies* #1 in an actual honest-to-god *Marvel Comic*. I thought for sure they would read the script and think I was playing a prank on them—that I had put that stuff in there just to mess with them...I thought they would be outraged. Which sucked because now that my screenwriting career was in the toilet I *needed* this job!

The phone rang. The caller I.D. clearly read "*Karate Kid*."

Reluctantly, I answered the phone. "*Yes?*" Only to hear, "Robert, it's Ralph calling. I read the script to *Marvel Zombies #1*." Stunned as I was that he hadn't yet started yelling, I asked, "*And?*" To which he said, "Looks great. I'm sending it on to Sean the artist, I'll get to him in a minute or two." I was *stunned*. Everything seemed to be fine. He was letting it go, letting the book be bloody, nasty, and gory.

Up until that point, I had no idea how this book would sell. I thought, "it's kind of a spin-off from *Ultimate Fantastic Four*, it might do okay." I didn't think in a million years it would be the success it ultimately became, but from that point on, when I knew they were going to let it be gory...I knew it was something special, something people couldn't get somewhere else.

I knew it had a chance.

So for the next four issues, with every script, I tried my hardest to come up with *something, anything* that would be so horrible, so disgusting, they would make me change it...and it *never* happened. Every disgusting thing the zombies did was kept in. Nothing was changed, nothing was altered...it was just bizarre, and frustrating...I thought I was one sick puppy, but I couldn't come up with anything they balked at.

I don't think it was only the gore or the shock value that drew attention to the book, because Ralph and his crack team of ninja editors assembled a fine creative team (aside from me). Sean Phillips was picked as the artist...Sean is well known for his work on dozens of other books, most recently *Sleeper* with Ed Brubaker. He did a fantastic job on this book, as you'll soon see. He made the book a real treat to work on. Sean is a great guy.

It'd be a huge oversight to go without mentioning Arthur Suydam as well. His covers (all 75 of them) for this series were a real driving force behind the sales success. They were just so wacky and off the wall...when you saw a copy of *Marvel Zombies* on the shelf, you knew it couldn't be anything else.

Kudos to Marvel Editor in Chief Joe Quesada for suggesting the idea of using classic Marvel covers as the template for the *Zombies* covers. Also, it was talent coordinator Chris Allo who came up with the name "Arthur Suydam" as a potential cover artist. Great ideas both!

And the book was a success.

The first issue quickly sold out and went into multiple printings, a trend that continued with each successive issue. People seemed to enjoy the book, Marvel was happy with its success and all that led to the Hardcover that you now hold in your hot little hands.

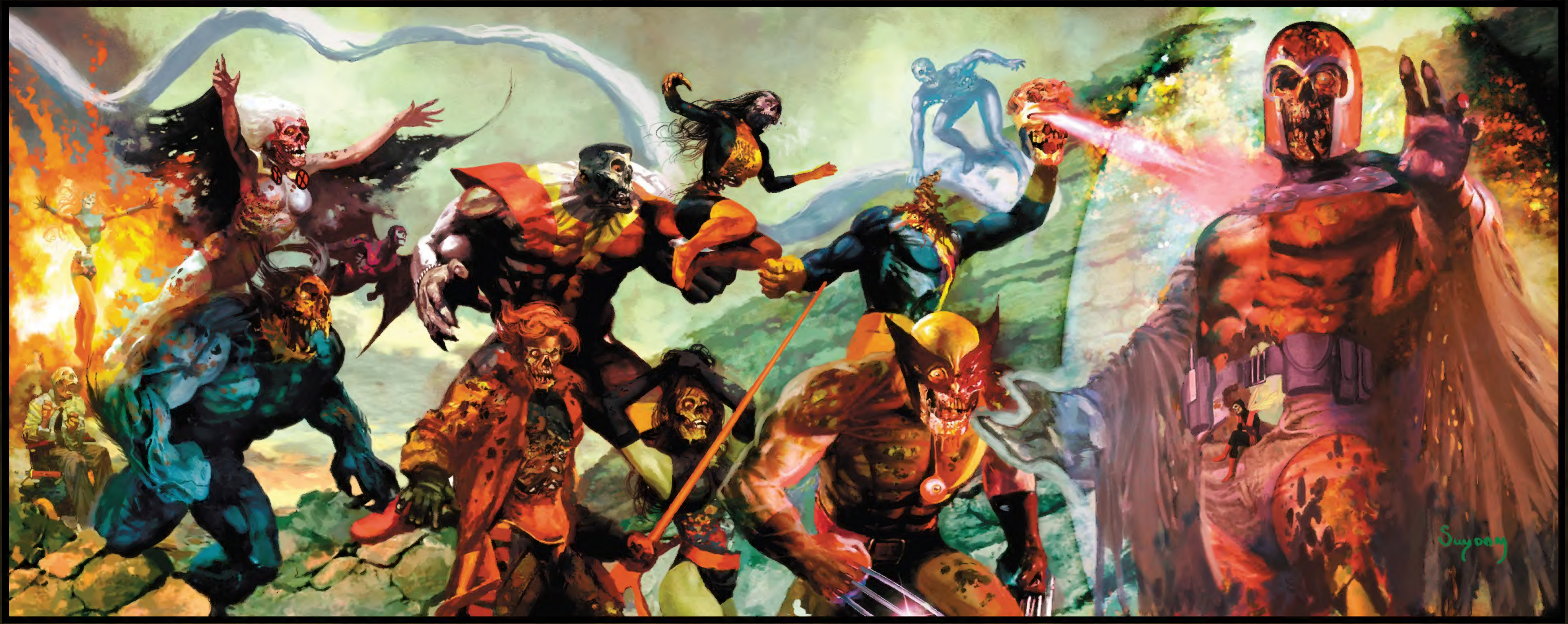
So while at first I was reluctant to accept the job, I'm glad I did...I had a blast on this series and I can't wait to do it all over again!

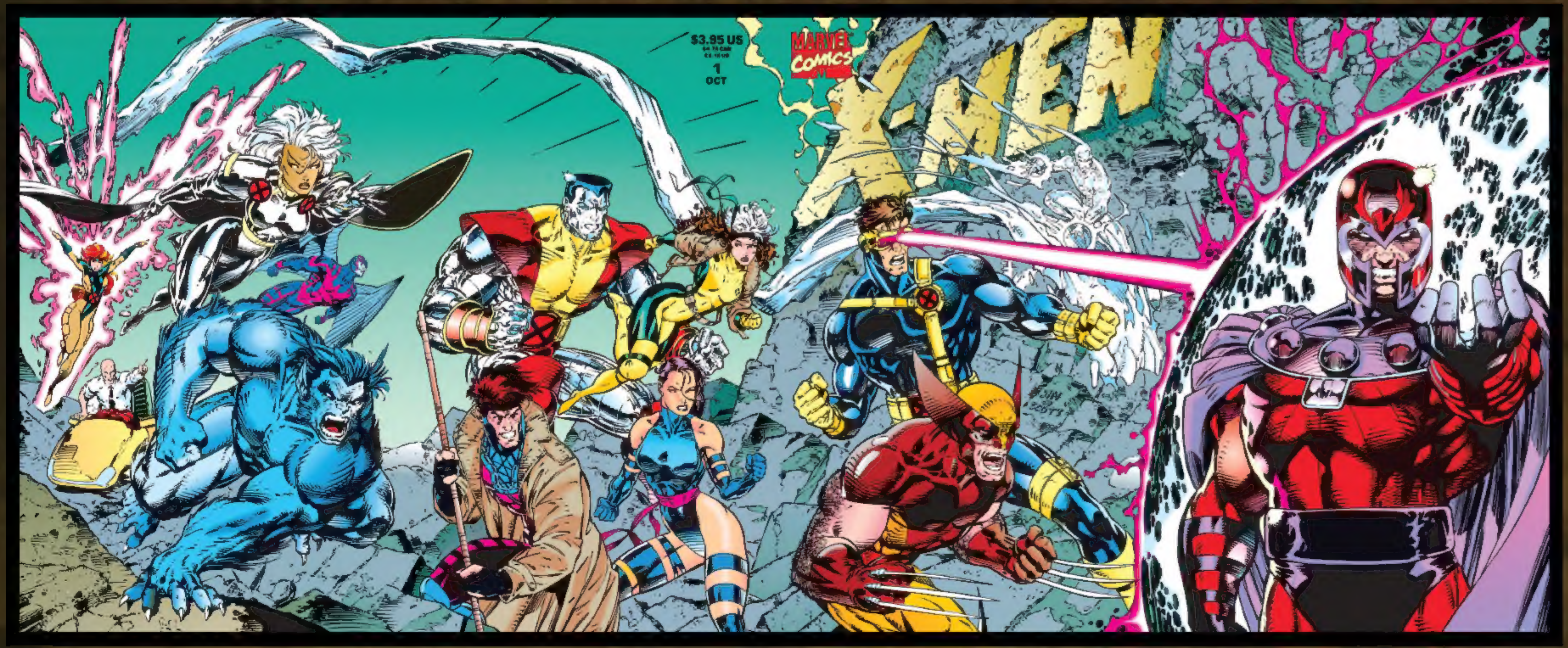
I'll see you then!

ROBERT "THE ZOMBIE GUY" KIRKMAN
Backwoods, Kentucky
June 2006

MARVEL ZOMBIES: DEAD DAYS

Cover by Arthur Suydam





X-MEN #1 (October 1991) Cover by Jim Lee & Scott Williams

Debuting almost thirty years after the original first issue of X-Men*, the new "adjectiveless"* X-Men*, as it is affectionately referred to by fans, climbed quickly to the top of the charts partially due to the variant covers that accompanied the first issue, the sales would have been high for this breakout hit regardless. One cool artistic reward for folks who bought all the different variants was the ability to connect all the covers together for a panoramic X-Men experience like none other, courtesy of Jim Lee!*

"This one I was working on for over a four-month period, off and on. While I was working on the other covers, I just kept going back to this one and working on it little by little. I knew far ahead the concept for choosing this picture, as it came from Robert Kirkman and Chris Allo at Marvel. I had fair warning on this one!

"If it was my choice, I would always work wide like this. The name of the game when you're doing illustrations and paintings is trompe l'oeil. You're very limited by the shape of the space that you're working in, and we're trying to fool the reader into thinking they're seeing something other than paint or ink on a flat surface. The challenge is to have the viewer believe that they're looking through glass at a particular world that has height and width and scope and depth. So how one does that to communicate space is to go wide. That's why in all the Hudson River paintings, or landscape paintings, you will rarely if ever see one that is in an upright rectangular shape. They will usually be very wide and short from top to bottom to try and fool the eye into accepting that illusion of space. To finally have that opportunity to do something wide was very refreshing.

"At the same time, it was very, very challenging. This was a unique concept for doing a cover because the original was divided up into quarters. It's one continuous image, but each quarter has to stand on its own and as a separate piece. The original cover design by Jim Lee was very stylized, and on my end it required a very radical departure from that."

INTRODUCTION

FROM *MARVEL ZOMBIES: THE COVERS* HARDCOVER

Zombies, huh? I mean… it's getting a bit excessive, right? These things are everywhere. Movies, television, magazines, lunch boxes, novelty items and well… y'know, comics. It seems like these things just can't be stopped. What the heck's the deal with all that?

Well, I'll tell you what the deal is.

I don't think anyone could argue the fact that the "modern" zombie was created by George A. Romero. When *The Night Of The Living Dead* was released, way back in 1968, what movie viewers were witnessing was the birth of a fantastic new monster, worthy of standing next to any vampire or werewolf any day of the week.

Before then the term "zombie" was never associated with the end of the world, or hordes of flesh-hungry corpses roaming the earth en masse, eating the living at an alarming rate. The term zombie really only referred to a single person, brought back to life by a witch doctor for evil purposes… but it was never really a threat to humanity at large…until George.

Then Arthur Suydam drew the covers for Marvel Zombies…

The end. That's the be-all-end-all of zombie fiction. George created them…and Arthur took all your most beloved comic-book covers and *deadified* them. Those are the two high points.

Well, not really… but for the sake of this book, they might as well be. But there is a bit more to it than just that.

Zombies have kind of taken hold of popular culture and don't seem to be letting go anytime soon. Now, like everything else these things come in waves. Zombies were mighty popular in the '80s as well, and then suddenly, not so much. They weren't completely forgotten in the '90s, but I think they remained largely on the fringe of popular culture until the heinous and unforgivable attacks on the World Trade Center occurred on September 11th, 2001.

The War On Terror, and all the uncertainty and fear that it has brought into our safe little corner of the world has given rise to the undead all over again. There's just something about worrying if a bomb is going to land in your backyard, no matter how unlikely it may be, that makes you want to read about people living in the end times.

The last time zombies were even close to this popular was at the height of the Cold War. During the age of the Red Scare people were stocking bomb shelters they'd had put in their backyards with canned goods and praying President Reagan would keep those evil commies from destroying the world.

And again, now we're out buying plastic sheeting and duct tape, we're watching for white powder at the post office. These are some very scary times to be living in…one could argue, possibly the most scary times we've ever lived in. The Russians never knocked a building over…and what do we see? Zombies…back again and more popular than ever.

Thanks, George Romero!

Honestly, these walking cesspools of rot and filth give us something to numb our minds with…something to provide us with a little bit of escapism in these times where reality is often times more surreal and startling than the pages of Punch 'Em Up monthly. It's times like these that stories of ghouls and ghastly images capture the public's hearts and minds in ways that traditional capes and costumes just can't do it.

People don't want to be uplifted, or lulled into a sense of false security by seeing Captain America "sock" the real-life bad guy on the cover. That's not the America we live in. Not anymore and maybe never again.

These living-dead menaces we read about in *Marvel Zombies*, *Zombie*, *Remains*, *Ultimate Fantastic Four*, *Toe Tags*, *Zombies!*, *Black Gas*, *Black Panther* and *The Walking Dead* are a reflection of our unrelenting, unquenchable fear of death itself. They represent all the fears in the world rolled up into a (most of the time) slow-moving menace that can be killed with a hatchet, or chainsaw, or well-placed swing of a bat.

They're just a reflection of what we fear we might, but know eventually we will, ourselves, become. Only we won't be shambling around in search of brains, we'll just be quietly rotting away, completing our long arduous journey to dust.

So like Barbara said in the fantastic 1990 remake of *Night of the Living Dead*; "They are us and we are them."

Zombies are a part of us, and they'll never truly go away… unless we do.

And I really don't think we're going anywhere anytime soon.

So cheer up. It's not the end of the world just yet.

ROBERT KIRKMAN
Backwoods, Kentucky
2007

IT STARTED WITH A FLASH
IN THE SKY, AND A RIPPLE
THROUGH THE CLOUDS. THE
HUNGER IS WHAT BROUGHT
IT HERE--AND FEED IT DID,
UNTIL THE MARVEL HEROES
WERE NO MORE.

THEY WERE REPLACED BY
SOULLESS MONSTERS, DRIVEN
ONLY BY AN INSATIABLE
HUNGER FOR HUMAN FLESH.

OR RATHER...
THEY ***WILL BE.***

THIS IS NO WORLD OF
MARVEL HEROES.

THIS IS THE WORLD OF:

MARVEL ZOMBIES: DEAD DAYS

Oh, *man!*
Oh, *man!*
Oh, *man!*
Sean 2007

THAP
Everyone--*okay?*
Peter!
Oh my God--you're *okay!* Are you okay?
I--not really, actually. Colonel America *bit* me. I'm starting to feel kind of *sick.*
I'll get the peroxide.
So what they're saying on the news--it's true?! The Avengers have started *attacking* people--*eating* them?
Yeah--they--I tried to reason with them--see why they were acting like they were. They *attacked* me.
I barely got out of there, MJ--it's *bad* out there. I hate to even think this--but I think we should get out of here.
Then let's *go,* Peter.
I'm *scared,* I--I've never seen anything *like* this.

IRK!
PETER!!
Peter--are you *okay?* What is it?
What's wrong?!
Not well--sick.
Getting--*worse!* My stomach--the *pain!*
THE HUNGER!
GGARRGH!!
SPRRRT!!
PETER--NO!!
Okay--let's clean up that--
Oh, *dear.* Mary Jane?! Peter--what did you--?!
Please, Aunt May--go--go lock yourself in the *bathroom.*
I can't--I can't *control myself.*

HIGH IN EARTH'S ORBIT. ASTEROID M.
Dear *God.*
What have I *done?*
We had no way of knowing it would be this bad. You are not to blame for this, my lord.
We sought only to thin out the homo sapiens--to give mutants a fighting chance.
Don't make ***excuses!*** Don't you see what's happening here? The thing we made a deal with-- the thing we brought here-- the virus affects mutants and humans ***alike.***
We've ***doomed*** the ***entire planet!***
No--now is not the time for ***anger.*** I must take ***action.*** If I can save but a few--we could survive.
Yes--it's the only way.
Where are you ***going?***
To ***Earth.*** Keep watch on the monitors-- this space station could be the last refuge of humanity.
Protect it at ***all costs.***

NEW YORK CITY.
Yo--Parker! You here? I'm sorry to barge in like this, but there's some crazy stuff going on--wanted to make sure you and the family were okay.
Hello?
You don't understand-- there's not *enough* for you--there's not *enough*. I can't *share*. I have to keep it *all* for myself.
The hunger-- *I had to do this*-- I've got to stop the *hunger* so I need it *all*.
Don't *look* at me.

KRA-THOOM!
DON'T LOOK AT ME!
What did this?! What happened to you?!
Why?!
SHUT UP AND DIE!
KRAK!!
This isn't the friend you knew! He's not the same man anymore!
Help me kill him!
K-kill him?

I can't--
I *can't!*
You have t--AARRGGH!!
Oh, God!
Oh, God!
ELSEWHERE.
STOP!!
Just stop for a second--look at us--look what we're *doing!* The pain--the hunger--it's *gone* for now!
We don't need to do this. We--we could be cured. We need to find a way to make this feeling *last*--to fend off the madness!
We're *Avengers!* We need to *fight this.* We've got to...
...stop... before too much damage is done.
I fear we may be too *late.*
We need to get back to Avengers Mansion--rethink this--regroup.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.
THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
They got the *Professor!!* They *ate* him--they ripped him to *pieces!!*
Storm--please--focus on the fight--I can't *deal* with that right now!
Whatever we throw at them--it's *just not working!* They just *keep coming!*
Don't let up--we can't let them get to the students inside--*somehow*--we've got to hold them off!

SKRGG!
SKLUGG!
SHPLKK!
GOOM!
Now is not the time for *mercy,* X-Men.
Kill or *be killed* is the new rule--and it is the only rule that matters. If this is something you cannot do--kill yourself now and save us the trouble.
Magneto, who the hell do you think you are to come in here and talk to us like this?
I've saved your life--and I'd like your help saving as many others as we can.
But I will not let your naiveté bring about my death.
You mean there're more of these--*creatures?* More of these heroes--turned into monsters?
Sadly, yes.
Then just point me in the right direction.

NEW YORK CITY.
Follow me--my lab is *this* way.
I think we lost the others.
Did you see Colonel America? The hunger took him over almost *immediately.* He--*devoured* that woman.
I--I saw it and I *still* don't believe it.
These are strange times indeed--I only hope this strange infection has yet to reach Wakanda.
Though I am confident--given the appropriate time, the Wakandan scientists in my employ can cure this disease--I do not wish this fate on my homeland.
We just need to get back to my lab--I can work on a cure there.
We can--
Henry Pym, you--you've been *bitten,* haven't you?
No--that's not what--
T'Challa, my friend--why did you have to go and *notice* something like that?

KROOOM!
I'm sorry, old friend--but I've seen what this infection has in store for me--and I'm *not* going to be caught without a meal when this is all over.
I don't expect you to understand.
At the rate these things are going--the food supply will be exhausted within a matter of *days.*
The rate at which the infection is spreading is nothing short of astonishing.
I wish I could turn back the clock--prevent myself from getting infected--but that's just inevitable *now.*
In a few minutes... I'll be a mindless animal--foraging for my next meal--
--one of *them.*
And you'll be little more than a *midnight snack.*

Franklin--Valeria! We thought they were *safe* here--we didn't think anyone could get to them--but--but she--
--she knew the codes--she got in easily.
Do it, *Sue*--
--do it *now!*

Oh, Valeria-- oh, my little girl-- *She-Hulk*--y-- you--*how could you?!*
SBLATT!!
THUD!
BREET! BREET!
We--we've got an incoming transmission from Nick Fury.
Do you want me to--?
I'll *take* it.
Revolting...

I SAY THEE NAY!!
SCREEEEEE!
NGG!!
ACK!!
Hang on, Thor--I'm here to help!
Look around you, Thunder god! The odds are against you. You're only delaying the inevitable.
You'll be one of us sooner or later!
I say thee
KROOM!

BRAKOOM!!
NAY!
DOOM!
Meteorite!
Whoa!
One bite-- that's all it takes!
The Fantastic Four.
Cool.

I thank thee for the assistance, Reed Richards and family.
Me, too.
Then do me a favor and follow us--things are getting worse out here and we could use all the help we can get.
Lead the way.
Where are we going?
You're looking at humanity's last best hope...
Welcome to the resistance.

The epicenter--the start of this...*plague,* or whatever you would call it--was in the center of Manhattan. That's the first known instance.
We don't know *how*--but something from another world broke through--came to *our* world. The Avengers, as is often the case, were the first on the scene.
The first to be *infected.*
Colonel America, Hawkeye, Black Widow, Luke Cage, Ms. Marvel... they were the start of this.
In a matter of hours it has spread to all corners of the globe. As far as we can tell, only meta-humans are affected--but that may just be because us normal humans are being completely eaten and can't fight off these monsters.
As it is now, it's already *too late* to be contained. But it may not be too late to stop it--maybe even reverse it.
You are this planet's last hope... if you do not succeed--we all *die.*
That is why I've gathered you all here.
Who let *him* in here?
Magneto's with *us,* bub. You got a *problem* with that?
Right now--if they're *not* trying to *eat you,* they are an *ally.*
Magneto is an asset we can't ignore under the current situation.
So what is the plan?
The *plan,* Iron Man, is for you to work with Reed Richards and Bruce Banner to develop *a cure.*
While you do that, the rest of us will divide into rescue squads, saving who we can and bringing them *here,* until we save the world.
Everybody *clear?*

THIS IS CRAZY!!
Do you guys even *realize* what we're up against?! If someone you know is not *here*--they're one of them! Don't you see what that means?
We're completely outnumbered! And the plan is to turn this helicarrier into a flying Noah's Ark?! How is *that* going to work?!
How many people fit on this thing?!
I'm sorry--I know we get together like this every few months to avert some global crisis or fight some enormous bad guy--I get it.
That's what we *do.*
But I think you guys are treating this like another Kree/Skrull invasion--or Thanos attacking! This is *different!*
Look how many we've *already lost* and we're just *now* forming a game plan?!
We're all *dead!* We're as good as *dead!*
It's not a perfect plan but it's *all we've got.*
The alternative is to *give up.* Anyone who prefers that option can speak up at *any* time.
That's what I *thought.*
Let's get to it, people!

AVENGERS MANSION, MANHATTAN.
Hello?
Jarvis?
Good idea, Hank-- but we're *way* ahead of you on that one. Come on in...we saved you a *piece*.
Welcome home, *husband*. I knew once I had your sweet, succulent flesh in my teeth we'd be seeing you again *very* soon.
So that's *it* then? We just *accept* what we've become, and that's it?
You don't plan to *fight* this?
What do you have in mind?
I've *eaten* over a dozen people today...I don't expect there to be much in the way of redemption available for *any* of us.
You saying you don't *want* any of this Jarvis meat?
No-- I'm *not*-- move over.
Maybe you're right. I just don't like the idea of giving up.

Oh, no--
--NO!
I'm going to *enjoy* this!
Back, demon! No ***harm*** will ***befall*** these people while ***I still stand!***
Hurry, people--we don't have much time.
I do not require your assistance and you are not ***worthy*** of mine.
Latveria is immune to this dreaded infection. We will survive this end to the world.
Leave us ***be.***

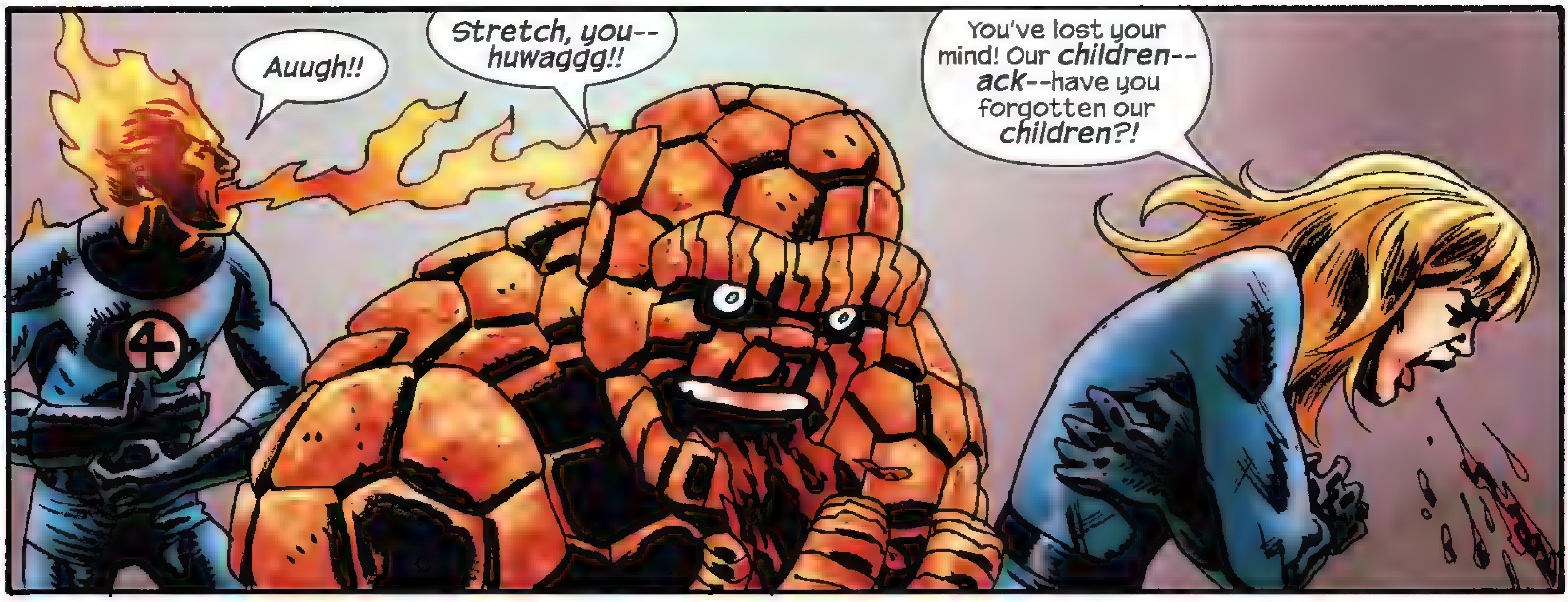
BACK ABOARD THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER REED'S LAB
Why are you in here *alone?* I thought you were working with Tony...and Bruce Banner.
They're working on *different* solutions. It was decided if we worked separately, maybe one of us would discover a viable solution and the other two could then assist.
Tony's idea--but I agree.
These creatures are *remarkable,* Sue. They're human...but they're *not.* The infection turns them into such an efficient life-form--it's just... *amazing.*
These creatures are *monsters* and deserve to be exterminated, Reed.
They're not a new life-form--not something to be *admired.* Remember what they did to our children.
Yes, of course. I realize that, Sue. But I can't ignore what almost seem like *improvements* on our design.
Improvements?!
Yes, as strange as that sounds--in that we are organisms designed to process organic matter and transform it into fuel for our bodies--yes, they are more advanced.
They use far less energy. Most bodily functions are shut down--not necessary any longer--yet they still retain mobility and all of their intellect.
Yet little more than their brain is actually functioning. It's really quite fascinating.
Sue?

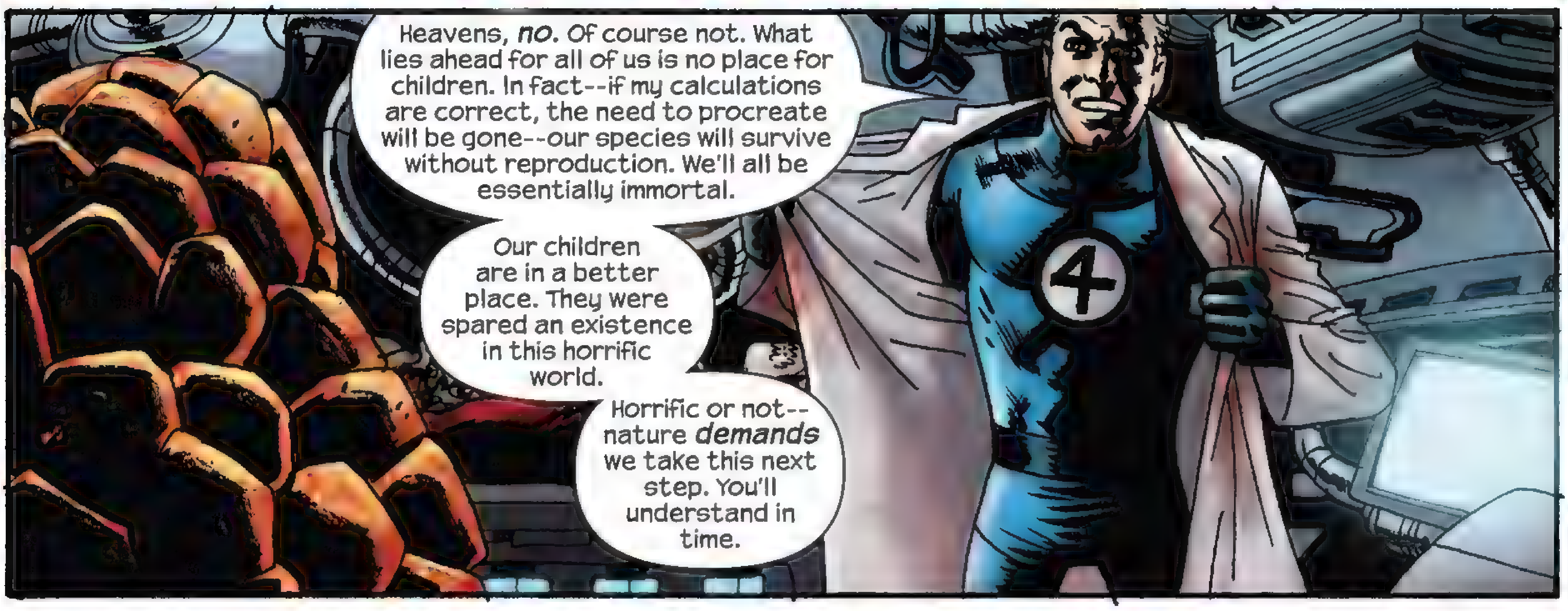
ELSEWHERE ON THE HELICARRIER. TONY'S LAB.
Well? Progress?
I think so. While finding a cure is paramount-- I want to ask you a question. Have you looked out the window lately?
I don't follow.
It's a figure of speech-- I didn't mean it literally. Even if we stop this virus, the cleanup--if we saved the world right this minute-- would take *decades.* Our world would probably *never* return to what we once knew.
So--while Reed and Banner focus on curing the infection--my efforts are, quite simply, being directed toward *escape.*
The Negative Zone is always a final option-- but the thousands of civilians we have here would probably not acclimate well to that environment.
No--this virus came from another dimension and that, too, is how we will escape it.
Using some of Reed's equipment, I've begun constructing a machine that can locate, study, and eventually bridge our passage to alternate dimensions.
The ideal case would be a world similar to our own--where a pandemic wiped out civilization long enough ago that the contagion has passed, but recent enough for us to take over their cities-- turn them into our own.
Odds for that are not in our favor-- at this point nearly *any* dimension will do.
Beggars can't be choosers, after all.
I should have this machine operational within a few hours. We could be transplanting survivors into a new world as early as tomorrow morning.
Assuming we last that long.
We'll just have to make sure we *do.*

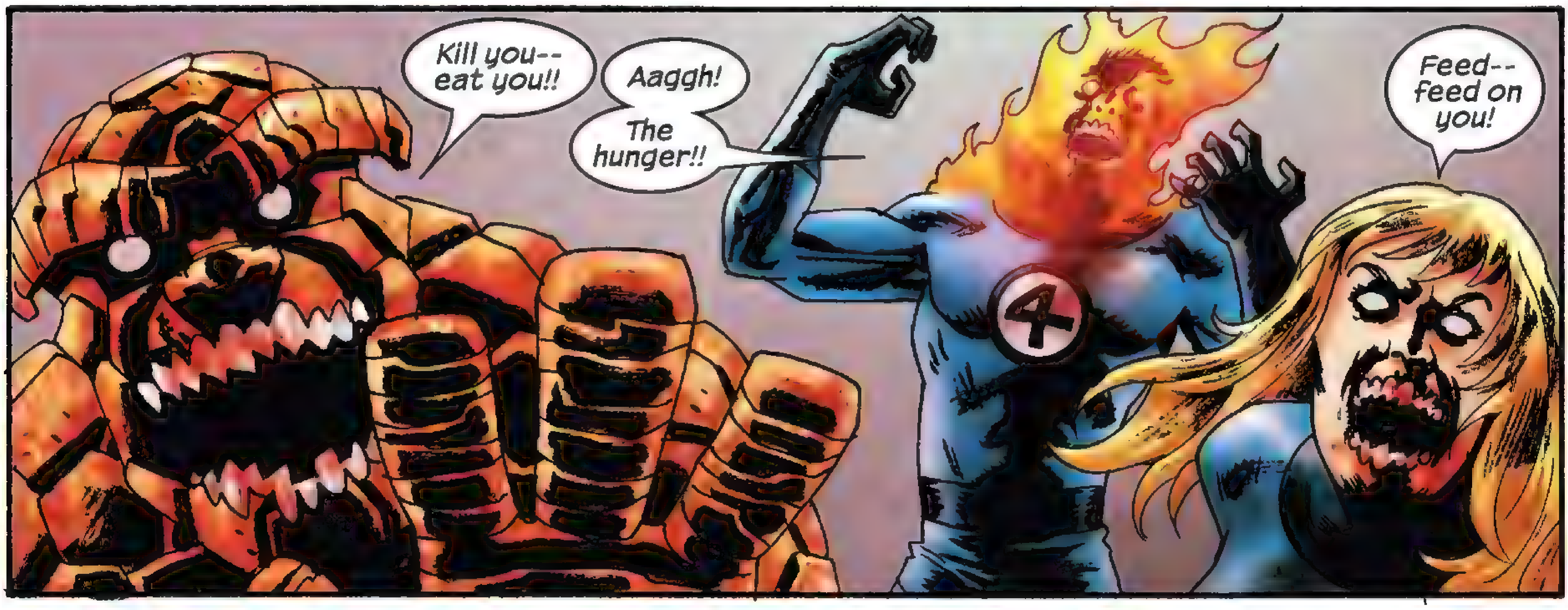
You don't understand--we *tried* to fight this--we *did*--but we just *can't!* This is what we are now!
There is *nothing* we can *do!*
WE DON'T CARE!
Sean 2007

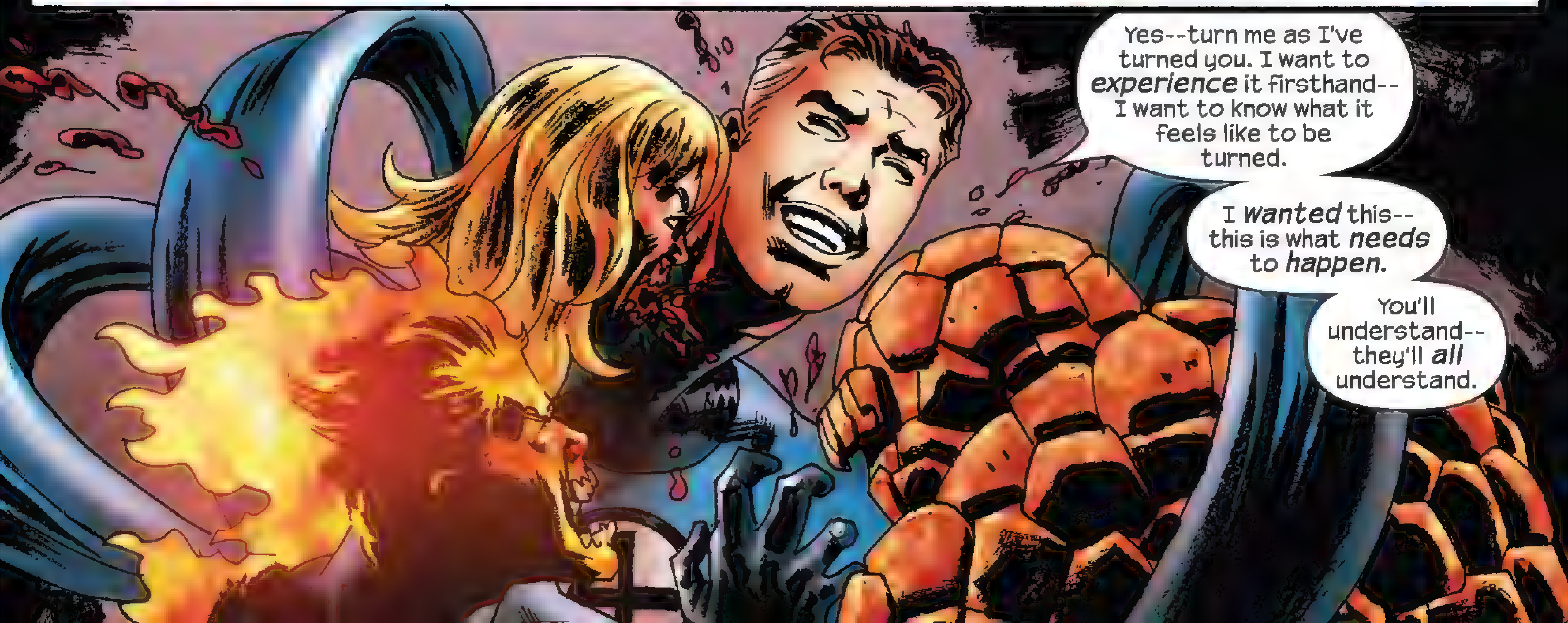
AAGGH!!
AAAAHH!!!
BLAST!
No! We will not lose!
We will not!
RETREAT!
Get back to the helicarrier-- it's our only chance.

BACK ON THE HELLICARRIER, REED'S LAB.
I'm glad you could all come here...I wanted to meet with you first, before I brought my findings to Fury and the rest.
What have you *done,* Reed?
Concluded my study, Sue. Your tone distresses me, my love.
I have, as we all should, come to accept the fate that will befall each and every one of us. Is it so inconceivable that we were *meant* to become these savage beasts?
What if this *is* the next step in our lives? I believe that to be the case. I've come to realize we're not dealing with an *infection* here.
It's *evolution.*
Have you gone *insane?!* What do you propose?! That the *solution* to all this is to embrace this and allow ourselves to be *infected?!*
No. That's not it at all.
I've *already* infected you.
You may have noticed a small prick--a scratch, a few minutes ago, as I called you in here. That's really all it takes--the tiniest of breaks in skin.
In fact, you should be starting to feel the effects in three... two...


Auugh!!
Stretch, you-- huwaggg!!
You've lost your mind! Our *children*-- *ack*--have you forgotten our *children?!*


Heavens, *no.* Of course not. What lies ahead for all of us is no place for children. In fact--if my calculations are correct, the need to procreate will be gone--our species will survive without reproduction. We'll all be essentially immortal.
Our children are in a better place. They were spared an existence in this horrific world.
Horrific or not-- nature *demands* we take this next step. You'll understand in time.


Kill you-- eat you!!
Aaggh!
The hunger!!
Feed-- feed on you!


Yes--turn me as I've turned you. I want to *experience* it firsthand-- I want to know what it feels like to be turned.
I *wanted* this-- this is what *needs* to *happen.*
You'll understand-- they'll *all* understand.

On time, I'm impressed.
There's very little more important than the work you're doing here, Stark. What's the status?
Done, actually. I'm scanning for parallel worlds as we speak.
We should be able to find a suitable one in a day or so--but I'm cataloging acceptable ones just in case we need to go in a hurry.
What about capacity?
If I had the *time,* I could amplify the field it generates and make it large enough to move the *whole carrier* into a new dimension.
But somehow I doubt we're going to have the time.
That seems to be how things are going. News from the front is bad--*very* bad. We're losing people left and right.
And every one *we* lose is one *they* gain.
Maybe that punk, *Nova,* was right. Poor boy bit it a few hours ago, himself.
One thing to keep in mind--the amount of people we'll be moving with this thing--we've probably only got enough juice to use this *once.*
So I don't want to make the choice lightly.
Which means, unless this new dimension has the same resourses as this one--we'll be *stuck there.*
Then we'll just have to--

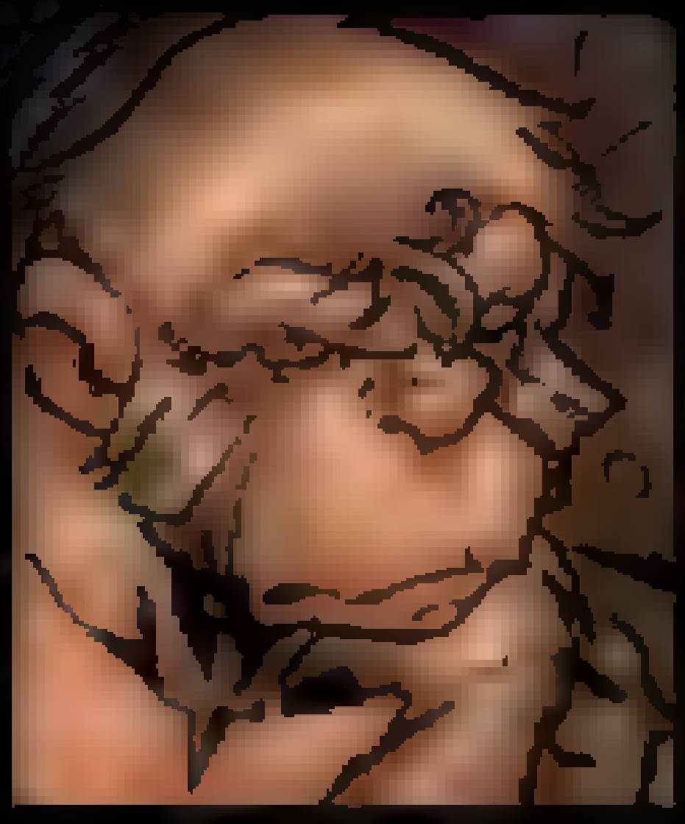
KLANNGG!
Doorway to another dimension--most likely full of delicious people to *eat?*
Great idea!
Reed--what *happened?!*
How did you--?!
I saw the light! You will *too*--with the right *motivation.*
Now--how about you let us take a couple *bites?* It'll only hurt a *little.*
AARGGH!!
Careful, now...
...we don't want to devour him--just infect him. If we eat too much he'll die just like all the *other* normal people.
It's hard--so hard to quit.
The pain--unbearable--it's hard to stop feeding, Reed.
There are plenty of others to eat up here--Tony's inventiveness will be an asset in the coming world.

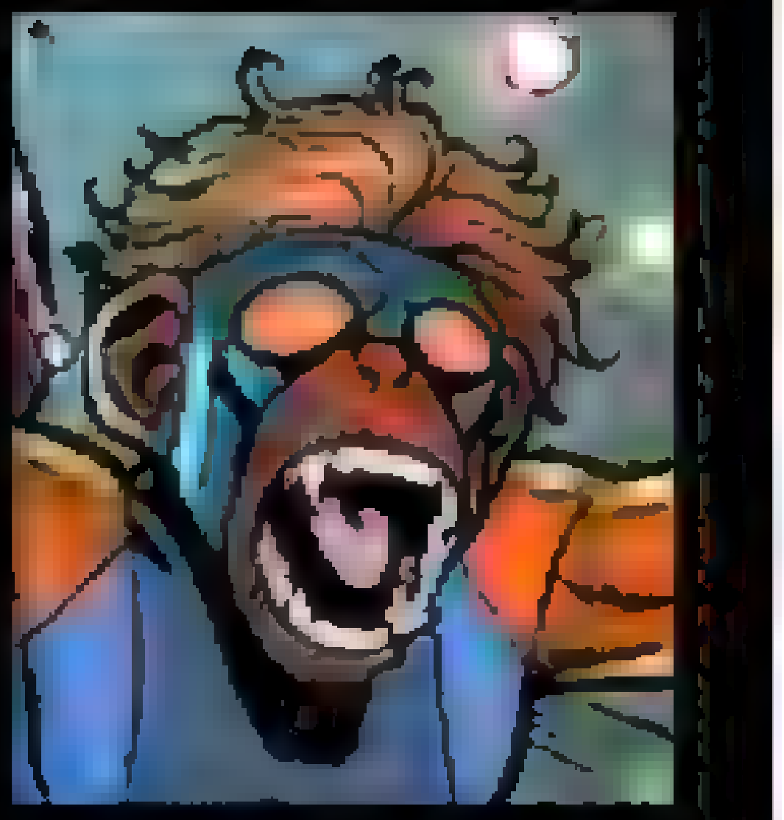
Fury.
How far does he expect to get with *that* thing?
Damn it!
We're not *ready* for *this!*
BLAM!!
You *know* that's not going to work! Nothing is going to stop us.
You're actually *scared,* aren't you?!
You disappoint me, Fury.
Computer-- initiate Fury fail-safe gamma in sector seventeen, level thirty--
NOW!

KROOM!!
They'll get through that *soon.* We haven't got much time.
We can get away with this dimensional doorway--if Stark set the coordinates, we could use it to escape--to another world.
We could--
What is it?
No. This virus--this plague--it was brought *here* from another world--if we leave, we could take it *with* us.
Everything we've been through--it all starts over again.
We can't--we can't *do* that. We can't let that *happen.*

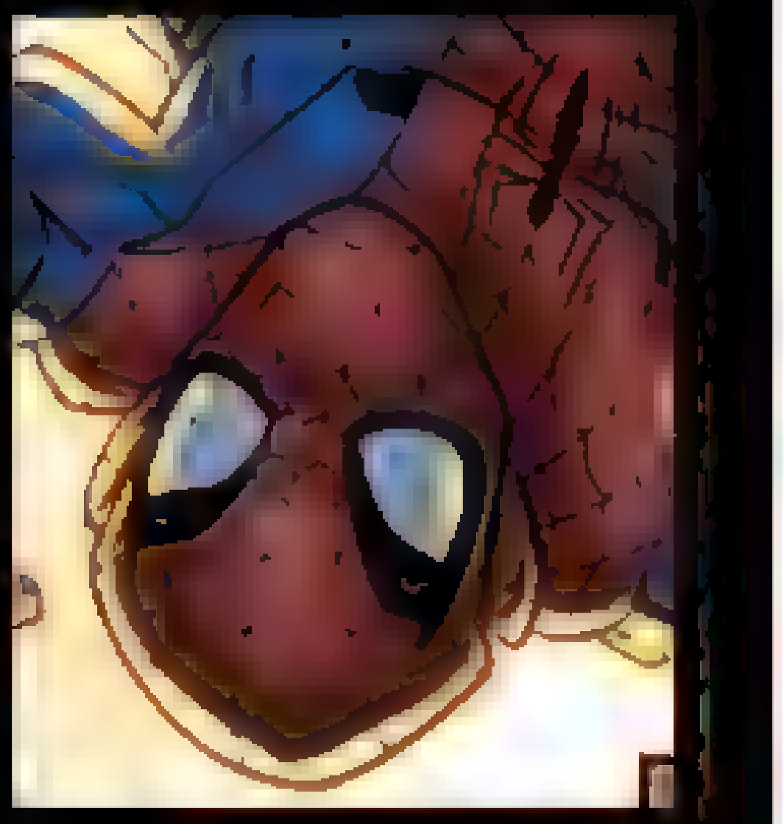
Okay--who thought *that* would stop us?!
Thor--you know what to do.
Whatever happens to us--it doesn't *matter,* now--this has to stop here--with our world.
KROOM!!
Verily!
That was a *mistake,* Fury--you're going to *pay* for that!
But only for a little while--then the world goes *black* for you and it's *all over!*

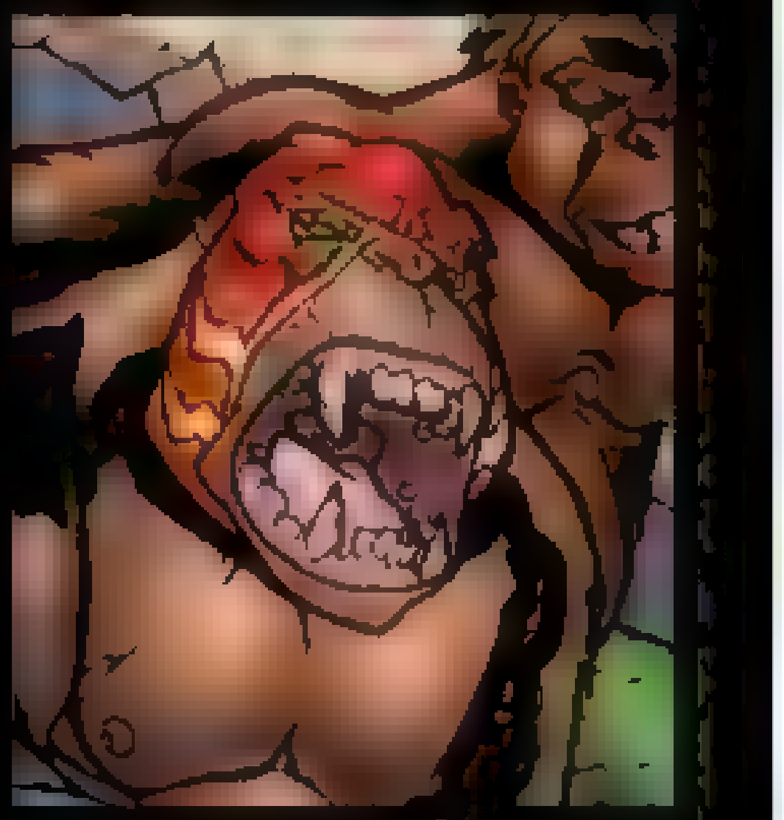
MINUTES LATER.
What *now?*
What do we do now? We take what's left of this machine back to the Baxter Building. We rebuild it and we get to work on finding another dimension.
We're going to be out of *food* soon, and besides...
...it's our responsibility to *spread the gospel.*
THE BEGINNING.


Marty Blank


Speedball

Jane Potter


Spider-Monkey


Ape X

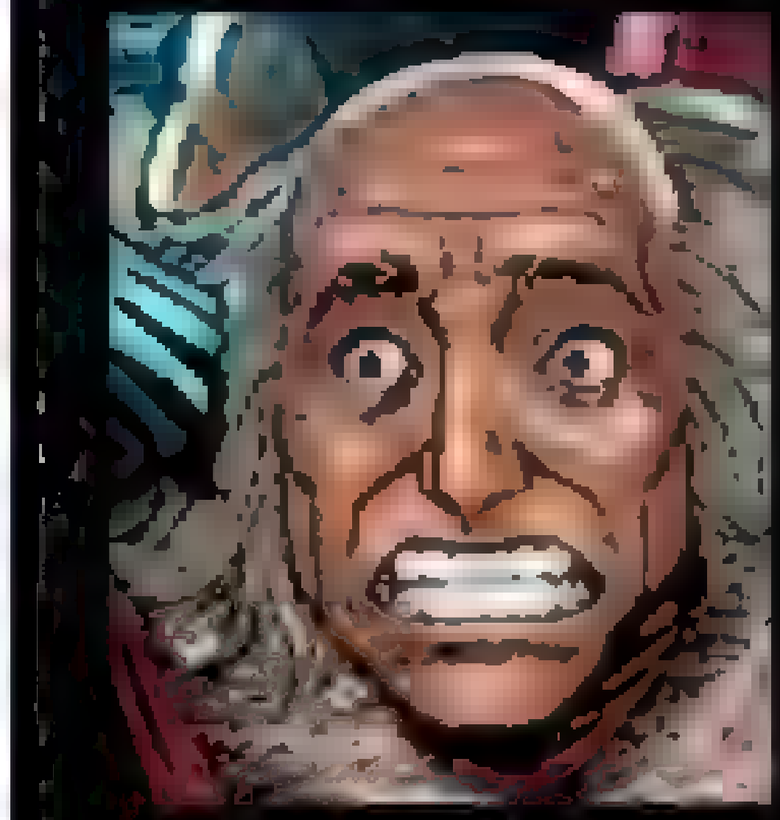
Meanwhile, in the Marvel Universe, Dr. Fiona Fitzhugh used ape-like superhuman Marty "the Gibbon" Blank's unique energies to locate a dimension where simians are the dominant species — a world of Marvel Apes! Gibbon and Fiona traveled to this brutal, savage world and befriended young heroes Speedball and Ape X — but Ape X was killed in battle, and when Speedball helped the humans escape back to their own world, the Ape-Vengers branded him a traitor.

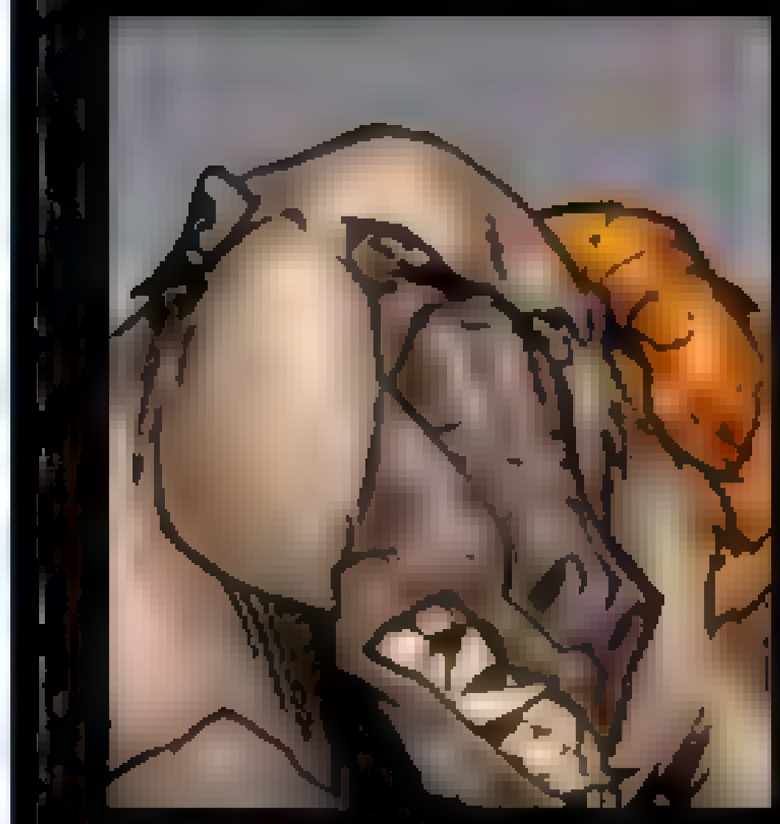
Speedball fled to the Marvel Universe, where he befriended Fahnbullah Eddy, the Gorilla Girl. Meanwhile, the Ape-Vengers rebuilt the dimensional portal, hoping to study the Marvel Universe and cure Fantastic Four member Invisible Simian, who had been transformed into a human while gaining her powers years before. The Ape-Vengers scanned the Marvel Universe for Speedball, but Spider-Monkey, uncomfortable with their desire to execute the hero, sabotaged the device — branding him a traitor as well.

In the Marvel Universe, Speedball investigated sightings of Ape X and discovered Roy Reyna, Ape X's human counterpart, who could transform into a super-powered gorilla. But the Red Ghost and his Super-Apes had located Roy as well — and in the ensuing battle, the Red Ghost learned of Speedball's home dimension and used his intangibility powers to transport himself and Speedball there.

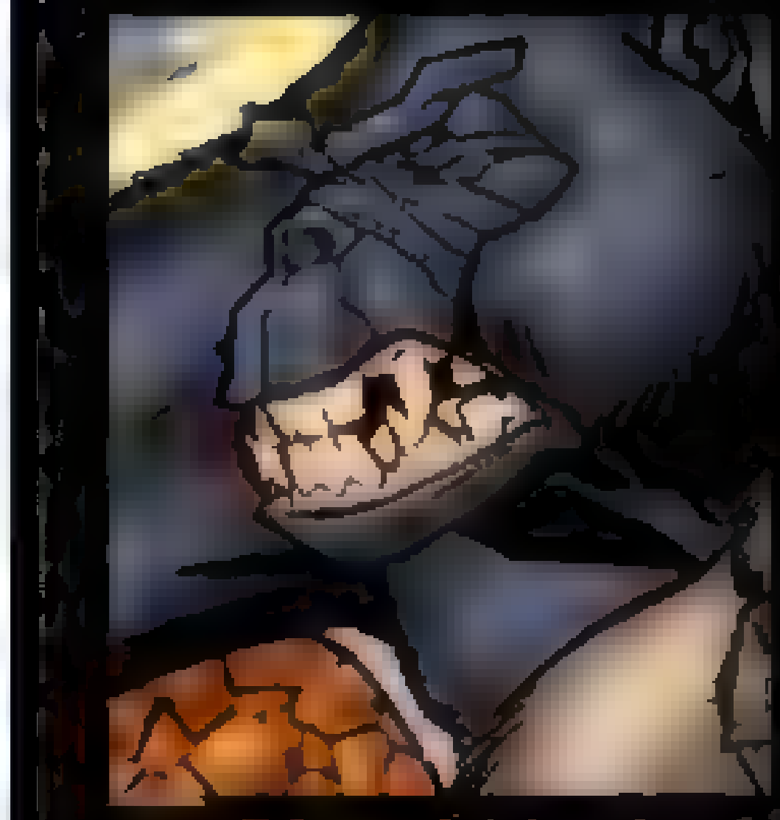
After HAMMER captured Ape X and the Super-Apes, the Gibbon recruited Gorilla Girl and young reporter Jane Potter to rescue them. The three broke into HAMMER's lab and freed the captives, but a HAMMER agent tricked the group into fleeing through a dimensional portal — which, using Gibbon's energies, once again aimed for the ape universe! Meanwhile, all this dimensional travel between the two worlds had been noticed elsewhere...

Gorilla Girl


Red Ghost


Igor

Mikhloh


Piotr

VWEEP! VWEEP! VWEEP!
GOT SOMETHING...
...DIMENSIONAL BREACH.
INTO THAT LOVELY, LUSCIOUS EARTH?
YES.
WAIT...
NO. FROM THERE. DOOR SWINGS THE OTHER WAY, INTO ANOTHER WORLD.
LOCK ONTO IT! GET US THERE!
WELL, SOMEONE'S A LITTLE TESTY. LOW BLOOD SUGAR?
I JUST DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE AND ROT!
HEAR THAT.
GIVE ME A MINUTE, SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
GO GET THE OTHERS...
...ASK IF THEY'D LIKE TO GO OUT FOR A BITE!

TWO DAYS LATER, EARLY MORNING...
NEWS STAND
FWHUMP!
YES! YES--!
ILY BANANA
DER-MONKEY
THREAT OR MENACE?
I DID IT! I CROSSED OVER TO THE APE UNIVERSE!
GLAD MY HOMEWORLD PUTS A LITTLE BOUNCE IN YOUR STEP--YOU'LL NEED IT WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING FOR YOUR LIFE.
WHAT'S UP WITH SPIDEY--?
YOU SIMIAN SIMPLETON!
YOU DON'T SEEM TO COMPREHEND THAT AFTER YEARS OF CONTROLLING AND COMMANDING SUPER-POWERED PRIMATES OF MY OWN...
...THE RED GHOST IS DESTINED TO RULE THIS UNIVERSE!
WELL, THEN--THIS IS VERY AWKWARD!
AFTER ALL, WE WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE IF YOU HADN'T WEAKENED THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIERS AND POINTED THE WAY FOR US!
AND SUCH A WORLD--SO MUCH TO DO! BUT FIRST...

...LET'S EAT!!!

GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH.
UM...WE'RE SURE HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY BUILT-IN GIZMO THAT COULD, LIKE, GET US OUT OF THIS APE UNIVERSE AND BACK HOME...
RIGHT?
WUD PROBLEB--I DOE THE ABE YOUDIVERZE... I BED DUE THE ABE YOUDIVERZE...ADD THIZ...
THIZ IZ DOT THE ABE YOUDIVERZE!
NOT THE APE UNIVERSE? THEN WHERE ARE WE...
...AND WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
SBELL?
YEAH.
WASN'T GOING TO SAY, BUT--UGH! WHAT IS IT?
DEATH.
IT'S ALL AROUND US. BUT THE THING I CAN'T FIGURE IS...
...IT'S GETTING CLOSER!

MARVEL APES: PRIME EIGHT Cover by Todd Nauck, Jaime Mendoza & Chris Sotomayor

THERE'S *DEATH* IN THE AIR.
DEATH AND THE METALLIC TANG OF *BLOOD*.
I'VE NEVER TURNED AWAY FROM IT *BEFORE*--DARWIN BE DAMNED, I'M CERTAINLY NOT STARTING *NOW*.
I'M A *MISSILE*, FOCUSED ON *THE TARGET*.
EVERYTHING ELSE IS *COLORLESS*, MOVING IN *SLOW MOTION*.
I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE *RUNNING* FROM. I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE *AFRAID* OF.
I KNOW WHAT'S *COMING*.

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.
AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO DO.
Ape-okolips Now!
KARL KESEL--WRITER TODD NAUCK--PENCILER
JAIME MENDOZA--INKER CHRIS SOTOMAYOR--COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE--LETTERER THOMAS BRENNAN--EDITOR
STEVE WACKER--SUPERVISING EDITOR JOE QUESADA--EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY--PUBLISHER ALAN FINE--EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

WU-OOK--!
Hm? Is all right, Tony?
Having had some bad berries, maybe? Or too much drink for the sweet dreams?
Come--Ookla make better!
No, it's just... work.
Something I've got to check out or I'll keep you up all night long...
Promises, promises!
Hurry back, banana boy! Ookla wishes to...embrace capitalism closer as shown by the great industrialist, Tony Stark!
The collapse of the United Soviet Simian Republics gave me three things I'm eternally grateful for...
...untapped markets, excellent vodka, and females who always say their own names so I don't have to remember them.
Any--or preferably all--of which can give me a pleasant night's diversion. But that dream...
No--not a dream. It was too real. I can still taste the blood...smell the rot...
I don't know how or why, but I'm certain it was a time slip--a window into a world that's coming.
Over my dead body!
Attacking that army of apes was a horde of human creatures.
The humans found a way to our world once before. If they've done so again there'll be some sign of it in...
DIPDIPDUP

...THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE!
ITS BRANCHES REACH OUT TO EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. ITS ROOTS TAP INTO EVERY INFORMATION-STREAM KNOWN TO PRIMATES.
BOTTOM LINE--AND WITH ALL DUE MODESTY SINCE I INVENTED IT--IF THE TREE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT... IT DIDN'T HAPPEN.
DATA-LEAVES RUSTLE AS THEY SORT THROUGH ENDLESS INPUT, SEARCHING FOR THE SMALLEST INDICATION OF ANY HUMAN PRESENCE.
NOTHING.
YET.
THERE'S STILL TIME.
I HAD THE REMNANTS OF THE DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY TO THE HUMANVERSE BROUGHT HERE.
I CAN REBUILD THE PORTAL. I'VE LEARNED FROM OUR MISTAKES. I CAN MAKE IT WORK.
I'M SURE OF IT.
FINISHING IT IS THE BEST WAY TO GUARANTEE THAT THE FUTURE I SAW NEVER HAPPENS.
WE TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM. WE GO ON THE ATTACK. WE STRIKE FIRST.

EXCUSE ME, SIR--INCOMING CALL. TOP GREEN PRIORITY. NICK FURRY, DIRECTOR OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
I HAVE GOT TO GET AN UNLISTED NUMBER.
PUT HIM THROUGH, JARVIS.
TONY, YOU FLEA-BITTEN FREE-TRADER--KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BE ASLEEP!
NOT INTERRUPTING ANY BEHIND-CLOSED-DOORS NEGOTIATIONS WITH--WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT SIBERIAN SHE-APE I SAW YOU WITH AT THE AMBASSADOR'S TREEHOUSE LAST NIGHT?
NO IDEA.
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, NICK? GOT A NEW LEAD ON THE LOCATION OF OSAMA BIN LEMUR?
AS A MATTER OF FACT WE DO, TONY. WHICH IS WHY I WAS HOPIN' YOU COULD HANDLE ANOTHER LITTLE PROBLEM WE GOT--CALLED THE HULK!
THAT GREEN GORILLA'S TEARIN' UP MIDTOWN MONKHATTAN!
WELL, I'M KIND OF IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING RIGHT NOW--YOU KNOW, TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD?
YOU AND ME BOTH, APE-MIGO!
OKAY, I'LL GIVE A HOLLER TO ONE OF THEM MAGIC MONKEYS OUT THERE--DOC DRUID OR CLEOOK, MAYBE. THIS MIGHT BE A LITTLE MORE UP THEIR TREE, ANYWAY.
GUESS THAT EMERALD APE WENT ALL RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE 'CAUSE OF SOME BAD DREAM HE HAD!
AND THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING.
I TELL NICK TO LEAVE IT TO ME. AND BY "ME" I MEAN...

IRON MANDRILL!
ACROSS TOWN...
HULK KNOW ROTTEN, HAIRLESS MONKEYS WILL BE *HERE!* HULK KNOW FROM *DREAM!*
WHERE ARE ROTTEN, HAIRLESS MONKEYS *NOW?!*
HULK SMASH ROTTEN, HAIRLESS MONKEYS!
Hrh? METAL MONKEY FLY IN-- LIKE IN *DREAM!*
HULK SMASH METAL MONKEY, TOO!

YOU CAN *TRY*, HULK!
GOT TO AGREE WITH GREENFUR--THIS IS A LITTLE TOO *DÉJA VU* FOR ME. I HAVE A *BAD FEELING* ABOUT IT.
AND SUDDENLY, JUST LIKE IN THE DREAM, I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT I NEED TO DO...
OF COURSE, THE HULK HAS HIS *OWN* IDEAS.
HULK PEEL METAL MONKEY LIKE *BANANA!*
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR *MONKEYING AROUND.*
MAYBE WHAT I *DESERVE...*
I REROUTE POWER TO MY *HULL*. IT DOESN'T ELECTROSHOCK THE HULK AWAY--ONLY MAKES HIM *ANGRIER.*
AND THE *ANGRIER* THE HULK GETS--THE *STRONGER* HE GETS.
I'VE ONLY GOT SO MUCH *POWER*--AND ONLY SO MUCH TIME BEFORE IT *RUNS OUT*. IF I DON'T BREAK *FREE...*

I'M SURPRISED TO FIND THERE'S ANOTHER OPTION...
HOLD, MY GREEN-FURRED FRIEND! HEED THE WORDS OF THE SILVERBACK SURFER!
THE ALLOYED APE-VENGER IS NOT YOUR ENEMY!
DID HE NOT FIGHT BY YOUR SIDE DURING THE SECRET GORILLA WARS?
HRGH. HULK FORGOT.
SHINY MONKEY ALWAYS MAKE HULK THINK...ALWAYS MAKE HULK'S HEAD HURT.
THANKS, SURFER. I GUESS I OWE YOU...
THERE IS NO NEED TO BE SUBMISSIVE, IRON MANDRILL. I SEEK DOMINATION OVER NO APE OR MONKEY--ONLY TO RIDE MY COSMIC BANANA BOARD ACROSS THE ENDLESS UNIVERSE!
THEN I'M LUCKY THE SIMIAN SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS HAPPENED TO BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. ANY PARTICULAR REASON?
A DISTURBANCE IN THE POWER COSMIC! A VISION THAT FILLED MY MIND AND NOSTRILS WITH THE VERY ESSENCE OF DEATH!
HULK HAD SAME DREAM!
WE ALL DID--WHICH MAKES IT A LOT MORE THAN JUST A DREAM.
BUT WHAT COULD IT MEAN--?

IT MEANS THE END OF THE WORLD AS YOU KNOW IT-- UNLESS YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!
AND YOU ARE--?
FURRY.
I NOTICED.
NICK FURRY, YOU MECHANIZED MAGILLA!
YOU THINK I JUST FELL OUT OF A TREE, LADY?
I KNOW NICK FURRY, AND AS MUCH AS I MIGHT WISH OTHERWISE-- YOU ARE DEFINITELY NOT NICK FURRY!
SHOULD HULK SMASH?
NOT THAT NICK FURRY, YOU GREASE MONKEY! I'M HIS GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER FROM THE FUTURE!
I'M NICK FURRY-- 2099!
SHOULD HULK SMASH NOW?
PUT DOWN YOUR PULVERIZING PAW, HULK. I HAVE TRANSVERSED BOTH TIME AND SPACE AND KNOW FULL WELL THE SCENT OF DAYS YET TO BE.
SHE SPEAKS THE TRUTH!
OKAY, SO YOU'RE TOP BANANA, LADY--FOR NOW. WHAT'S NEXT?
NEXT-- WE MEET THE OTHERS!

FURRY TAKES US TO AN ORDINARY *WAREHOUSE*--WITH THREE *EXTRA-ORDINARY* INDIVIDUALS INSIDE...
BLACK BOLT--KING OF THE SECRETIVE AND SELDOM-SEEN *INHOMINOIDS*. HIS BAREST WHISPER CAN STRIP THE BARK OFF AN ENTIRE *FOREST*, SO THIS HOWLER MONKEY CHOOSES TO REMAIN *MUTE*.
CLEOOK--SIMIAN SORCERESS SUPREME, A POSITION SHE RECENTLY ROSE TO AFTER THE DEATH OF HER MENTOR AND LOVER, DR. STRANGE.
PROFESSOR CHARLES EXAPIER--LEADER OF THE MUTANT *X-SIMIANS*. CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR, HE'S STILL THE WORLD'S GREATEST *TELEPATH*.
EVERY ONE OF US HAD THE *SAME DREAM*, AND HAS THE SAME *QUESTION*...

WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?
SOMETHING PREVENTS ME FROM READING EVEN YOUR SURFACE THOUGHTS-- A FACT WHICH ISN'T EXACTLY REASSURING.
IT'S MY OPTI-COM, CHUCK-- SETS UP A BASIC BRAIN BLOCK.
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, REALLY. WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE LEARNIN' TOO MUCH ABOUT THEIR FUTURE.
AFTER ALL, I'M HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT FUTURE HAPPENS-- NOT MUCK IT UP MORE!
THAT'S WHY I GOT YOU ALL TOGETHER-- ACCORDIN' TO OUR BEST CHRONO-SIMIANS, THIS IS A DIVERGENT POINT IN THE TIME-STREAM...
...AND THIS GROUP'S THE PRIME EIGHT PRIMATES WHO'LL DECIDE WHICH WAY IT GOES!
EIGHT? BLACK BOLT AND I ONLY COUNT SEVEN.
YEAH. ABOUT THAT...
LIKE YOUR POLICEMONKS SAY--PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK!

DR. DOOM!
BY THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTOROOK!
DOOM-MONKEY HURT HULK ONCE! HULK SMASH DOOM-MONKEY NOW!
I HARDLY THINK THIS IS THE TIME FOR RETRIBUTION, HULK.
CALM YOURSELF. RELAX AS YOU GAZE INTO THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOOKOOK...
Uhhh...
GREAT GOODALL! IT... IT WASN'T A DREAM, WAS IT?
NONE OF IT. SORRY, DOC.
THANKS, CLEOOK. WAS GONNA ASK YOU TO DO THAT, ANYWAY. WE'RE GONNA NEED DOC BANANNER'S BRAINS PRETTY SOON...
Bah! THAT GREEN-FURRED FOOL POSED NO THREAT TO ME! AND AS FOR INTELLIGENCE...
YOU BETTER START TALKING, FURRY--OR I'M GOING TO THINK THE HULK HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!

OKAY. YOU ALL HAD THE VISION, RIGHT?
OBVIOUSLY.
SIMIANS FIGHTING SOME SORT OF... CREATURES I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
HUMANS.
MORE THAN THAT--ZOMBIES.
BECAUSE JUST BEING HUMAN ISN'T BAD ENOUGH...
AND IT GETS WORSE.
WHAT YOU SAW COULD HAPPEN--IT'S ONE POSSIBLE FUTURE. ALL DEPENDS ON WHAT THE PRIME EIGHT DOES.
AND JUST SO WE'RE CRYSTAL ON THIS--ZOMBIES EAT LIVING FLESH. IF THEY BITE YOU AND DON'T CHOW DOWN, YOU BECOME A ZOMBIE, TOO.
EAT AND REPEAT.
BY GALACTOOK'S HERALDS--IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF A COSMIC CIRCLE OF LIFE--IT'S AN EVER-EXPANDING CIRCLE OF DEATH!
UM, I HAVE A QUESTION--WHERE DID THE VISIONS COME FROM? WHO GAVE THEM TO US?
NO IDEA. ALL THE HISTORY-VIDS SAY IS WHEN IT HAPPENED. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE NOW.
ONLY OTHER THING I KNOW IS ONE OF YOU IS SO PIVOTAL IN UPCOMING EVENTS--THAT PRIMATE MUST BE PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS.
AND WHO WOULD THAT BE?

COME NOW, PROFESSOR--WHY ELSE WOULD I CONSENT TO EVEN *BE* HERE?
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE PULLING MY TAIL!
WISH I WERE--BUT THE CHRONO-SIMIANS SAY THE *WORST* POSSIBLE TIME LINE IS ONE WHERE *DOOM* FALLS IN WITH THE ZOMBIES.
YOU MEAN *BECOMES* A ZOMBIE?
NONE OF THE *MYSTIC* REALMS WOULD BE SAFE!
NOR THE VAST REACHES OF *SPACE!*
THEN I'M SURE YOU'LL ALL BE GLAD TO LEARN I HAVE *NO DESIRE* TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE *UNDEAD*.
IMAGINE MY *RELIEF* KNOWING EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU WILL SACRIFICE YOUR *OWN* LIFE IN ORDER TO SAVE *MINE*.
OR WE COULD JUST KILL DOOM *NOW*--AN *EXCELLENT* SUGGESTION, BLACK BOLT.

NO CAN DO. DOOM'S A MAJOR PLAYER IN THE DIVERGENCE. HE HAS TO BE THERE.
ANOTHER--AND INFINITELY SUPERIOR--OPTION WOULD BE TO INSURE MY SURVIVAL BY INCREASING MY POWER.
FOR INSTANCE, IF I WERE TO ADD THE COSMIC ABILITIES OF THE SILVERBACK SURFER TO MY OWN.
I HAPPEN TO HAVE A DEVICE WHICH COULD ACCOMPLISH JUST THAT, BACK IN LATVERIAPE.
AND EXACTLY WHY DO YOU HAVE A DEVICE LIKE THAT, DOOM?
IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME, IRON MANDRILL.
AND STILL DOES, I MUST SAY.
THIS RUBS MY FUR THE WRONG WAY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT THE MOST EVIL APE IN THE UNIVERSE--AT THE SAY-SO OF SOME FUNKY-MONKEY FROM THE FUTURE? EVEN IF WE GET KILLED--OR WORSE?
SMELLS ALL WET TO ME! I KNOW I DON'T TRUST DOOM--AND STILL DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD TRUST HER!
BECAUSE SHE'S CORRECT.
I FEEL A TEAR IN REALITY'S FABRIC--A GASH IN ITS DIMENSIONAL BORDER. NOT SIMPLY AN INVASION--AN INFECTION!
THEY'RE NOT COMING...
KRAAKK!

"...THEY'RE HERE!"
CHOMP! SHLOMP! MMM! WHAT DID THIS TALKING MONKEY SAY HIS NAME WAS?
THINK IT WAS SLUUP! MARVEL CHIMP!
MST3
CHIMP? TASTES LIKE CHICKEN TO ME!
HEH HEH! GLURK!
TOO BAD THOSE OTHER TWO GOT AWAY KLUHP! SMEK! BUT WE'LL CATCH THEM LATER! Heh!
NO! THIS... THIS IS WRONG!
WE MUST RESIST! RESIST THE SINS OF THE FLESH...
...THE SWEET, SUCCULENT FLESH! SO TENDER! SO--
OH, GOD HELP ME--!
FRZZZAKK
AND THEY SAY PRAYERS ARE NEVER ANSWERED...
WHO INVITED CAPTAIN RECTITUDE ANYWAY?
MORE LIKE CAPTAIN RECTUM...
I'D JUST LIKE TO THANK WHOEVER TOOK HIM OUT OF OUR MISERY! WERE THOSE YOUR REPULSOR RAYS, IRON MAN?

NO. NOT IRON "MAN."
YES. BY ALL MEANS TALK TO THEM.
OR...
ATTACK, PRIME EIGHT! DESTROY THEM!
TEAR THEM APART!

TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH.
MUST HAVE BEEN WHILE I WAS EATING YOU--!
BY THE HAIRY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, YOU SHALL TOUCH DOOM NOT!
EXCELLENT, CLEOOK! MAKE THEM RUE THE DAY THEY RUFFLED THE FUR OF DOOM!
LISTEN TO ME, TONY! IT'S LIKE SCOTCH--YOU ACQUIRE A TASTE FOR IT! AND INTOXICATING--!
I'D RATHER DIE FIRST!
WELL, THAT IS HOW IT WORKS, ISN'T IT...
...WASP?
BZZZZZ!
NGH--!

C'MON! I CAN TAKE ALL THREE OF YOU BEFORE BREAKFAST!
FOR BREAKFAST, EVEN!
LEAVE BLACK BOLT TO ME, WOLVERINE! AS A MOCKERY OF MY OWN MUTE MONARCH, IT IS ONLY RIGHT!
LIVING MY LIFE IN WATERY SOLITUDE, I FELT HALF A MAN--HALF AN INHUMAN--BUT NOW--
NOW THAT FEELING SHALL BE JUSTIFIED.
Hey--!
SKLUNTCH!
GET... OUT!
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT HOW MANY VOLTS I RELEASED INSIDE MY HELMET, BUT IT BUG-ZAPPED THE WASP AWAY.
'THOUGH IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD...
IF YOU HURT HER, I'LL KILL YOU!
NOT THAT SHE CAN BE HURT...
...AND NOT THAT I WON'T KILL YOU ANYWAY, BUT--

STAY, UM... STAY *AWAY* FROM HIM, YOU CADAVEROUS KING KONG!
BRROOM!
A TARGET THAT *BIG* AND YOU *MISS?*
AM I THE ONLY *ONE WHO* UNDERSTANDS *SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST?!*
I THINK IT WORKS A LITTLE SOMETHING LIKE *THIS!*
SHREENNK
HEY, EVERYONE-- I JUST POPPED OPEN A CAN OF *MONKEY-SPAM!*
DIG IN!
RRAAHHG--!
MY *WEAPONRY--* *UNRESPONSIVE!*
PRIME EIGHT--TO MY *SIDE!* PROTECT ME FROM THESE HAIRLESS *HORRORS!*
I MUST NOT BECOME *ONE* OF THEM, YOU *THICK-SKULLED SIMIANS!* I MUST NOT--
AND YOU *WON'T.* NOT IF THEY EAT EVERY *LAST BIT* OF YOU...

NICE TRICK, CHUCK! THEY REALLY THINK THEY'RE EATING DOOM?
YES. THEIR DECAYING MINDS DON'T OPERATE NORMALLY, SO MY MENTAL CONTROL ISN'T AS DEEP, BUT IT WILL TAKE THEM MUCH MORE TIME THAN USUAL TO CONSUME DOOM.
AS MUCH TIME AS WE NEED TO... FINISH THEM.
HULK SMASH ROTTEN, HAIRLESS MONKEYS?
NO! IF...IF THEY STAY HERE--EVEN THEIR REMAINS--OTHERS LIKE THEM MIGHT TRACE THEIR ENERGY SIGNATURES.
WE MUST FIND A WAY TO SEND THEM BACK... AS MANY OF THEM AND AS MANY PIECES OF THEM AS POSSIBLE... TO MINIMIZE OUR RISK.
IN MY LAB, THERE'S--
ONE MOMENT, IRON MANDRILL. ABOUT US, THERE ARE STILL SUB-ATOMIC REMNANTS OF THE PORTAL THAT BROUGHT THEM HERE.
MY POWER COSMIC CAN GATHER THESE PARTICLES, COALESCE THEM...
...BUT WE WOULD NOT HAVE ENOUGH RAW FORCE REMAINING TO BRIDGE THE DIMENSIONAL VOID.
I'M SURROUNDED BY STICK-AGE SIMIANS!
YOU HAVE A GAMMA BOMB RIGHT HERE! IF THE SURFER SIPHONS OFF THE HULK'S ENERGY AND CHANNELS IT INTO THE PARTICLES--
Hrgh? IS THAT DOOM'S VOICE?
THEN WHAT ARE WE EATING?
NOTHING!
DAMN! THAT REALLY MAKES ME... HUNGRY!

SO MUCH FOR *MENTAL ILLUSION*...
KINDA WISH YOU'D STAYED *SHUT UP*, DOC!
HULK SMASH!
NO, MY EMERALD ALLY--YOU HAVE *MORE IMPORTANT* WORK THIS DAY. YOU MUST HELP ME...
...LINK TWO WORLDS!
VORTEX! EVERYONE GRAB ONTO SOME SORT OF *LIFE-VINE!*
THERE ARE *EASIER* WAYS...

...IF THE WINDS PREFERRED TO PURGE ONLY THE *PUTRID*, FOR INSTANCE, AND PASSED OVER THE *PRIME EIGHT!*
SLICK AS A *BANANA PEEL*, GORILLAFRIEND!
NO! MY ARMS HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST MIGHTY *CURRENTS!* MY MUSCLES--TEMPERED BY THE OCEANS' *DEPTHS!* MY GRIP--EQUAL TO THE CRUSHING PRESSURE OF THE BLACK *ABYSS!*
I SHALL NOT BE SWEPT AWAY SO *EASILY!*
I SHALL *STAY!* I SHALL *FEAST!*
GO.
BKOOOMM

KOFF! DID WE--?
OF COURSE.
HOW COULD WE NOT, WITH *ME* AS LEADER?
TOO BAD ALL GOOD THINGS... COME TO AN *END.*
THIS ONE *TIME...*I'LL LET YOU WALK AWAY, DOOM.
SAYS THE SIMIAN WITH BARELY ENOUGH ENERGY IN HIS ARMOR TO STAND *UPRIGHT.*
DO YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE YOU COULD BEAT ME INTO *SUBMISSION?*
I BELIEVE HE IS NOT THE *ONLY* ONE YOU WOULD NEED TO CONTEND WITH, DOCTOR.
YOU SEEMED QUITE INTERESTED IN MY *POWER COSMIC* EARLIER. WOULD YOU CARE FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF ITS *FULL ABILITIES?*

BAH! I TIRE OF THIS OVERPOWERING STENCH!
WALLOW IN THE ROT AND RUIN IF YOU WANT--DOOM SHALL NOT!
THANK DORMAMOOK HE WASN'T BITTEN...
BUT WHO WAS?
SOMEONE WAS, RIGHT? SOMEONE HAD TO BE!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE--
WAIT. WHAT DO YOU MEAN--SOMEONE HAD TO BE BITTEN?
SHE MEANS SHE CAME BACK IN TIME TO GUARANTEE THERE IS A ZOMBIE INFESTATION--OTHERWISE HER FUTURE WON'T HAPPEN!
DOESN'T TAKE A MIND-READER TO FIGURE THAT OUT...
YEAH, OKAY--CHUCK'S RIGHT.
LIKE I SAID, THIS IS A DIVERGENT POINT IN THE TIME-STREAM. IT CAN'T BREAK UP INTO A LOT OF DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS--DIFFERENT REALITIES--IT CAN ONLY GO ONE WAY.
AND THE ONLY WAY IT GOES MY WAY IS IF SOMEONE GETS BIT... AND THEN A LOT OF SOMEONES GET BIT!

IT'LL BE *BAD*-- THAT'S WHY WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT WHAT WENT WRONG WHEN--BUT THEN IT GETS *BETTER*, TRUST ME. BITTER BERRIES, I KNOW, BUT...
BUT WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS WHICH OF YOU *LUCKY MONKEYS* IS GONNA MAKE MY *DAY?*
IS GONNA MAKE *ALL* MY DAYS...
WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S...
NOW I KNOW WHY THOSE CHRONO-SIMIANS SAID I WAS THE ONLY ONE COULD *DO* THIS JOB! MUST'VE KNOWN IT WAS ME *ALL ALONG...*
DON'T FEEL SO GOOD... *DIZZY...*
MAYBE IT'D BE BETTER IF...IF...
...I HAD SOMETHING TO EAT!

FRZZZAKK
WELL...I BELIEVE WE KNOW WHICH WAY THE DIVERGENCE IS GOING NOW.
BUT... THAT MAKES NO SENSE!
SINCE FURRY WAS HERE HER FUTURE HAS TO EXIST OR...OR THERE'D BE A TIME PARADOX! TEMPORAL CHAOS!
OR MAYBE SHE WAS JUST PLAIN WRONG.
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH TIME TRAVEL-- THINGS NEVER REALLY ADD UP.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME-- JUST SAVED THE WORLD, FEEL LIKE CELEBRATING...
...AND THERE'S A LUSCIOUS LADY WAITING FOR ME BACK HOME!

FIVE DAYS LATER.
STARK
HARD AT WORK SO EARLY, SIR? VERY GOOD.
AND MISS OOKTOBER, FROM PLAYCHIMP?
GONE.
MST3
OF COURSE. I DOUBT SHE'D BE MUCH USE TO YOU IN THE LABORATORY, AFTER ALL.
SHOULD I ARRANGE ANOTHER... DIVERSION FOR THIS EVENING? I MUST SAY YOU'VE BEEN RATHER INSATIABLE LATELY.
YOU KNOW ME, JARVIS--WORK HARD, PLAY HARD.
INDEED, SIR. AS IT HAPPENS, MS. HOWLEE BARRY HAS BEEN ASKING AFTER YOU.
NAMES MEAN NOTHING...
HOLLYWOOD STARLET, ONE OF THE JAMES BONZO GIRLS, PORTRAYED STORM IN THE X-SIMIAN MOVIES...
OH, YES! LITHE, SUPPLE... EXCELLENT!
I HAVE TO SAY, JARVIS...

...YOU CERTAINLY KNOW MY TASTE IN FEMALES!
AND THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES MY MOUTH WATER.
LUCKILY, THERE'S STILL A LITTLE OF OOKTOBER LEFT.
I DO SO LOVE THE LADIES...

...AND I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE WHO I AM TODAY WITHOUT ONE LITTLE LADY IN PARTICULAR...
BZZZZZ!
NGH--!
...THE WASP!
COZY! BUT THEN, I ALWAYS DID LIKE FUR COATS!
AND IF YOU'RE ANYTHING LIKE OUR IRON MAN, THE ONLY THING YOU LIKE BETTER THAN A GIRL SAYING SWEET NOTHINGS IN YOUR EAR...
...IS A GIRL NIBBLING ON IT!
CHOMP!
Hmm... GAMEY.
FROM THE VERY FIRST MOMENT I HAD THE VISION, I KNEW I'D BECOME A ZOMBIE. I COULD FEEL THE NEED--THE RAVENOUS HUNGER...
TO THINK I TRIED TO PREVENT THAT FROM HAPPENING--EVEN CONSIDERED LETTING THE HULK KILL ME WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE!
BUT THE WASP OPENED MY EYES. I SEE EVERYTHING SO MUCH MORE CLEARLY NOW!
KILL OR BE KILLED! EAT OR BE EATEN! IT'S SO SIMPLE--SO PURE!
IT'S THE WAY SIMIANS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE! SHOULD BE!
WILL BE--SOON!

ONE LAST, SMALL ITEM, SIR. THERE'S A...SMELL.
I UNDERSTAND YOU REQUIRE **PRIVACY**, BUT IF YOU COULD REACTIVATE THE LAB'S SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS FOR ONLY A **SHORT** TIME, I'M CERTAIN I COULD LOCATE THE--
NO! IT'S PROBABLY JUST A...***DEAD RAT*** IN AN AIR DUCT.
WE CAN...WE CAN DEAL WITH IT WHEN I'M **DONE.**
AS YOU WISH, SIR. BUT IF I MAY BE SO BOLD--WHAT IS IT THAT'S **CONSUMED** YOU SO?
YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS LATEST PROJECT LIKE A DOG WITH A **BONE!**
IT'S ONLY THE MOST **IMPORTANT** THING I'VE EVER WORKED ON, JARVIS. SOMETHING THAT'LL CHANGE OUR WORLD **FOREVER...**
I'M REBUILDING THE **DIMENSIONAL PORTAL!**
IT'S NEARLY **FINISHED**--BUT DON'T TELL **ANYONE**. I WANT IT TO BE A **SURPRISE!**
THE BIGGEST SURPRISE BEING ***THIS*** PORTAL WON'T OPEN TO THE ***HUMAN*** UNIVERSE--BUT TO THE ***ZOMBIE WORLD.***
AFTER ALL, THAT'S THE ONLY DIMENSION THIS ***BIO-SAMPLE*** WILL KEY ONTO.
MUST THANK THE ZOMBIE ***TRITON*** FOR GIVING ME A ***HAND.***
TOO BAD ABOUT ***FURRY***--BUT THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ***ONE*** ZOMBIE KING OF THE JUNGLE HERE.
IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, HER FUTURE ***WILL*** HAPPEN. THE VISION WE ALL HAD ***WILL*** COME TRUE.
THE HUMAN ZOMBIES WILL COME ***THROUGH*** THE DIMENSIONAL DOOR, ***BOW DOWN*** BEFORE ME, ACCEPT ME AS ***ALPHA...***
...AND THEN WE'LL ***DO LUNCH!***

THEY LIVE!
THEY FEAST!
THEY FLING!
MARVEL ZOMBIES®
EVIL EVOLUTION
FILMED IN ZOMBIE-VISION!

MARVEL ZOMBIES: EVIL EVOLUTION Cover by Marcos Martin

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PROLOGUE

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Inks: Walden Wong
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CHAPTER ONE: APES VS. ZOMBIES!

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CHAPTER TWO: TWO AMERICAS

Pencils: Adam DeKraker (pp.28, 31-32 & 37-39)
Inks: Walden Wong (pp.28, 31-32 & 37-39)
Art: Carlo Soriano (pp.29-30), Joe Suitor (pp.33-36)
Colors: Chris Sotomayor (pp.28-31 & 38), Joe Suitor (pp.33-36),
Antonio Fabela & Andres Mossa (pp.37 & 39)

CHAPTER THREE: A HEAD OF THE GAME

Pencils: Adam DeKraker (p.48)
Inks: Walden Wong (p.48)
Art: Carlo Soriano (pp.40-43), Rob DiSalvo (pp.44-47),
Joe Suitor (pp.49-52)
Colors: Chris Sotomayor (pp.40-43 & 48),
Andrew Dalhouse (pp.44-47), Joe Suitor (pp.49-52)

EVIL EVOLUTION

It started with a flash in the sky, and a ripple in the clouds.

Nobody knows what caused it, exactly. Some say the ***HUNGER*** is what brought it here--and feed it did...

...until the Marvel Heroes were replaced by soulless monsters, driven only by an insatiable hunger for human flesh.

This is no world of Marvel Heroes. This is the world of...

MARVEL ZOMBIES!

IN A TALE OF TERROR BY KARL KESEL

PROLOGUE...
PICKIN'S ARE GETTIN' MIGHTY SLIM AROUND HERE, STRETCHO!
NOT TO WORRY, BEN...
...OUR FOOD SUPPLY IS LITERALLY ENDLESS! AS INFINITE AS THE NUMBER OF DIMENSIONS WE CAN TRAVEL TO!
NICE THEORY, REED--TOO BAD THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL WAS DESTROYED!*
*IN MARVEL ZOMBIES: DEAD DAYS --TOM "EAT YOUR BRAIN!" BRENNAN
JOHNNY, JOHNNY...THAT PORTAL WAS BASED ON MY IDEAS...MY PLANS!
I HAD A FULLY OPERATIONAL VERSION HERE IN THE BAXTER BUILDING EVEN BEFORE WE WERE... CHANGED.
MMM...A MULTIVERSE OF MEATY GOODNESS!
ALL IN GOOD TIME, SUE, MY DEAR. BUT FIRST...
SURVIVORS WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND OUR...NEW LEVEL OF EXISTENCE COULD CAUSE TROUBLE IN THE FUTURE. BEST WE CLEAN OUR PLATE ON ONE WORLD BEFORE MOVING ONTO ANOTHER.
SPEAKIN' OF TROUBLEMAKERS-- LET'S START WITH MAGNETO! WOULDN'T MIND TAKING A BITE OR TEN OUTTA HIM!
UNINFECTED MUTANT--YUM!
YEAH! HE'S TRYING TO KILL US ALL!
OUT OF GUILT, RUMOR HAS IT HE MADE A DEAL WITH AN ALTERNATE REALITY THAT ACCIDENTALLY BROUGHT THE INFECTION HERE.
IF TRUE, WE OWE HIM MORE THAN WE CAN EVER REPAY--FOR WHAT WE ARE NOW IS AS FAR ABOVE MAN AS MAN IS TO... MONKEY!
WE ARE THE NEXT STEP IN HUMAN EVOLUTION!

NO, LET OTHERS FIGHT OVER MAGNETO'S MEAGER FLESH. IT IS THE LEAST WE CAN DO AND, AS THEY SAY...
...THERE ARE FAR MORE FISH IN THE SEA!
ATLANTIS!
UNTOUCHED... UNINFECTED... AN ENTIRE CITY RIPE FOR THE PICKING.
AND I LOVE SUSHI!
LAST ONE TO THE FANTASTICAR IS A ROTTEN CORPSE!
I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER LEAVE!
BUT OUR PATIENCE HAS BEEN REWARDED, MY WINSOME WASP.
OR MAYBE YOU SHOULD CHANGE YOUR NAME TO ZOM-BEE?
NOT IN THE MOOD, HANK!
FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I CAN EAT ALL I WANT--AND THE CUPBOARD'S BARE!
WELL THIS SHOULD CHANGE THAT.
I KNEW RICHARDS WOULD HAVE ANOTHER PORTAL! THE MAN'S GOT A FALLBACK FOR EVERYTHING!
CAN YOU MAKE IT WORK?

I CREATED ULTRON, DARLING-- THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST MACHINE. NOT SAYING I'M PROUD OF IT, JUST THAT I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT MECHANICAL--
SEE? PICKING UP SOMETHING ALREADY!
NO AUDIO COMING THROUGH, BUT WE'LL HAVE A VISUAL...
GIVE ME A MINUTE TO FOCUS THE FREQUENCY SO WE CAN SEE WHAT'S ON TONIGHT'S MENU...
OH, YOU BIG, JUICY HUNK OF MEAT!
RED GHOST? AND A...MONKEY SPEEDBALL?
BUT I SAW CLOAK AND DAGGER TEAR THE GHOST APART YESTERDAY!
THIS IS AN ALTERNATE EARTH, JAN...
MAKE THAT TWO ALTERNATE EARTHS. THESE FIGURES SEEM TO BE TRAPPED BETWEEN THEM. HARD TO GET A FIX ON EITHER...
WELL, GET A FIX!
NOT HELPING! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE HUNGRY!
HEY! NO NEED TO BITE MY HEAD OFF!
NO-- NOT YET!
SON OF A--!
LOST THE SIGNAL!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE ABOUT TO LOSE IT--!
TEMPORARY SETBACK, DARLING.
I KNOW APPROXIMATELY WHERE THE TWO WORLDS ARE ON THE DIMENSIONAL SPECTRUM. I CAN SET THE COMPUTER TO CONTINUOUSLY SCAN THOSE FREQUENCIES...
...AND THE NEXT TIME THERE'S TRANS-DIMENSIONAL MOVEMENT ON EITHER, I CAN LOCK ON IT.
THE NEXT TIME? THAT COULD BE DAYS... MONTHS! I MIGHT CHEW MY OWN ARM OFF BEFORE THEN!
OR IT MIGHT ONLY BE MINUTES. TIME MOVES DIFFERENTLY IN DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS, JAN.
IN THE MEAN-TIME, WE LOOK FOR OTHER EDIBLE DESTINATIONS.
THE MULTI-VERSE IS OUR OYSTER...
MIDTOWN...
--SO RED RAVEN FLIES DOWN. WE EAT HIM.
TASTES LIKE CHICKEN.
MY FAVORITE? VEGETARIANS.
A LITTLE STRINGY SOMETIMES, BUT VERY CLEAN FLAVOR...
PSST! HEY, WOLVERINE, IRON MAN--KEEP THIS ON THE QT, BUT GIANT-MAN JUST FOUND A WAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION!
YOU GUYS WANT TO GO OUT TO EAT?

ONE MULTIVERSE HOP LATER...
WE'RE BACK!
ZZZKOOOOM!
YEAH--BACK FROM A HOT MESS!
"WE'LL JUST GRAB A BITE," YOU SAID. "IT'S A PLANET OF APES! IT'LL BE FUN," YOU SAID. "EXOTIC!"
THOSE MONKEYS MADE MONKEYS OF US!*
*SEE MARVEL APES: PRIME EIGHT FOR THE FULL STORY --TOM "BONOBO" BRENNAN.
NAH. THEY GOT RID OF US BEFORE WE COULD DO ANY REAL DAMAGE.
THEY KNEW THEY'D BIT OFF MORE THAN THEY COULD CHEW--AND IT WAS EIGHT OF THEM AGAINST JUST FOUR OF US!
NO OFFENSE, TRITON, BUT THERE'S REALLY NOT ENOUGH LEFT OF YOU TO COUNT!
ANYWAY-- GET A FEW MORE OF OUR GUYS, AND WE'D SKIN THOSE HAIRY APES ALIVE!
UM...MIGHT BE A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, WOLVERINE...
I KIND OF... NIBBLED ON THAT IRON MANDRILL WHILE WE WERE THERE.

THEN...CONSIDERING THE CHRONAL DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN THE TWO UNIVERSES, BY THE TIME WE GET BACK THE ENTIRE PLANET COULD BE INFECTED.
PICKED CLEAN.
WASTE OF TIME.
AGREED. SO LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE WE CAN--
WELL, WELL--LOOK AT THIS!
ANOTHER DIMENSION WE CAN DINE OUT AT?
BETTER THAN THAT--HOME DELIVERY!
ON OUR WAY BACK FROM THE MONKEYVERSE, LOOKS LIKE WE CROSSED TRANS-DIMENSIONAL PATHS WITH SOMEONE TRYING TO GO THERE--AND THEY WERE BOUNCED HERE INSTEAD!
BETTER STILL--THE SIGNAL ORIGINATED FROM THE DIMENSION WHERE THE RED GHOST THAT JAN AND I SAW EARLIER CAME FROM...
HUMANS!
AND THEY'RE CLOSE! WE JUST NEED TO GET TO THEM BEFORE ANYBODY ELSE DOES!

NOW...
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GO TO THE *APE* UNIVERSE! *THIS ISN'T THE APE UNIVERSE!*
HOW'D WE END UP *HERE*, MARTY?!
I DON'T KNOW, JANE!
UWEEEE!
UWEEEE!
ZZKOOM!
CHOOM!
MAYBE SOMEONE THOUGHT OUR LIVES DIDN'T SUCK *ENOUGH!*
HEY! THAT WAS MY *ARM!* MY *RIGHT* ARM!
AND I'M *RIGHT-HANDED!*
THIS REALLY *TICKS* ME OFF!
MMM! FRESH, SUCCULENT HUMAN FLESH! THERE'S SO *LITTLE* OF IT LEFT!
AND WHAT'S *OURS*--WE'RE *KEEPIN'!*
HANG ON, JANE! THIS *GORILLA GIRL'S* ABOUT TO GIVE THESE LIVING LOCKS A *BAD HAIR DAY!*
JUST CHANGE TO MY *SIMIAN FORM* AND--
SHLRUKK!
EWW--!

GUESS MONKEY MEAT'S BETTER'N NOTHIN!
LIKE AUNT PETUNIA WOULD SAY--THERE'S STARVIN' ZOMBIE-KIDS IN CHINA BE GLAD TO EAT IT!
HOLD STILL, YA SHAPE-SHIFTIN'--
CHI-EEEK!
RAAHHRR--!
KWOP!
HE KNOCKED BEN'S JAW OFF!
INCONSIDERATE GORILLA!
GET HIM!
IGOR! MIKHLO--!
WE HAVE TO HELP THE SUPER APES!
CAN'T HELP THEM, APE X!
RUN!
WIDGE WAY?
CAN'T SEE...
AND FOR A SECOND TIME THERE'S A FLASH IN THE SKY AND A RIPPLE IN THE CLOUDS...

...BUT WITH VERY *DIFFERENT* RESULTS.
ATTACK! DESTROY!
HOWDY, FOLKS! SPIDER-MAN AT YOUR SERVICE. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND I BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS!
MORE MONKEYS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT--DROPPING OUT OF THE SKY?
WHO ORDERED THE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT *BUFFET?*
TEAR THEM APART!

APE-VENGERS ASSEMBLE!
BRAINS!

IS THIS GOOD?
COULD BE WORSE.
OH, ID WILL BE.
WAY TO THINK POSITIVE, MARTY!
IF YOUR NOSE WASN'T ALREADY BROKEN...
WAIT. THESE... MONKEY-MARVELS MUST BE FROM THE APE UNIVERSE, RIGHT?
THEN THEY MUST HAVE A WAY BACK! A WAY OUT OF HERE!
A WORLD WHERE THEY ONLY BEAT YOU TO DEATH, NOT EAT YOU ALIVE? SAD TO SAY, THAT'S A STEP UP...
ANYONE SEE A PORTAL OR MOTHERSHIP OR SOMETHING?
THEY COULD HAVE A PORTABLE DEVICE, APE X--OR A PREARRANGED RENDEZVOUS TIME...
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN TO THE MONKEYVERSE, MARTY--WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
WHICH ÜBER-APE WOULD KNOW HOW THEY'RE GETTING BACK?
CAPDIN ABEARIKA.
CAPDIN ABEARICA WOULD DOE.

NO MERCY! NO CAPTIVES!
WE FIGHT THEM HERE SO WE WON'T HAVE TO FIGHT THEM AT HOME!
SKLIKK!
SKLUNCH!
KHWANNG!
MAKES ME PROUD TO BE A CANADIAN.
THIS APE, AMERICA, MARTY-- HE KNOW YOU? HE LIKE YOU?
HE DO YOU A SOLID?
HE... HE PROB'LY WOULD'IT KILL BE IDSTADLY.
CAN'T ASK FOR MORE, PLACE LIKE THIS.
LET'S GO!

HA! AN APE VERSION OF EVERY ONE OF US! OF COURSE!
HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT IT THROUGH BEFORE--!
"BEFORE"--? YOU'VE ENCOUNTERED THESE SUPER-SIMIANS PREVIOUSLY?
GIANT-MAN AND A FEW OTHERS USED MY DIMENSIONAL PORTAL IN THE BAXTER BUILDING TO TRY TO SNACK BETWEEN MEALS.
DID YOU HONESTLY THINK I WOULDN'T NOTICE, HANK?
DIDN'T THINK YOU'D CARE, REED-- YOU AND YOURS WERE OUT EATING YOUR FILL OF FRESH FISH.
MEANWHILE, AROUND HERE MEALS WERE GETTING HARD TO COME BY. I THOUGHT SOMEONE SHOULD FIND SOME NEW MEAT.
TOO BAD THIS MEAT BITES BACK!
MY INTESTINES! I NEED THOSE...
...I THINK!
DON'T WORRY, GIANT-MAN-- THEY'LL BE PUT TO GOOD USE!
NO GUTS--NO GLORY!

SO YOU'RE THE HAIRLESS, HORROR VERSION OF MY GRO-RILLA, EH?
MY, WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE!
ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH, LITTLE MISS MONKEY WASP!
THEN OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND CLOSE YOUR EYES, YOU'RE GONNA GET A BIG SURPRISE...
...WHEN I GROW TO FULL SIZE!
SHAMONK! POOK! WE'RE BEING BITTEN FASTER THAN--
CHOMP!
SHOMP!
HEHK!
CHLUMMP!
RAAAARHH--!
BEING BIT'S JUST THE BEGINNING!
HUNGRY...
MMM! CANAPEIAN BACON!
SO... HUNGRY...
HA! AND SO I WILL END THIS INVASION AS EASILY AS I SPREAD THE INITIAL INFECTION!
FOR I AM QUICKSILVER! THE FASTEST--

FASTEST BUG TO EVER HIT A WIND-SHIELD?
WELL-- INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD. SAME DIFFERENCE.
WAIT! THIS CAN'T--
YOU'RE NOT--
YOU'RE A MONKEY? BUT YOU LOOK JUST LIKE SUE!
I MEAN, EXACTLY LIKE HER!
N-NO!
C'MERE-- GIVE YOUR BROTHER JOHNNY A HUG!
AAAAA--!
EATING MY "SISTER."
SO WRONG-- BUT SO RIGHT!
MM-MMM! NOTHING LIKE A FAMILY BARBEQUE!

MAN! THESE GUYS ARE *ANIMALS!* SURE WORKED UP AN *APPETITE!*
THERE'S NOTHING MORE SATISFYING THAN *EATING* WHAT YOU *KILL!*
GONE *TOO SOON!* BETTER IF IT *SITS* A FEW DAYS-- *RIPENS!*
WHO WAS THIS AGAIN? SOME SIMIAN VERSION OF THE *WRECKER?*
"THE WRENCHER"--YEAH. HAD SOME SUPER-CHARGED *MONKEY WRENCH!*
FOR ALL THE *GOOD* IT DID HIM!
STILL, THAT THING COULD BE *POWERFUL.* WHERE IS IT?
IN GOOD HANDS.
WHUMM!
KRNCH!
THROKK!
OKAY.
I THINK THIS'LL COME IN *HANDY.*

HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM TIGHT!
HULK HOLD TIGHTEST OF ALL!
BY OODIN'S BEARD! HE FLAILS LIKE A TRICKSTER'S TAIL!
LET GO!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU DAMN DIRTY APES!
NOW, NOW--YOU'RE REED RICHARDS, AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE A SCIENTIST! AND WE'RE JUST CONDUCTING A LITTLE EXPERIMENT...
...TO SEE HOW ELASTIC UNDEAD FLESH IS!
SPLOOKK!
YEESH! THAT STRETCHO WASN'T SO STRETCHY--BUT HIS INSIDES?
SLIMY AND SMELLY AS ROADKILL!
WOTTA REVOLTIN' ENVELOPMENT!

MINE!
MINE!
MINE!
LADIES, LADIES! PAST THE LIPS--STRAIGHT TO THE HIPS!
AND WITH WHAT SPEEDBALL'S BEEN EATING--FULL OF PRESERVATIVES, NOTHING ORGANIC--BELIEVE ME, I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR!
THWIPP!
THWIPP!
THWIPP!
FIGURES. FIRST TIME KILLER BABES PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME--ALL THEY WANT IS MY BODY!
OH, I'M SURE THEY'D EAT YOUR BRAIN, TOO.
IF THEY COULD GET THROUGH THAT PATENTED SPIDER-MONKEY WEBBING.
WHICH THEY CAN'T.
UNTIL IT DISSOLVES IN AN HOUR.
BUT THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO--
FWOOOOOM
LESS TALK.
EVERYONE'S CUTTING YOU TWO SOME SLACK RIGHT NOW, BUT YOU'RE STILL APE-TRAITORS IN THE SIMIAN TORCH'S BOOK!
WE'RE NOT HERE TO MAKE FRIENDS--WE'RE HERE TO ELIMINATE ENEMIES. AND IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT...
WELL, IF SOME ZOMBIES GO ALL ALPHA ON YOU--NO FUR OFF MY NOSE!

I ASSUME GOING "ALPHA" IS ABOUT DOMINATION, AND BEATING AN OPPONENT INTO SUBMISSION-- OR DEATH.
I HEARTILY APPROVE.
DOOM--?
ZOMBIE DR. DOOM! NOT GOOD!
SPIDEY--?
NG
NOT TOO GOOD...MYSELF. RIGHT SIDE... BUSTED UP...
...AND TORCH... LOOKS EVEN... WORSE...

DON'T WORRY, SPIDEY-- *I GOT IT!*
THIS FURLESS FLESH-EATER'S ABOUT TO FACE THE FRENETIC FURY OF--
PLEASE. **SPARE** ME.
GHK!
DON'T SUPPOSE... YOU'LL DO THE *SAME...?*
NO.
BUT DOOM IS NO SLAVE TO HIS *APPETITE*, SO BEFORE I END YOUR POINTLESS *PARODY* OF AN EXISTENCE, TELL ME...
IN YOUR DIMENSION, WHERE I SURMISE EVERYONE IS SOME SORT OF *SIMIAN*--WHICH SPECIES AM I?
BAB... BOON...
BABOON VON DOOM.
THAT ALONE IS *REASON ENOUGH* TO DESTROY YOUR WORLD.

HEY, DOC-- NOD DUE ADD INZULD TO INJURY...
...BUD WE'RE GONNA ADD INJURY TO THAD INZULD!
WAKKA
DOOM!
SHREKKK!
HE...HE'S GETTING BACK UP! HE CAN'T DO THAT...
...CAN HE?
LET ME PUT THIS IN TERMS EVEN YOUR PRIMATE MINDS CAN COMPREHEND...
THERE ARE VERY FEW WAYS YOU CAN KILL ME. GIVEN MY ARMOR--VIRTUALLY NONE.
THERE ARE, HOWEVER, MANY WAYS EACH OF YOU CAN DIE. SLOW, PAINFUL, TORTUROUS...
JUST THE THOUGHT MAKES MY MOUTH WATER!

WOOK!
I...I GUESS WE DAMAGED THE ARMOR'S DEFENSES ENOUGH THAT PEOTR COULD USE HIS MAGNETIC POWER TO... UM...
YEAH. NASTY.
WAY TO GO!
WHO DA MONKEY? YOU DA MONKEY!
MARTY? APE X? GORILLA GIRL?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
GOING THROUGH HELL. AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.
GOOD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE, SPEEDY-B!
ME, MAYBE, BUT SPIDEY--

--HAS BEEN THROUGH WORSE.
I THINK. PROBABLY JUST BLOCKED THOSE MEMORIES.
LED BE IDTRODUZE THEZE LADIEZ, ZPIDEY! THIZ IZ JADE PODDER, IDREBID REPORDER FROB FRODT LIDE DEWSBABER, ADD--
FLINGIN' FECES! THE BLAST MUST HAVE DAMAGED MY HEARING, TOO! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD MARTY'S SAYING!
WOOK...?
SKLIPP
FLOKK
--OUT OF HERE ASAP. MARTY THINKS YOUR CAPTAIN AMERICA IS THE MAN... I MEAN, MONKEY TO--
HEY...
PEOTR-- CAREFUL!
HRRH?
...IS THAT A SECURITY CAMERA WATCHING US?

KRACREEEENK!
OH, GOD! THE STREET--!
FLY! CAN'T ANYONE FLY?!
TOO MUCH DEBRIS--!
IF I COULD BOUNCE OFF SOMETHING--
KWOOOM!
TO BE CONTINUED...

...RIGHT NOW!!
YEEK--!
UG!
AH!
NNG--!
MAGNETO!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON UP THERE?

UP THERE...
CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH? INTERESTING.
I'M A COLONEL, MYSELF. THAT MAKES ME YOUR SUPERIOR.
HWANNG!
YOU? HARDLY.
YOU EAT YOUR ENEMIES.
AND YOU TEAR YOURS APART.
TO-MAY-TO, TO-MAH-TO.
I DO WHATEVER IT TAKES...
SHUNK!
...TO WIN!
CLEVER. I UNDERESTIMATED YOU.
YOU'RE QUITE A SOLDIER, CAPTAIN. AN EXCELLENT STRATEGIST, LIKE MYSELF.
THE DIFFERENCE IS--WHILE I'M SURE THE MEN YOU LEAD WOULD GLADLY DIE FOR YOU...
USA

...MINE ALREADY HAVE!
SHOMMP!
"WHATEVER IT TAKES TO WIN?" I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT TAKES!
I'M COLONEL AMERICA, YOU FLEA-RIDDEN FUBAR! I OUT-RANK YOU!
I EAT CAPTAINS LIKE YOU FOR BREAKFAST!

SO MUCH FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA HELPING US...
PLAN B?
UM...IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE-- THE APE ARMY JUST LOST ITS ALPHA!
CAP LED THROUGH A PRIMAL MIX OF INSPIRATION AND FEAR. NO ONE CAN REPLACE THAT. NO ONE COMES CLOSE. AND WITHOUT IT...
THE ZOMBIES WIN!
NO.
I HAVE NOT SURVIVED THIS LONG SIMPLY TO WITNESS THE END OF DAYS! THIS IS NOT HOW MAGNETO WILL BE REMEMBERED!
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO STOP THIS!
YEAH-- ID'Z CALLED KILL EV'RY ZOMBIE.
NOT SURE THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.
THE BIG APE'S RIGHT. HE KNOWS EVOLUTION WHEN HE SEES IT!
THLAP!
SPLORP!
RICHARDS--?!
AAAA--!
SQUITCH!
EASY, EVERYONE. I DON'T WANT TO BITE THIS LOVELY, LOVELY LADY--
WELL, ACTUALLY I DO. COMPLETE DECAPITATION, NO DIGESTIVE TRACT--STILL THIS INSATIABLE HUNGER.
FASCINATING.
BUT...

AND WE TRUST YOU *BECAUSE--?*
BECAUSE THINGS CAN'T GET MUCH *WORSE--* BUT THEY COULD GET *BETTER.*
FOR *ALL* OF US.
BUT THINGS HAVE SPIRALED *OUT OF CONTROL.* I'M SURE WE CAN ALL AGREE ON *THAT.*
WELL, I CAN *FIX* IT. I HAVE THE *BRAINS--*WHAT I NEED ARE *BODIES* TO GET EVERYTHING READY AND IN PLACE.
HOW? WHAT DO WE HAVE TO *DO?*
IT'S WHAT YOU'VE *ALREADY* DONE THAT I NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT.
YOU...YOU THINK WE DID SOMETHING, OR SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT COULD SUH-*SOLVE* ALL THIS?
THE LADY HAS A GOOD *HEAD* ON HER SHOULDERS!
NOT COUNTING *MINE.*
SO TELL ME *EXACTLY* HOW THE APES FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS UNIVERSE, AND HOW THEY *GOT* HERE.
ANYONE?
I'M EITHER *THINKING* OR *EATING--*WHICH WILL IT BE?
OKAY!
IT'S... MY FAULT.

"I WAS BEING DRAGGED FROM THE *HUMAN* UNIVERSE BACK TO THE *APE* UNIVERSE BY THE *RED GHOST*.
"I WAS IN *NO HURRY*, BELIEVE ME, SINCE I'M CONSIDERED A *TRAITOR* TO SIMIAN SOCIETY, WHICH IS A NICE WAY OF SAYING *DEATH SENTENCE*...
"...BUT ONCE THE *GHOST* HEARD ABOUT MY HOME-WORLD, HE *HAD* TO GO!
"AFTER YEARS OF BEING ALPHA TO HIS SUPER-APES *MIKHLO, IGOR,* AND *PEOTR*--HE FIGURED IT WAS HIS DESTINY TO *RULE* A PLANET OF APES!
"SLIGHT *GLITCH* IN THOSE PLANS.
"SUPER-POWERED *ZOMBIES* SHOWING UP HAVE A WAY OF *DOING* THAT.
"THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW THE *GHOST*--THE LAST TIME I SAW ALMOST *ANYTHING*...
"THANK GRODD *SPIDER-MONKEY* SHOWED UP AND SAVED MY HAIRY HIDE!
"THAT'S THE THING ABOUT MONKHATTAN--YOU CAN'T THROW A STICK WITHOUT HITTING AN *APE-IN-A-CAPE*...
"...OR *TWO!* BEFORE YOU COULD SAY "BANANA SPLIT" *MARVEL CHIMP* WAS THROWING DOWN WITH THOSE HORRORS!
"NO IDEA *WHERE* HE CAME FROM--JUST HIS LUCK TO BE *FLYING BY*, I GUESS.
"*BAD LUCK*, THAT IS. HE NEVER HAD A *CHANCE*.
"IT WAS ALL SO *FAST*--SO *HORRIBLE*--SPIDEY AND I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO *THINK*, LET ALONE *REACT*.

"AND THEN THE FECES *REALLY* HIT THE FAN!
"PRETTY MUCH THE *PRIME EIGHT* PRIMATES ON OUR WORLD DESCENDED ON THOSE FLESH-EATERS WITH THE FURY OF A *JUNGLE FEVER!*
"BEFORE WE KNEW IT, THE ZOMBIES WERE *BEATEN BACK* THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL, TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.
"NOW, SPIDEY AND ME ARE SERIOUS *MONACHUS NON GRATA* IN THOSE PARTS, SO WE KEPT A LOW-PRO WHILE EVERYONE WENT THEIR OWN WAY...
"...AND A LITTLE *LONGER,* JUST TO BE SURE.
"GOOD THING, TOO--'CAUSE *IRON MANDRILL* CIRCLED BACK...
"...TO DIG UP THE *TRITON-ZOMBIE'S SEVERED ARM!*
"THAT DIDN'T SMELL *RIGHT* TO ME--IN MORE WAYS THAN *ONE*--AND IT SET OFF SPIDEY'S *SPIDER-SENSE* SO HARD HE WAS *TWITCHY...*
"...SO WE FOLLOWED THE ARMORED APE-VENGER BACK TO *STARK INDUSTRIES...*
"...WHERE HE PROMPTLY WENT INTO A HIGH-TECH, HIGH-SECURITY, HIGHLY IMPREGNABLE *LAB.*

"I HAVE TO SAY IT WAS SPIDER-MONKEY WHO WANTED TO SET UP A STAKE-OUT...
"...BUT SEEING HOW I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE ELSE ON THE PLANET WHO DIDN'T WANT ME DEAD, I DECIDED TO KEEP HIM COMPANY.
"WE NOTICED TWO THINGS IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS...
"...SEXY SIMIANNES WENT IN, BUT NEVER CAME OUT...
"...AND A PUTRID STENCH STARTED TO SEEP FROM THE BUILDING.
"WE COULDN'T FIND ANY WAY INTO THE LAB, OURSELVES...
"...AND KNEW IF WE WENT TO THE APE-VENGERS THEY'D KILL US FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER.
"SO WE WENT TO THE APE-VENGERS.
"WE BARELY STAYED AHEAD OF THEM ALL THE WAY BACK TO STARK INDUSTRIES.
"BELIEVE ME, THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN HAVING THE HULK TRYING TO SQUEEZE YOU LIKE A GRAPE WHILE CRASHING THROUGH STEEL-REINFORCED CONCRETE...

"...IS WHAT WE FOUND *INSIDE* THAT LAB.
"WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW IRON MANDRILL GOT *INFECTED.*
"YOU KNOW THE APE-VENGERS... *KILL* FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS NEVER.
"THE *GOOD* NEWS IS--FOR GOING ABOVE AND BEYOND, SPIDEY'S AND MY *EXECUTION* WAS COMPASSIONATELY...*DELAYED.*
"TURNS OUT IRON MANDRILL WAS ALMOST DONE BUILDING A *DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY...*
"...WHICH HE HAD USED TRITON'S ARM TO LINK DIRECTLY TO THE *ZOMBIE UNIVERSE...*
"...WHICH SPIDEY AND I--AND OUR NEWFOUND FRIEND, THE *HULK*--EXPLAINED WOULD OPEN A FLOODGATE OF FLESH-EATING *FIENDS* INTO OUR WORLD.
"MY FELLOW PRIMATES CAREFULLY CONSIDERED THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS NEWS...
"...FOR ALMOST *TEN SECONDS* BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA DECLARED *ALL-OUT WAR* ON THE *ZOMBIE WORLD!*
"THEY WOULD RALLY AN ARMY OF *SUPER-POWERED SIMIANS!*
"THEY WOULD USE THE PORTAL FOR A *PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE!*
"THEY WOULD *ANNIHILATE* THEIR ENEMY BEFORE THEIR ENEMY ANNIHILATED *THEM!"*

AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
THANK YOU, SPEEDBALL, THAT WAS INVALUABLE INFORMATION-- IN THAT I NOW KNOW THAT I DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW ANY OF IT.
AND THEY SAY FISH ROT FROM THE HEAD DOWN! YOU WASTED OUR TIME--?
NOT "WASTED"-- IT WAS NECESSARY. YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHAT MAY BE IMPORTANT AND, AS THEY SAY, ONCE BITTEN...
WELL, ONCE BITTEN IS ALL IT TAKES NOWADAYS.
SPEEDBALL-- BEFORE YOU AND THE RED GHOST TRANSPORTED YOURSELF TO THE APE UNIVERSE, YOU HAD ANOTHER, WEAKER CONTACT WITH IT, YES?
UM...YEAH. THE APE-VENGERS HAD BUILT THEIR OWN PORTAL AND TRIED TO DRAW ME BACK FROM THE HUMAN WORLD. IT DIDN'T WORK.
BUT MY LAB DATA SHOWS IT WAS DETECTED BY GIANT-MAN-- WHICH IS WHY HE WAS READY THE NEXT TIME A DOORWAY OPENED TO THE APE UNIVERSE.
THAT FIRST, BRIEF CONTACT-- THAT IS THE SINGLE MOMENT WHICH LED TO ALL THIS!
OH! OH! THE REED RICHARDS ON MY WORLD HAS A TIME MACHINE! YOU HAVE ONE TOO DON'T YOU?
YOU WANT TO GO BACK IN TIME AND STOP THAT MOMENT FROM EVER HAPPENING!
NO. I WANT TO GO BACK IN TIME AND STOP THAT MOMENT FROM EVER HAPPENING IN THREE DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS-- SIMULTANEOUSLY!
TO DO SO, I NEED A TIME MACHINE LINKED TO A DIMENSIONAL PORTAL--BOTH OF WHICH ARE, INDEED, AT THE BAXTER BUILDING.
USING THEM, REST ASSURED I CAN RESET THE CLOCKS FOR ALL OF US.
FOUR DAYS.
PARDON?
IF WE GO BACK FOUR DAYS, WE CAN PREVENT THE INFECTION FROM EVER STARTING.
TRUE... BUT--

THAT IS WHAT WE WILL DO.
OR NO ONE LEAVES HERE ALIVE.
ALWAYS WITH THE DRAMA, MAGNETO...
ALL RIGHT. IF YOU HELP ME GET TO MY LAB, I'LL DO IT YOUR WAY.
AND SINCE IT'S IN MY BEST INTERESTS TO MAKE IT TO MY LAB, I PROMISE NOT TO LIFT A FINGER AGAINST YOU.
SO TO SPEAK.
AGREED.
EXCELLENT. AND NOW THAT WE'RE ALL FRIENDS--AND EVERYONE KNOWS I'M THEIR ONLY HOPE--I RELEASE MY RELUCTANT ASSISTANT.
THANK YOU, JANE. YOURS WAS A LOVELY--AND QUITE LUSCIOUS--SHOULDER TO REST MY HEAD UPON.
YOU, UH... YOU DOE'T THIG WE'LL ALL ZURVIVE?
WELL, FACE FACTS--YOU DID WELL ENOUGH WHEN YOU WERE SCURRYING FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW, BUT WHEN YOU WERE OUT IN THE OPEN--?
THE ZOMBIES GOT MIKHLO AND IGOR.
I KNEW IT!
THEY SHALL BE AVENGED! SO SAYS THE RED GHOST!
BECOME SOLID ENOUGH TO TOUCH ME AND I WILL SLIDE DOWN YOUR THROAT AND EAT YOU FROM THE INSIDE OUT!

...MONSTERS...
I WAS WONDERING WHEN THE RED GHOST WOULD MAKE HIS PRESENCE KNOWN.
HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR GROUP FOR SOME TIME. AS WAS I, OF COURSE, BUT...
BUT AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY-- DURING OUR RUN FOR THE BAXTER BUILDING WE'LL BE IN THE OPEN-- EASY TARGETS.
SAFER IF WE WAIT--LET THE ZOMBIES AND APES KILL A LOT MORE OF EACH OTHER.
EXCEPT THE LONGER WE WAIT, THE MORE LIKELY SOMEONE WILL USE THE PORTAL TO ACCESS OTHER DIMENSIONS. YOUR OWN, PERHAPS.
AND IN ALL HONESTY, I DOUBT THE APES CAN HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
ACTUALLY, IF YOU LOOK AT THE MONITORS, I THINK HE'S--
THEY ARE NOBLE BEINGS! FIERCE FIGHTERS!
GO TO YOUR LAB! PEOTR AND I WILL DEAL WITH THESE... CREATURES!
THEY WILL PAY FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE!
THINK IT THROUGH, GHOST-- IF YOU'RE SOLID ENOUGH TO FIGHT, YOU'RE SOLID ENOUGH TO BE BIT!
YOU AND PEOTR...YOU WON'T LAST FIVE MINUTES OUT THERE ALONE.
WE WON'T BE ALONE.

BACK UP THERE!
CHNNK!
NEXT!
MMM--I LOVE THE SMELL OF BRAINS IN THE MORNING!
OKAY. TRUTH IS I LOVE THE SMELL OF BRAINS ANYTIME! NEVER GET TIRED OF IT, ACTUALLY.
KIND OF REMINDS ME OF AUNT MAY. GUESS YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST BRAIN...
TZKOOOM!
SKLENNNK!
TO ME, SIMIANS! RALLY TO ME!
WE'LL SHOW THESE COSTUMED CADAVERS THEY'RE MESSING WITH THE WRONG MONKEYS!
WE'LL BREAK THEIR BONES LIKE STICKS AND SMASH THEIR SKULLS LIKE MELONS!

WE'LL SEND THESE ROTTING GHOULS BACK TO HELL!
WARNING
DARWIN'S BONES--HE'S DOING IT! THEY'RE FOLLOWING HIM!
MAYBE THE RED GHOST REALLY IS ALPHA ENOUGH TO HAVE RULED THE ENTIRE APE PLANET...
AT LEAST HE'S KEEPING EVERYONE'S ATTENTION OFF US!
NOT EVERY-ONE--!
A SQUIRREL-A-GIG? THERE'S A ZOMBIE SQUIRREL GIRL?
NOW THAT'S SCARY!
NO BIGGIE, SB. A LITTLE WEBBING WILL GUM UP THE WORKS!
SQUIRR
YOU CAN STOP MY SQUIRREL-A-GIG-BUT YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
YES! I THOUGHT I SAW SPEEDBALL UP HERE!
SO FUZZY AND CUTE! I COULD JUST EAT YOU UP!

NUTZ TO YOU, LADY!
INTERFERING FERRET!
BITE YOU! SCRATCH YOU! EAT YOUR EYES OUT!
HEY! WHOA! WATCH IT! WE'RE FALLING OVER THE--
MARTY--!
GOT HIM!
AND I GOT HER.
TZZZOOOMM

YOU OKAY, BUDDY?
YEAH...
NEVER BEDDER!
NO! NO--!
MARTY-- STOP!
SCHOMMP!
SKLOTCH!
I...I AM SORRY.
BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THEM.
YOU OKAY, JANE?
NO.

WELL, I MUST SAY FAR MORE OF US MADE IT HERE THAN I EXPECTED.
JANE--AS MY LOVELY ASSISTANT, WOULD YOU MIND PUNCHING IN THE SECURITY CODE?
4... 18...37... X.
BIP BIP BIP BUP
I... I...YOU KNEW--!
YOU MADE ME KILL HIM!
WELL, I PROMISED NOT TO ATTACK HIM MYSELF, DIDN'T I?
LET ME MAKE ONE THING VERY CLEAR--WE WILL ONLY RESET THE CLOCK SO THAT THIS DIMENSION AND THE APE DIMENSION DO NOT KNOW ABOUT EACH OTHER.
A "PLAGUE?" THIS IS THE GREATEST EVOLUTIONARY TRANSFORMATION IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND--AND I'M LITTLE MORE THAN A SPECTATOR?!
NO! I WILL EXPERIENCE THIS FULLY AND FIRSTHAND!
I WANT MY BODY BACK!
COME. WE HAVE WORK TO DO...

LATER...
YES. THAT'S IT, APE X.
AND NOW-- I NEED A VOLUNTEER.
WHEN THE PORTAL IS ACTIVATED, IT WILL LINK DIRECTLY TO THE APE UNIVERSE MERE MOMENTS BEFORE THE INITIAL CONTACT.
SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO GO THROUGH AND DESTROY THE APE'S OWN PORTAL BEFORE SPEEDBALL AND RED GHOST ARE DRAWN ACROSS THE DIMENSIONAL VOID.
A MISSION CLEARLY BEYOND MY CURRENT ABILITIES.
HOLD IT-- THAT'S NOT SIMPLY ROLLING BACK THE CLOCK, THAT'S DOING SOMETHING WHICH ELIMINATES THE EVENT THAT MADE US GO BACK IN TIME IN THE FIRST PLACE!
IT'LL CREATE A TIME PARADOX!
YOU'RE VERY SMART, SPIDER-MONKEY-- LUCKILY, I'M EVEN SMARTER.
EVERY-ONE WITHIN THIS LAB WILL BE PROTECTED BY A TRANSCHRO-DIMENSIONAL FIELD. FOR US, TIME WILL NOT CHANGE.
WE WILL HAVE STILL DONE WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO DO--IT WILL HAVE HAPPENED. WE WILL REMEMBER ALL OF IT, ALTHOUGH NO ONE ELSE WILL.
WHAT ABOUT WHO-EVER DESTROYS THE APE'S PORTAL? THEY WON'T BE IN THE PROTECTIVE FIELD.
EXCELLENT POINT, JANE. I CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT MYSELF.
THERE'S A HIGH PROBABILITY THEY'LL SIMPLY... CEASE TO EXIST.
SO WE'RE TALKING A SUICIDE MISSION.
JANE CAN'T GO...SPIDEY'S IN NO SHAPE...SOMEONE HAS TO STAY BEHIND IN CASE THIS PLACE IS ATTACKED...
PICK A NUMBER BETWEEN ONE AND TWO, FAHNBULLA.
TWO.
Oh! SO CLOSE! LOOKS LIKE YOU STAY AND I GO.
ARE WE READY?
INSTRUMENTS ARE ALL SET PROPERLY. ON MY MARK...
WHENEVER YOU ARE.

TZZOOOM
HAD TO KILL HIM. WAITED UNTIL EVERYTHING WAS SET UP. HOPE I DIDN'T SCREW ANYTHING UP.
YOU KIDDING? WAS LOOKING FOR THE CHANCE *MYSELF!* IF I WASN'T *HALF-CRIPPLED...*
THAT'S THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED IN *DAYS!* MAYBE THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE *UNIVERSE!*
C'MERE, YOU BIG, BEAUTIFUL *APE!*
MY TURN.
BUT NO MASKS--NO APE X OR GORILLA GIRL. I WANT US TO BE WHO WE *REALLY* ARE.
I WANT US TO BE AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE FOR THIS...

HHRG!
SORRY, ROY.
TURNS OUT I PICKED THE *RIGHT* NUMBER.
I'M STAYING. DON'T ARGUE.
HIT IT, SPIDER!
FANHBULLA--
NO GOOD-BYES, GIRLFRIEND. NO LAST WORDS.
MY STORY'S NOT OVER YET.
OKAY. HERE GOES *EVERY-THING.*
YAAAAAA--!

APE UNIVERSE. DAYS EARLIER...
--SPEEDBALL HAS THE SAME BIOFREQUENCY AS ANY OTHER ORGANISM FROM OUR UNIVERSE...
...AND HE'S ON THE HUMAN WORLD--SO WE SCAN THE DIMENSIONAL BANDWIDTH LOOKING FOR THAT!
AND WHEN WE FIND IT... WE LOCK ONTO IT...
...AND...
--AAAAAA!
SPANNGK!
FLINGIN' FECES! WHO--?
THAT SHE-APE KO'ED IRON MANDRILL AND SUZIE!
WHERE'D SHE COME FROM?
NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE!
THE WRENCHER'S WRENCH--?
GET HER! GET HER DOWN!
SHE'S NOT SUBMITTING!
FORCE HER! BREAK HER!
LEMME AT HER, BUB!
LOOK OUT-- HER ARM'S FREE! SHE'S THROWING--

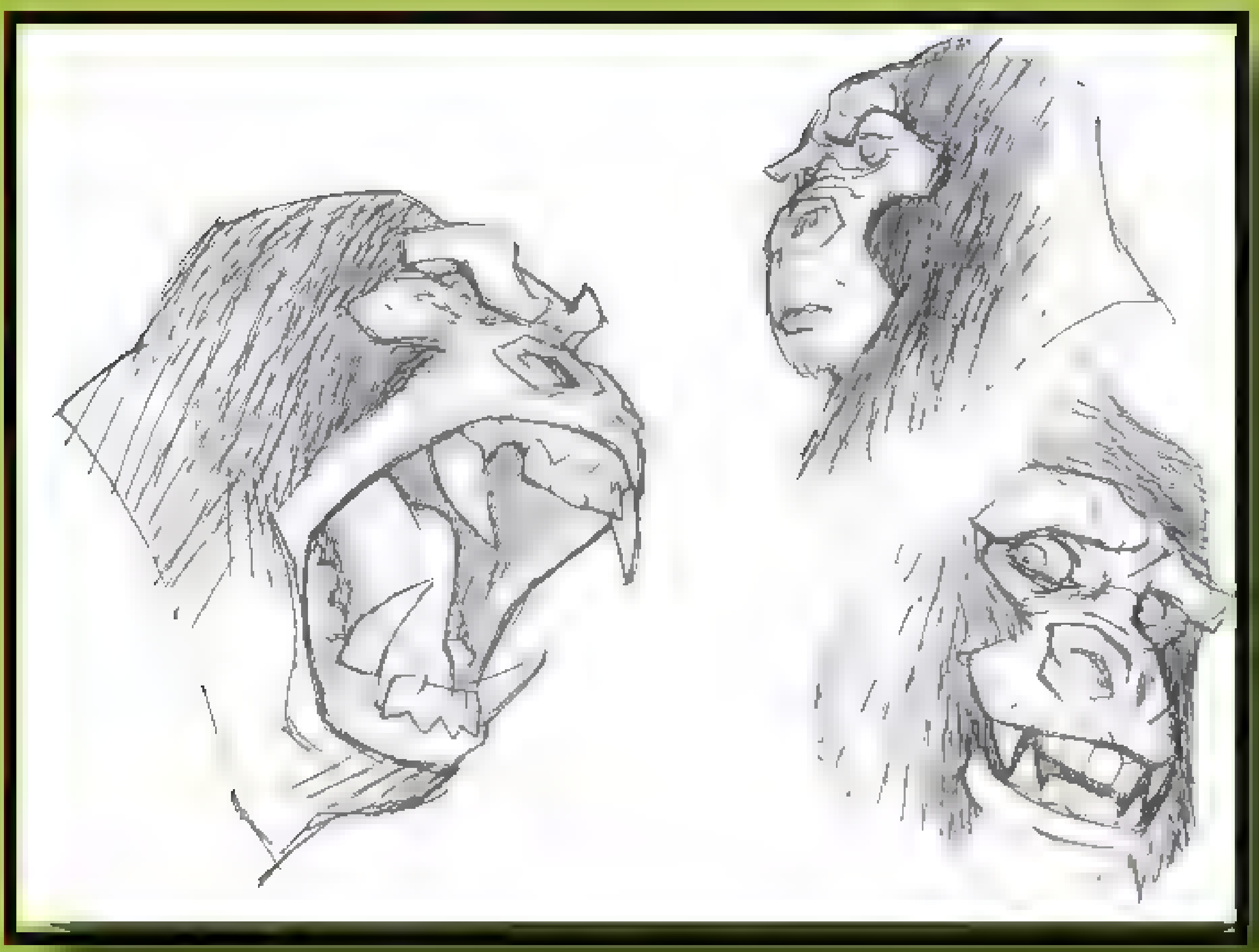
EPILOGUES:
HUH--?
WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. HUMAN UNIVERSE.
WE JUST SENT THE RED GHOST RUNNING, LITTLE BUDDY, CRYING FOR HIS MAMA.
I'M SURE HIS SUPER APES WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM.
WE DID? I... I DON'T REMEMBER. IT FEELS LIKE...
WAS I ASLEEP?
FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
APE-VENGERS TOWER, MONKHATTAN. APE UNIVERSE.
--SPEEDBALL HAS THE SAME BIO-FREQUENCY AS ANY OTHER ORGANISM FROM OUR UNIVERSE...
...AND HE'S ON THE HUMAN WORLD--SO WE SCAN THE DIMENSIONAL BANDWIDTH LOOKING FOR THAT!
AND WHEN WE FIND IT... WE LOCK ONTO IT...
...AND...

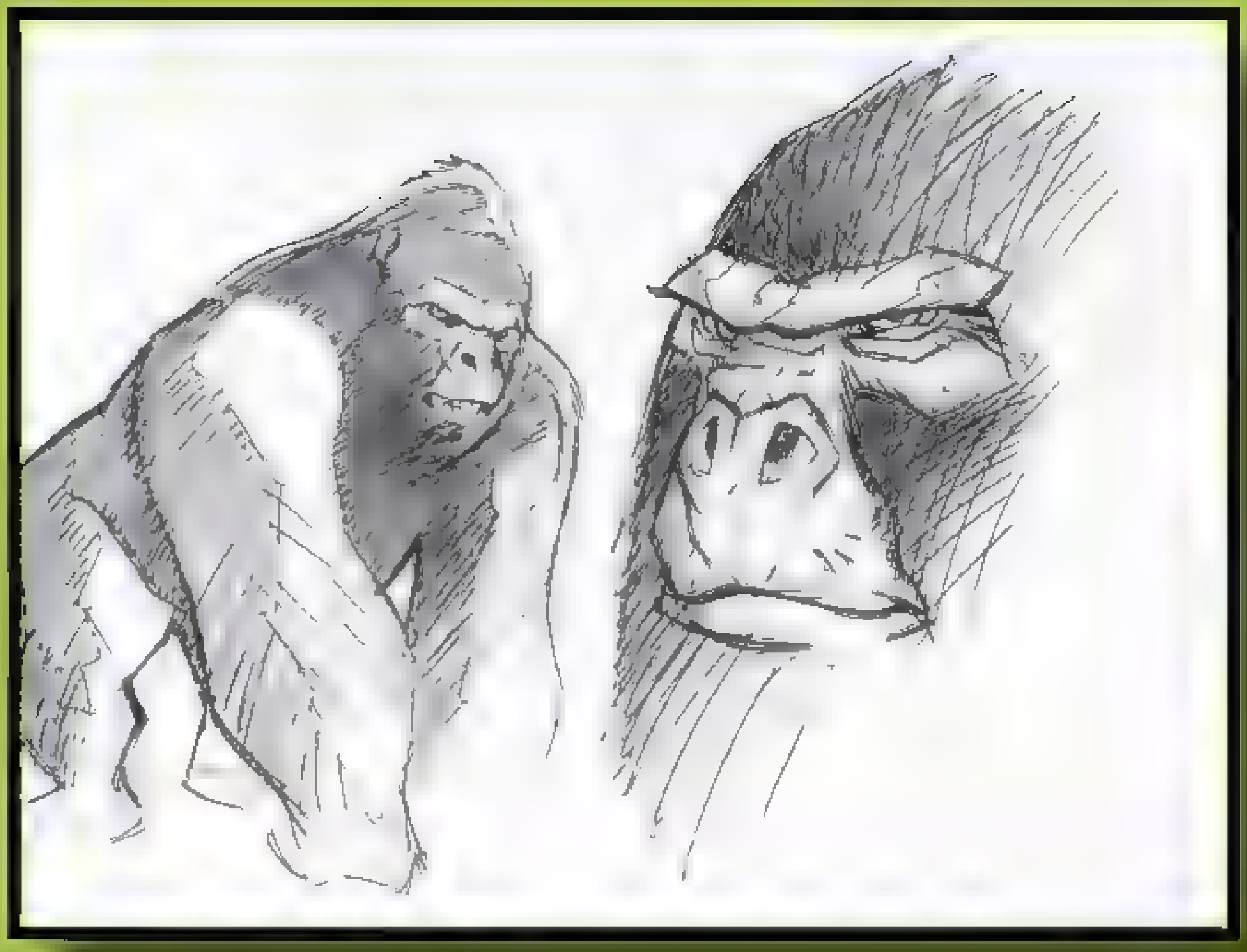
NOTHING.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THAT SHOULD HAVE--
SPIDER-MONKEY-- YOU SURE YOU CALCULATED THE ION LOAD ON THE FLUX CAPACITOR PROPERLY?
OH, YEAH--IT'S RIGHT WHERE IT SHOULD BE, DOC.
BELIEVE ME--I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING!
NEW YORK CITY. HUMAN UNIVERSE.
--SO I DIED...
UH-HUH.
...IN THIS ZOMBIE UNIVERSE...
RIGHT.
...AND THEN I GOT BETTER?
NO. NOW IT NEVER HAPPENED TO YOU.
BUT IT STILL HAPPENED TO YOU?
YES. ME... AND APE X...AND SPIDER-MONKEY... AND...
...UM...
WELL! SAVING MULTIPLE UNIVERSES-- THAT'LL MAKE A NICE STORY FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER, WON'T IT? FRONT PAGE, I'D SAY!
JANE POTTER-- INTERN NO MORE!
CLOSE. EXCEPT FOR THE PART WHERE NEWSPAPERS AREN'T INTERESTED IN STORIES THAT MOSTLY DIDN'T HAPPEN.
WHICH IS WHY I'M MAKING IT INTO A GRAPHIC NOVEL!
WHAT? NO! A GRAPHIC--?
THAT IS SO COOL! DO YOU HAVE AN ARTIST?
WILL I BE IN IT?

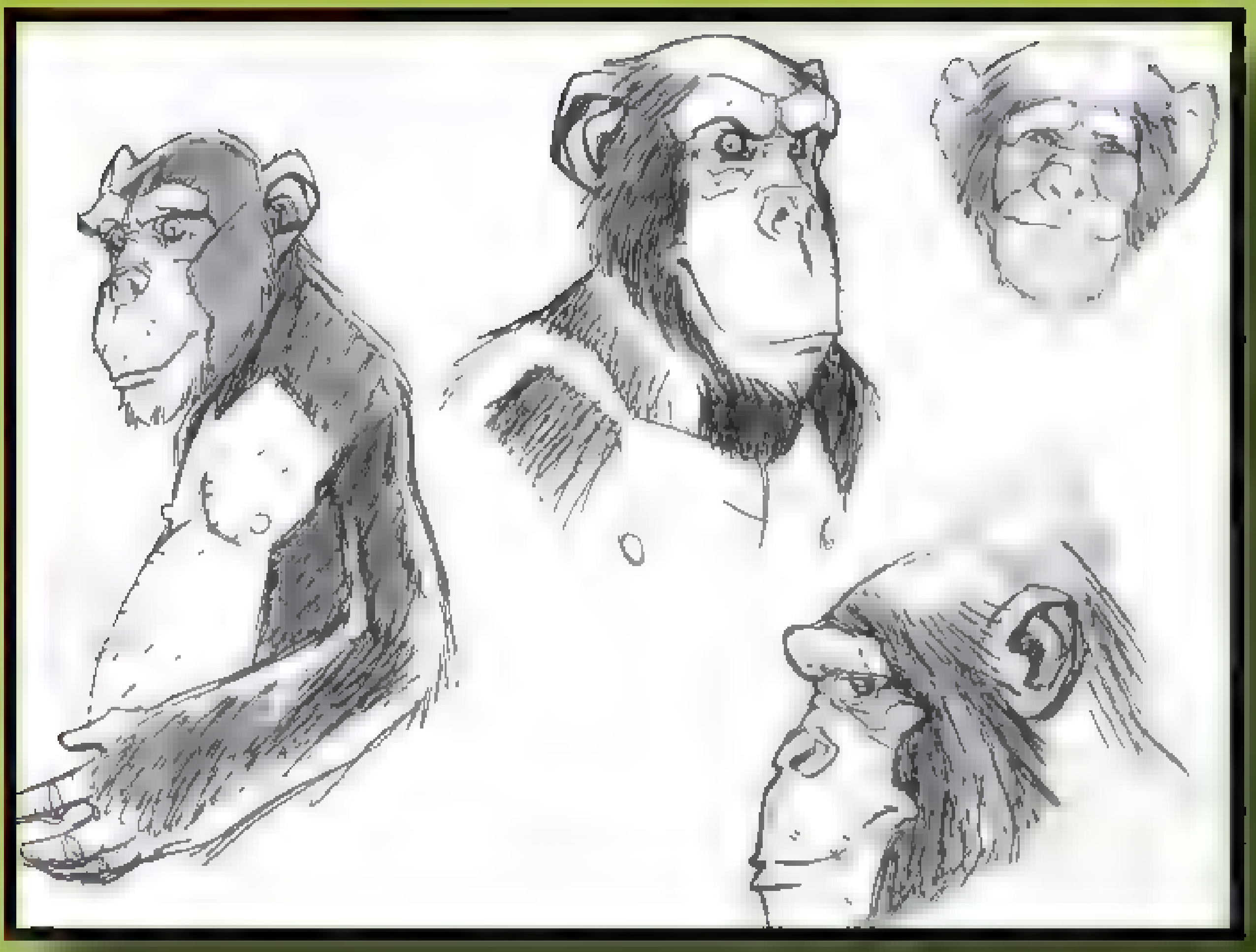
OF COURSE, YOU SPAZ! IT STARTS WHEN OUR SCRAPPY LITTLE GRUNT LINE GANG GOES LOOKING FOR APE X AFTER HE WAS KIDNAPPED BY H.A.M.M.E.R.!
OOH! CALL THEM SOMETHING DIFFERENT! CALL THEM... M.A.L.L.E.T.!
WHO'S IN THIS GANG, AGAIN?
WELL, AT THE START THERE'S JUST YOU, ME, AND...
...AND FAHNBULLA EDDY. GORILLA GIRL.
BUT SHE'S GONE NOW. VANISHED...
...WITHOUT A TRACE...
--START WITH MAGNETO! WOULDN'T MIND TAKING A BITE OR TEN OUTTA HIM!
YEAH! HE'S TRYING TO KILL US ALL!
MUTANT--YUM!
NEW YORK CITY. ZOMBIE UNIVERSE.
OUT OF GUILT. RUMOR HAS IT HE MADE A DEAL WITH AN ALTERNATE REALITY THAT...
HMM...
HA!
REED--?
SORRY, SUE-- I WAS JUST THINKING HOW MAGNETO LOVES BEING A MARTYR. ALWAYS HAS.
FOR ALL I KNOW HE DID MAKE A DEAL WITH SOME ALTERNATE REALITY--BUT THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS. IT'S A COINCIDENCE.
THERE'S NO DOUBT THE INFECTION CAME FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION...
...BUT WHAT I FIND ASTONISHING IS THAT NO ONE'S CONNECTED IT TO SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM THE WHOLE TIME--CENTRAL TO MUCH OF WHAT'S HAPPENED, IN FACT...

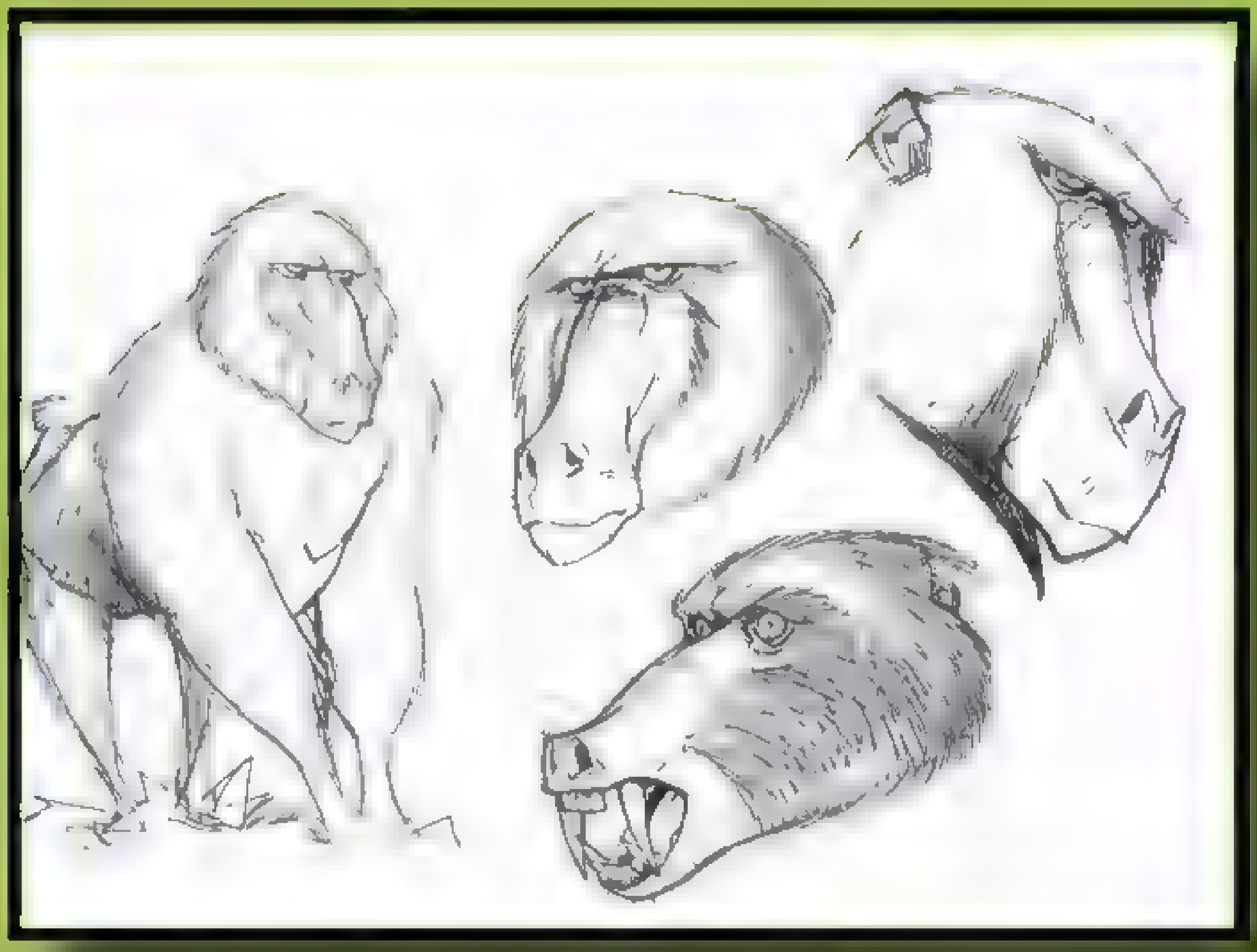
...MY DIMENSIONAL PORTAL!
FOUR DAYS EARLIER.
--FINISHED!
AND WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? A CLEAN ENERGY GENERATOR? AN ANIMAL-LANGUAGE TRANSLATOR?
GOD, I HOPE IT'S NOT THE NEW COFFEE MAKER!
IT'S A PORTAL, SUE--A DOORWAY TO OTHER DIMENSIONS!
ONE IN PARTICULAR...
FROM SPECTROSCOPIC SCANS I'VE MADE, I BELIEVE THERE'S A STRONG CHANCE FOR SOME KIND OF... ADVANCED LIFEFORM THERE. VERY LIKELY HUMAN.
YOU MEAN THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION?
POSSIBLY. FROM MONKEY, TO MAN TO-- WHAT?
LET'S FIND OUT!
TLEK!
AND IT STARTS WITH A FLASH IN THE SKY, AND A RIPPLE IN THE CLOUDS...
END.

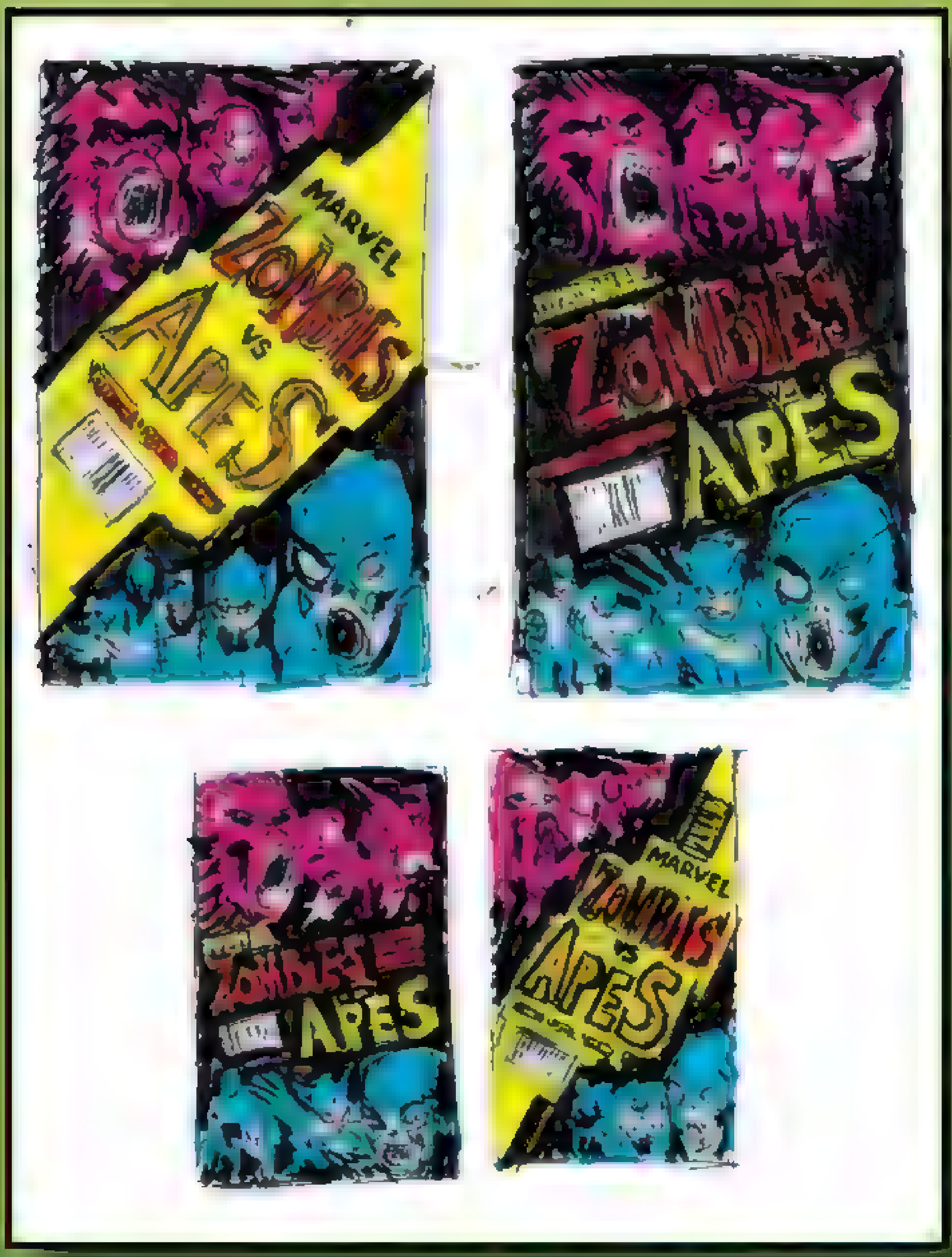
Sketches by
Marcos Martin & Rob DiSalvo!







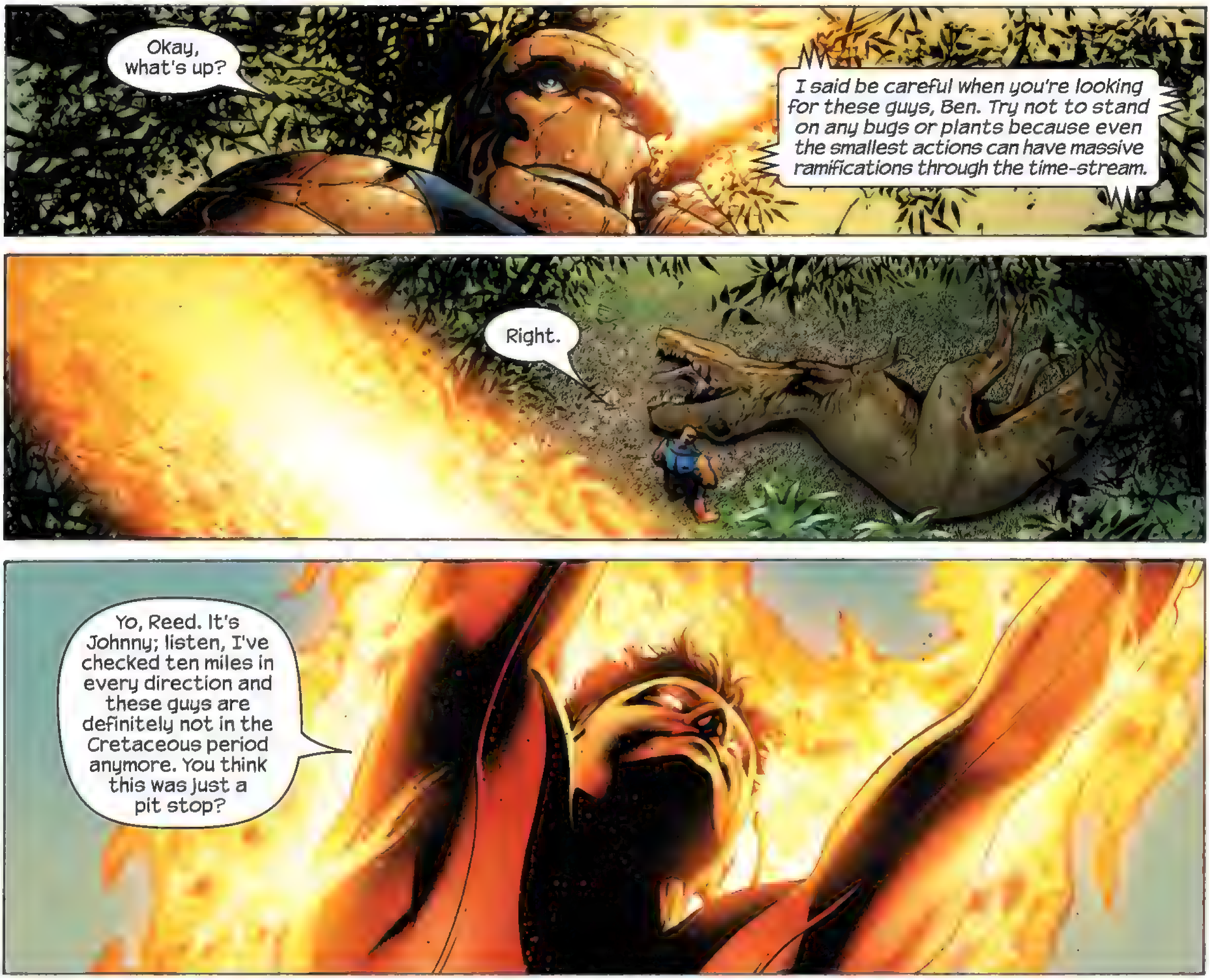


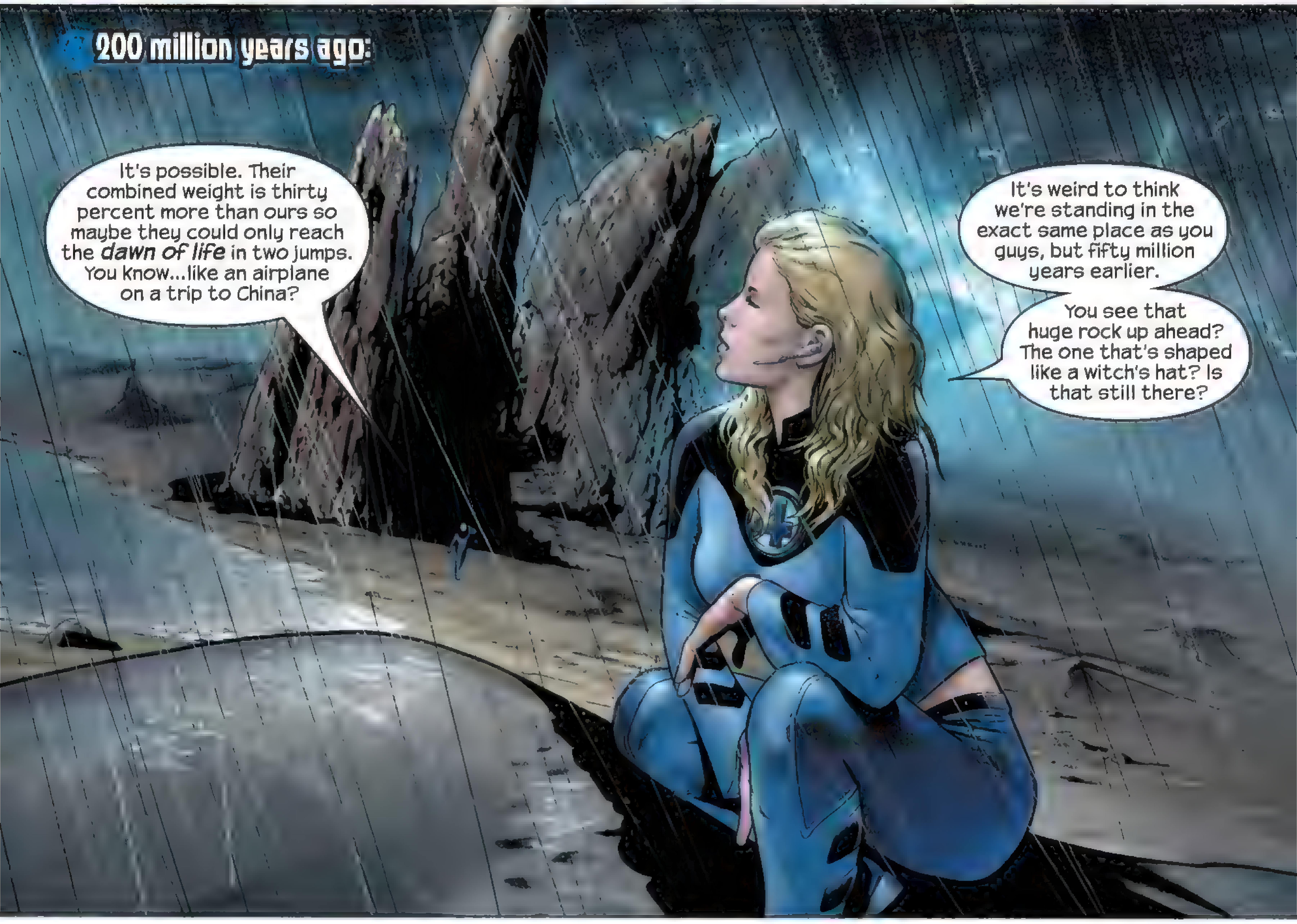

MARVEL
ZOMBIES
VS
APES
ZOMBIES
APES
ZOMBIES
APES
MARVEL
ZOMBIES
VS
APES

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #21 Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Frank D'Armata

@150 million years ago:
Reed. Two seconds.

HNNT.


Okay, what's up?
I said be careful when you're looking for these guys, Ben. Try not to stand on any bugs or plants because even the smallest actions can have massive ramifications through the time-stream.
Right.
Yo, Reed. It's Johnny; listen, I've checked ten miles in every direction and these guys are definitely not in the Cretaceous period anymore. You think this was just a pit stop?


200 million years ago:
It's weird to think we're standing in the exact same place as you guys, but fifty million years earlier.
You see that huge rock up ahead? The one that's shaped like a witch's hat? Is that still there?
It's possible. Their combined weight is thirty percent more than ours so maybe they could only reach the *dawn of life* in two jumps. You know...like an airplane on a trip to China?

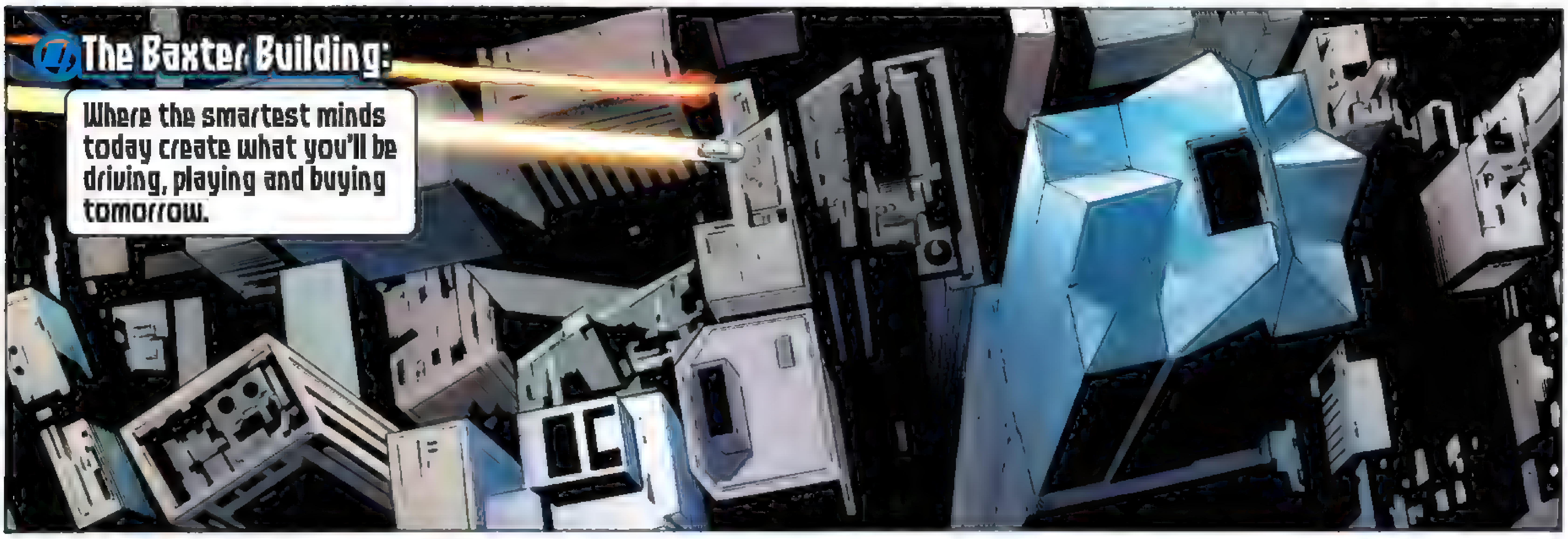
Kinda. But it's not so big anymore. I'd say maybe fifteen, twenty feet tall. How big is it fifty million years ago?
Over a hundred feet. Isn't that amazing?
Spectacular. Now shut the hell up and get the United Nations on that phone.
Sue! Get back!
I want you to confirm what I'm holding in my hands here.
I want you to tell the Secretary-General that unless we get ten billion dollars delivered into those bank accounts, we're going to shoot the first thing that ever crawled from the sea.
Are you out of your mind? You create a break in the evolutionary chain and mankind ceases to exist...you guys included.
Who cares? Unless you're rich, life isn't worth living anyway. Now get on the phone and explain to this idiot what kind of odds we're talking here...

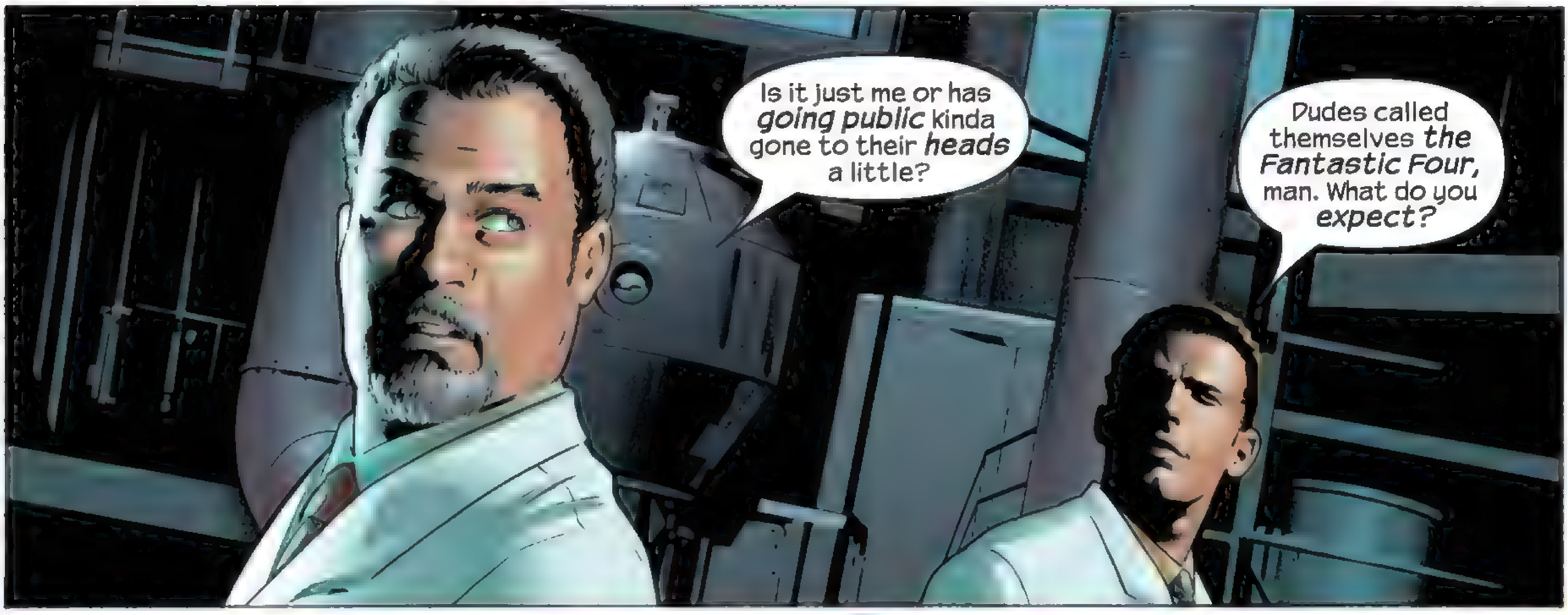
...and no funny business. I know you can stretch like a rubber band and I know *Invisible Woman* can turn *invisible.*
We studied you guys before we hacked into your files. We know *all about* you, "Mister Fantastic".
What about my force fields? You ever seen one of my force fields before?
No...
That's because they're *invisible,* jackass.
Captain America, this is Mister Fantastic. We've apprehended these computer hackers in the Precambrian era and we're coming back home now.
Ben and Johnny; we'll pick you up along the way.
Just a second, Reed. I want to catch this on-camera for my dad...

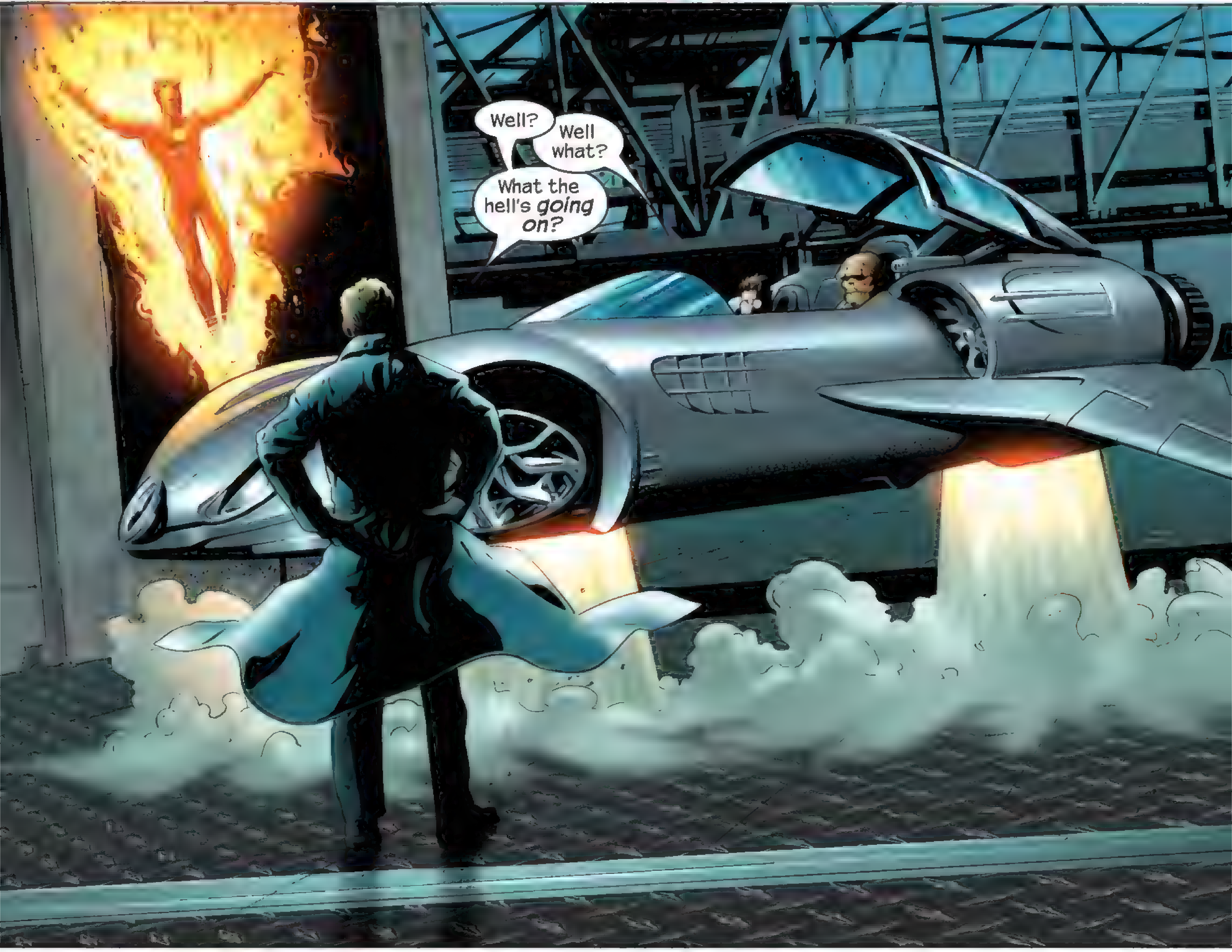
The present day:
Stand back. Give 'em a little room here, huh?
Dude, you would not *believe* what we just saw. It was exactly like *Jurassic Park...*
...except the dinosaurs were even *better* and it didn't have those two *kids* you wanted to strangle.
What the hell's going on here? We got a call from the Baxter Building saying there was a temporal emergency at this address and the Fantastic Four were in some kind of trouble.
No trouble at all, Cap. All taken care of. A gang of nerds just hacked into our files and duplicated a time machine Reed and Sue were working on.
Creeps tried to hold the Earth for ransom, but I don't think they realized who they were *messing* with.
Uh, you don't mind if I call you *"Cap"*, right?
Son, I don't care *what* you call me. Okay, guys, let's get them back to The Triskelion for questioning.
Aw, man. Who let the *dogs* out?

Johnny, was this *you?* Did *you* tip off the newspapers that we were going after those hackers?
We're *public knowledge* now, sis. Just relax and enjoy seeing your *face* on TV.
Hey, guys. *New York Daily News*. How did you find out that the Chrono-Bandits were gonna hold the human race for *ransom?*
Believe it or not, it was in our *horoscopes* this morning.
88.5 FM
10
Mister Fantastic! *Daily Bugle!* There's been a massive surge in super-villain activity these last twelve months. Any idea why all these super-people are crawling outta the woodwork now?
Actually, I've been thinking about this a lot lately and I think it's all got to do with probability curves, sir.
One post-human appears and the probability of another one showing up is increased by a factor of ten to the power of five.
Two, ten or *fifty* post-humans appear and the probability of others just naturally occurring becomes a certified *inevitability* in mathematical terms.
He means they're *catching on*, boys. Now if you'll *excuse* us...
Hey, freak. You mind not breathing on the *car?*
2

I can't believe we just *did* that. I can't believe we just travelled all the way back to the *dinosaurs,* man.
Reed's really starting to get *into* the whole super-hero thing, isn't he? Look at his face. Look at this *new car* he built for everybody. You're really starting to *enjoy* yourself...
C'mon, Sue. Those guys hacked into our files and stole our *chrono-tunnel* notes. We couldn't exactly sit back and *ignore* them.
Okay, so maybe I'm enjoying myself a *little* bit...


The Baxter Building:
Where the smartest minds today create what you'll be driving, playing and buying tomorrow.


Is it just me or has *going public* kinda gone to their *heads* a little?
Dudes called themselves *the Fantastic Four,* man. What do you *expect?*


Well?
Well what?
What the hell's *going* on?

Some new *super-gang* stole our notes and tried to mess with the time-stream, Professor Storm. But everything's okay. The Ultimates have them now. Things are good.
The Ultimates should have been dealing with them in the *first* place, Reed. Why on earth didn't you leave this to the *professionals?*
They're good at *their* thing, we're good at *our* thing.
Right now the only thing you seem especially *good* at is endangering the lives of my *children.*
Dad! For God's sake...!
Sue's right, Dad. I'm an *After School Special* waiting to happen all by *myself.*
Reed, I'm trying to be reasonable here. Even *you* must admit you've been acting completely out of character lately.
You almost collapsed this entire *reality* with those things you brought back from the N-Zone and now you're having these *adventures* in the *time-stream.*
It's like the accident gave you a *taste* for being reckless.

Look, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to curb your imagination here, but the Baxter Building is funded by a coalition of interests.
Our investors are *worried*, Reed. You're opening them up to a world of lawsuits and falling behind on all the *practical* assignments you were given.
You're not a super hero. You're a scientist.
Now promise me you haven't done anything else I'll be angry about. Promise me your mind is back on the job.
Absolutely, Professor--
--I promise.
Good. Because I don't *like* being annoyed with you.
It's a very disagreeable feeling.
Listen, am I the only one who sees those guys poking a giant maggot with *sticks* over there?

Hello, Sue.

Damn.
You still good for tonight?
What do you mean?
The chess game with Professor Hawking. And dinner afterwards. Only three of us got *invites*, Reed. Don't tell me you've *forgotten*.
Oh, man.
Are you still working on this *N-Zone* stuff? I thought Dad told you to *close* all those files and put them in *storage*?
He did, but I've discovered something *amazing* here, Sue. It started with a signal from the outer reaches of the Zone. Intelligent noise from an *alternate reality*...
Reed, we've been banned from going anywhere *near* the N-Zone...
But it's a parallel Earth, Sue. An entire planet almost exactly like ours except for these tiny, little differences. We've actually been *communicating* with each other...
You're not going to tell your *dad*, are you?

You know something, Reed?
At least Dad waited until my Mom was *dead* before he lost himself in his work.
First fight?
Not exactly.
Don't worry. My Sue used to storm off like that all the time.
She'll be *furious* for an hour, *annoyed* for *two hours* and then *sulk* for a further ninety to ninety-five minutes before you just kiss and make up.

Trust me.
I speak from experience.

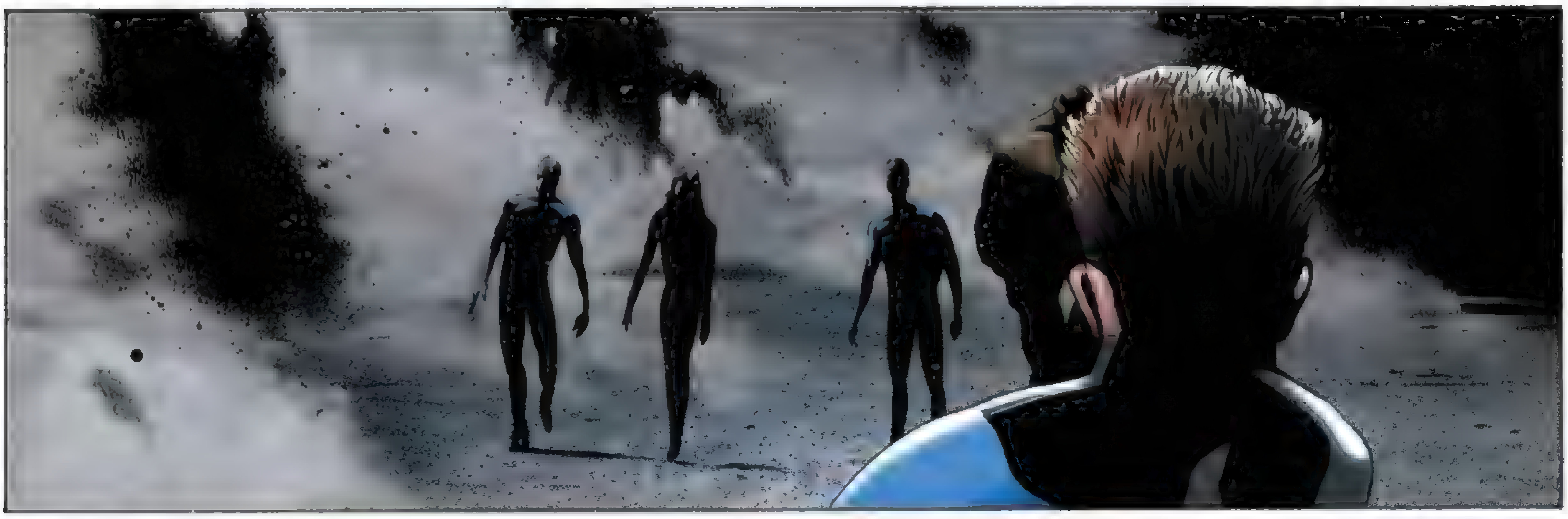
Who's the little boy?
This is Franklin. My son. We've got a little girl called Valeria too, but she's out shopping with her mother right now.
I thought you might get a kick out of seeing the kind of child you and *your* Sue might have a few years down the line, if my projections are accurate. Say hello, Franklin.
You look like you could be my Daddy's little brother, mister.
Wow.
It's just mind-blowing to think of Sue and I actually *getting together* in the future. I mean it always felt like we would, but this is just like *official confirmation.*
Unless, of course, that's one of the subtle differences between our worlds. I've been reading all those web-pages you sent me and the details are fascinating...
Your *Avengers* are called *The Ultimates.* Your *Baxter Building* looks *completely different.*
You've got less than a hundred super-humans whereas we've got literally *thousands...*
You got someone watching over your shoulder all day long and telling you what you should be *working* on?
No, our Fantastic Four is entirely self-financed.
Wish I could say the same. We're part-funded by the government, part-funded by some Fortune 500 companies.
Meaning we have to think up new *defense systems* and new things to *sell* to people when we should be doing all the things *you guys* are doing.

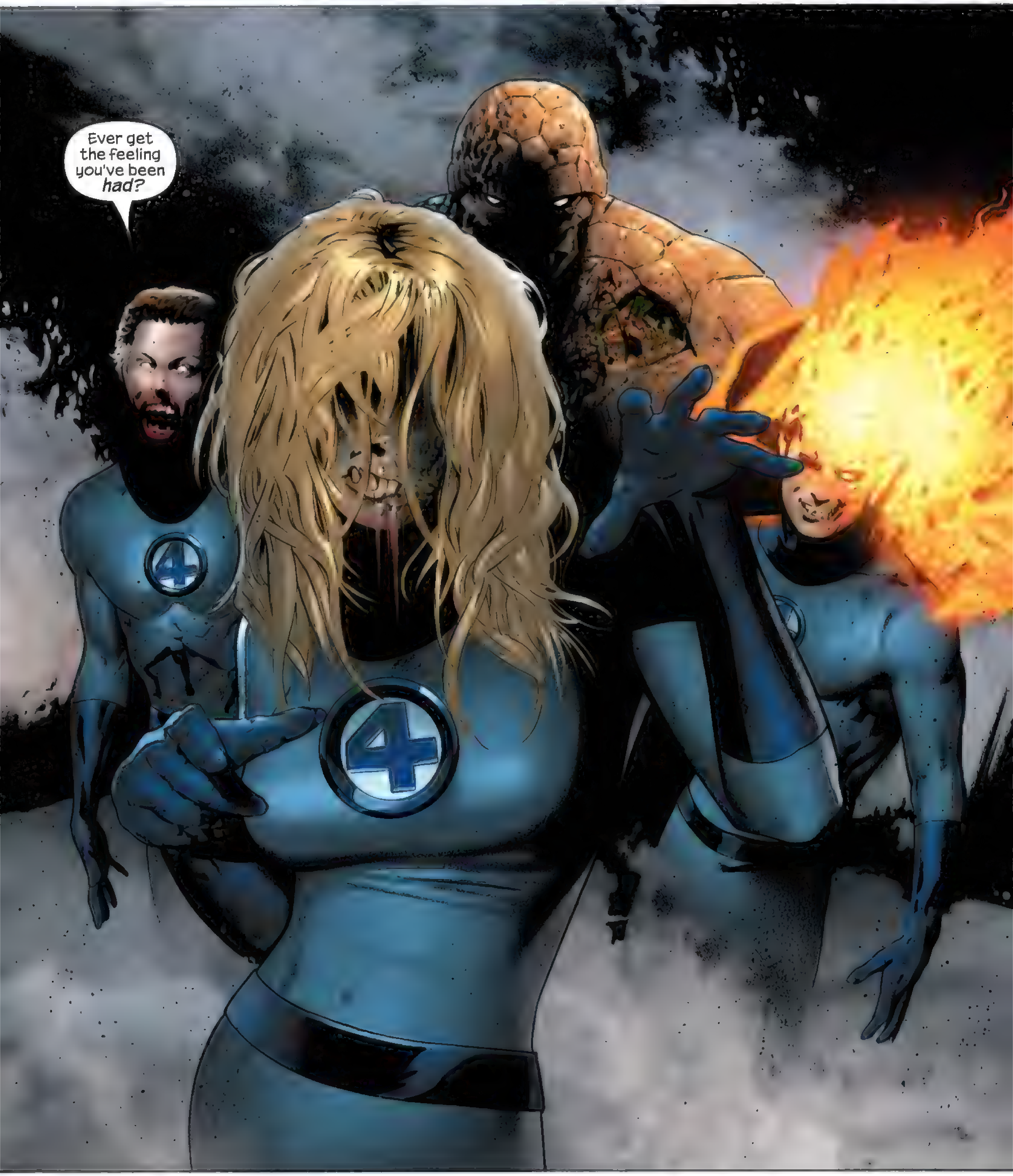
If you're unhappy, why don't you just *leave?*
It's not that I'm unhappy. I love it here. This is the first place I've ever felt really at home...
It's just when you got in touch and said you were gathering the smartest minds in the ***multiverse*** for this ***mission*** you were planning...it just kinda got me ***thinking.***
I want to be a super hero. I've got the powers and even got a symbol on my costume, now. Why can't *I* be a super hero like Spider-Man or Captain America?
I still wish you wouldn't keep all this to yourself. You'd have built the teleporter twice as fast if Professor Storm and his team had given you a hand.
Ah, we've done okay. Even as a ***hologram*** you've been able to stop me from making all the mistakes I'd have made, with those blueprints you e-mailed through.
Believe me, Reed....
...the rest of the gang just wouldn't have understood.

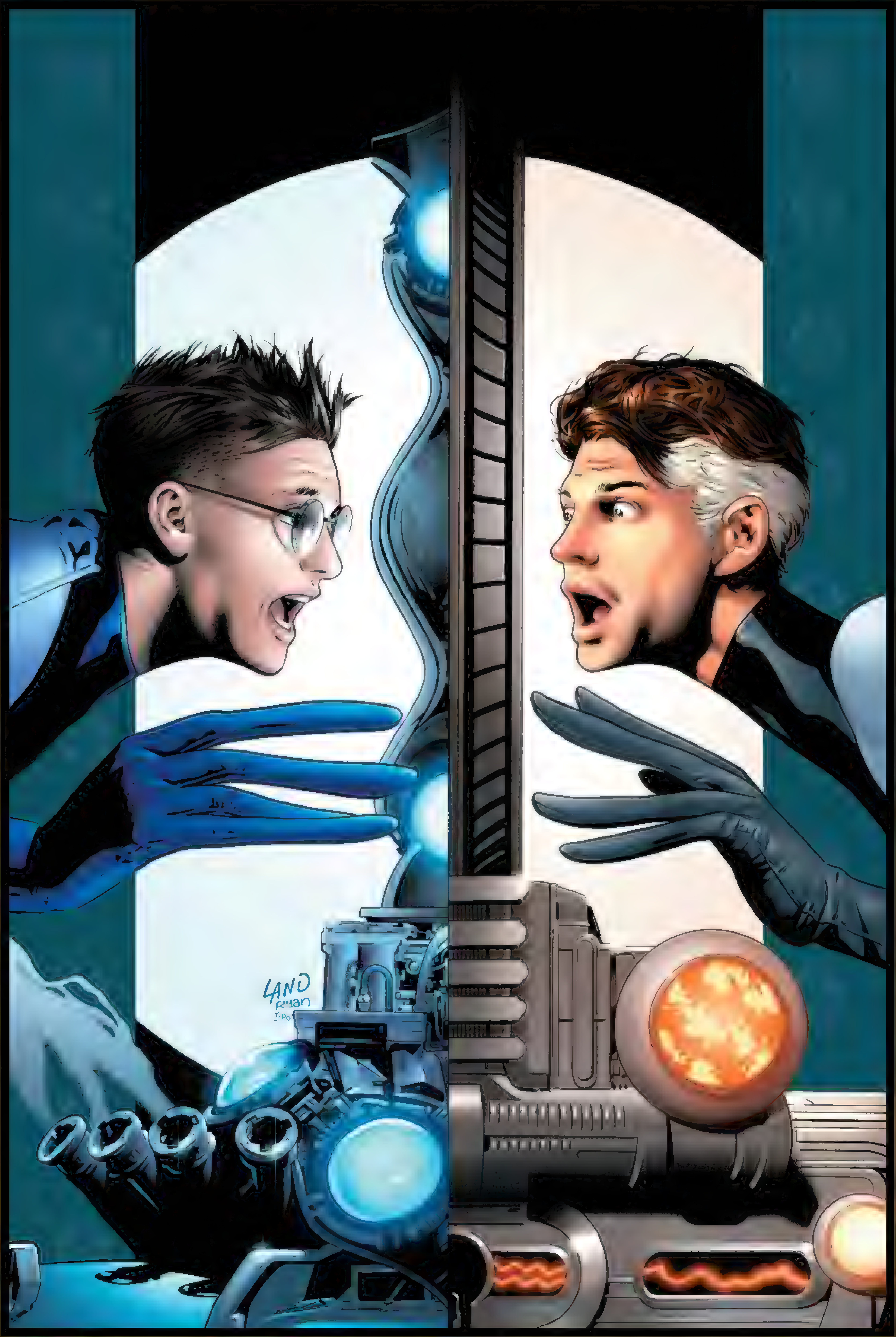
Are you ready for the big jump?
As ready as I'll *ever* be.
Good. The others are just arriving for this *meeting* I've called. What do you take in your coffee?
Cream and four sugars...
...just like *you,* presumably.
Man, that felt weird.
Reed?

Reed?
Oh my God.
What happened? This is *horrible.*
Reed?

EM




Ever get the feeling you've been *had?*


LAND
Ryan
J-Po

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #21 Variant Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Justin Ponsor

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #22 Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Justin Ponsor

"They said it all started with a flash in the sky and a ripple through the clouds.
"Nobody knows what *caused* this exactly, but some people think it might have been a *punch.*
"Was he really that strong? Had infection really made him so determined to get here in search of a brand new *food supply?*
"At the time I said no...
"...but having *experienced* this hunger firsthand I'm afraid that I now know better.

"The Avengers were the first on the scene. Can you picture them? Faces grave, concerned for all those human casualties.
"That idiot Colonel America reassuring everyone that everything would be fine now that the super heroes had arrived.
POLICE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE DO NOT C
"What they didn't know is that the infection had targeted the super heroes of *this* dimension and a thousand realities *before* us.
"This was how it *consumed,* you see...
"...by infecting super heroes just like *him* and sending them out to infect the *others.*

"Within twenty-four hours, we'd consumed the entire planet.
"*One* super hero from an *infected universe*...
"...that was all it took to finish an *entire world*."

But what does all this have to do with *me?* Why would you go to all that trouble just to *lure* me here to a *neighboring dimension?*
Listen to him. He hasn't a clue, has he? He really just doesn't *get* it.
Why do you *think* we brought you here, Reed?
We just ran out of *food.*
Sue! Hold him! Trap him in a force field!
I can't! I'll slice off one of your arms!
It doesn't matter! Just--
Idiots! Out of my damn way!

After him, Torch! Go mess him up!
Pleasure.
Oh God.
Oh God.
Oh God.
Oh God.
Said you came here to be a *super hero,* Reed. Super heroes don't run away like *frightened, little girls.*

C'mon.
Super heroes are supposed to be *fearless*.
Yeah, right.
Somebody's been reading *way* too many comic books.

ONE WAY
HSBC
Coca-Cola
Stupid. Stupid idiot.
How did you fall for *this* one, genius?
AAAGH!
Spider-Man!
You're *right,* Daredevil. He's *enhanced,* but he's *still* clean--
--uninfected.

Where did he *come* from? How did we miss *this?*
He looks like *Reed Richards,* but he can't be more than *twenty years old.*
He's a *meta-human* all right. Can't you smell him? Can't *believe* we missed such a healthy specimen running around *Manhattan*--
Please...

Hulk knows little men are hungry...
...but Hulk is the hungriest of all!
Please, don't--
Urrf!

Stretchy boy belong to Hulk now!
Whuh?
Oh my God.
RUN!

Come with me.
I know you're scared, but you have nothing to fear--

Right now, I'm the only hope you have.

Back Home:
Yo, Sue. You seen Reed? Dad's been trying to catch him all morning, but he's not answering his cell phone.
It's *always* off when he's working, Johnny. You know that thing people do with their lives when they aren't addicted to *daytime soaps?*
A man can learn a *lot* from daytime soaps.
You try his lab?
Lab's empty...
...and he didn't sleep in his *bed* last night either.
What?
I told Dad he should have checked *your* bed first...
Zip it, moron. Why do you always have to be so *immature* about everything?
You guys seen *Reed* around?

Nobody's seen him since last night, Ben. Security people check the cameras?
Front desk says he never left the building. Lobby *or* the roof.
But I think I'm starting to understand why you find him so dreamy and fascinating now, sis. That boyfriend of yours is *such* an enigma.
Shut up, Johnny. This is serious. Something *bad's* happened here...
Security code four-six-two-four-five-two: Lab defenses off, authorized by Susan Storm.
Should I go get Dad?
No. No, definitely not. Reed's in *enough* trouble with Dad and if he sees this he'll go absolutely nuts. Maybe even *fire* him...
What *is* this thing?
I'm not sure...
...but it looks like some kind of *teleporter*.

H-how much further, Magneto?
Just another few hundred yards.
ERIE RAILRO
FREIGHT STAT
A-are you really the last person in the world who hasn't been *infected?*
No, there are others here, too. But I'm the last one with any *special gifts...*
...until *you* came along, of course.
I fashioned this refuge out of a *railway tunnel.* It's not perfect by any means, but there's lighting and toilet facilities and a place where we can store our food.
And the infected don't know you're *hiding* down here?
Not yet. But they will. The last time they found us they murdered almost half of our little group.
The remaining few are really quite resolute that they shan't end up in the bellies of a super hero like their missing friends and loved ones.

How long have you been *living* like this? When did all this actually *happen?*
Oh, around *two days ago,* I think. Or was it *three?* It's hard to *remember,* to be honest...
...but I believe the first to be infected was *three days ago.*
What?
Don't worry, everyone. It's only me...and I've found a friend.
Magneto! Are you crazy?
What are you talking about?
He's a super hero. He'll be infected.
Oh, this young man is no more infected than you or I, Kelly. So you can put away your gun. I've told you a million times it's useless against most super people, anyway.
I'm really not infected. Honest. A bunch of them *tried* to bite me, but none of them actually broke the skin.
Reed, I'd like you to meet Danny and Mindy Glidewell. Danny is an insurance salesman I found hiding in his car in the Lincoln Tunnel.
His daughter Mindy is a diabetic and, unfortunately, she's running low on insulin at the moment.
Hey, how's it going?

Did you manage to find anything at the hospital?
I bumped into *Reed* on the way to the hospital, but don't worry. We'll go back out and get Mindy's medicine. Everything will be all right.
Officer Kelly Ridge you've already met.
Charmed.
Aren't you the leader of the Brotherhood of Mutants here? Aren't you supposed to *hate* normal people?
Oh, the irony of this situation is not entirely lost upon me. But the end of the world is a great leveler--beggars can't be choosers when you're down to the last few people alive.
Where did you come from, kid? You come from upstate? I got a brother up in Woodstock, but I don't know if you *heard* anything...
Sorry. I haven't a clue what's happening up there.
Do you have anything to do with the *other* Reed Richards? The one from the Fantastic Four?
I was wondering the same thing. Are you a relative of some kind?
No, not a relative. In fact, this is going to sound a little weird...
...but I'm his counterpart from a parallel reality, and this world's Fantastic Four kind of *tricked* me into coming here.
What?

What's he talking about? I don't even know what any of that means...
Mindy, please. This is very serious.
Are you saying that you opened up a gateway from *our* world to *yours?* That you've given the infected a means of reaching a *neighboring reality?*
Oh my God. You're right. They gave me those designs so I could make my way here, but there's no reason it couldn't work the other way, *too.*
We have to get to the Baxter Building. We have to stop them from using that *bridge* I opened up...
Oh, my dear Reed. It's much too late. Don't you understand...
"...your *world* is already dead."
Get back. Something's coming through.
Reed?
Is that you?

Not exactly.

LAND
Ryan
J-Po

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #23 Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Justin Ponsor

THE BAXTER BUILDING:
Great.
Because things weren't sucky *enough*.

Torch?
Relax. They're *toast*.
Sue?
Force field. But you have to get out of here. Both of you. I don't know how long I can *hold* them.
What *age* are you, little girl? Nineteen? *Twenty?* I've been doing this since you were in *kindergarten*.
This is *Charles Atlas* up against a ninety-seven-pound *shrimp*.

Ben! Close the doors! Close the--!
On it.
Sis, what the hell's going on in there? What was that?
I don't know, I don't know. I'm guessing they came from this parallel universe Reed disappeared to, but I really don't know, Johnny.
Call security. Tell them we've activated the lab's defenses, but we need backup fast.
They're gassing us. Stay together and I'll whip up a force field. That should buy us a little more time.
Forget about it. We didn't come all this way to get stopped by a stupid door...
Did you see those things? They looked like us...
Except older and they had something wrong with them. Their skin looked necrotized. Like they were carrying some kind of...
Guys?
Oh, hell.
How's he doing that? That's five layers of airtight doors he just wriggled through. Even the gas can't get through that.

Flame on.
What have you done with Reed, you piece a'--
Hahahaha.
What have you done with Reed, man?
Hold him steady! I'm gonna try and burn a hole in his head or something!
WELL, HURRY UP!!
Easy.
I got him.
URK!

What did you do? He's gone all soft. Did you do something to him with your *mind,* sis?
Just collapsed his left synapse. *Brain-damaged* him. God, that was horrible. I just popped an entire chunk of his *brain.*
You *spazzed* him, Sue. That's *awesome.*
Okay, everybody down!
Everyone's *already* down, Commander. You're too late.
Better not *touch* these guys without *gloves* or something, man. Sue thinks they're carrying some kind of *virus.*
Same goes for the other three trapped inside the lab. Don't open the door until you're sure they're out cold, and full contamination suits are compulsory for any handling.
Where's *Dad?*
I just passed him *ten minutes* ago. Got a phone call and took off outside without even saying where he was going.
Good. In fact, that's *perfect...*
...because there's *no way* he'd let us do what we're about to do *next.*

MANHATTAN,
IN A NEARBY PARALLEL REALITY:
SNFF
SNFF

I can't believe you're actually *going through* with this, Magneto. It's suicide. The second we show our faces out there The Infected are gonna be *over us* like a *rash.*
Just a chance we have to *take,* Kelly. Young Reed has opened up a portal between this world and his home dimension.
Our lives mean *nothing* compared to the people who'll die if even *one* of these things makes it through.
What are you talking about? Where the hell do you get off saying our lives mean nothing?
Excuse me?
My daughter's *fifteen years old.* She's my *number one priority.*
You go play the hero if you really *want* to, but my first duty is to *Mindy* and I'm not going to risk her life for a bunch of people who're probably dead *already.*
What's the *alternative,* Dad? Stay locked up in a *train station* for the rest of our lives?
I've barely got enough insulin to make it through the night. We're living on potato chips and diet soda. If this is *surviving* I'd rather be *dead.*
You don't *mean* that, Mindy.

Plus this *teleporter* could be our ticket *out* of here. Did nobody think of *that?*
It's no use. There must be *dozens* of them out there and they've got every route *covered.*
See?
What about a *drugstore,* Reed? Did you manage to find some *insulin?*
Sure, but they didn't have the *Mixtard* you were after, Mindy. I got some *Insulatard* and a couple of vials of *Novorapid* if that's any use.
I got you some testing strips, too, while I was in there.
Thanks.
I can't believe we never thought of this. Did you hear what Mindy *said?*
Reaching the Baxter Building wouldn't just stop The Infected getting through. It would give us a chance to *get out* of here. We could take refuge in Reed's home dimension.
But like he said, they've got the whole place surrounded.

Not through the subway system. And even if they *are* down there, the confined space would make it easier to fight.
What's the nearest station to the Baxter Building, Kelly? You should know the network. Is it--
What was that?
Wolverine was right.
They're squashed up in here like sardines.

Duck.
What?
The train.
Move. Quickly.
We've got three good escape routes out of this place. This is nothing we haven't faced before.

Oh dear God...
What?
LOOK!

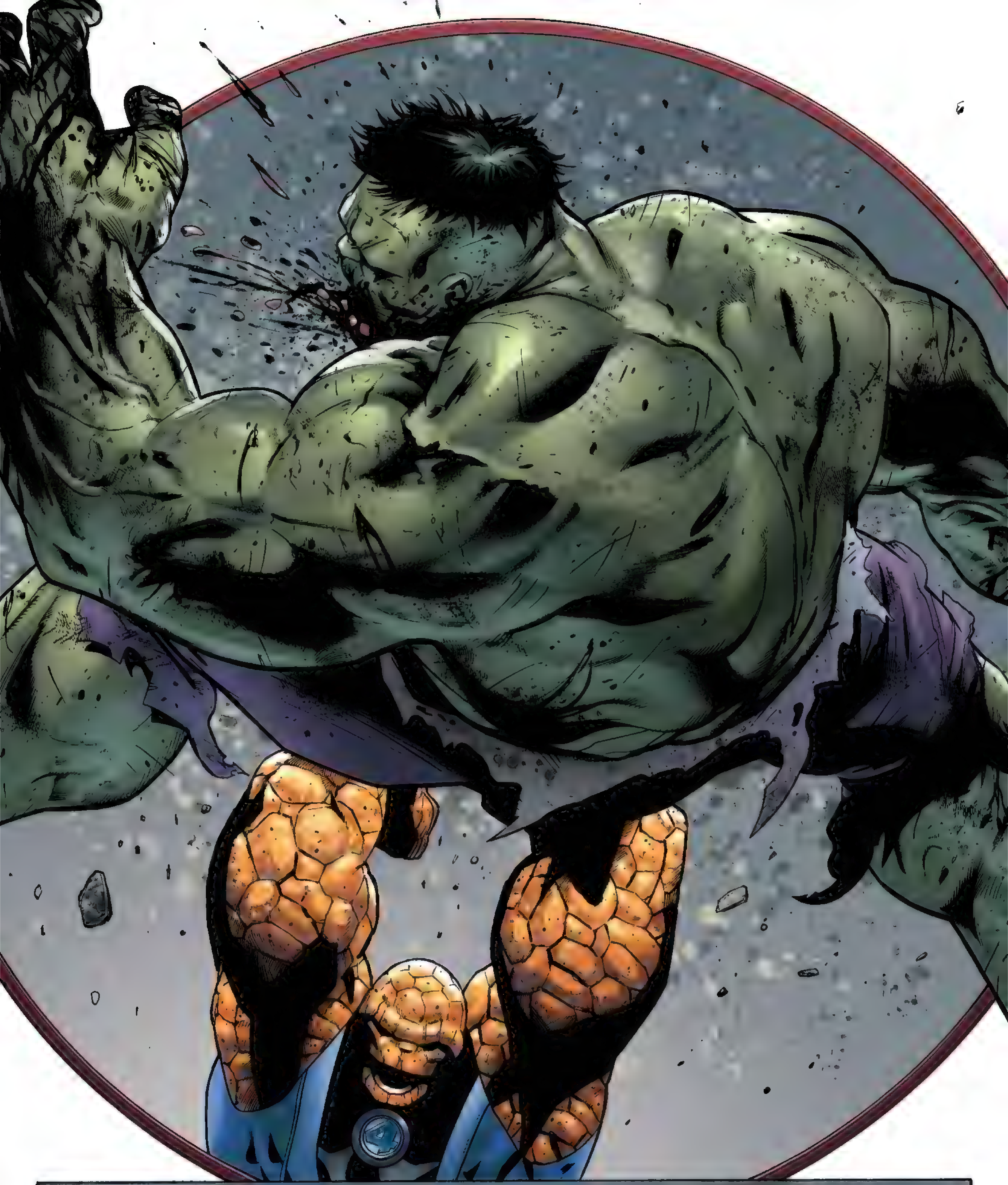
I want to eat the girls.

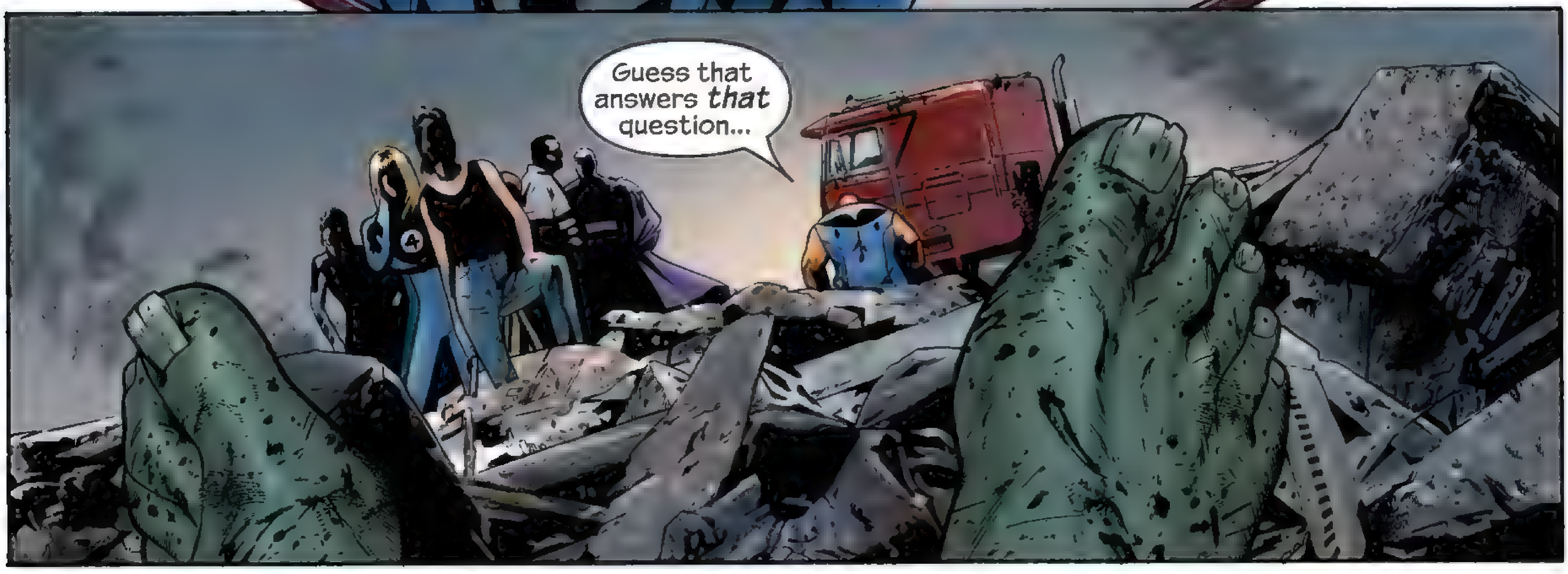
I'm not going to *lie* to you.
This will be *difficult...*
AGH! MY EYES!
MY FREAKIN' EYES!
They've all gone *blind.*
What did you *do,* Reed? Is this another one of your *powers?*

Why do people just assume that *Reed's* the smart one?
Can *he* make optic nerves invisible?
SOF!
Wait a minute. Is this the *good* Fantastic Four?
Nah, we're in here saving your butt 'coz we're *extremely evil.*
Johnny?
Relax.
These cats are Kentucky-Fried.

Burn us a path back to the *Baxter Building,* Johnny. I can only keep them blinded for a *minute* or two.
I know this might sound a little weird, but I'm really having the time of my life here, sis.
It ain't much further. Just another few blocks...
Guys! Look out!

Little people not going anywhere. Hulk gonna peel the flesh from their bones.
Don't worry. I've handled this thing a couple of times before. It's surprisingly *resilient,* but--
Step aside, dude.
Always *wondered* if I could take this freak--




Guess that answers *that* question...

Now let's stop wastin' time and *get in* here, huh?
Never heard of a door, jackass?
Aw, man. Now I just feel *stupid*.
What floor was this on? Floor fifty-seven?
You sure you can carry all six of them?
Floor fifty-seven.
Piece of cake.
Now hurry up before the *bad guys* get here.

Don't look down...
...and close your eyes if you're scared of heights.
Magneto...?
Relax.
They're *super heroes.*
Great. The power's down.
Magneto, I need you to generate an alternative electrical supply. How quickly could you set something like this up without blowing all the fuses?
Thirty seconds. Sixty at the most, but they're outside now, Reed...
"...I can create a *magnetic shield,* but it won't keep them back for any length of time."

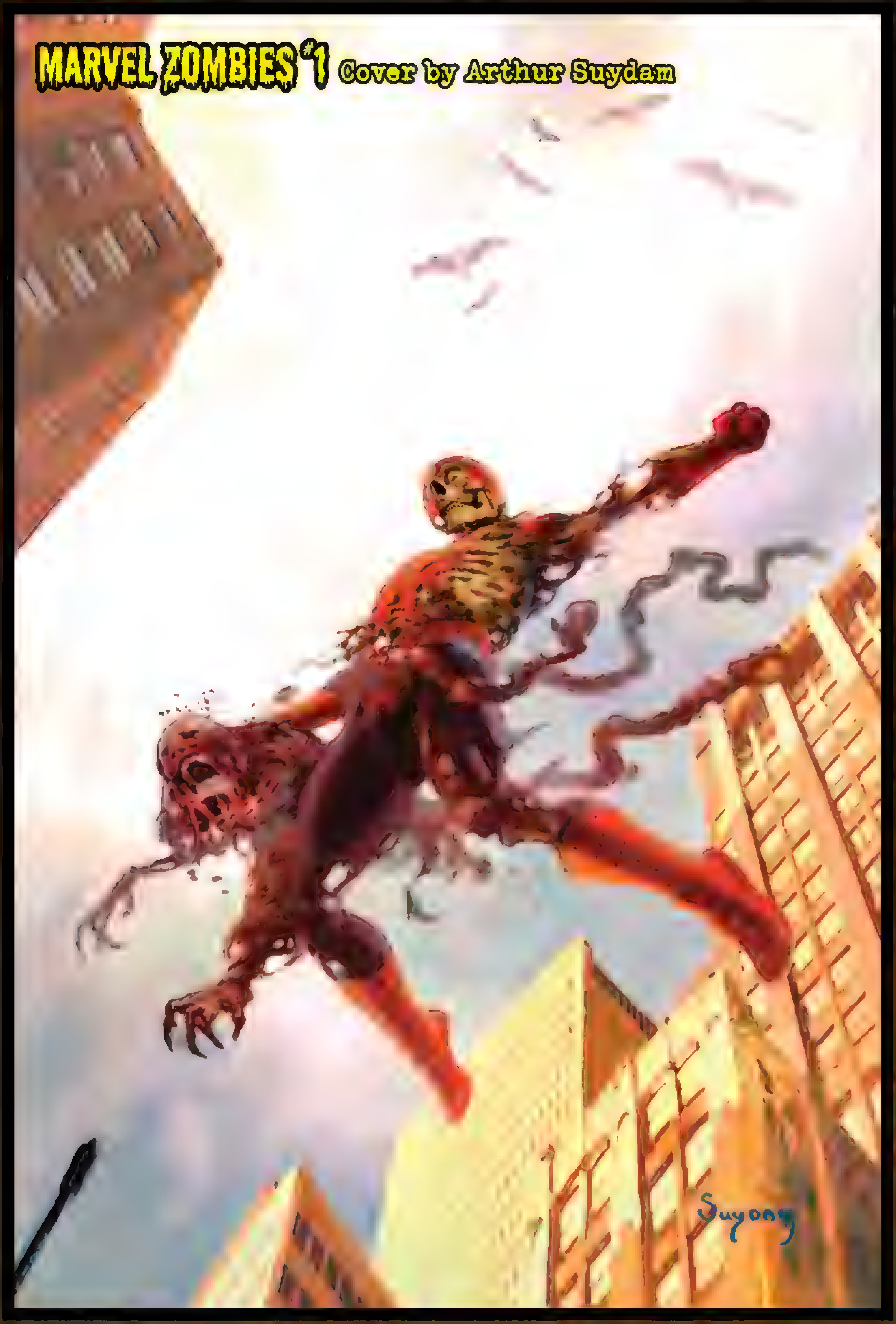
Coordinates are set. Everybody stand close together and take off any jewelry. Stuff like rings and watches in particular. They just interfere with the *equipment*.
Magneto, what are you doing? *Hurry up!*
I can't. I've just realized. I need to stay behind.
What?
Somebody has to stay here and destroy the machine or they'll find a way to follow us through.
This isn't me being *brave*. I don't want to die any more than *you* do.
I'm just the only one with the power to destroy it and stop them from getting a chance to rebuild this damn thing.
This is nuts. There's gotta be another way.
Untrue. Sometimes things just completely fall apart. Now get out of here while you still have a chance.
He's right.
It's the only way.

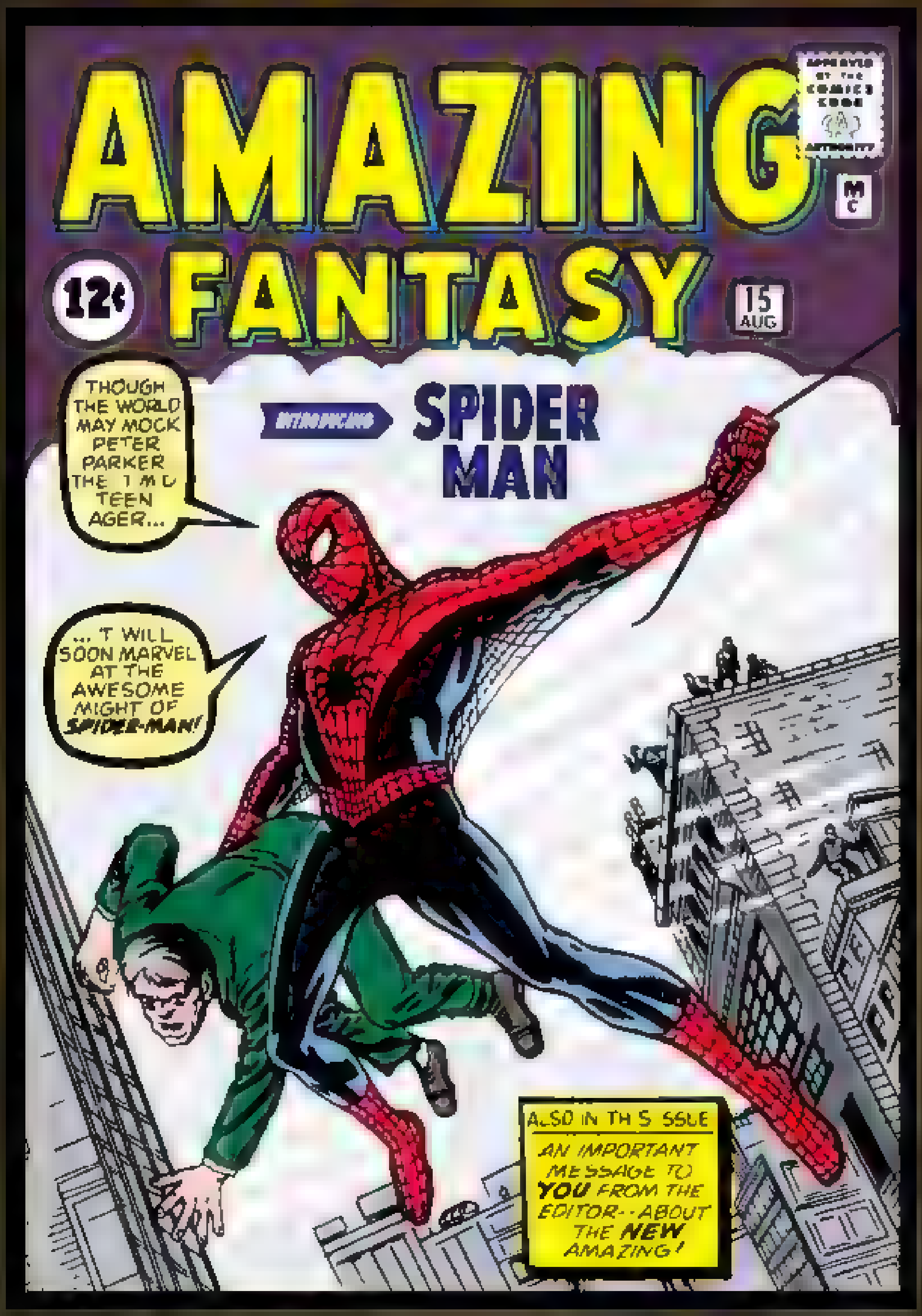
Goodbye, Mindy.
Be good.

Aw, jeez. I think I'm gonna *heave...*
I know what you're about to say, Professor, and don't worry... I completely understand your decision.
I'll go pack my things and save you the *trouble* of actually firing me, sir.
I didn't *come* here to fire you, Reed. Obviously, I'm not happy about what you've done here, but I know about the creatures and we've contained them downstairs.
We can talk about your future *later.* I came here to talk to *Johnny and Sue.*
It's about--
Hello, my little darlings.
How's life been *treating* you the past fifteen years?

Mom?

MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 Cover by Arthur Suydam




AMAZING FANTASY
12¢
15 AUG
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MC
INTRODUCING SPIDER MAN
THOUGH THE WORLD MAY MOCK PETER PARKER THE TIMID TEEN AGER...
...IT WILL SOON MARVEL AT THE AWESOME MIGHT OF SPIDER-MAN!
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO YOU FROM THE EDITOR—ABOUT THE NEW AMAZING!

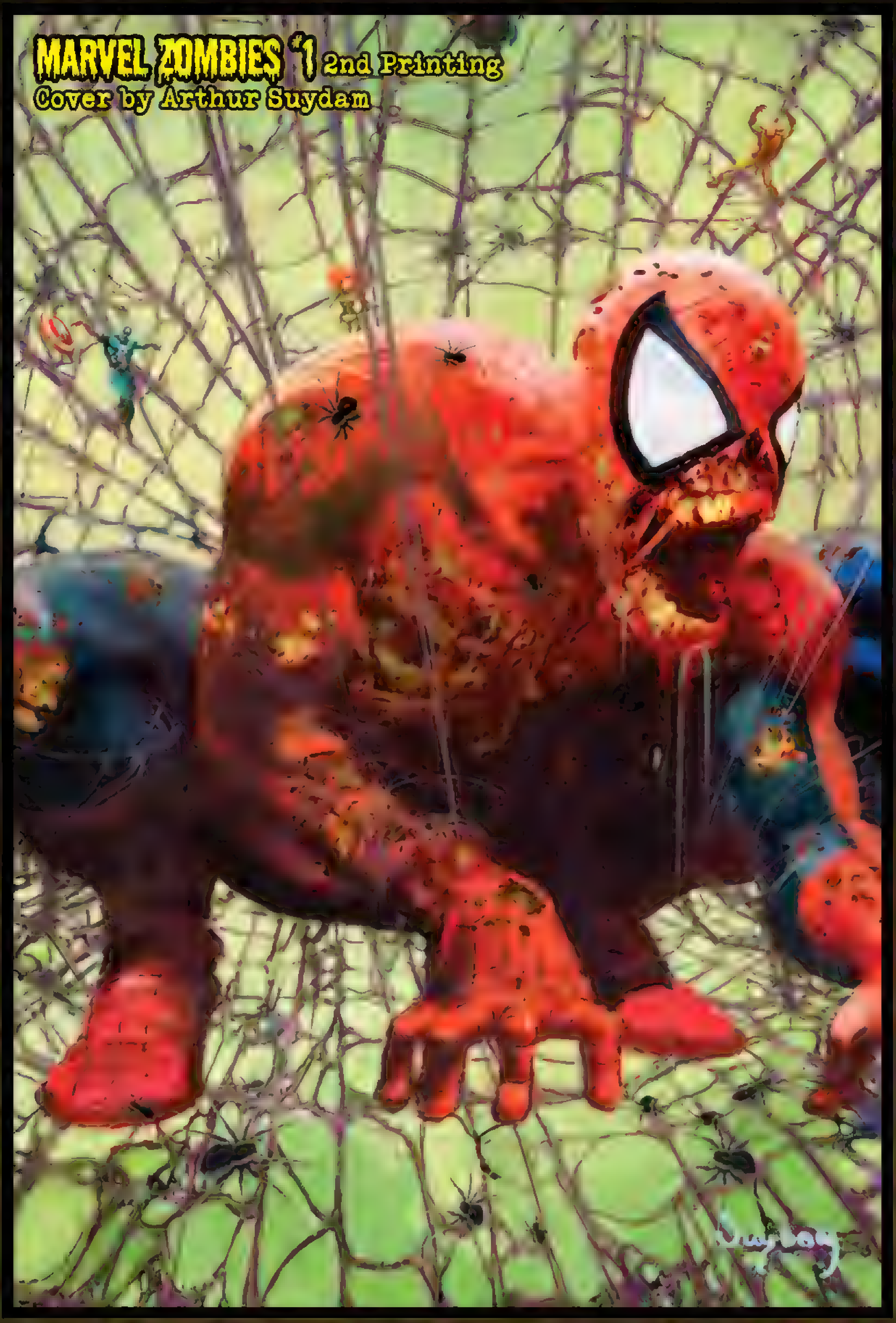
AMAZING FANTASY #15 (August 1962)

Cover by Jack Kirby & Steve Ditko

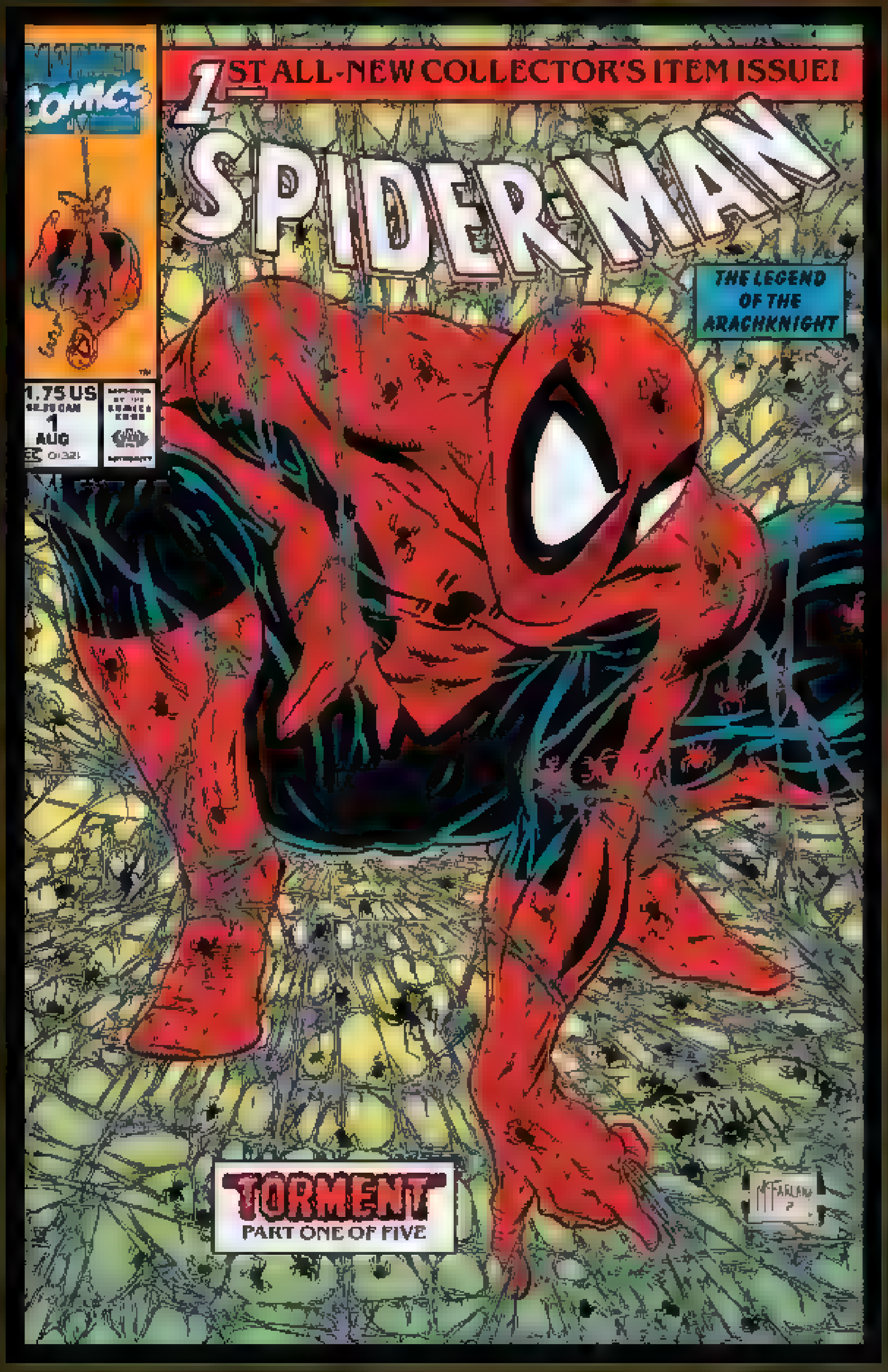
Spider-Man is now a decades-old character whose image is recognized worldwide, but the cover to Amazing Fantasy #15 *marked the very first appearance of Spidey in a comic poised for cancellation. But what a striking image it was! A collaboration between Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko, this timeless cover evokes the high-flying nature of the character that quickly prompted giving him his own series and that would eventually make him the world's favorite super hero.*

"The vultures were basically to accentuate the 3D effect, so that we were looking up. I wanted to give it more of a fish-eye perspective, give it more drama, a 'pow' effect to this picture. I brought my eye level — my camera — much more below the figure. The original cover was pretty much a profile shot of the characters; I changed the perspective of the painting fairly dramatically there.

"Marvel was very pleased with this painting. The critics didn't know what to make of it; they were very skeptical of the series. What I was reading was, 'This is a very interesting concept, but they'll probably blow it.' The fans? Well, I didn't really have any contact with the fans. I thought it took this series quite some time for people to get a grasp because it was so different than everything else that was out there, which I think is what makes it so great. It took the fans, it took everybody, a while to figure out what's going on in this series, what it was really all about. It didn't happen immediately; so it took them reading two or three or four or five of the comics. I think it started to happen after the third issue. The critics especially started to pick up on that this was something special."



MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 2nd Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam


MARVEL COMICS
1ST ALL-NEW COLLECTOR'S ITEM ISSUE!
SPIDER-MAN
THE LEGEND OF THE ARACHNKNIGHT
1.75 US
TORMENT
PART ONE OF FIVE

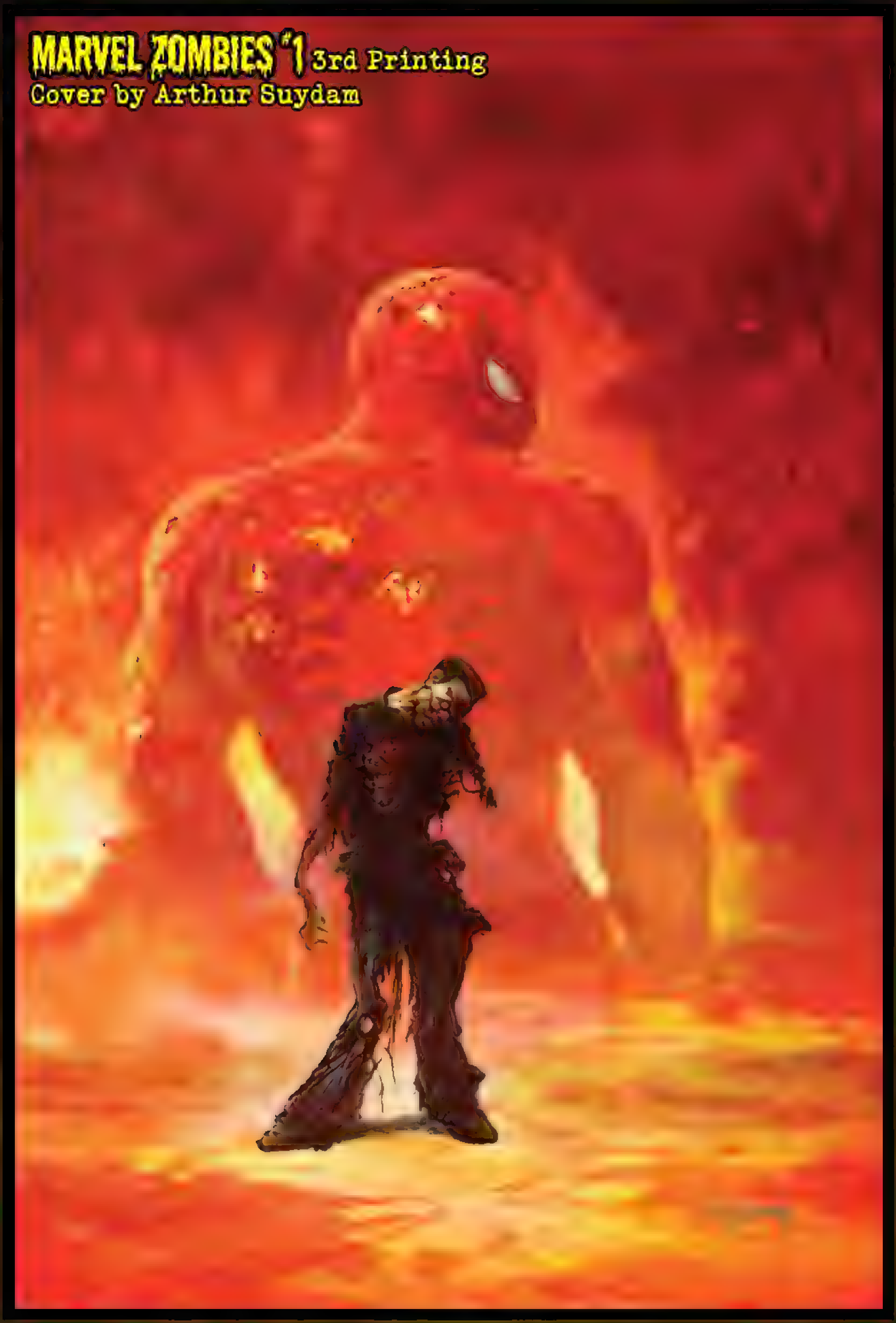
SPIDER-MAN #1 (August 1990) Cover by Todd McFarlane

Jumping from his amazing success drawing Amazing Spider-Man, *the artist who created a new vocabulary for Spider-Man art got his own Spidey title to draw and write! For the book's first issue, Todd McFarlane created an iconic cover for what became one of the biggest selling comics of all time.*

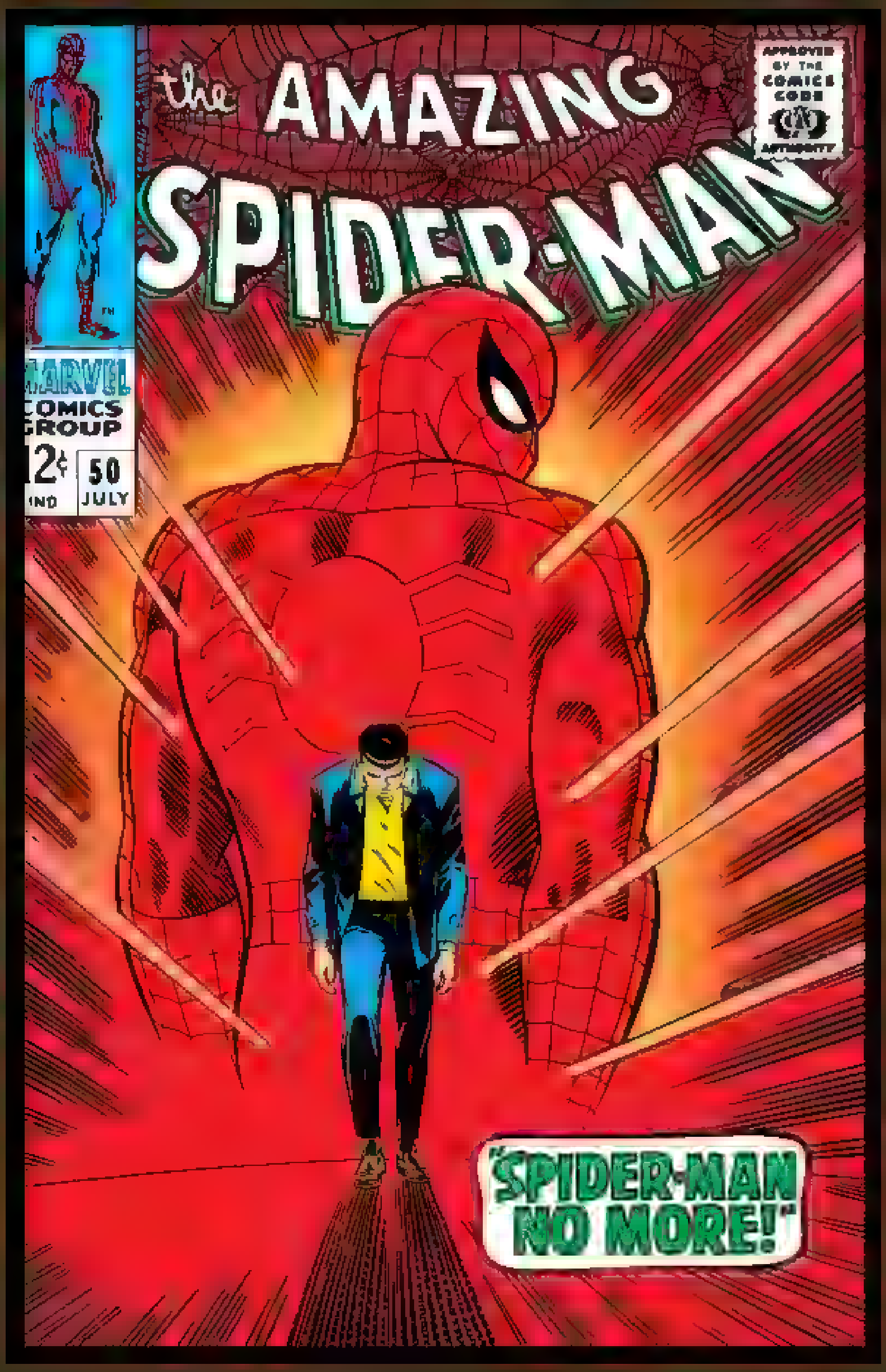
"This cover has me, once again, finding a reinvention from the original concept but then creating a brand new illustration based on a new concept. When I was younger I spent a lot of time with a friend of mine and we used to travel to Florida and camp out in the swamps and look for snakes and lizards and insects and alligators. One time we went swimming in these drainage canals with cement sides that slope down in the water. There were so many mosquitoes, and because our tent didn't have a floor, it was very hard for us to get any sleep because the mosquitoes were eating us up all night.

"I would try to go fishing in the morning and I fell asleep on one of these banks on the canal and I woke up and I'll be damned if there wasn't an alligator right at my foot. It was a big one — over 8 feet — and when he saw me move, he swam away. One of the things I remember from this particular trip was there were all these huge banana spiders that cast webs anywhere there were trees, and they were absolutely beautiful. We would always stop and see what was trapped in the webs, because the webs were so big. One of the things we liked to do was to stop by the web and see what he was up to and see what he had been catching.

"That gave me the idea for Spider-Man. Yeah, he spins a web and uses it to swing around but the main function of the spider isn't really seen. I always thought if I were writing the book I would have him trapping figures in his web the same way spiders do in the wild. Let me take all these characters and stick them in his web to show he was a successful spider."



MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 3rd Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam



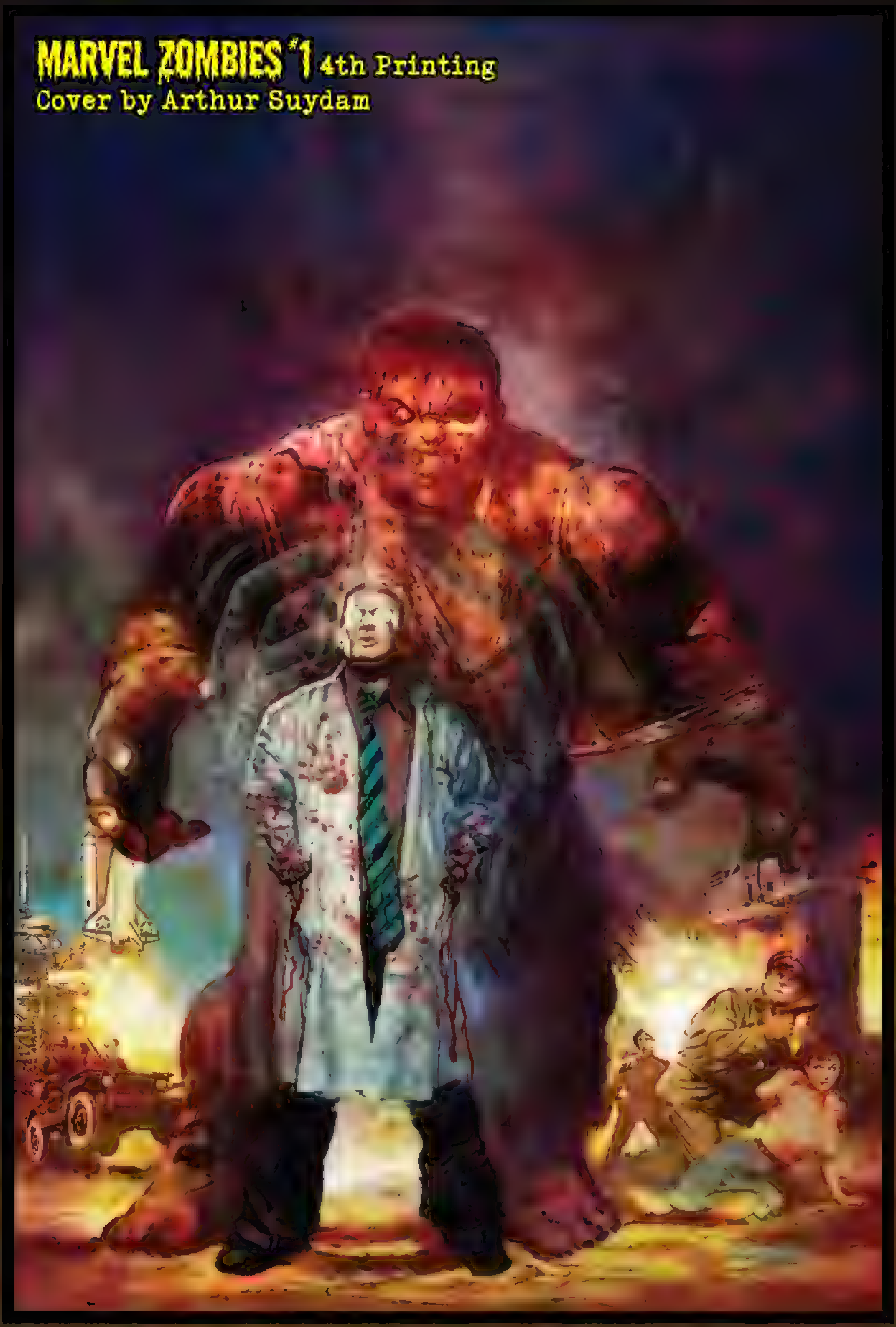
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #50 (July 1967)

Cover by John Romita Sr.

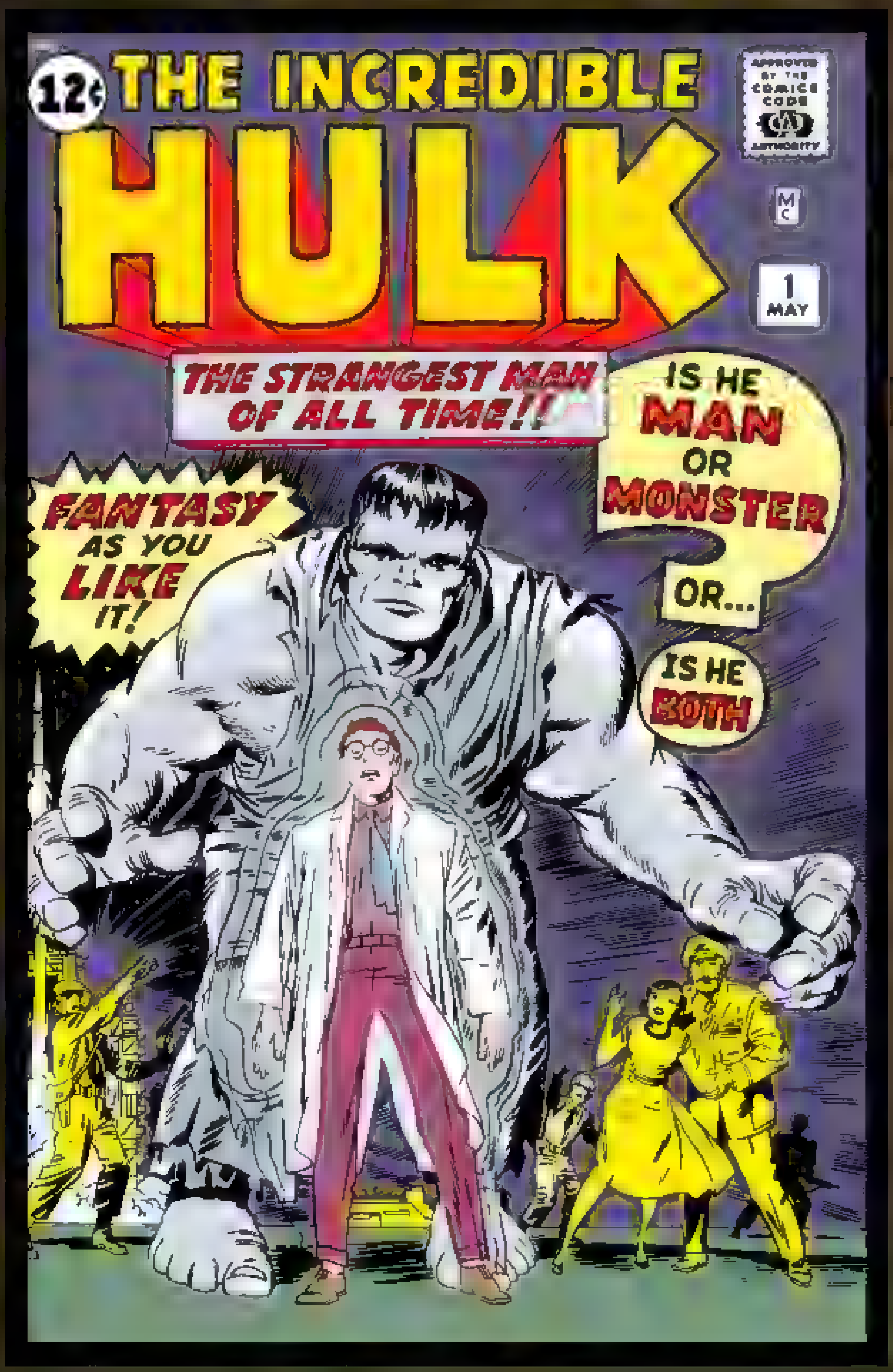
"Spider-Man No More," one of the most famous stories in the Spider-Man canon, also had a first-rate cover by legendary Spider-artist John Romita, Sr. The tortured life of Peter Parker and his struggles with meeting the demands of his super-heroic alter ego is at its apex in this legendary melodrama by Stan Lee.

"This one was from an original cover where I was given a big, flat background. When doing an illustration of a concept that has those characteristics, that's half the fun of it — what good use can I make of that space? One of the things I like to do is create mood and atmosphere and this was a good opportunity to do that — to set the mood by painting spirits, hidden obscurely in the smoke. And with the background, make it a flaming cover, give it a quality like the whole picture is on fire with the very sad, pitiful Peter Parker in the middle of it.

"When I'm working on these illustrations in terms of perspective, I always try to create three levels of depths: a foreground, middle ground, and background. The more levels I can have in the extreme background, the deeper the picture gets. The narrower the picture is, the more critical it becomes to give the image some depth."



MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 4th Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam


12¢
THE INCREDIBLE
HULK
1 MAY
THE STRANGEST MAN OF ALL TIME!!
IS HE MAN OR MONSTER OR... IS HE BOTH
FANTASY AS YOU LIKE IT!

HULK #1 (May 1962) Cover by Jack Kirby & Paul Reinman

Not just any monster comic, the first issue of the Hulk hit stands during the first glimmers of the Marvel Age revolution. Hinting at the Jekyll/Hyde drama that was central to this famous character, the cover by Jack Kirby features the first appearance of the meek and mild scientist Bruce Banner and his monstrous other form, the Incredible Hulk!

"These 1960 Marvel books, I had them all. I think the Hulk books were some of my favorites, and I liked this one so much that I would buy multiple copies. I probably had six copies at one point. I don't know why besides the fact that I like the story so much with all the soap-opera drama. (I also love Steve Ditko's art from this period.)

"For me, Bruce Banner and Hulk have always been Marvel's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde: the scientist creates a multiple personality of himself that comes out and takes over the alter ego. That's kind of what I was thinking on this one, and I wanted to keep the fantasy element up and the zombie's grim appearance.

"When I had the painting finished I felt like I really needed something else, and once again I put in some of that 1960s cheesecake, movie-poster-type thing with Betty Ross and the General. I wanted to have the big movie-poster feel, and when I finished the picture I put the bloody handprints all over Bruce Banner's smock and I cracked his glasses so they were broken. It was a fun cover to do, but it was also a very difficult cover to do, to get the Hulk to shine through because he's obscured by the Bruce Banner character. I didn't want it to be just a picture of a regular human being just standing there; I wanted to have a little bit of a zombie theme in the background — a fantasy cover with monsters — so it was a real struggle."

MARVEL ZOMBIES

PART 1 OF 5

It *worked*--the machine has been destroyed.
It ends *here.* Those monsters--they're *trapped* in this dimension.

Yeah, we're trapped here, all right.
With you.
Face it, Mags. There's no way out.
Do you really want to go to all the trouble of fighting us off when you could just succumb to the inevitable and give up?
I know you're not looking forward to being devoured, but I give you my word--if you surrender, I'll make sure you die painlessly first.
Screw that! I want to hear this one squeal. The fight is half the fun!
I've been waiting for this!
Just submit. We can see you're about to pass out. You're a wreck--this is only going to end badly.
Why put yourself through one last struggle?
There's plenty of fight still left in me.

SHRIKK!!
SPRAKK!
SCRAKK!
SHRIKK!!
SCRAKK!
SCRAGG!!
SPRAKK!

You think you can get away from us?! All it takes is one bite and it's all over!!
You're only making this harder on yourself!
Out of webbing-- crap!
Oh, good. You brought the shield.
THRAKK!!
Oh, Jeez! I broke my leg--
--like-- in half.
FOOM!!
Look at what the punk did to me!
If we catch him--when we catch him--I get double rations!

huff
huff
huff
UFF!!
WHUMP!

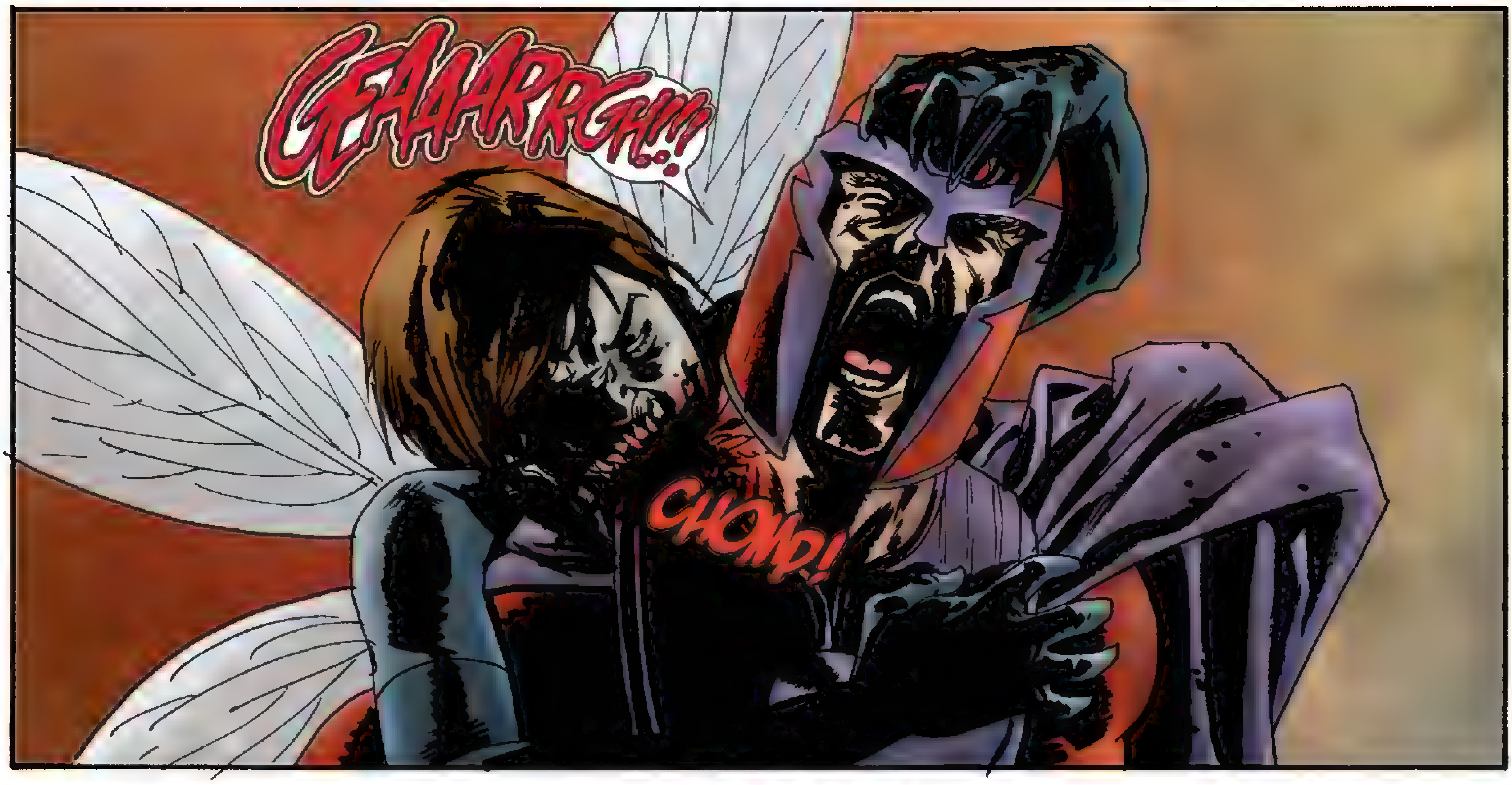
C'mon, Magnus--you were the most powerful mutant *alive* before you were the *only* mutant alive...you can *beat* this.
Find a place to hide--heal--that's all you need.
Come on...
They're watching the *skies*--I'm going to have to *walk* out of here. I need to--
BEEP! BEEP!

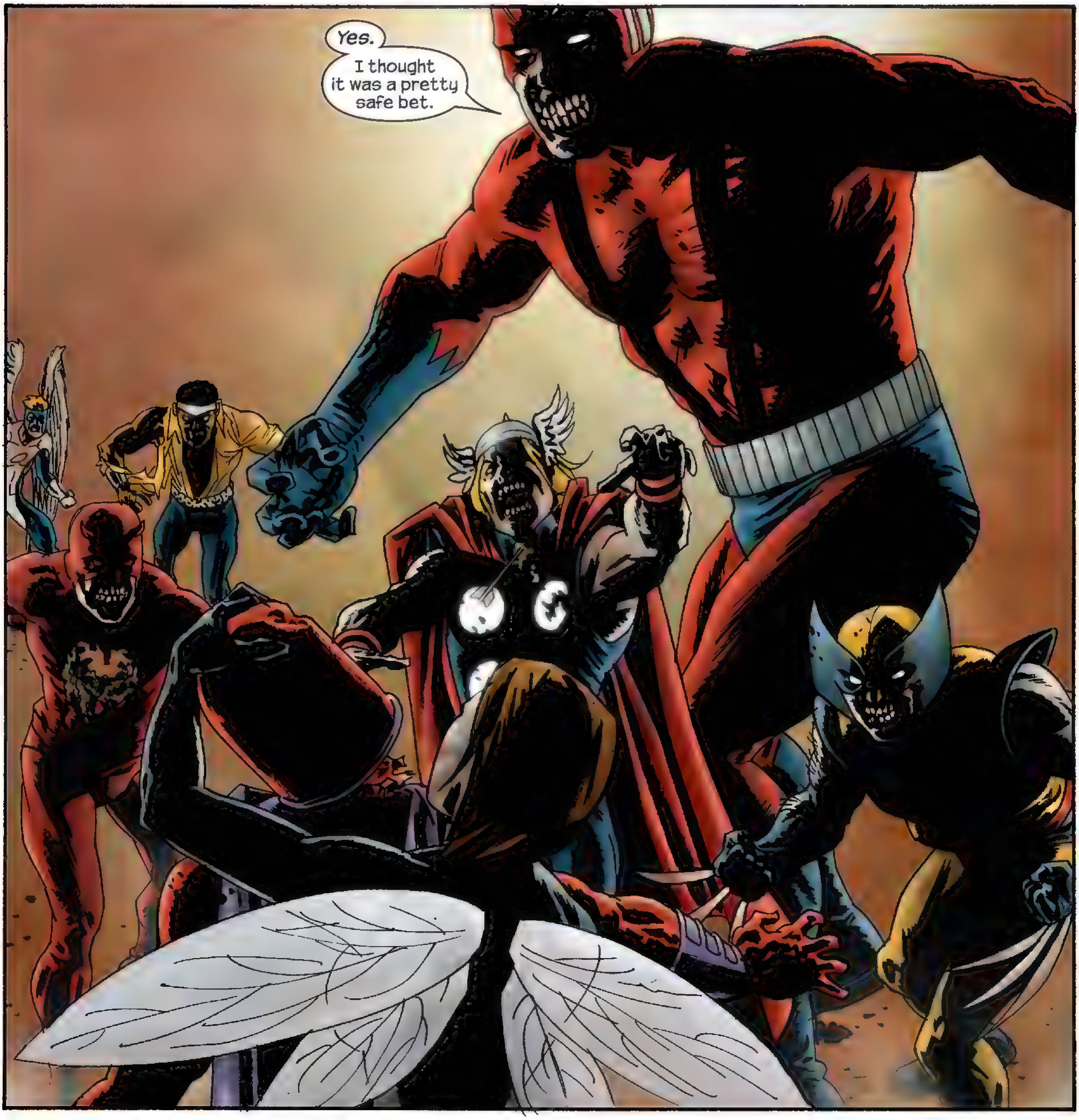
You--it *can't* be. When I lost contact with you, I thought you had--!
The attack damaged a lot of our systems but we were able to fend them off--eventually. We were just able to reestablish our communications system moments ago, sir.
I apologize for the loss in contact.
You--*you survived?!* You're *alive?!*
*Not **all** of us survived.*
*There are twelve of us up here...but **Asteroid M** is very much intact and very much operational.*
I thought we had *lost*. I thought it was ***over***--but if ***you're*** alive, there could be others. We have to organize, rebuild, plan--there is ***much*** to be done.
Should I send a shuttle down to you?
No! I'll come up to you.
Somehow...
I can't talk now. We are on radio silence until you hear from me again. It's not safe here.
Understood.
Ung.
MANHATTAN

HERE!! I FOUND HIM!!
It's mutant on the menu tonight!
Not yet it isn't!
HNGH!!
THUNK!
THROK!
NGH.
I'll take that.
Keep it!

THRAMM!!
Why, Magneto? Why put yourself *through* all this?
It is clear to me, mutant, that thou dost not know when thou art defeated.
I could--say the same--
--about *you.*
GAK!
THUNK!
ULP!
THRAMM!
If-- I can--
--only...

...move them-- --a *little.*
CREAAAK
DOOM!
SKRASHH!!
THROOM!!
I think it's safe to say you *idiots* underestimated me! What made you think I'm an easy target?!
I'm the *Master of Magnetism* and we're surrounded by *steel* and *concrete!* I'll outlive you *all.*
Did you *really* think you could defeat *me?!*


GEAAARRGH!!!
CHOMP!


Yes.
I thought it was a pretty safe bet.

Keep that piece in your mouth! We'll shrink down in a minute and *share* it!
Share?!
Hah! A piece this size could last me *days* if I shrink down!
Damn woman!
Get back--stand aside!
I HOPE YOU CHOKE ON ME!!
Stop *fighting* over him! There's enough for us to *all* have a piece!
RUANGH! RUH!
Mugh-- mine!
WRAMM!

NO!! HULK IS HUNGRIEST!! MUTANT MAN IS HULK'S FOOD!!
SHRIPP!
Hulk's man *broke!*
That's all you *get,* Hulk. You get a *whole leg* to yourself. You don't want to *fight us.* We're going to *share* the rest.
Okay.

Stl--hngry.
I might not be the Hulk right now, but I'm just as infected as you. I'd taste about as good as your own arm.
Just wait until half of what you ate falls past that arrow in your throat and you'll be fine.
Thanks for throwing some back to me, whoever did it. I couldn't get up there with my leg broken like it is.
Just thank luck--if any fell back toward you during the feeding frenzy it was an accident, I promise.
I don't suppose any of you doctors here would be able to tell me if you think my leg is going to heal, would you?
Anyone?
I wouldn't even attempt a guess. We have no clue how this works. Just look at me. I'm certainly not digesting any of this. I felt my stomach rip as soon as I transformed back into Banner.
I don't know if I even would be digesting it if my stomach hadn't burst.
We feel no pain--that's for sure. Your stomach certainly doesn't hurt you. Thor has an arrow through his neck, but he's otherwise fine.
And Spider-Man is practically missing a leg.
What about me--I clearly don't have a heart but I'm still fine. Near as I can tell, my only gripe is a little swelling in the ankles.
Let me see that--oh my. That's not just swelling, Daredevil. Since your heart has stopped pumping blood, gravity is forcing it down into your lower extremities.
Your legs are filled with blood.
Well, that's just going to slow me down. Can't I just puncture my legs and drain them if it's not pumping anyway?
Not while you're sitting next to me you can't!
So it seems pretty clear our bodies aren't working like they used to--or even at all in some cases.
My healing factor ain't doing squat--that's for sure. We're dead, but we're not dying.
Simple as that--and I ain't no doctor.
From the evidence we've got here, I'm going to assume that as long as our brains are intact and functioning we'll continue on as is.
Although we do appear to be decomposing...

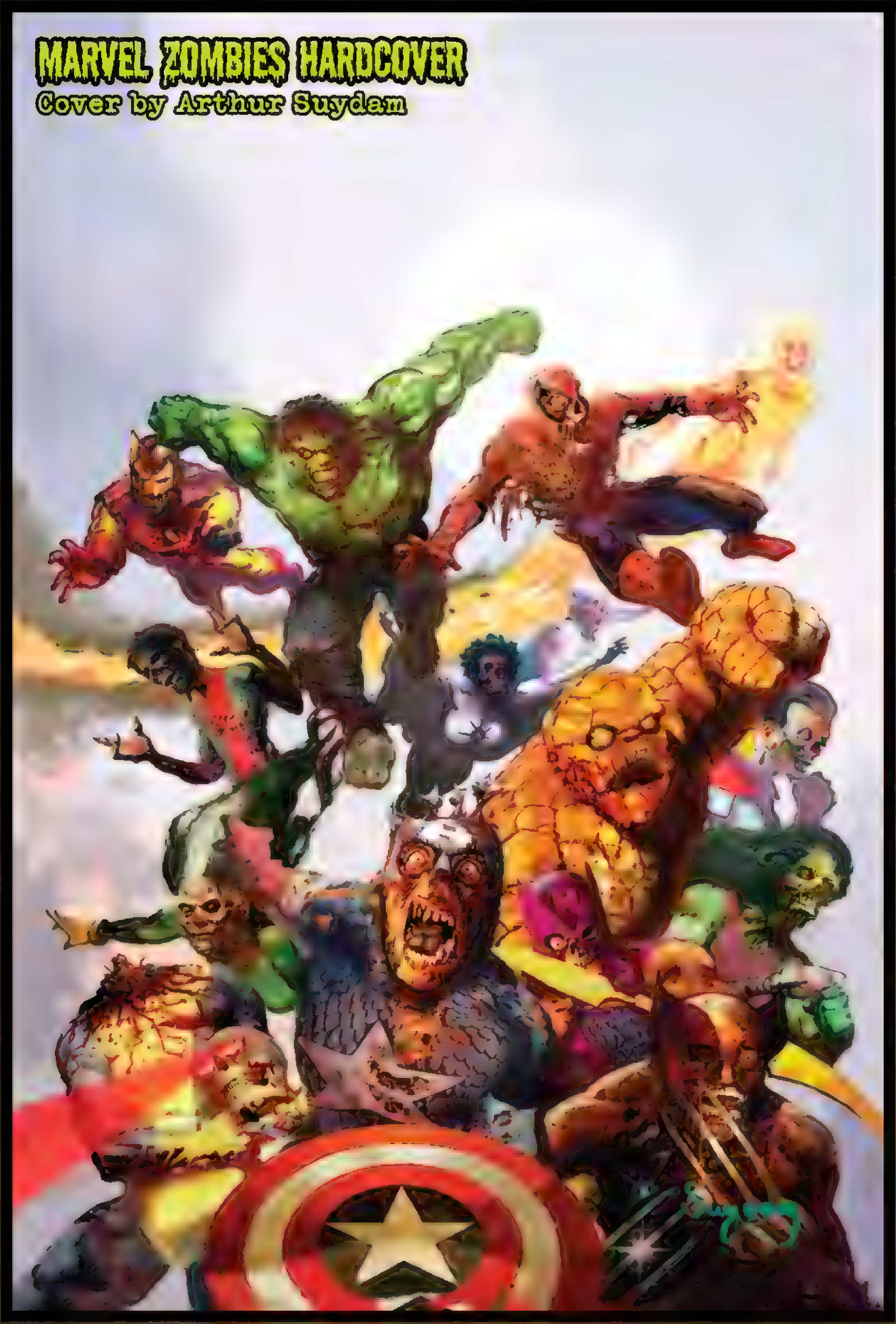
I'd rethink that theory on the *brain*--I've got evidence to the contrary.
Colonel America--your brains are hanging out of your *head!*
Not *all* of them.
That proves *nothing.* The human body can continue to function after wounds like that--depending on what part of the brain that *is.*
Did anyone find Hawkeye's *head*--that might make for a useful study.
Will you listen to us?!
Dear God--what have we become?!
Here we go again...

I ate my wife--my aunt! Why?! Why did I do that?!
Spider-Man, please. There's not a person here who didn't eat a loved one. All the Avengers had a piece of Jarvis--he almost didn't fight it.
It was--horrific.
But we only have so long after we eat where our thoughts aren't clouded by the hunger, and I think we've established that there is no food.
We should use this time to try to figure things out.
I don't want to figure anything out! I think--
I think I just want to die!
Well, you can't right now--so stop interrupting while we try to think.
Guys!! I think a bone is about to push through me--I can feel it! I don't want a hole in me--I really don't!
Can one of you punch me or try to eat me or something so I turn into the Hulk before this happens?!
THWACK!!
AGGH!
Id's nod worging--I feel no bain--I'm nod durning.
Okay--I'm not desensitized enough for that!

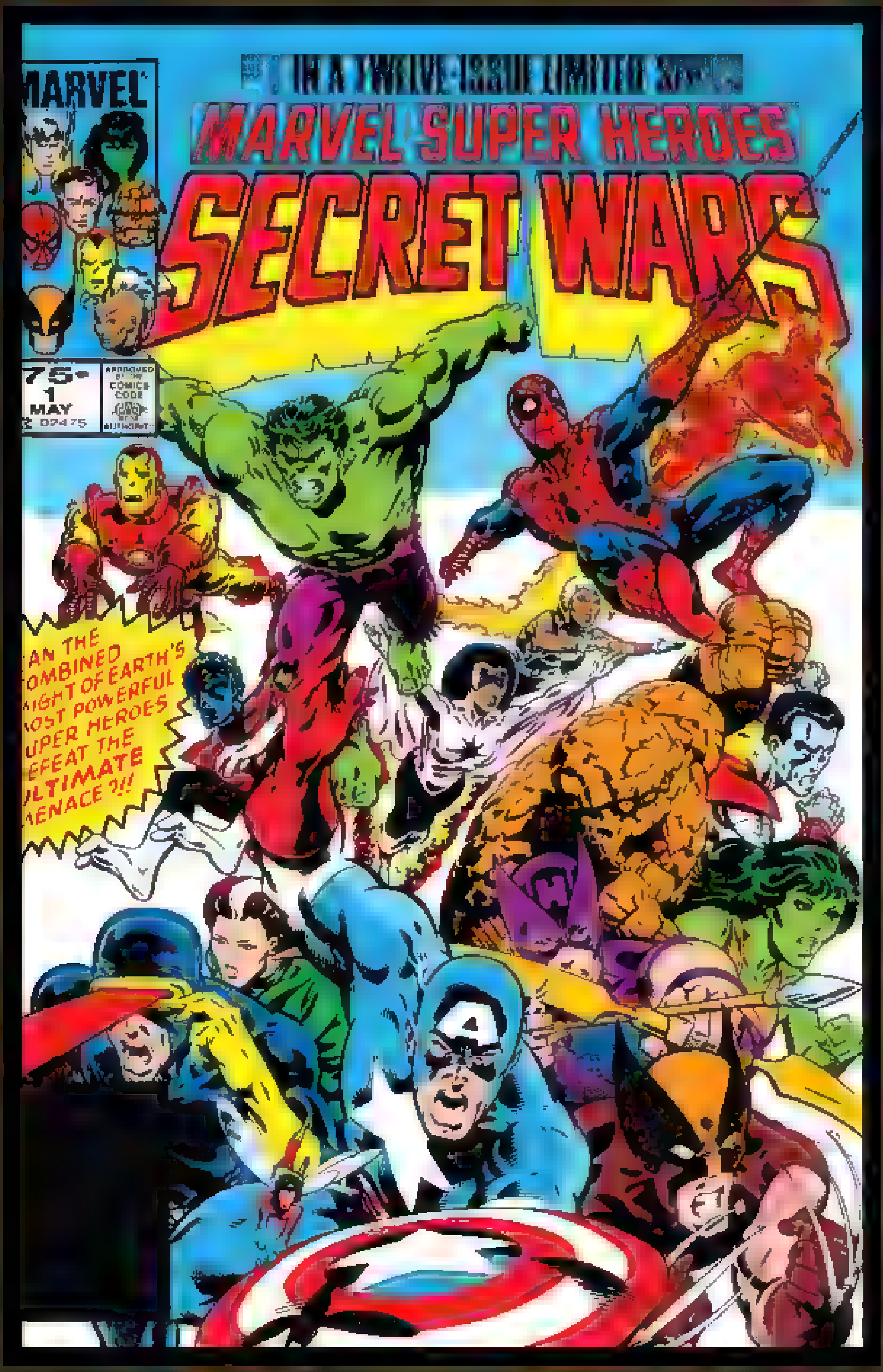
AGGG!! Id's bobbing frough!!!
I can feel Id!!! Id doesn't hurd, bud I can feel Id!!
Guh.
Wait--what was that? Did anyone else see that?!
That was a bone popping through Banner's stomach-- making a hole big enough for part of Magneto to fall out.
We all saw that.
In fact, Thor is leaning over to eat some of that right now.
No, you idiot! In the sky--I saw something fly by.
I don't see anything, Cage.
What was it that you saw?

That-- *that* is what I saw.
Jerk.
Was *that* what I *think* it was?

Yeah...
...more food.



MARVEL ZOMBIES HARDCOVER
Cover by Arthur Suydam

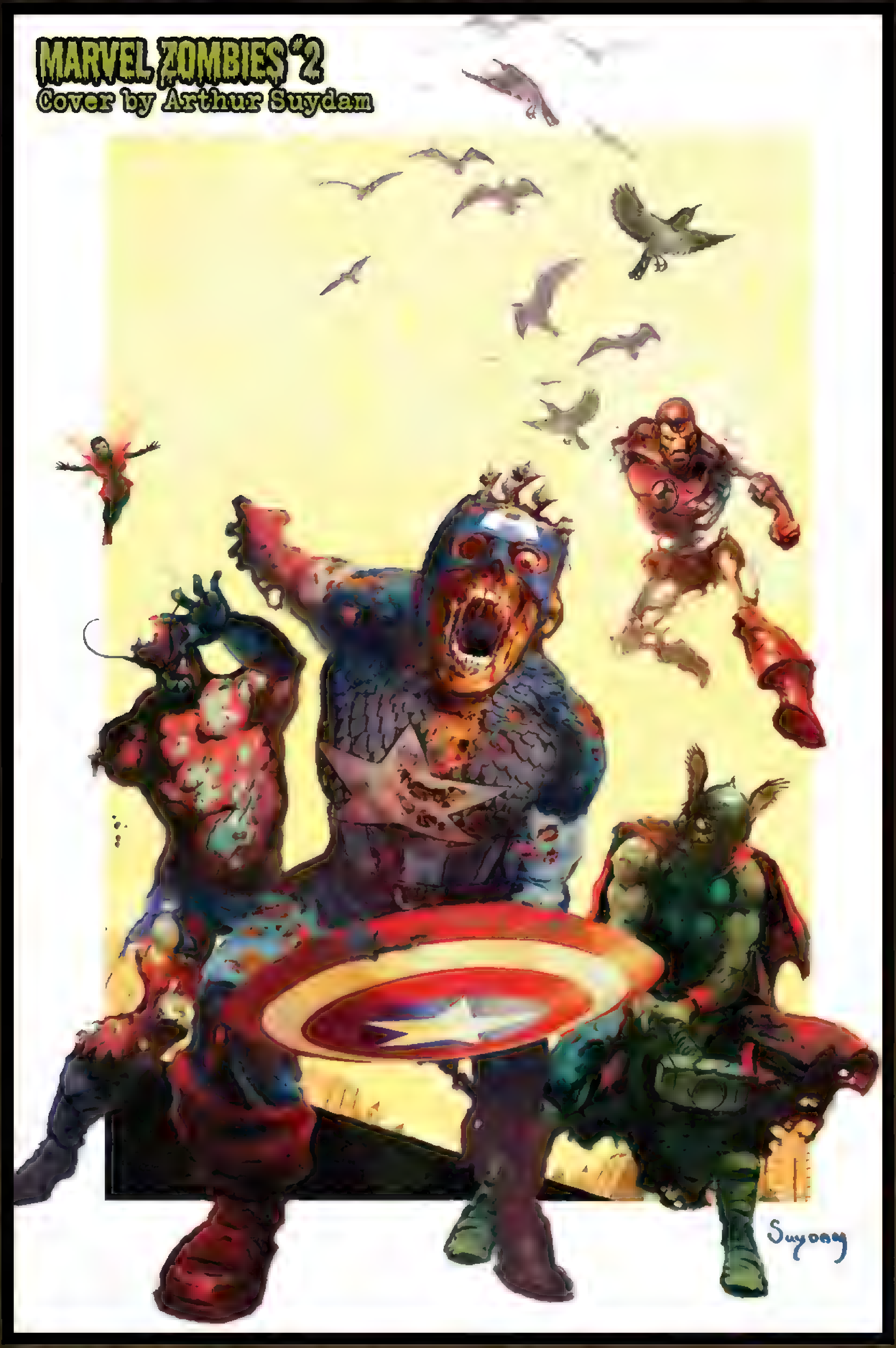

#1 IN A TWELVE-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES
MARVEL
MARVEL SUPER HEROES
SECRET WARS
75¢
1
MAY
AN THE OMBINED IGHT OF EARTH'S OST POWERFUL UPER HEROES EFEAT THE LTIMATE IENACE?!

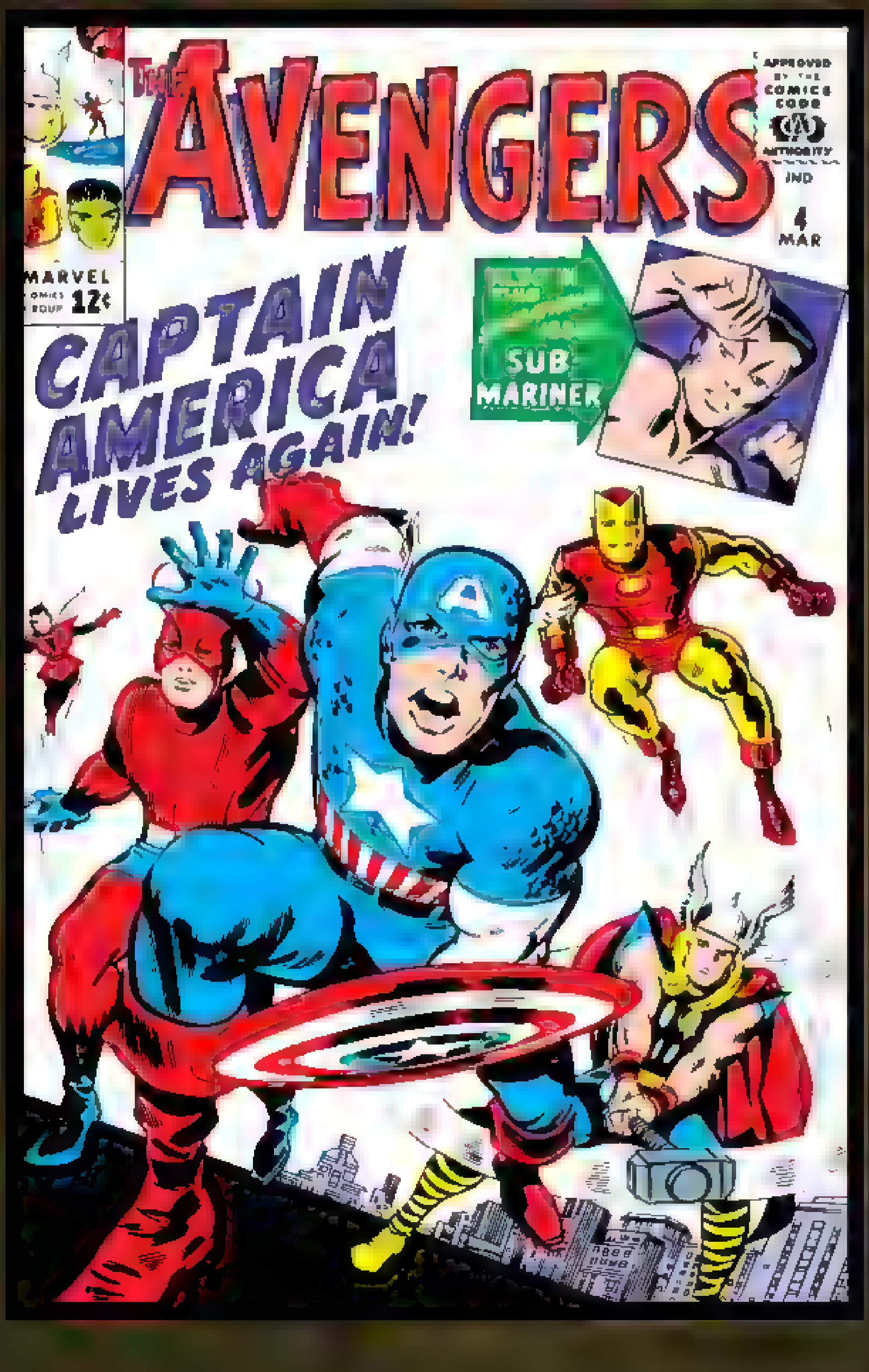
SECRET WARS #1 (May 1984) Cover by Mike Zeck & John Beatty

The first, and most successful, longform limited series event in Marvel history provided a template for others to follow. Fans went absolutely nuts over the concept behind Marvel's greatest super heroes and most powerful villains being pulled off-world to duke it out on a strange alien planet, all on the whim of the mysterious, godlike Beyonder.

"Because of the sheer number of characters, it presents the same problems as the Spider-Man/Mary Jane wedding cover, which was squeezing all those characters into the space and finding a position for them so you can see everyone and also make them recognizable. As the series progressed and I developed my strategy for working on these characters, I started repeating characters. I wanted to keep the personalities I created for them previously and whatever backstory they had I wanted to keep intact so that if they showed up again, there would be consistency. I wanted Wolverine to be the guy who likes the eyeballs, and Spider-Man to have his face be eaten away and have it showing under part of his mask — all those things I had worked very hard on in the previous covers I wanted to maintain because I thought it would help keep the continuity of the whole series of covers going."

MARVEL ZOMBIES #2
Cover by Arthur Suydam




THE AVENGERS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
4 MAR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP 12¢
CAPTAIN AMERICA LIVES AGAIN!
SUB-MARINER

AVENGERS #4 (March 1964) Cover by Jack Kirby

Avengers *#4 has proven to be one of the most popular comics in Marvel history, as it is the premiere of the third iteration of one of the most iconic characters of all comics, Captain America. Unlike the original Golden Age incarnation and the Atlas Era revival, this version of Cap would stick, especially since the character's creator, Jack Kirby, was in the zone during the early years of the Marvel Age, as his awesome layout for this cover will attest!*

"What I liked about Marvel Comics that I found missing in DC Comics was the soap-opera dramas. Marvel had a focus on the personality and family life of the character as opposed to it being more like, 'These are guys in costumes that have powers and they run around and these things happen.' I found the characters deeper — they all have personal lives. They all have personality and problems. So you had all these super beings but they all had some sort of challenge in their personal lives that was masked by their super-power.

"This Avengers comic, which was a reintroduction of Captain America, was one of my favorite comics of all time, so it was one of the first that I chose to cover, because I just love that story.

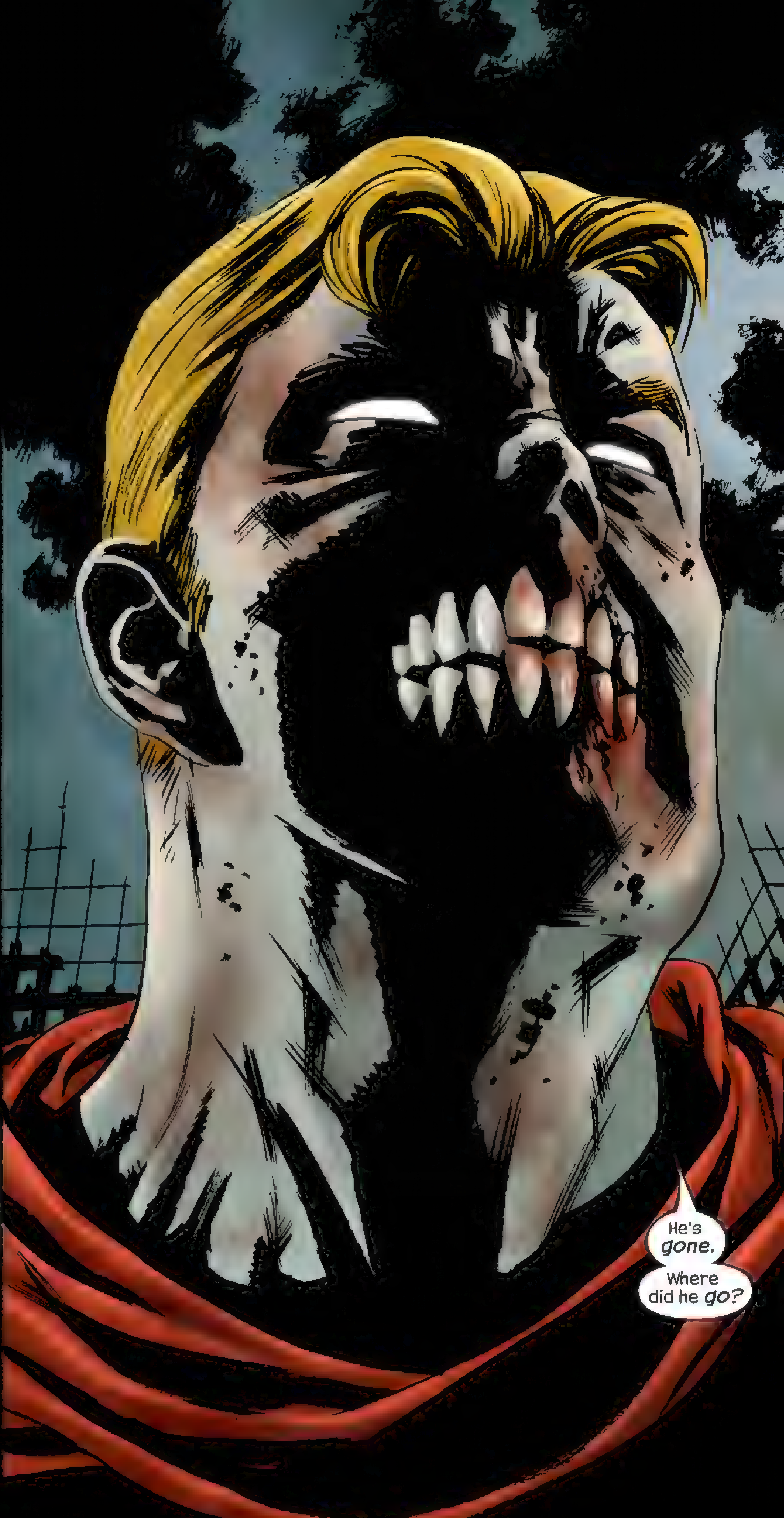
"When any of these covers have white backgrounds, or just a single color splashed in the background, I think it was probably done to cut down on time so the cover was in and done because they needed two or three more done by the end of the day. It was a time-saving element. There were not too many guys in the office working on these books at the time. I think there was Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and Don Heck around; they didn't have a large pool of artists, and these guys were all working on multiple books.

"Since this cover did have a lot of characters on it, the challenge was adding an element to make it a brand-new painting based on the theme of the first one. So I was thinking, what if we were in this world of zombies? What are some of the things that could possibly be happening? I like to create a biography for each character on the cover, as I didn't want them all to be the same. I wanted you to be able to look at him and see that this is what happened to him and this is his backstory. That's something I try to bring to each cover: I try to reinvent that character and his zombie world and tattoo his past to him, basically.

"So for Captain America, I decided to take the top of his head off, thinking that maybe while he was sleeping some birds snuck in and built a nest inside his head, and he never notices — they're singing and chirping in his ear, and he can't figure out where it's coming from!"

MARVEL ZOMBIES

PART 2 OF 5


He's *gone.*
Where did he *go?*

Well--does anyone see him? Does anyone know where he might have gone?
I'm not seeing squat. He was there--and then he was just gone.
What are we going to do now?! I'm starting to get hungry again.
Should I fly up--see if I can find him? I could do a sweep of the city--see if I spot anything.
Right, so when you find him you can keep him all to yourself. That's a brilliant plan.
You so much as flap a wing and I'll have Thor send his make-shift hammer through your face.
Let's see if you survive that.
I was asking a question. Jeez, man. I don't understand why you can't be more civil.
Colonel America? You got any ideas? If we've got food traveling the skies I want to get to it before anyone else.
Any plans?
What can we do? The speed that thing was moving at--we can't catch that. Maybe if the Hulk saw it coming in time to leap to it--but otherwise, I think it's a waste of effort.
There's got to be pockets of civilians hiding somewhere, like Magneto's clan. We'd be better off finding them.

Sounds like a plan to me. Still, it wouldn't be a bad idea to get the story on our visitor--find out where he came from--so keep your eyes open.
In the meantime--get back to the others, tell them what happened with Magneto.
I'm going to see if I can find *Janet.* I'll meet up with you later.
What are we going to *tell* Iron Man? I mean, about Magneto?
The *truth,* that during the fight Magneto broke a gas line and died in an explosion--he was *vaporized.*
There was nothing *left* to eat.
Right--*gas main.* That works. We'll see you there...
Tonight?
I don't know--I have to find my *wife* first. I'll be there as soon as I *can.*
Hey Luke--you think maybe?
Sigh
Hop on my *back,* you *cripple.*

You awake? Hello? T'Challa?
Good. I'm glad you're unconscious. I thought maybe the sedative might have run out. The mask *helps* my conscience, but not as much when you're *squirming.*
I was going to do a little *work* today. See if I couldn't figure some things out.
Sadly, the meal I had earlier isn't going to last long enough for me to keep a clear head. Looks like I'm going to have to carve off another piece.
You don't have a preference, do you? I figured I'd start in on your legs before I finished off your arm.
Y'know--the others would *kill* me if they knew I had you down here. They wouldn't understand. You'd be gone and I'd *always* be hungry.
Can't think when I'm *hungry.* You understand, don't you?

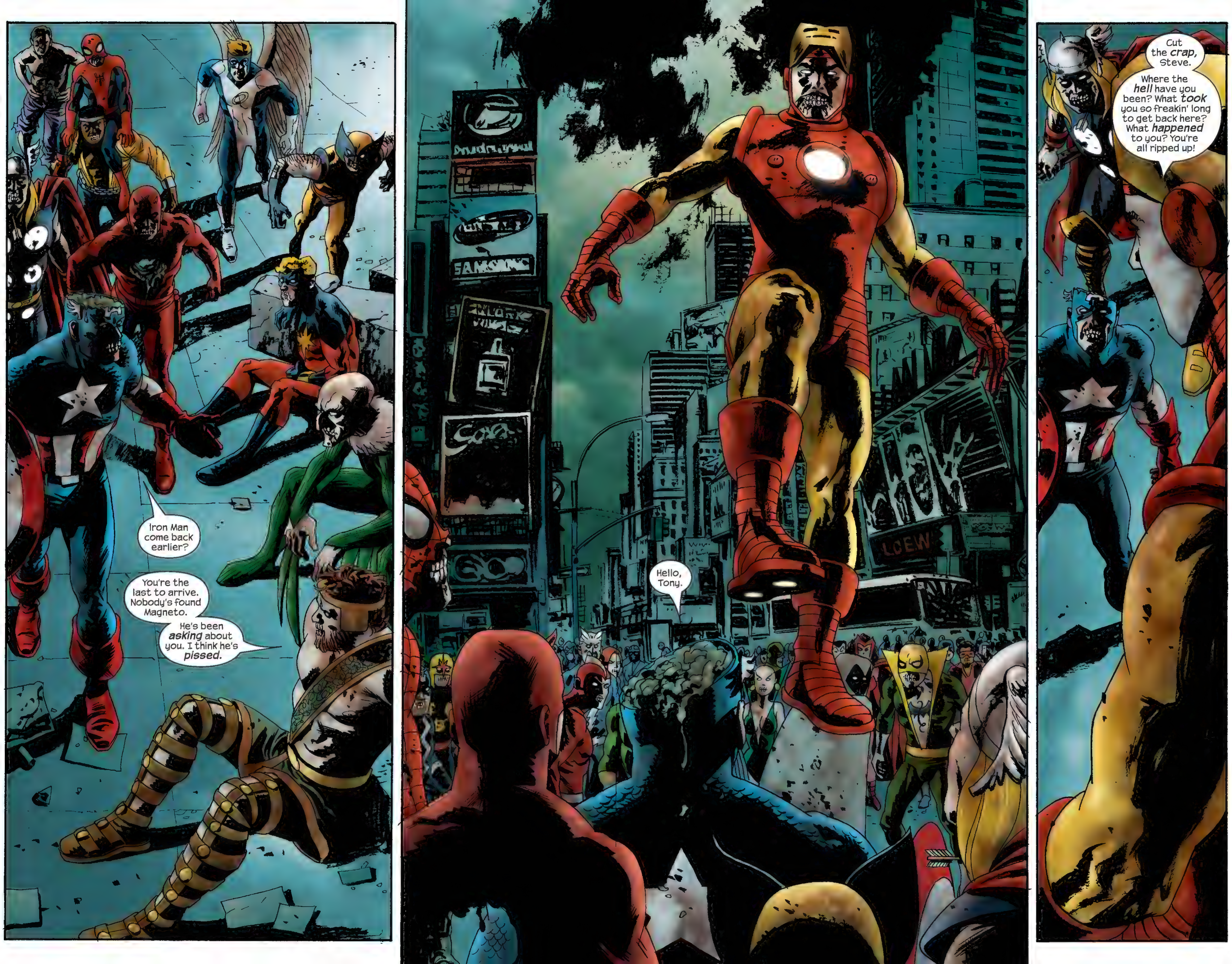
Don't worry--I always clean the tools *after* I use them. Never know when I'm going to come down here in a rush needing a bite to eat.
And I don't want you getting infected--with mine or any other disease or infection.
I need you here--*human*--for as long as I can hold out.
You understand, right? I don't *enjoy* this--I think it's *sick.* I do it for the good of us all. I like to think that if I didn't keep you so drugged you'd *volunteer* for this.
That said, I'm not going to let the drugs wear off so I can *ask*--so I guess I *am* a monster.
You want to hear something *really* scary? Well, something that scares *me,* at least.
I *like* the way flesh tastes. Really, I do. If I were to somehow find a cure for whatever's going on with us--if things went back to the way they were...or as close as they could get...
I think I'd *still* eat people.
That *terrifies* me.
Really.
The scary part is that it's the *only* thing about all this that terrifies me. And I just sawed a friend's *foot* off so I can *eat* it.

What the hell is going on in here?
Janet?!
You're *hiding* this from *me?!*
From *you*--from *everyone*.
Nobody knows about this.
Why?

The rest--you especially--lack the restraint needed for this. You'd have him eaten in a day or two.
I can't have that--I need him!
How dare you?!
You're going to share him--with me--starting now!
Or what--you think you can hurt me with your stings?!
I don't feel pain! None of us do!!
WRAMM!!
You'll share him with me or I'll share your little secret with everyone!!
Got it?!
You know I can't allow that.

CHOMP!
THROOM!
ACK!! Disgusting!!
BLARGGG!
Well, I guess you got the last laugh. Should have known not to do that. We taste *terrible.*
Sigh

Now I've got a *mess* to clean up.
I'll leave that for *later.*
Where *were* we?
Oh yeah. I better get to that before it gets *cold.*
K--
K--
What's that? Sedative wearing off?
K--kill--
--me.
No can-do, old friend. If I do that your *meat* will *spoil.* Then you'll taste no better than my poor wife's *head.*
We can't have *that,* can we?
Now *shut up.* It's going to take me a few minutes to find your sedative.
Daddy has *work* to do.


Iron Man come back earlier?
You're the last to arrive. Nobody's found Magneto.
He's been *asking* about you. I think he's *pissed.*
Hello, Tony.
Cut the *crap,* Steve.
Where the *hell* have you been? What *took* you so freakin' long to get back here? What *happened* to you? You're all ripped up!

We found him--Magneto. There was a fight. He got in some good hits.
You found him?! Where is he? Did he get away?!
No--he didn't. The fight got pretty hairy. A gas line was ruptured. There was an explosion, Magneto's body was burnt up.
There was nothing left to eat.
Really? So there was nothing to bring back for the rest of us? You didn't even get to eat anything. There was nothing--none of you have eaten anything.
Right?
Spider-Man. How's your wife and aunt?
Oh, God--please--don't bring that up!
I can't handle it...I can't bear to think about it.
I'm not putting up with this.
FWUMP!

You geniuses think you can slip one past me? If you haven't eaten anything, why is Spider-Man so emotional?
Not to mention the fact that Banner is standing here and not Hulk. He's only Banner after feeding.
Then there's Banner's bulging and recently ruptured belly. That's a little hard to miss.
We're sorry, Iron Man--it's just that--you know there wouldn't have been enough to go around anyway.
What else could we have done?
Relax, I would have done the same. I'm just pissed I didn't even get a taste.
I haven't eaten in over a day.
If it makes you feel any better, I didn't get any either. I showed up to the party a little too late.
That doesn't make me feel better at all.
Where's Hank and Jan? They were with you, right? They never came back--we haven't seen Hawkeye either.

The Wasp flew away with a chunk of Magneto. She didn't want to share with Hank. When we decided to come back here, Hank went to look for her.
Hawkeye's *dead*--we think.
You *think?*
No, I mean *really* dead. Magneto used my shield to sever his head. We never got around to checking to see if it finally killed him.
You never know.
True. We haven't exactly figured out what *kills* us, have we? If things keep going the way they are--I think we'll soon find out though.
Oh?
That's actually something I've been wanting to talk to you about.
It's only a matter of time before we get hungry enough to try to eat each other, despite the taste.
When *that* happens, staying in a large group together--like we have been--becomes a *bad* idea.
True. Do you want to split everyone up? Say that we'd have a better chance at finding food that way?
It's common sense really. When this started, there was enough to go around--*billions*, actually. *We* swarmed like locusts and picked the globe clean.
Now, though... our food supply is slim to none.

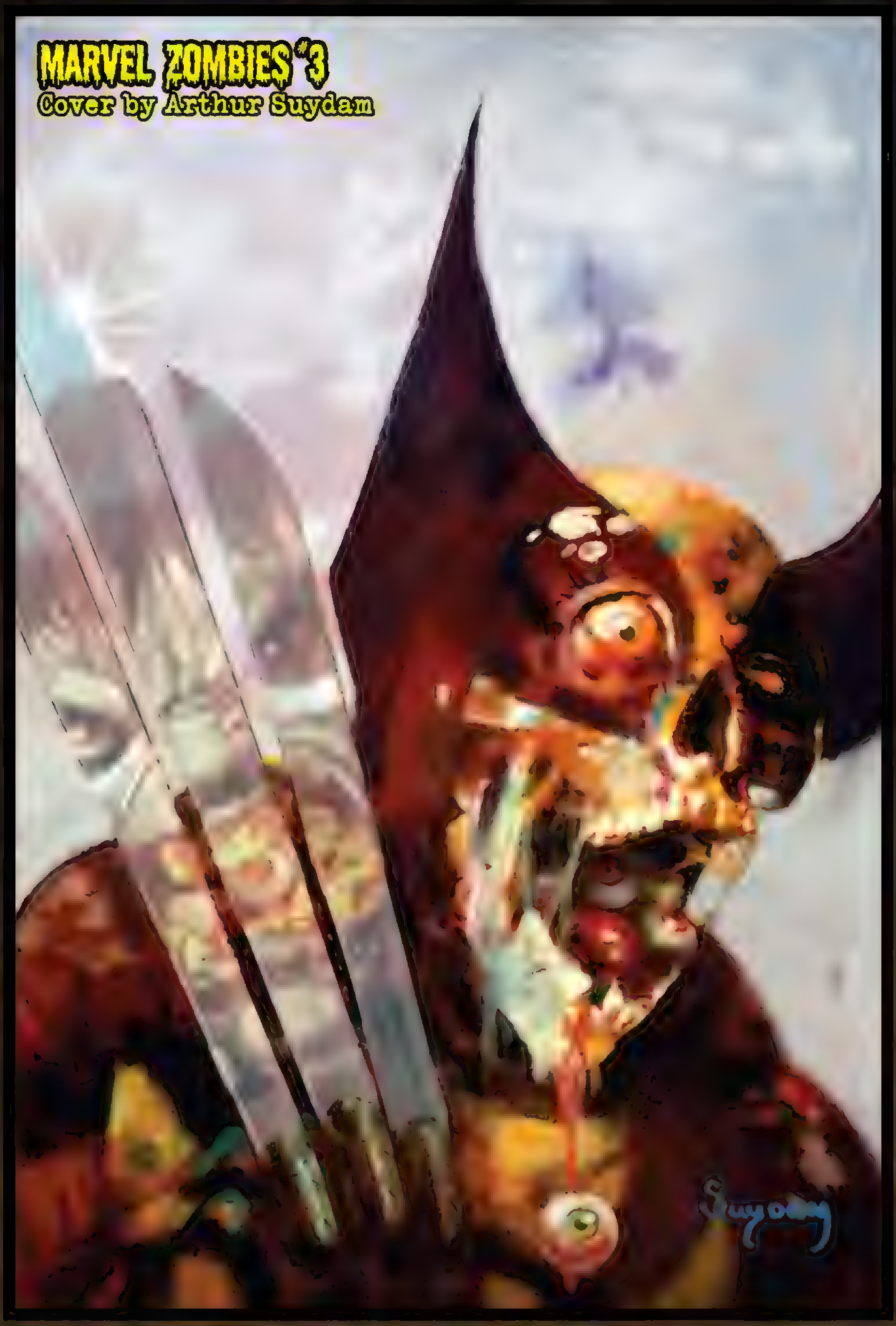
But *no,* I don't want to split everyone up. I want to *disappear.* Get about ten of us together and just *go.* Search the Midwest--see if we *missed* anyone.
If we took a Quinjet--it might look like a *rescue* mission. People would come out of hiding and try to flag us down.
That's not a bad idea. Also, what about presidential bunkers and hidden bases? All of Congress has got to be underground *somewhere.*
You'd remember where those places were from when you were President, right, Colonel?
Maybe one or two. I didn't spend a lot of time in bunkers--and remember, I didn't serve a full term.
Right--I'm starting to forget things. It's starting to become--
What the *hell* is *that?*

SUNTORY

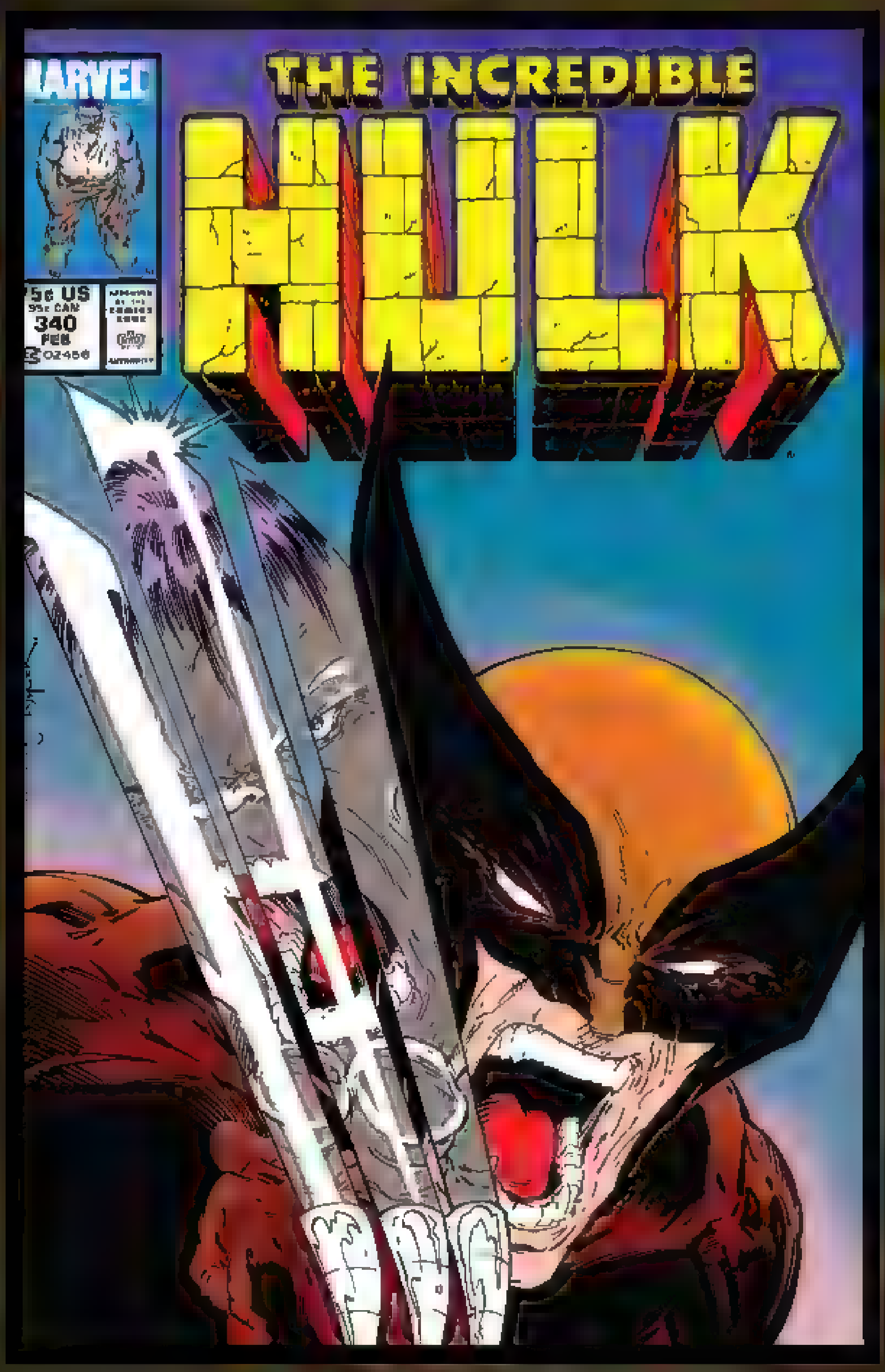
We saw him earlier. We have no clue *what* he is.
Anything *else* you're keeping from me?
No, this covers it.

The *great* *Galactus* has been summoned. He will arrive here very soon.
Your world is to be converted into elemental energy to serve as nourishment for my master Galactus. I have surveyed your planet and while it supports little life it will be sufficient for his needs.
Though it will mean the end of your existence, you must realize what an honor it is that your death will provide sustenance to Galactus.
Your time is short. *Prepare* for the end.
What the hell is he talking about?
I have *no idea...*

...GET HIM!



MARVEL ZOMBIES #3
Cover by Arthur Suydam



INCREDIBLE HULK #340 (February 1988)

Cover by Todd McFarlane & Bob Wiacek

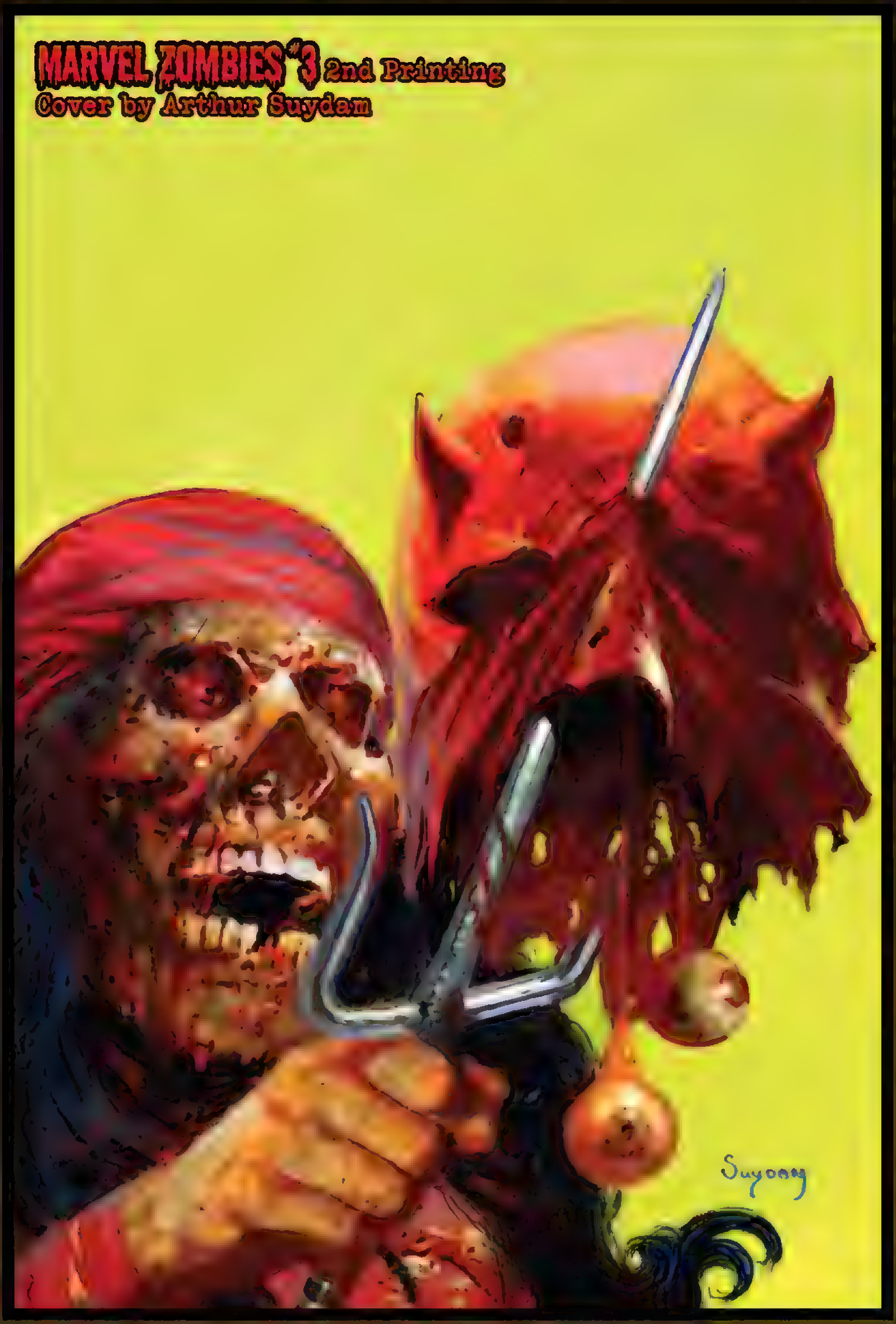
Writer Peter David's ultra-popular run on the Incredible Hulk *got off on a good foot with artist Todd McFarlane, whose innovative talents were steadily becoming apparent to readers everywhere. This scintillating cover composition, featuring Wolverine's showdown with the titular green giant, really jumped off the spinner racks of the day, and is regarded by many as the moment when both the new breed of Hulk comics and a superstar artist emerged.*

"By issue two I was trying to come up with a consistency that I could bring to each cover. I did not want them to be the same cover as the original, just painted. I wanted them to be brand-new pieces of art, and be very independent of the original covers. So as I said, the idea was really sinking in that the way to do that was to create a personality and backstory for each character.

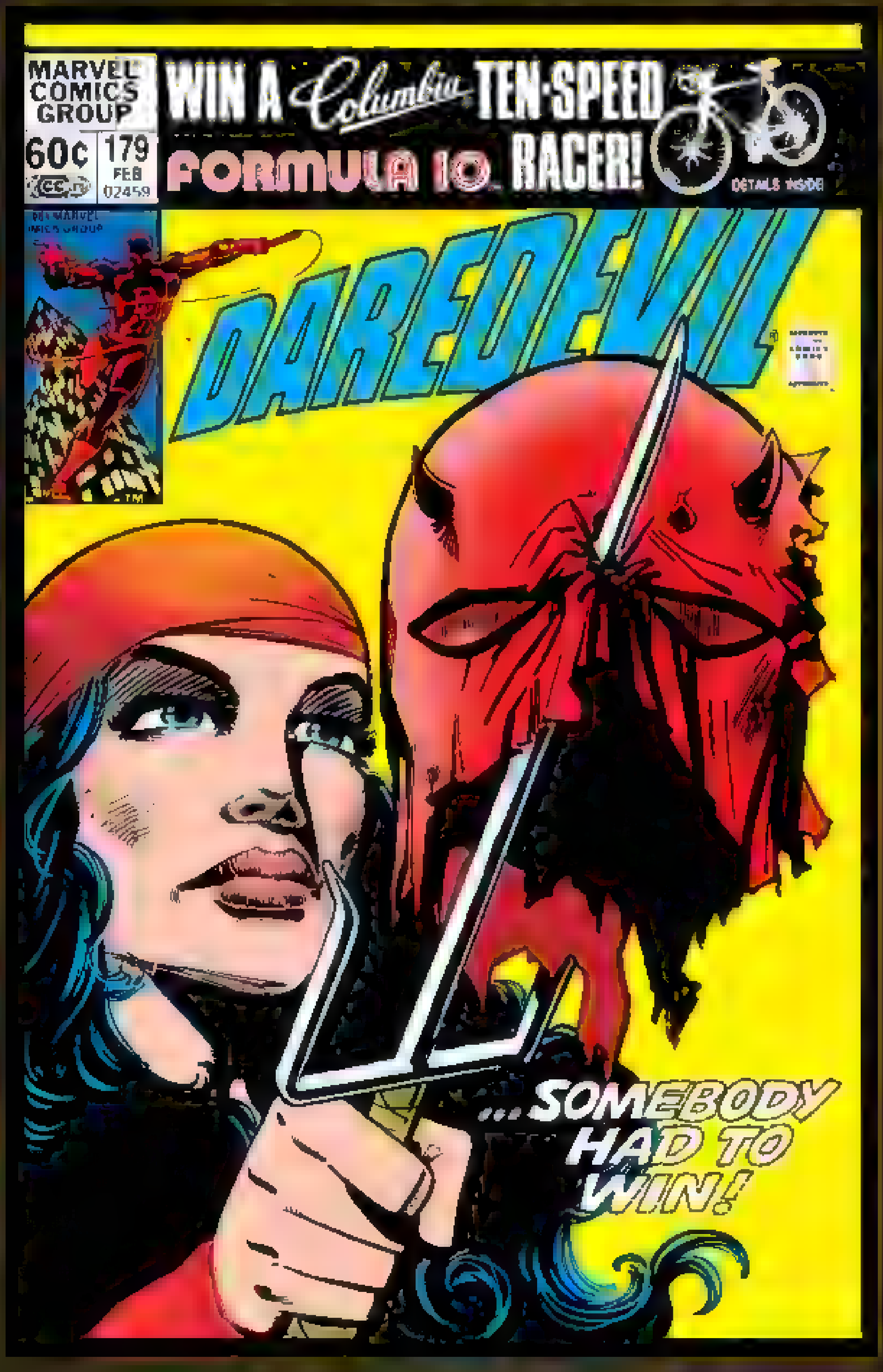
"For this one, I decided that in regular life, the way we are is that some people like pizza, some people like fish, some people hate fish. (My wife hates fish.) And it seems like everyone from the west likes beef, anything barbecued — and I was thinking that one of these zombies should have a particular hankering for the particular parts of the body: somebody likes the flank, somebody likes the feet and the toes, somebody likes the neck bone — they can maybe put it in some soup! Wolverine was a caviar guy and he'll fight to the death for it. 'Keep the rest but give me the eyeballs!'

"Once I got that idea for Wolverine, I had someone go dig up reference of the Hulk for me. What I was looking for was the best pictures of the character so I can have the benefit of learning from all the artists who have come before me. What were some of the great breakthroughs that they made in design concepts for the character?

"At some point, one of the pictures that was presented to me was a picture of the Hulk screaming. I wanted to capture that feel for the Hulk but once again I had to change it to make it something fresh and different and I came up with a backstory. If this is Wolverine versus the Hulk, what are they fighting over? Well, Wolverine is an eyeball guy — what a coincidence! He's come across another guy who has the same hankering! And once again, it was a way to attach a story to the picture."



MARVEL ZOMBIES #3 2nd Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam



DAREDEVIL #179 (February 1982)

Cover by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Love hurts. It really, really hurts! Nobody knows this better than the adversarial lovers Daredevil and Elektra, and it is a truth that has never been delivered more pointedly than on this remarkable cover by Frank Miller!

"This is a very simple, stylistic pen-and-ink type of drawing. I love all the original drawings, the original art to all these covers, and this one is a very simple design with a color drop in the background. I got my pen and paper and started to write a backstory for Daredevil and Elektra, and I started to think of a blind man and what it would be like. The story of a blind man is really about eyes, someone who could see better than most people can, but they don't have vision. This kind of worked out thematically, that the prize should be the eyes, and since Elektra has none, by conquering this particular character her acquisition would be eyes. So what I think is she would pop them in her head so she could see where she was going!"

MARVEL ZOMBIES

PART 3 OF 5

I get the first taste!!

It is *pointless* to resist. Your fate is inevitable. I beg you, please-- you are lesser beings--you should be *honored* to give your lives to provide the world devourer with sustenance.
This fighting will accomplish *nothing*.
ZRAKK!
ZRAKK!
That's *your* opinion!! Let's see if getting eaten alive will change it!
CHOMP!
In all my travels-- I have never encountered such creatures!
Lucky for *you*.
ZRAKK!
ZRAKK!!
Abominations!! I have *seen* what you've done to your world. You should *long* for these horrors to end!

NARRGG!!..
KROOM

Get him!! Keep him off balance--don't give him a chance to devise a strategy against us!
VOPR!!
Whoever makes the kill gets double rations!!
I'm on it, Steve--those juicy bits are as good as mi--
VZAPPP!
Stand aside--this one is *mine!*

GARRGH!
SLASSHH!
Crap.
Can't think of what I'd rather have *more* right now--a healing factor strong enough to fight decomposition, or Adamantium ligaments to hold these bones together....
Sigh
Such a waste.
Won't be needing *this* anymore either. Probably just get in the way anyway.
Sigh
Hey! Down here!
Quickly, toss me into the fray! I think I've got enough juice left for one last repulsor blast and I want to give this clown everything I've *got.*
Sure thing, bub.

Have fun!
Jeez.
I'm glad I took my *time* coming back from my lab.
I think I'll wait around until the *end* of this particular ordeal. There's no *way* I'm joining in on *that* fight.

I can feel the *hunger* starting to take over again--I may be of *use* in this fight yet.
It's a pipedream keeping it connected, hoping that it may *heal*-- it's barely hanging on there. It's really just getting in the way.
No--that's *it.* I'm getting rid of this thing *right now!*
GRRR.
There!
AAAARRRGGHHH!
You okay there, pal?
HULK NOT OKAY--HULK IS HUNGRY!!
Hey, buddy-- join the *club.*

You can't hold out *forever*! We're going to wear you down *eventually*!!
SILVER MAN--MINE! HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS! HULK IS THE HUNGRIEST ONE THERE IS!!
HULK DESERVES SILVER MAN MOST!
THRAKOOM!
Mine! Silver man is mine!!
THOOM!
VOOSH!!

Don't let him get away!
We've lost too many to let him get away now!
He's not going *anywhere*-- not until I get *payback!!*
There better be enough *payback* to go around. I'm calling dibs on his silver little *heart!*
NO! HE BELONGS TO HULK!
SILVER MAN REGRET FRYING HULK'S FACE!!
HULK WILL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

CHOMP!!
He's down--Hulk did it!!
It's feeding time, boys!
We just gotta peel back the candy coating--and the tender morsels are inside!!
I'm not missing out on this!!
How about a lift? I'd like to get a few chunks for myself, also.
No! Let go--it's hard enough for me to get there alone!
I'll give you both a lift.

Where've *you* been all this time? I didn't see *you* joining in the fight.
Shut up. Do you want a ride or *not?*
Out of the way!!
FWAPP!!
Back off--this is *ours!*
You boys should learn to *share!*
Get your fill while you can--they'll be on us in a second or two.
Get back here with that!

Hm.
He didn't *swallow!!* His head is still in Hulk's mouth! Someone help me get it out!
No way-- *really!!* That's good news!
THOOM!!
Never mind, big guy. We were just fooling around. The head's all yours.
Hulk still hungry! Hulk wants more!! All Hulk got was shiny head-- head is mostly skull!!
Hulk wants more meat!!

That's it! It's all gone!! Now quit shoving. There's nothing left to eat!
It's over!
All gone? But Hulk not get more...
You jerks couldn't share a piece with the rest of us... you had to fight us off and keep it all for yourselves?!
Thanks a lot.
Oh, quit your whining-- you'd have done the same--
VOPP!!
WHOA!!
It looks like through eating that poor stranger we've all gotten a small portion of his powers.
Looks that way.
Let's see how these whiners taste extra crispy.

Cafe Le Mirage
the finest Croissants
Coffee Aroun
SCIENTOL
Still woozy from the sedatives--but I will make it.
I *have* to.
Please?! Just a nibble?! I helped you *escape*--you *owe me!!*
Wasp--Janet--*please.* This is hard enough as it is. I can't *handle* your--
Please!!
I don't want to *infect* you--just cut a piece off--a finger--*anything.* I'm *begging* you!
Janet, *please* stop.
Just stop.

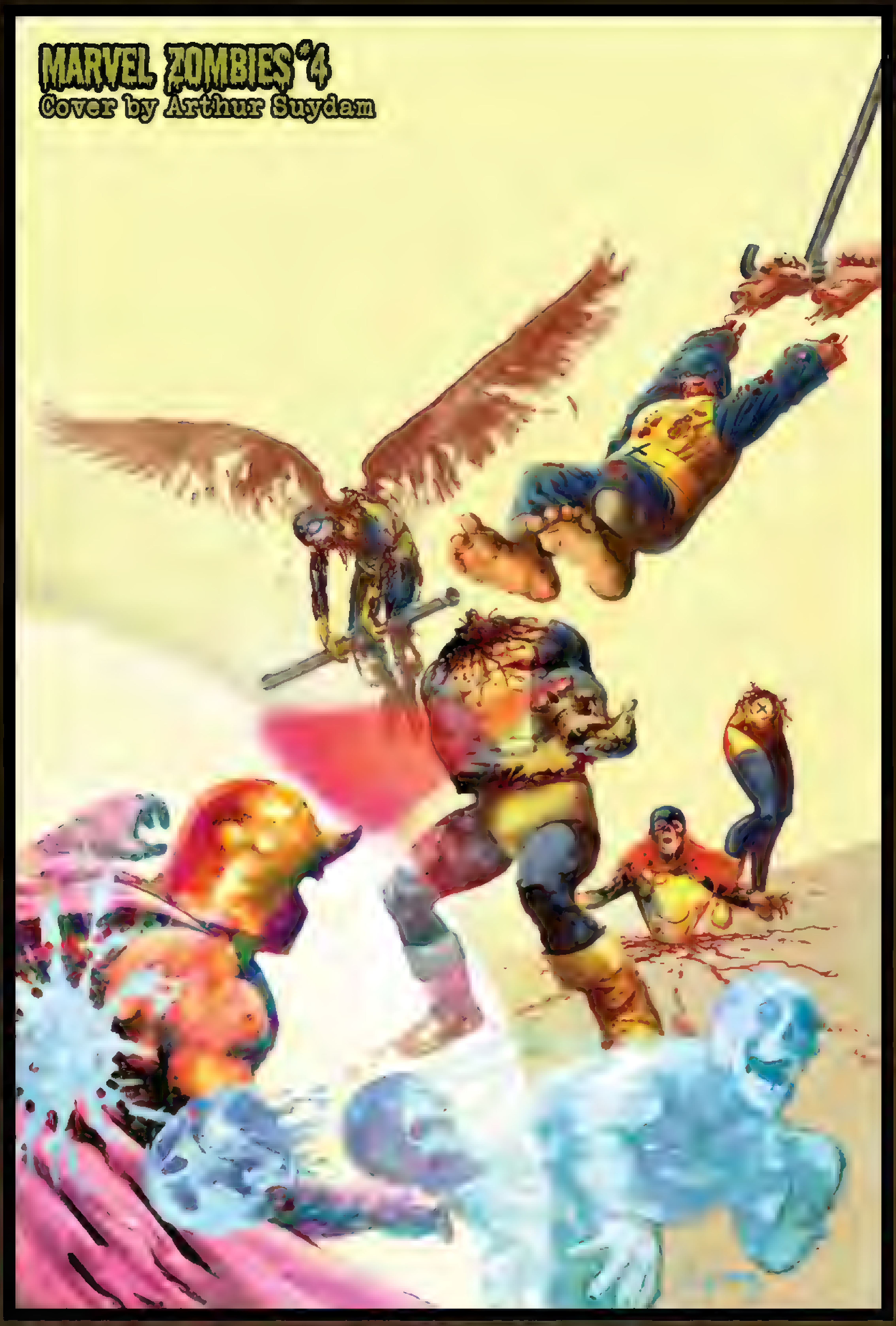
So this is what we're left with, huh? This is the world as it is today. If the whole planet is as ravaged as this, I pray *never* to lay eyes on my home, Wakanda.
That is a sight I could not bear.
Just a taste!
Janet, my friend...you must stop this at once. I will not *feed* you. I *refuse.* It is very disturbing to me that you would even *ask.*
If you don't stop I will be forced to leave you behind.
T'Challa--you don't *understand* what it's like. I *need* to feed. I--can't *think* straight. The hungrier I get, the more the hunger *consumes* me.
It's hard to explain--the *craving*--the *need*--I *ache* to taste your flesh. I'm *starving* for it. I'm in *pain.*
This is madness!!
You are a severed head! You don't even have a *body!* This sickness has consumed you--it's keeping you alive, somehow. But this *hunger*--
It's *all in your mind!* You can't digest anything--you don't have a *body!* There is nowhere for food to *go!*
Why is this happening? Why can't this be some horrible dream?
Where is he, *monster--?*

Where is *Magneto?*
I have no idea.
You're *human*-- you're...
...*alive.*

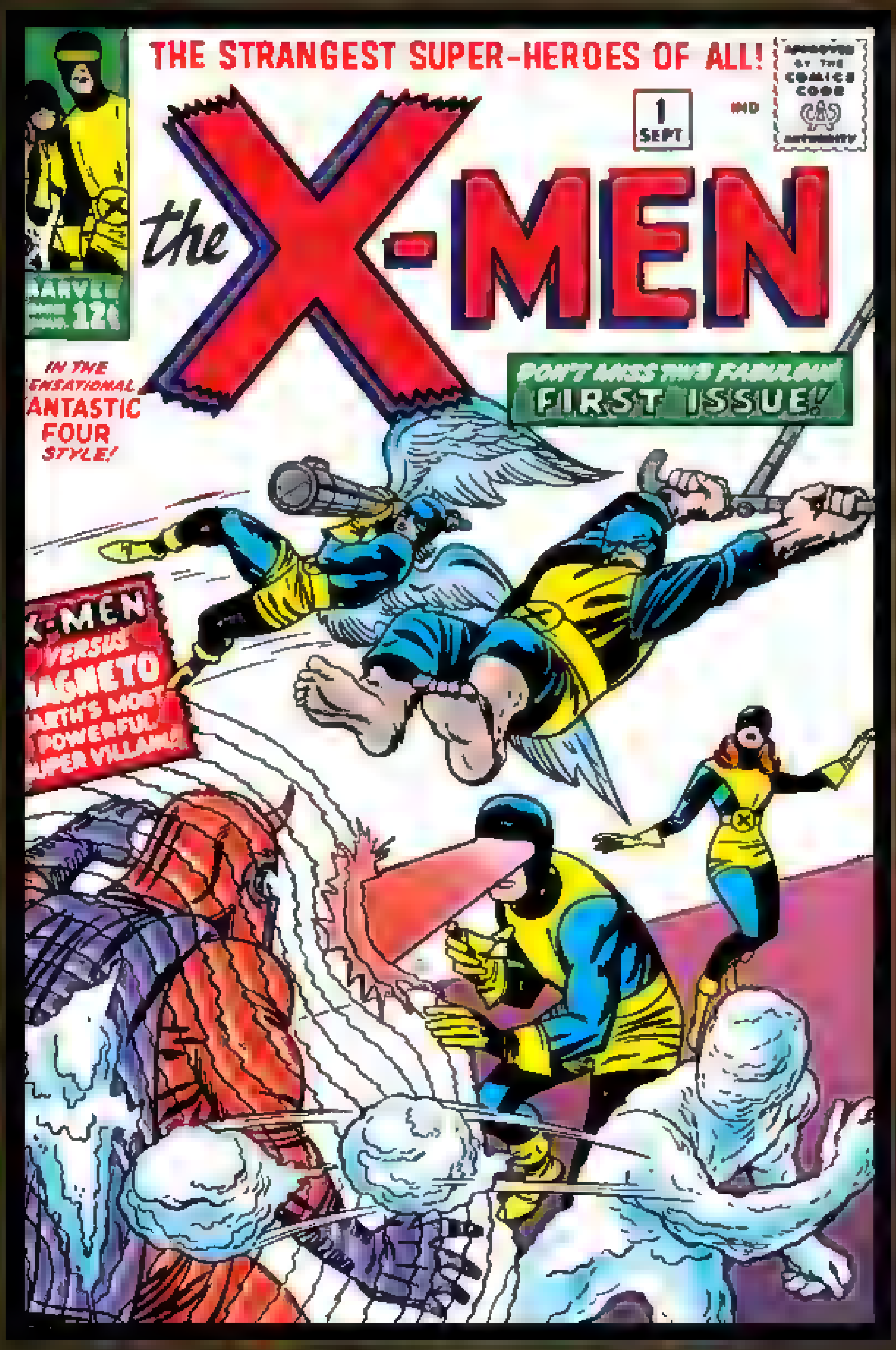
Well--that settles *that.* The dead taste *horrible* no matter *how* much you cook them.
That's a shame--I think we're back to having nothing to eat again.
I can fly now--without my propulsion boots--we all should be able to. We can sweep the globe a lot more efficiently now.
There've *got* to be *some* survivors out there.
Of *course* there are more survivors out there *somewhere.* There *has* to be.
The best part is that now we won't have to *share* them with anybody.
Looks like we might have wiped these guys out too soon. It looks like we could have used their *help.*
With what?!

Oh.
PREPARE TO BE DEVOURED IN THE NAME OF GALACTUS. YOUR LIVES MUST END SO THAT I MAY LIVE.
ALTHOUGH MY HUNGER IS AT ITS PEAK, I MUST PAUSE A MOMENT TO ASK. WHERE IS MY HERALD?
WHERE IS MY SERVANT, THE SILVER SURFER?
Sean 2005

If by "Silver Surfer" you mean the silver guy that flew around on the surfboard...
...we *ate* him.
WHAT?!
And I don't mean to rain on your world-eating parade--
--but we're still *hungry*.



MARVEL ZOMBIES #4
Cover by Arthur Suydam


THE STRANGEST SUPER-HEROES OF ALL!
1 SEPT
the X-MEN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP 12¢
IN THE SENSATIONAL FANTASTIC FOUR STYLE!
DON'T MISS THIS FABULOUS FIRST ISSUE!
X-MEN VERSUS MAGNETO EARTH'S MOST POWERFUL SUPER VILLAIN!

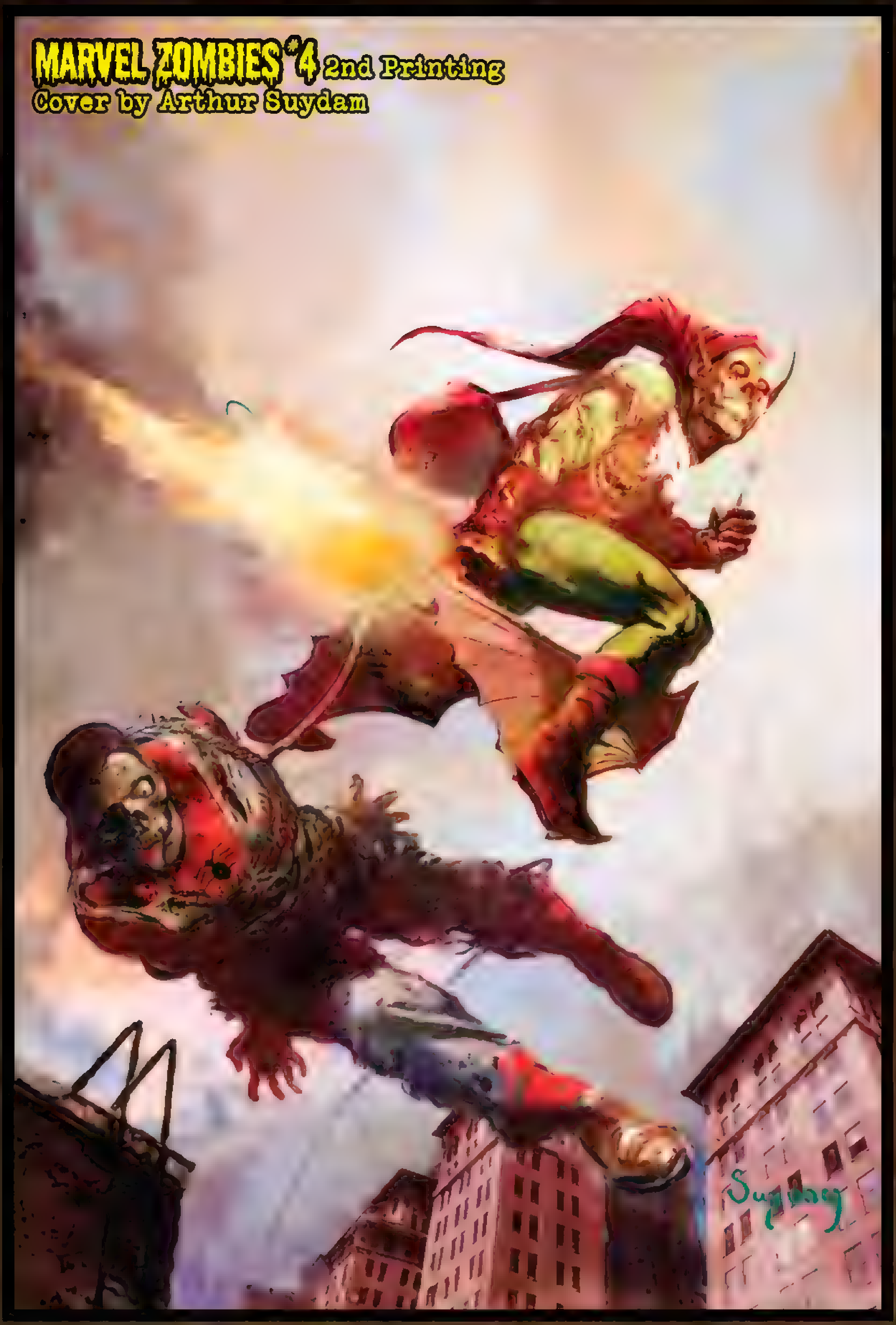
X-MEN #1 (September 1963) Cover by Jack Kirby & Sol Brodsky

They were a cult hit in the '70s, a franchise phenomenon in the '80s and '90s, and the wellspring for a series of movies which have garnered tremendous box-office receipts across the world. They are the X-Men, but in the '60s they were the stars of a humble little book making its way in the shadow of Fantastic Four, Spider-Man *and* Avengers. *Jack Kirby's fun, sprightly layout for the very first* X-Men *cover revealed the many layers of personality within the earliest assemblage of Marvel's merry mutants.*

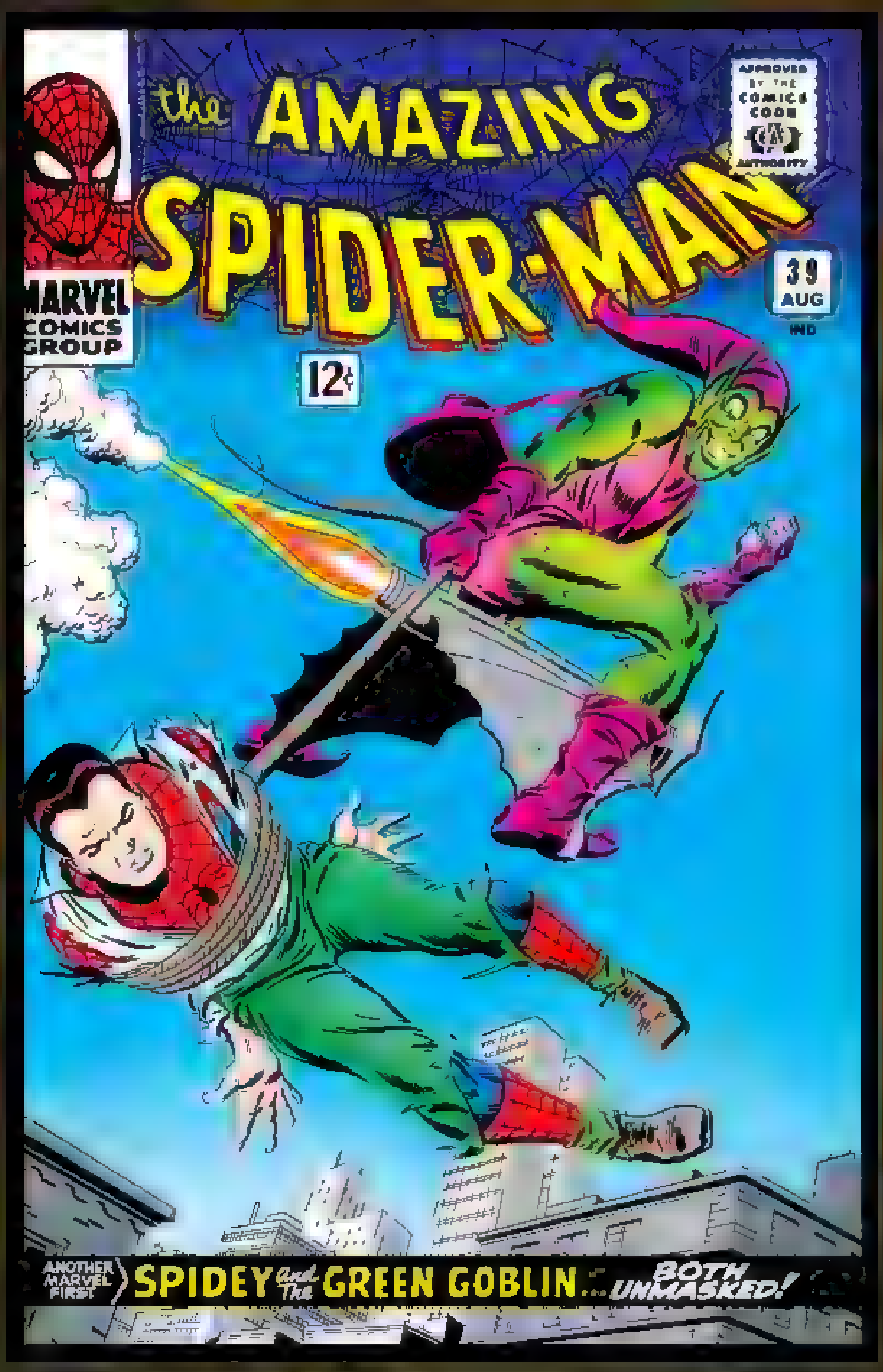
"Well, this one was very difficult, squeezing in all the characters and keeping the perspective so that it is true and it reads well. When you're painting these things, it's different than when you're drawing them. When you're just drawing a simple, one-dimensional or two-dimensional pen and ink drawing, there are a lot of liberties you can take because the viewer will fill in what's missing naturally and automatically. But as soon as you start painting them in a realistic style, you really don't have the option of those artistic liberties because it will just read as a bad picture. The perspective has to be correct, the sizing of the characters has to be correct, and if you take too many liberties, it looks like a bad painting rather than a stylistic painting.

"So each time I had to work on drawings like this, especially ones that came from Jack Kirby, there was a lot of rethinking about how to squeeze the painting into the narrow shape of a comic cover. Like this one, with the top third of the cover taken up by the comic logo.

"With this one, I'm really getting in the groove of finding the backstory for each character, like Cyclops with his head chopped off, Iceman tossing skulls in place of snowballs; you can pretty much tell the backstory, it's clear you can tell what's going on."



MARVEL ZOMBIES #4 2nd Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
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39 AUG
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ANOTHER MARVEL FIRST
SPIDEY and the GREEN GOBLIN... BOTH UNMASKED!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #39 (August 1966)

Cover by John Romita Sr.

The Green Goblin entered moviegoers' nightmares with the first box-office behemoth Spider-Man *movie, but Spider-Man has been getting the night terrors from this creepy madman on his flying goblin jet since this breathtaking issue, in which the dastardly villain learns Spidey's secret identity. That'll keep a guy up at night!*

"This one is similar to the first Spider-Man cover I did, and the challenge was to add dynamics to the picture by giving it a more extreme upshot, by using the buildings in the background, some wham bam pow, to really get under the characters so we really feel like they were hovering on top of us. Once the entire painting was finished, the last thing that got added was the fork."

MARVEL ZOMBIES

PART 4 OF 5

YOU HUNGER?!
SKROOM!
CHOOM!
GOOM!

How are we gonna defeat this guy?!
I mean-- just *look at him!*
I'm with *Cage* on this one. This guy seems a bit out of our league! Especially now that *Reed* and *The Fantastic Four* are in that other dimension.
You can go hide under a *rock* for all I care--but I'm not giving up until a chunk of *flesh* from that giant is in my *gut.*
Exactly!
We'll *find* a way to defeat him. His size is what should make us *want* to do this!
The *bigger* they are the longer it takes to *eat* all of them!
Now follow my lead! In case you've forgotten-- we've got cosmic powers of our *own!*

Give him everything you've *got!* Don't let up until he's on his back and we're ripping pieces *off* him!
I *admire* your resolve--it is a trait I have come to note among the denizens of *few* of the planets I have consumed.
Galactus has devoured *countless* worlds and battled *armadas* in the process. Your assault is little more than a nuisance.
This conflict will be at its inevitable *end* very soon.
He's *bluffing--don't* let up! We're bound to find a weak spot sooner or later!
I'm not so sure, Hank! I don't think we're causing him a lick of pain!
UZOOSH!!
It *told* you jerks we couldn't--
CRAP!!

That's it! I'm out of here! I don't know about you guys--but I don't have much more body to lose and I doubt any of us could survive having what's left of our bodies vaporized!
I'm calling it a day, too!! And I'm also putting in a vote for Tony as team leader!
Or anyone else who wants to lead us away from this thing!
Fine. Fine!!
Fall back so we can regroup!
Hulk want to eat purple man--but not want to die!
Hulk not fight purple man alone!
We all want to eat him, Hulk. That's what we do now. We're going to go someplace where we can come up with a plan and then we're going to try again.

It doesn't look like he's following us.
Of course. He's here to eat the *planet*--not *us*. We stopped being worthy of his attention the second we stopped trying to prevent him from achieving his goal.
Where to now?
We go to my *lab*--we can work there--find a way to *hurt* him. That's what we *need*.
Follow *me*.
Pym still has *lab?* Hulk not see *Pym* in lab since hunger take over.
I've kept it *secret* until now--but I need something that's in it, or else I'm not going to be able to work long enough to find a way to defeat *Galactus*.
You'll understand when we get there.

What's *wrong?*
Ugh.
The adrenaline from the fight has worn off--I assume we *ate?* It's all a blur for me. I imagine once I become hungry again I'll revert back to the Hulk.
Until then... you're stuck with puny, dead Banner.
Actually, Banner is exactly what we *need* right now.
This way.

Uh...Is that Janet's body?
I think you'll all agree--desperate times call for desperate measures. I can explain everything--just give me a second.
And again--bear with me here and let me *explain* before you do anything rash.
You see, it's--
What? It's what?
We don't have time to play *games* here, soldier. What was it that you were keeping *secret?!*
Nothing--it--
--it was *Jan*--I had to kill *Jan.* She attacked me and there was nothing I could do--that was it.

Elsewhere in the city...
You're not one of them--you're not a *zombie!*
I am the Black Panther. I can understand how you could think I *was* infected--given my present condition...but yes, I am *alive*...for *now.*
We thought there were no living left--we thought *we* were the last ones.
Surprise--you're *not.*
It's a *trick!* He's *working* with them! Just *look* at him! Why else would he be carrying that head?!
He's *right*--this is a trap. We need to kill him and get out of here! We need to find Magneto and get back to *Asteroid M* before *we're* found!
Say the word, Cortez, and I'll take his head *clean* off!
We don't know anything *about* this man! Nobody do anything!
Screw you, *Cortez!* I'm taking him out before we're *all* killed!!

GAH!!
Finally!!
CHOMP!!
ARRGH!!
Burns, no!!
I'll kill you for this!!
KRAK!
IRK!!
You're gonna get it now, cripple!!
I am far from helpless.

WHAMM!
I'll put an end to *this!*
THAP!
STOP!
Cortez--he *killed Burns!* We've got to *do* something with him!
Burns disobeyed a *direct* order--and he paid for it with his *life.* This man was attacked. He can't be punished for *defending* himself.

Whatever this *Asteroid M* is--if they can't *get* to it--I want *on* it. As you said, I was only defending myself. I pose no threat to you.
I just want to get *away* from this place.
Of course we will take you with us. I couldn't live with myself if I left another human being *alive* down here--knowing the inevitable.
Thank you for being understanding. I will find a way to repay you.
But, Cortez--!!
Not another *word*, do you understand? We are all that is *left*. To ensure the survival of our *species* we're going to need *all* the help we can *get!*
Fine. Let's put this thing out of its *misery* and then we'll get back up to the Asteroid.
No, that is Janet Van Dyne, the *Wasp* and my *friend*. She will come to the Asteroid *with* us.
Under supervision she will not be a threat.

We've been here for days-- do you think they're going to figure something out before that giant eats the planet?
Go fish.
Let's just let the big brains think and do their thing. Do you have a seven?
Stark, Banner, and Pym are working together on this. They're some of the brightest minds on the planet. They're not going to let us get eaten.
Why is it you still wear that thing anyway? The mask. It's ripped all to shreds and it's not like you've got any kind of secret identity. So why bother?
The hunger--the way it is-- I know I would do it again right now if I had the chance. That's just the way things are now.
But after doing it--after eating my wife and aunt, the only two people left in this world that really loved me...after knowing what I've become...I couldn't ever look myself in the mirror-- and I don't want to chance it.
Right--forget I asked, you sissy. You got any jacks?
Just wanted to let you kids know--he's back.
He's back?

Vibranium--fresh from *Wakanda...* probably the last mined and refined Vibranium ever *made.*
And let me tell you--Wakanda has seen better days. Also, you wouldn't believe how fast we can fly now that we have that Surfer's powers--I swear I was going faster than the Quinjet ever could.
This is perfect. Between this and the crystals we took from Strange's sanctuary, the stuff from the Baxter Building and what we stole from Castle Doom in Latveria--we've got *everything* we need.
Oh, *God!!* I can feel the *hunger* taking over again--I'm *turning!*
Well, *do it,* you fool! We need your *help.*
Ugh-- I *hate* this!
Agh--there we go--that's a *juicy* one.
Oh, *Jeez*--when did he start doing *that?!*

Right after you started going out gathering supplies for us. We got the idea after those pieces of the Surfer fell out of me when we first arrived at the lab.
I've been constantly re-eating those bits since we got here. It's doing a *remarkable* job of fighting off *the hunger.*
I've been doing it, too--we all have--except for Spider-Man and Luke Cage--they say their bodies are messed up *enough.*
It's not *perfect.* This sickness we all have has made our insides so acidic that we practically dissolve everything we eat--so these pieces get a little bit smaller every time we eat them.
But it's kept me from turning into *the Hulk*--and it's helped us all keep our wits about us so we can do our work.
Give me a *knife*--I'm trying that *right now.*
No--don't bother. We don't have *time,* we need to get the *amplifier* assembled. Besides, by now the morsels in your belly must be completely dissolved.
Now help us get this thing assembled--I'm anxious to see if it works. If we hurry we could be over in Times Square taking that monster down by *nightfall.*
I'm ready for *fresh* meat!

Whoa.
Who called in the cavalry?
More like, who invited them to dinner?

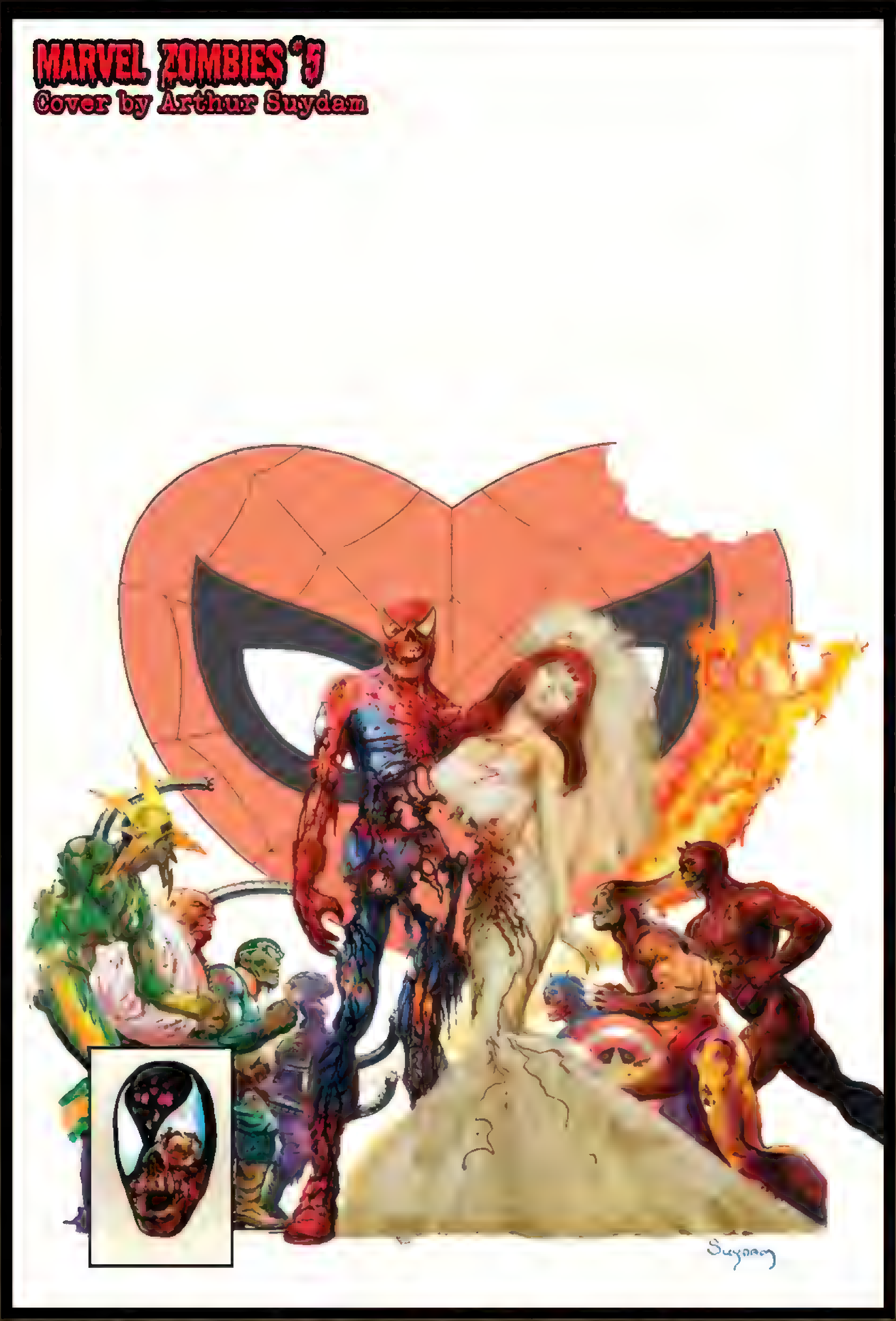
Asteroid M
We were *lucky* this time. Another expedition down to the planet would be too risky. We must assume the worst and wait for Magneto to contact us again.
We can't hold out hope that he's survived-- it's just *too* unlikely.
Welcome back. I couldn't really make out everything you said on your com during the return trip--you couldn't find Magneto but you found someone *else?*
I suppose this is him.
Hello.
Name's Reynolds, Science Guy--*oh my God!* You brought back a specimen!
I can't *wait* to examine you! Can you guys imagine what we could *learn* from this?
We could find a *cure.*

Come... *closer!*
Hey! She's a nasty one, eh?!
She is my friend and you will treat her with *respect,* despite her present condition...
Hand her over, Panther. We had an agreement. Reynolds isn't going to *hurt* her--he's going to try to *cure* her.
Those are my terms--otherwise we'll shoot it out of an air lock.
Careful with her--she's a biter.
I can *see* that.
Hendricks.
Yes, sir.
Once our new member gets settled in and cleaned up, I'd like you to give him the full tour of this place. Answer any of his questions--make him feel at home.
I'd be happy to.

Before I go on a tour of this place--I'd like to try and figure out a more *efficient* way to get around. This crutch isn't going to work forever.
I'm confident we can fix something up for you. We have *vast* resources onboard the Asteroid.
Actually, I think I can help out with that. I recognize you, but I don't know if you recognize *me,* Black Panther.
My name is *Forge.*
I know a thing or two about prosthetic limbs.
I can see that.
There are others here on the Asteroid too, there're twelve of us in total--including *you.* I'll make sure you meet everyone.

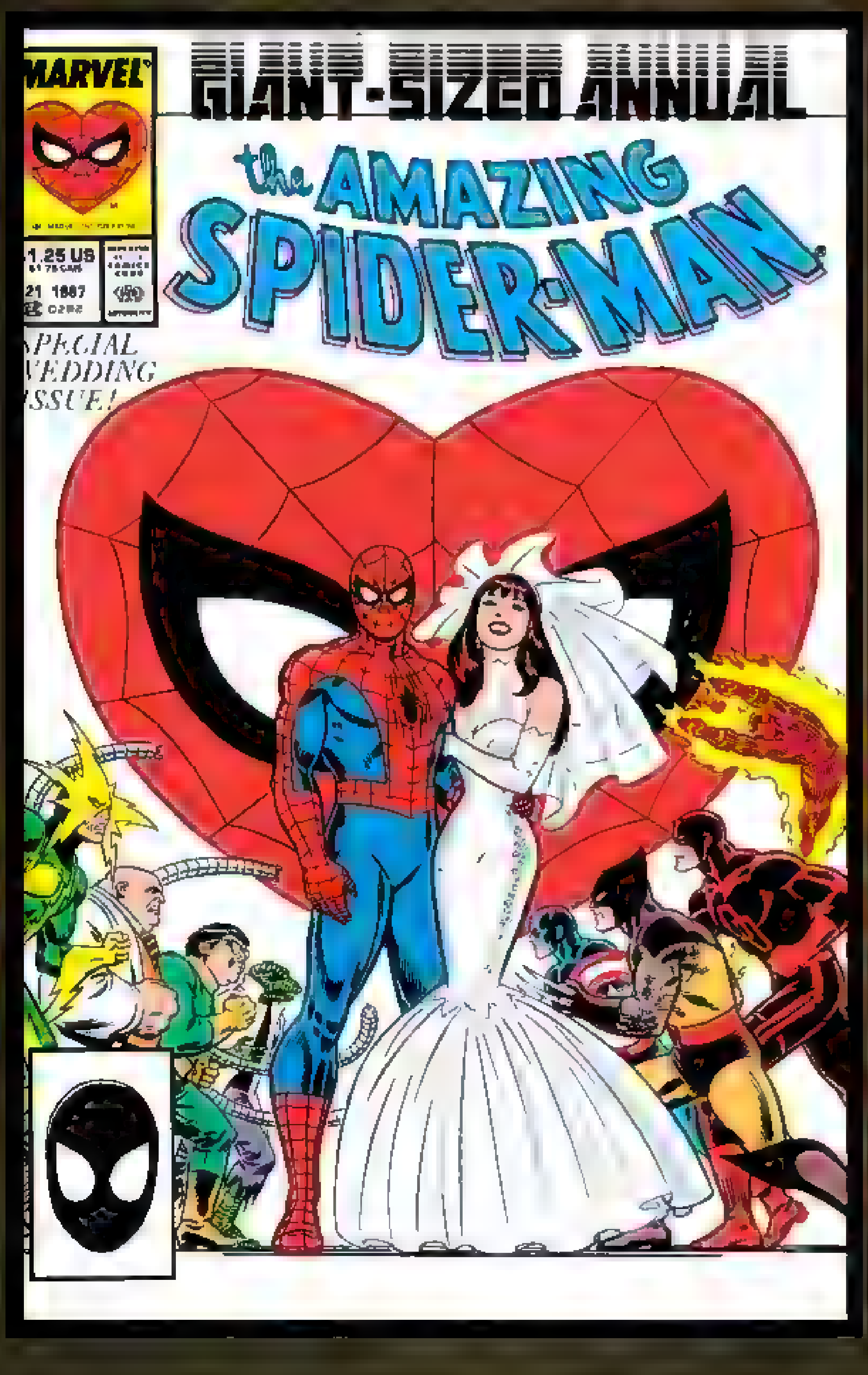
The city
It looks like they might actually be doing some *damage.* That Galactus fella looks *hurt*--at least a *little* bit.
Good--then that means he can *be* hurt. This might actually *work!*
Just a few more adjustments... almost there.
It's *space god* on the menu tonight!
Spider-Man! We're almost ready--get over here! This won't work if we don't all fire at the same time!
Like I say--we've all got to fire at the same time--if not--it won't work. And we've probably only got *one* shot at this, so we've got to make it count.
NOW!!
UZAP!!

VOOSH!!



MARVEL ZOMBIES #5

Cover by Arthur Suydam



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #21 (1987)

Cover by John Romita Sr.

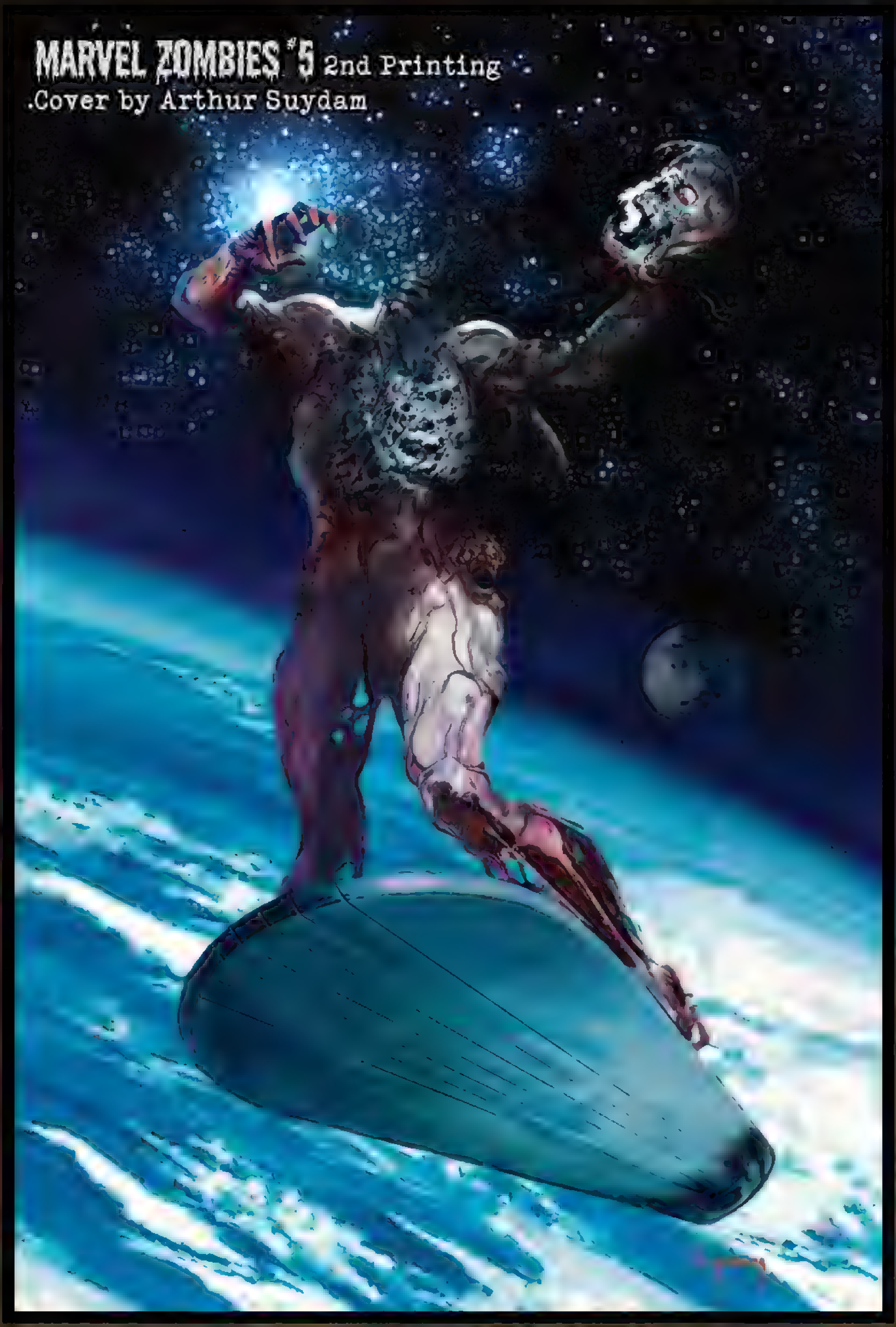
The marriage between Peter Parker and Mary Jane was a gala event in 1987, featuring two different covers — one with Peter Parker in wedding attire and the other in his Spider-Man costume. Both covers were drawn by John Romita, Sr., then Marvel's Art Director who stands with Steve Ditko as one of the premier Spidey artists of all time.

"This may have been the most difficult cover of all of them deadline-wise, as it happened during Christmastime. I think this is actually the first time in my life I've actually stayed up four days in a row without going to bed. I stayed up Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, the day before that and the day after. I was actually at my in-laws' house in Oklahoma painting this painting.

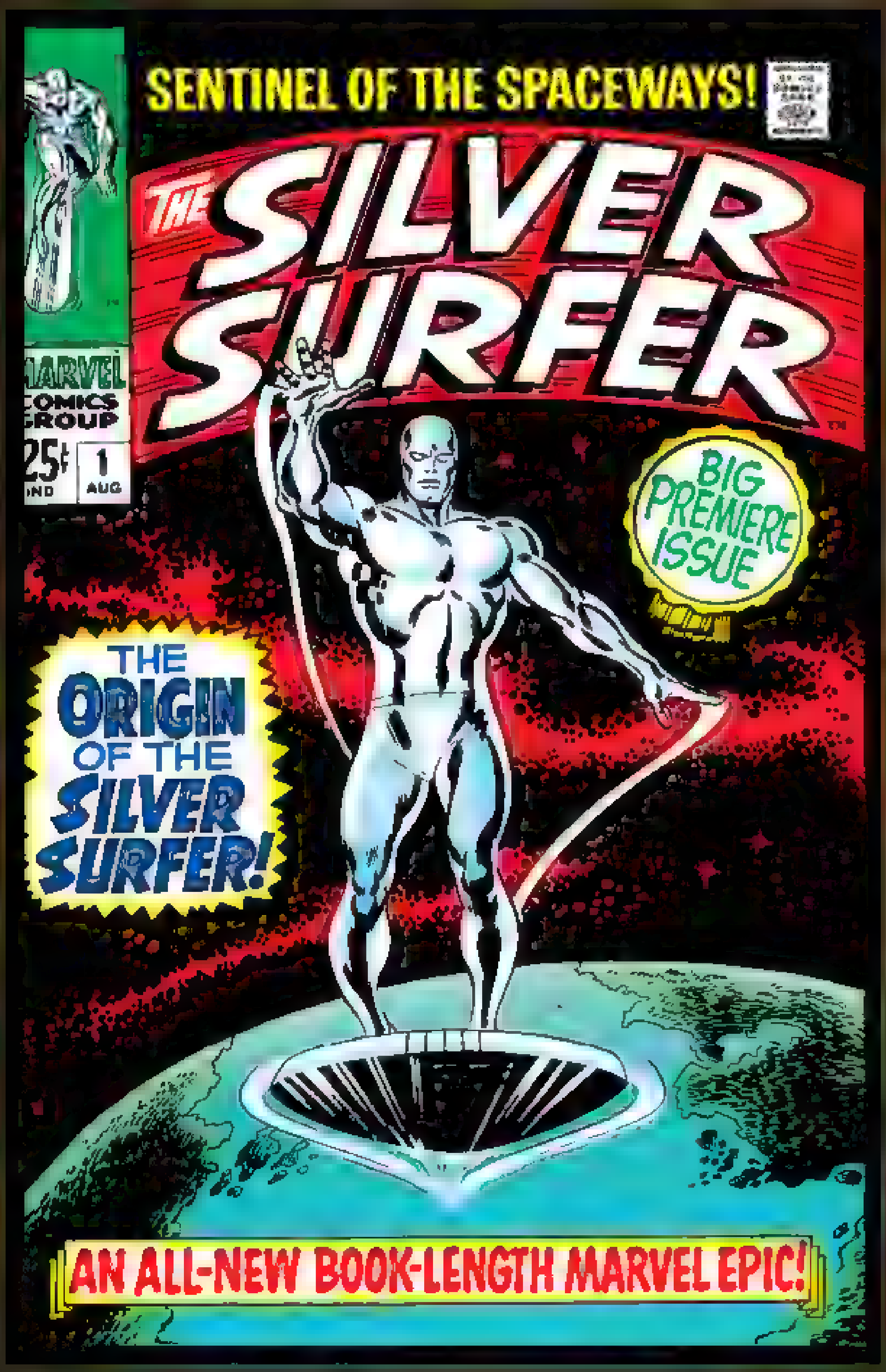
"This one presented one of the greatest challenges of all of them because I kept reinventing my preliminary sketches for the characters. Usually what I do is work each character independently on tracing overlays, overlapping one on top of the other. That requires you to draw through every character with all their arms and legs, even if they're being covered by the person in front of them. Every time I would adjust a pose or move anything even the slightest bit, it would obscure the character behind them so you couldn't see their face and you couldn't even tell who the character was.

"Since this was a very, very difficult cover, it's also one of my favorites because once it was finally done and turned in and it finally worked out, it was such a relief.

"One of the last things that I did on this one was deciding that Mary Jane was going to have a Miss Havisham personality, so she may have been dead for a while, and she has this wedding dress on. She's been around for quite some time and maybe she's held on longer than she should. I don't know how many people may have noticed it but I have all these little mice hidden all over her. The idea was that a family of mice had moved in and found a home in Mary Jane's wedding dress."



MARVEL ZOMBIES #5 2nd Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam


SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS!
THE SILVER SURFER
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢
1
AUG
BIG PREMIERE ISSUE
THE ORIGIN OF THE SILVER SURFER!
AN ALL-NEW BOOK-LENGTH MARVEL EPIC!

SILVER SURFER #1 (August 1968) Cover by John Buscema

When first introduced in the pages of Fantastic Four *by Jack "The King" Kirby, the Silver Surfer was remarkable for his eerie, distant, almost emotionless humanity. Under the auspices of the great John Buscema, the Surfer evolved into a being of eminent grace, nobility and awesome cosmic power, as is obvious in this immortal cover to the Surfer's first issue.*

"I was working on some other pictures and reviewing all the other illustrations I'd done before trying to make each one very different from the one that had gone before. As you view more and more pictures, it becomes more and more difficult to come up with new ideas, so as not to repeat oneself.

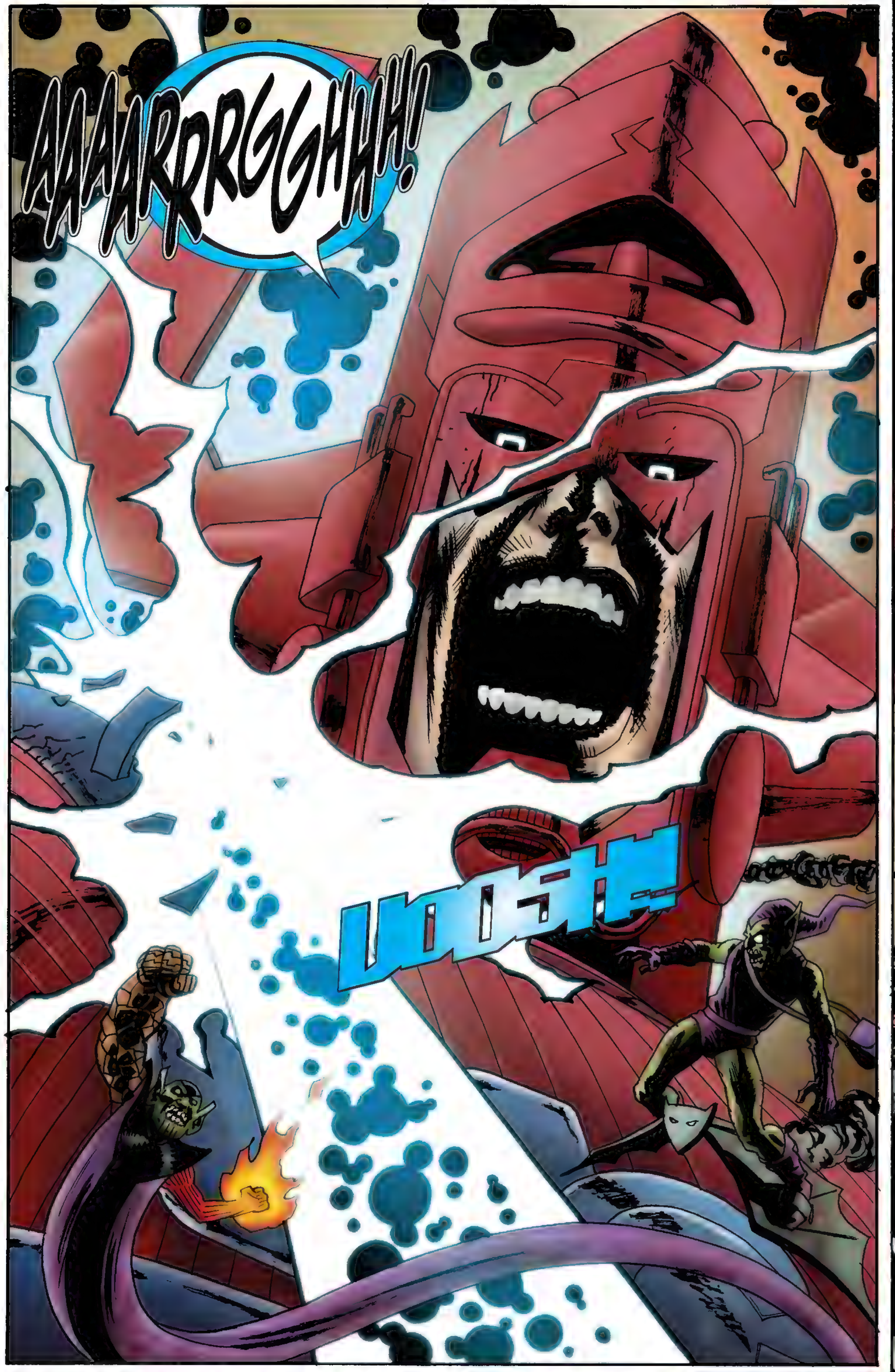
"With this one I remember reading a book about the *Star Wars* movies and the concept designers, and George Lucas said he wanted to have two or three different color schemes for the movies, so we have his gold-colored movie, his blue-colored movie, and I think he had a green-colored movie. I learned a lesson there, and I thought it was a great concept. While watching those films it didn't really hit me but was one of those things that made it a joy to watch the movies. As they moved to different terrains we have these thirds of a movie that had completely different color schemes to them.

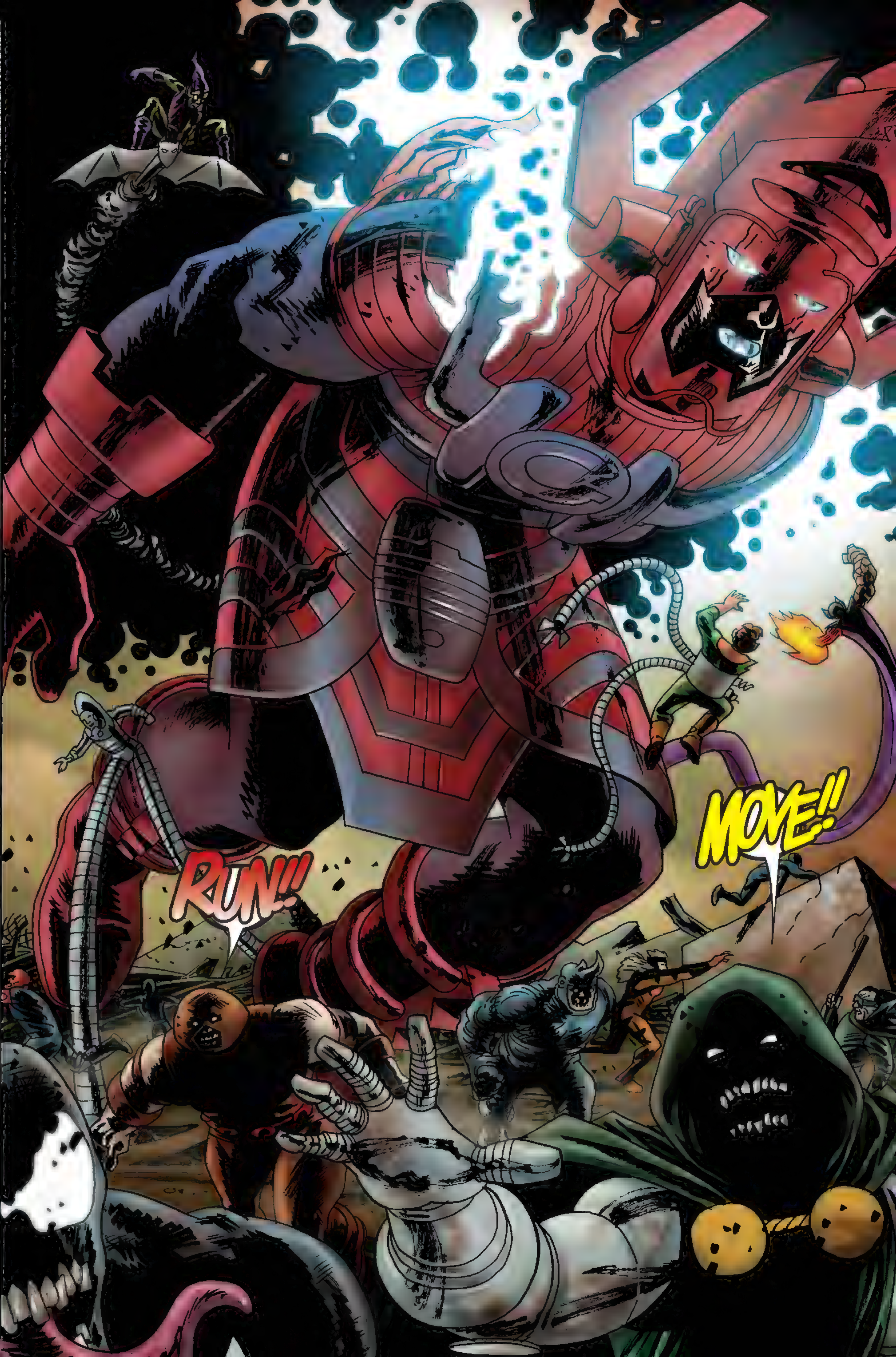
"I thought to break up the reds and the yellows of the Zombies covers, I wanted to do a blue cover, something the color of the ocean. That, and thinking the Silver Surfer as almost the Headless Horseman so he could be like the guy riding around on the horse."

MARVEL ZOMBIES

CONCLUSION

Hit him again!


AAAARRRGGHHH!
WOOSH!


RUN!!
MOVE!!

DOOM!!
He's down!
GET HIM!!
We could live off him for years!
Dibs on the eyeballs!
I want his brains!
I don't care what I get, as long as I get a lot of it!
Hold it right there.

Our kill, our feast! You didn't do anything but get the snot beat out of you for a while.
Stand aside and let us claim our prize. We don't want to have to figure out ways to hurt you.
You think you deserve even a taste?!
You're going to have to fight us for it!
VOP!
With pleasure.

What a joy it will be for us to get one last chance to *kill* you, *Parker!*
I think it's a pretty safe bet you're not going to succeed *this* time, Brock.

That's not going to do it.
VZZAP!!
You're usually a little more *agile* than that, Venom. What gives? Living *death* not sitting well with you?
Symbiote-- already dying.
I was-- no longer-- suitable host...
You're *breaking* my cold, dead *heart,* Eddie.
What is it you hope to do?! You know you can't pierce my armor with those *claws--* and you've only got *half* as many now.
Not *all* of you is *armored!*

SHUCK!!
And you forgot about our newly acquired cosmic powers.
Y'know--the stuff we killed this Galactus loser with.
VLOOSH!!
THOOM!
Jerk.

It sickens me to say this--it really does--but I'm *enjoying* this.
VOP!
C'mere!
You never could hope to best me in a physical fight--what makes you even *try?* Has the hunger consumed you *that* much?
Is your judgment *that* clouded?!
You need me to *spell it out for you?*
THUNK!
You've never had such an *obvious* weakness before!

SQUIT!!
HK!!
SHRIPP!!
COLONEL!!!
UZAPP!!
So worth it--all of it...
Just for this.
SKROOM!

This has gone on long enough!! We end this now!!
I'm starving!!
UZAPP!
UZAPP!
UZAPP!
SKRAGG!
UZAPP!
UZAPP!

We did it. That's the *last* of them.
Hulk eat *Rhino's head.*
Head not so good. Hulk *regret* it.
You dare-- threaten--
--the world-- devourer--
You will-- you--will come to regret your actions.
NO MORTAL INSECTS CAN THREATEN GALACTUS!

Holy *crap!* He's still *alive?!*
Not for *long.*
There's our *dinner,* people. It's taken us a long time to get here--it's cost us a lot--but here it is, right in front of us--*more meat than we can handle!*
All we have to do is take it!

WE HAVE HIM!!
HE'S OURS!
DON'T LET UP! DON'T GIVE HIM AN OPENING!!

FIVE YEARS LATER.
Nothing. Nothing is left. Maybe Reynolds' theory was correct.
We know that a lack of food doesn't kill them. Even though there's nothing left for them to eat--they could still be here.
Stay alert.
Don't worry--I'll be ready for whatever comes.
Lisa, do you think it would be wiser to keep K'Shamba on Asteroid M, at least until Reynolds completes his sensor sweep?
T'Challa, please... I understand your concern. but look at this world-- there is no life here-- or death.
Surely we are alone here.
There is no way of knowing this until the area is scanned.
Maybe you should listen to your husband, Hendricks. There were hundreds of those monsters last time we were here-- they couldn't have just disappeared.
Actually, Hendricks is right-- the sensor sweep has been completed...

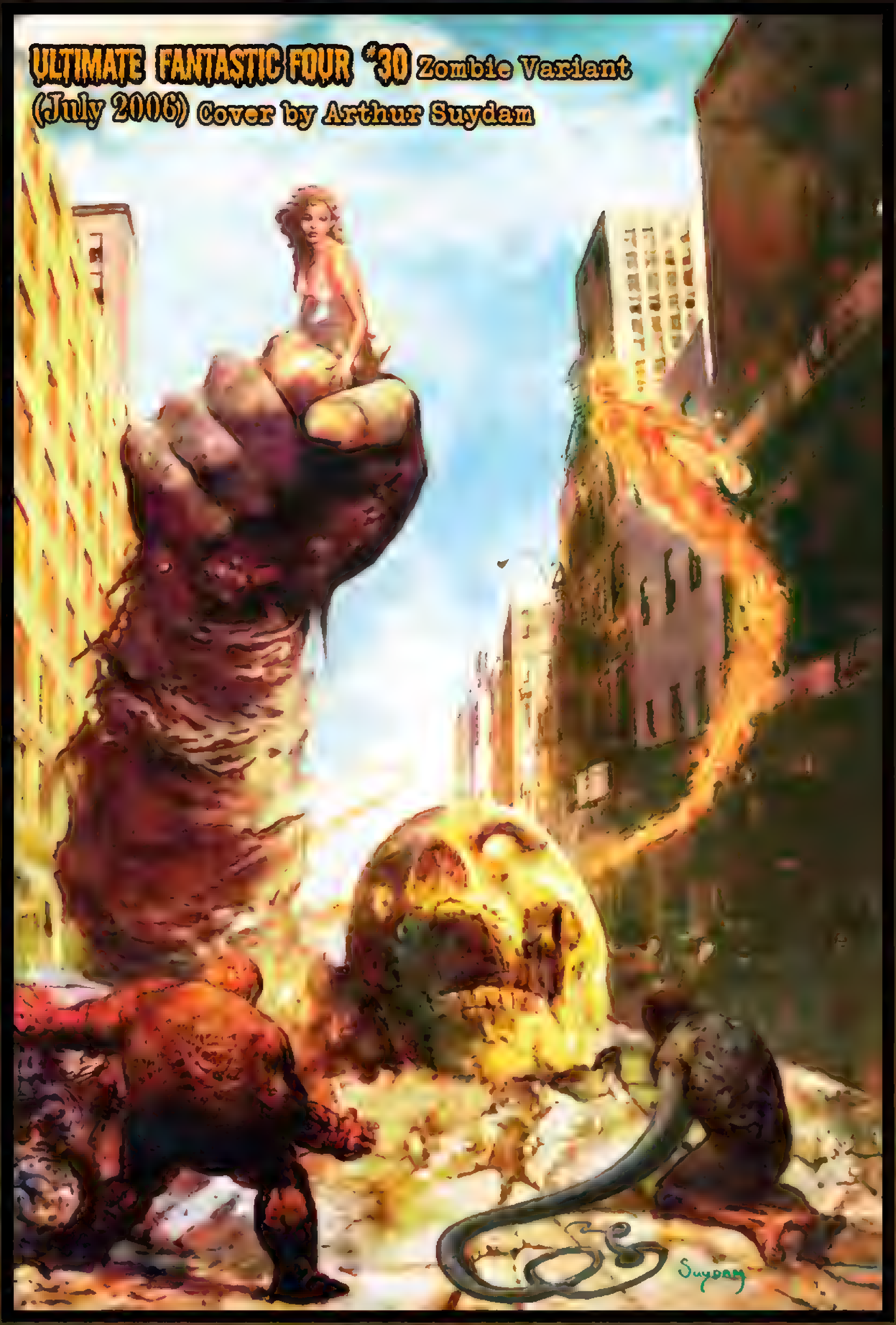
This planet is *deserted.*
How can that be, Wasp? If starvation doesn't kill your kind, what happened? They couldn't have just disappeared.
Reynolds, are you sure they're not just in another part of the planet?
No, my sensor sweep was all-encompassing. That's why I couldn't do it in orbit on Asteroid M. We needed to break through the atmosphere to be able to get clear readings.
So you're *sure?*
Yes, sir. Thermal readings indicate no living humans are left. Motion readings, although not entirely conclusive, indicate nothing has detected our descent and no one is en route to our location.
There is *nothing* here. These--zombies--either died off, went into hibernation, or... I don't know...
...left.

Left? As in *left the planet?* How would they even *do* that?
Not only that, but if they left...if they did leave this planet behind...
...where did they *go?*

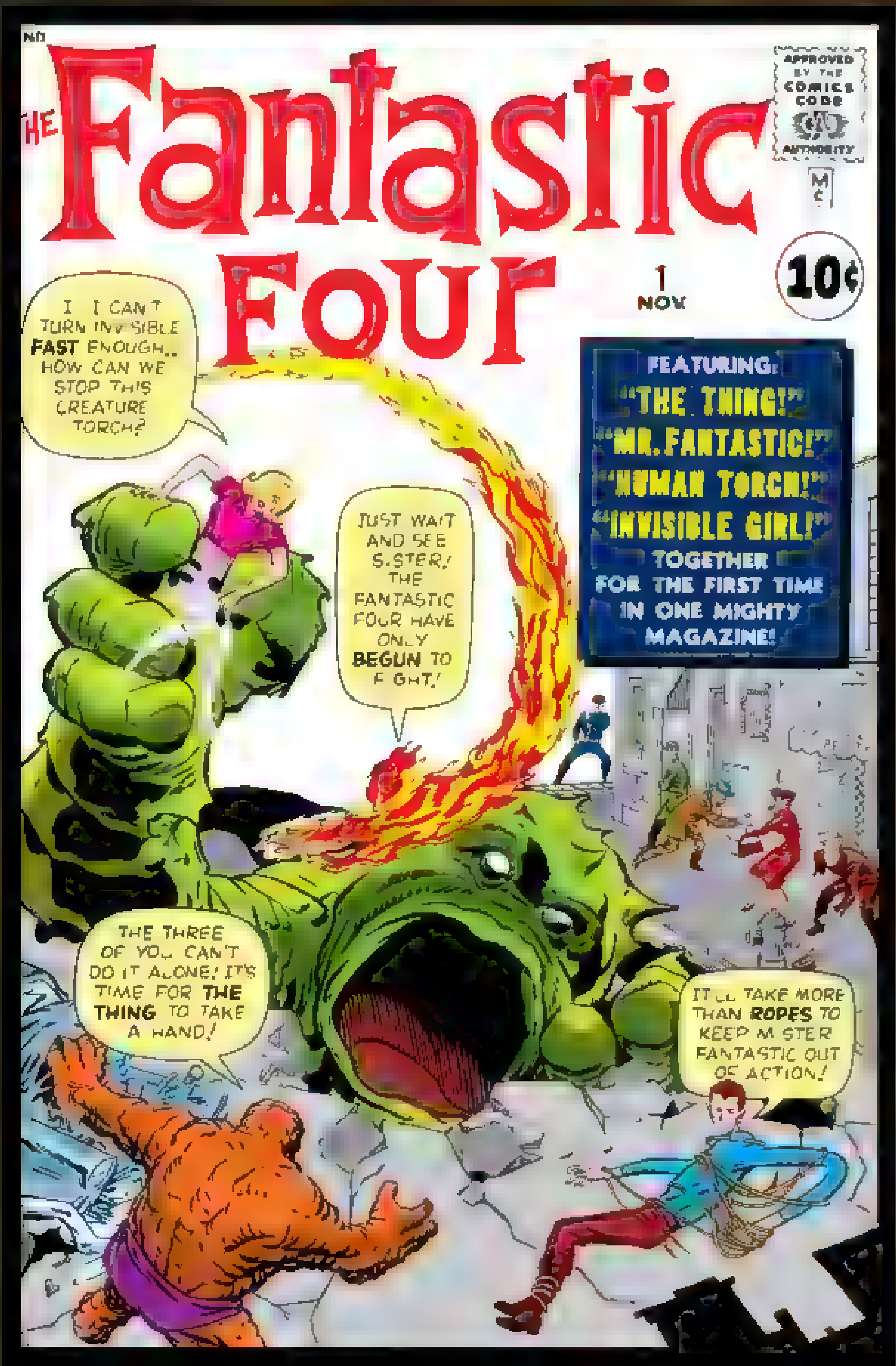
Another world.
...and to you a good night as well, my child. I promise upon you good dreams of things you desire most.
Be at peace.
Sir, the sensor readings have been reviewed. You will be informed of the results!
Quiet! You will be silenced in front of the ***heir.***
Now. Inform me as we travel. I have not much time for leisure.
Yes, sire.
It is with regret I inform you that the sensor readings were ***not*** incorrect. Our worst fears have been born into reality.

You are *sure* this is a certainty?
Yes. The information we have gathered from the dead worlds of our explorations provided us the means to detect an attack of this nature and our readings are true to such an attack.
You mean--?
Yes.
The *Galactus* comes.
Then all is *lost.*
How much time have we?
None.

IT'S FEEDING TIME, BOYS!!
The End?



ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #30 Zombie Variant (July 2006) Cover by Arthur Suydam



NO
THE Fantastic FOUR
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MC
1 NOV
10¢
I- I CAN'T TURN INVISIBLE FAST ENOUGH.. HOW CAN WE STOP THIS CREATURE TORCH?
FEATURING: "THE THING!" "MR. FANTASTIC!" "HUMAN TORCH!" "INVISIBLE GIRL!" TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ONE MIGHTY MAGAZINE!
JUST WAIT AND SEE SISTER! THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO FIGHT!
THE THREE OF YOU CAN'T DO IT ALONE! IT'S TIME FOR THE THING TO TAKE A HAND!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN ROPES TO KEEP MISTER FANTASTIC OUT OF ACTION!

FANTASTIC FOUR #1 (November 1961) Cover by Jack Kirby

This is it! Fantastic Four #1, *the very first cover of Marvel's Silver Age, where the mayhem of monster comics met the manic energy of a new breed of super heroes. This startlingly fresh layout by Jack Kirby has inspired many an homage, including a stirring take by Alex Ross.*

"I remember the background being a huge challenge in this picture. That was the hard part, because it's such a narrow picture and there are so many characters to have to work in. It wasn't really flat; the picture did have depth, like you were looking into a very deep space.

"Alex Ross had already done a great reinterpretation of the *FF #1* cover, so I wanted mine to be very different from both his cover and the original Kirby cover. I also continued the 'beauty and the beast' to keep it an ongoing theme through the entire zombie series, wherever I had an opportunity to do so.

"I wasn't really thinking Fay Wray with Sue, I was thinking '60s cheesecake, B-movie starlet. I mean, this was the first FF comic, before Marvel was doing super heroes. They had come from these anthology comics, which I was reading the whole time (*Tales of Suspense, Strange Tales,* etc.) — tiny, short, sci-fi, B-movie stories, where there were three, four or five of them in one comic. I loved those stories, and that FF origin story just seemed like an offshoot of one of those anthology stories, except now it included some characters that seemed to have permanence. At the time, I felt the FF was an experiment for them, to insert super heroes into the B-movie, sci-fi comics they were doing."

Reed.
Reed.
I must say they've done a wonderful job with this containment unit...my own Fantastic Four are much more powerful than your little things and yet we've hardly made a *dent* in it.
That's because we used the template I helped Doctor Banner design to contain *The Hulk* when he was locked up.

It's flame-proof, shock-proof and pretty much everything-else-proof too. But you're welcome to keep trying.
Impressive.
But you realize, of course, this could only be described as *temporary accommodation?*
How do you mean?
Well, you're a very clever boy, but I've been alive twice as long and I'm almost certainly ten times as smart.
If you're the brains behind this little enterprise I don't imagine it should take us long to find a weakness in your plans and spread this virus from *our* universe to *yours.*
Exterminating us would be the only *sensible* solution. But you're far too nice to do something horrible and nasty like that, aren't you? So like I said...
Temporary accommodation.

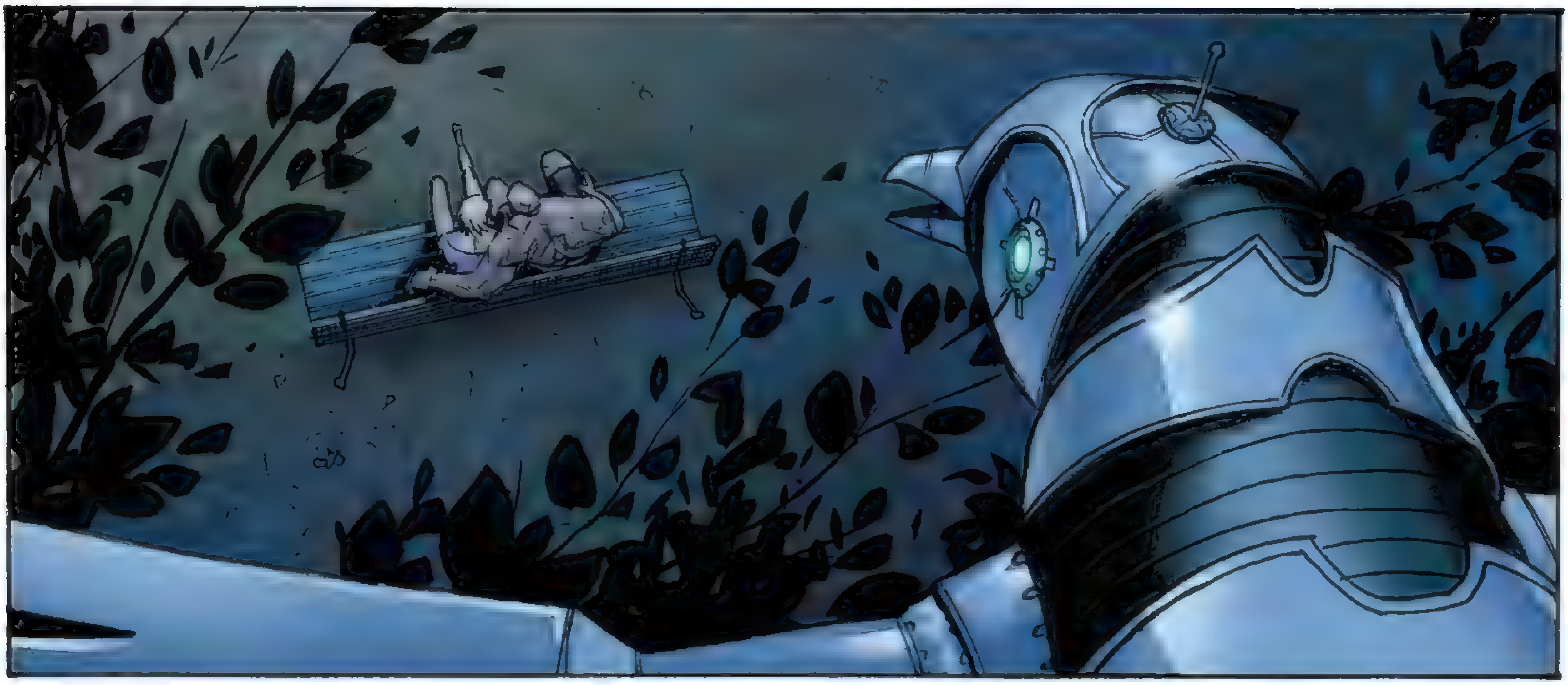
As time passes...
Plus five ounces of corn sugar.
Five ounces of corn sugar. And you're sure this super-beer's gonna be ready in less than an hour? I thought Budweiser and stuff took *months* to brew?
Ah, but this is very *special* beer, little Johnny. And if you follow my instructions to the letter, my secret formula means you won't even have a *hangover.*
Dude, I gotta say...
...you might be a flesh-eating zombie from a parallel Earth, but right now I think you just absolutely *rock.*
My old man's really *weird* when it comes to booze and, as you know, a birthday party without beer is like...
What? Marie Curie without *Pierre?* A Hadronic String without a *tachyon?*
What were you going to *say,* Johnny? We're all on the edge of our *seats* here.
I was just gonna say this better not be some kinda secret formula that makes the *building* blow up and *release* you guys and turns the *whole world* into *zombies.*
Because if that's what you're planning that's so uncool I don't even have a *word* for it, man.

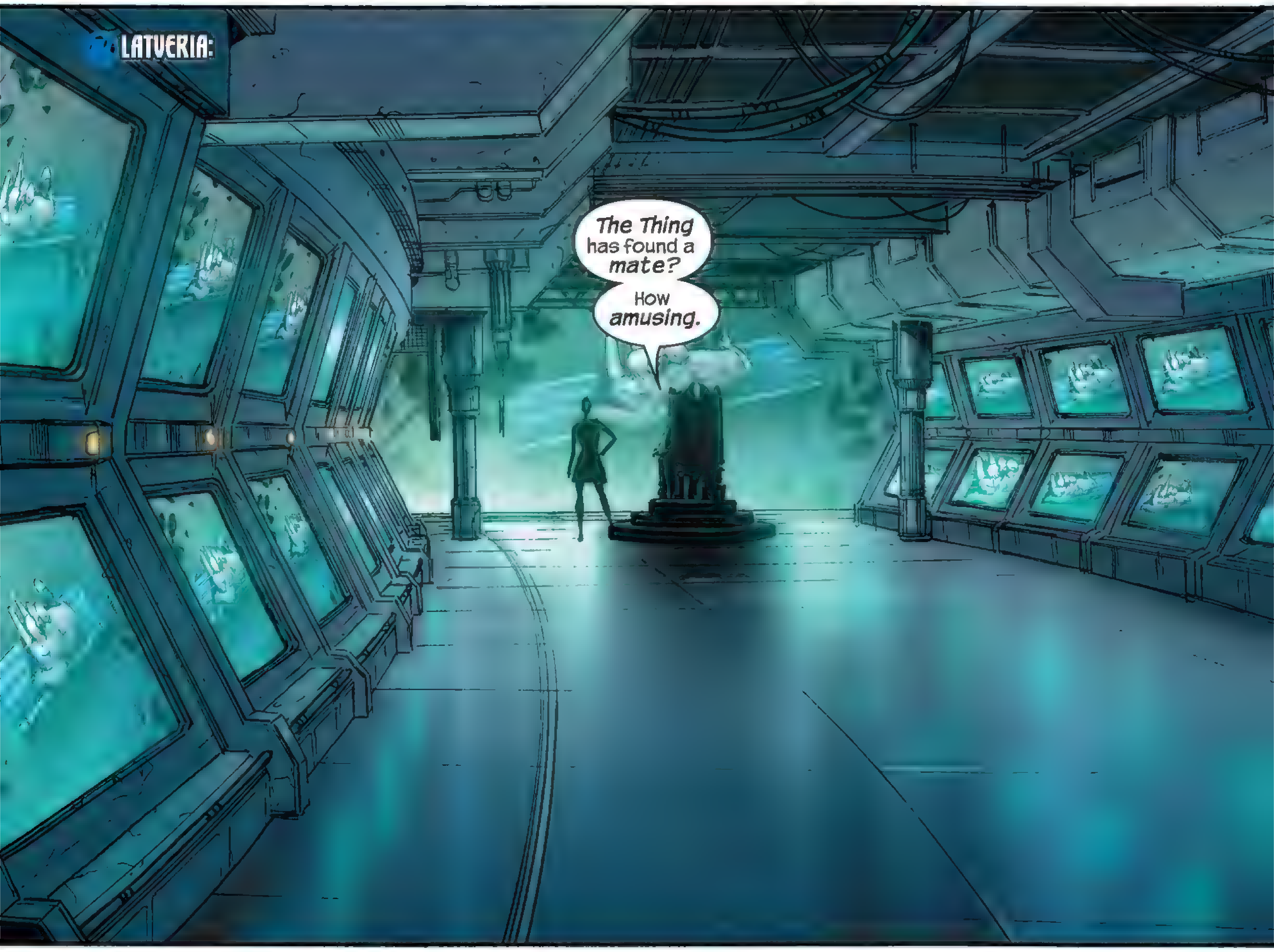
Johnny, please.
It's true we came here to spread our virus to the superhumans of this Earth, but we're hardly *uncomfortable* in these surroundings.
We have company, we have mental stimulation and, twice a day, we have live animals squeezed through holes for the meat and brains we require to *survive*.
I don't need to trick you with some crude plan to escape when I'm ten times as intelligent as *your* Reed Richards. I already *know* how we're getting out of this cell.
We're just not *ready* yet.

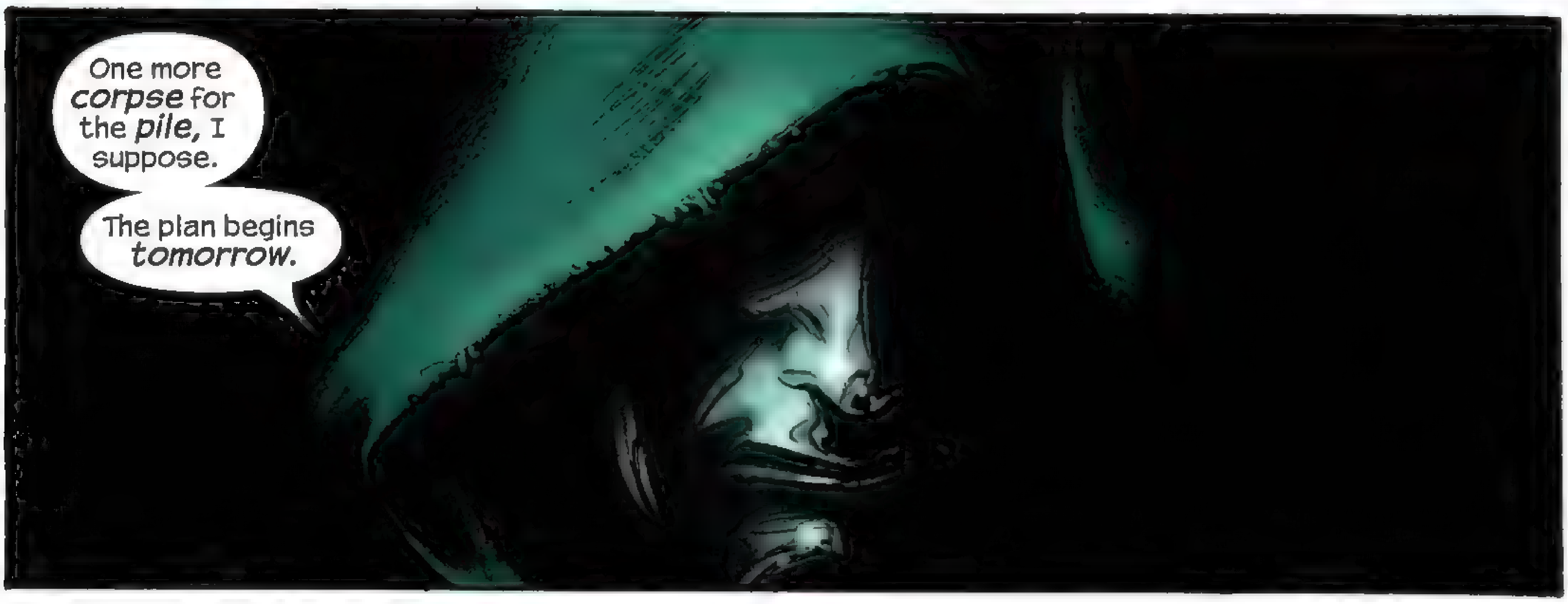
Not much later...
ANCIENT ALIEN CORPSE DISCOVERED IN CHILE!
ANCIENT ALIEN CORPSE DISCOVERED IN CHILE!
ANCIENT ALIEN CORPSE DISCOVERED IN CHILE!
"Holy cow!" say scientists
NEWS
THE BAXTER BUILDING:
Poor Reed. You should know by now that interfering with the timestream causes little more than misery.
Tell Ben he needs to *get over himself.* I know exactly what you're going through with all those *mood swings* and *guilt-trips* he's so good at.
Shut up, creepy. Nobody's *listening* to your evil garbage anymore.
Well, you *should* listen, Susan. Because twenty-four hours from now, Ben and all your *other* little problems will *fade* into *insignificance.*
What are you *talking* about?

We're getting *bored* in here...
We're breaking out to *infect your world* exactly *one week from today.*
It's nice to know I'm not the *only* one who comes down here for a good cry.
Huh?
Please. Don't be embarrassed. I think it's wonderful that you can express your emotions like this.
Maybe if my *stepdad* was in touch with his feminine side he wouldn't be such an *angry mess of bottled-up rage.*
Do you have a *girlfriend?*
What?

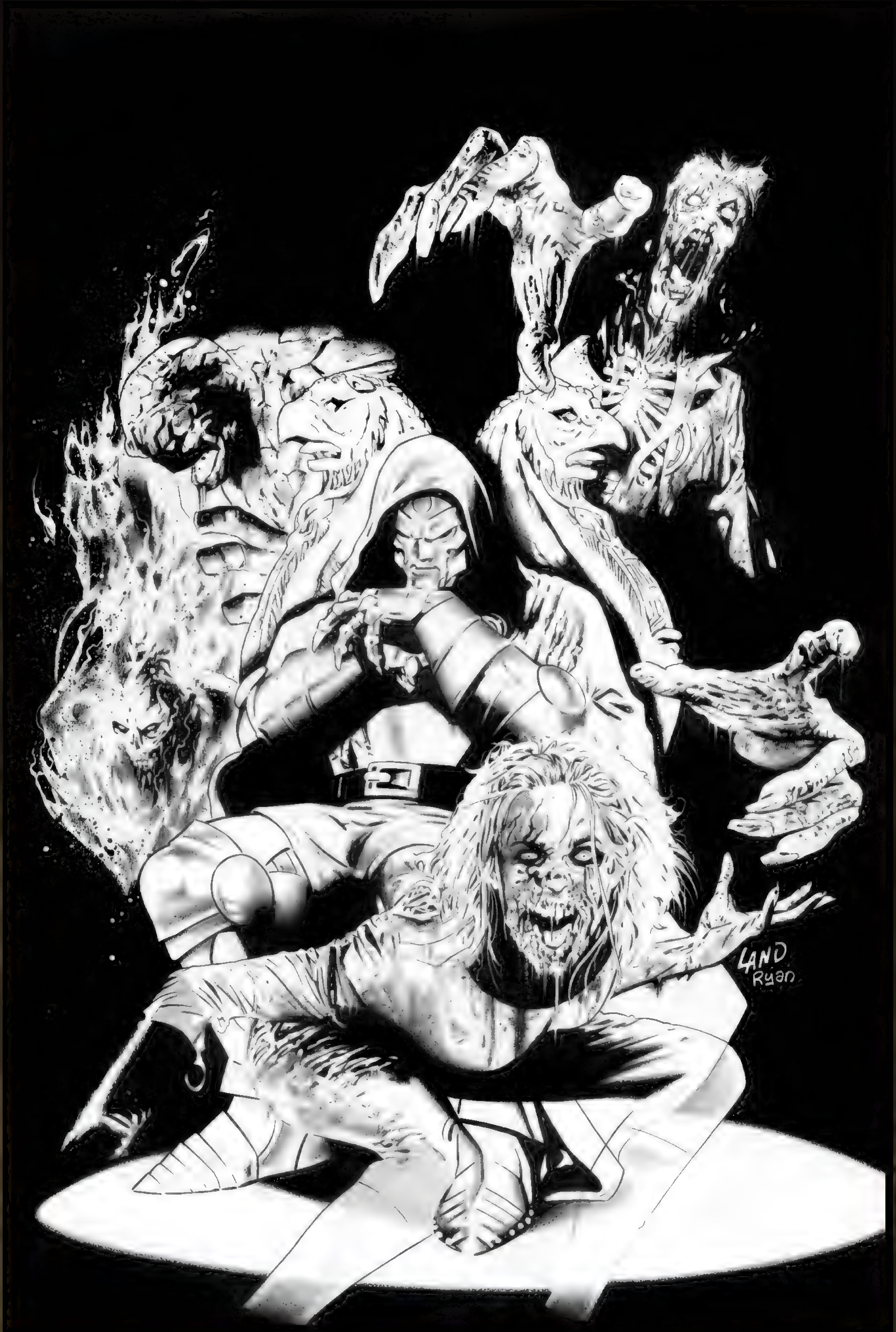
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just such a sucker for sensitive guys I start jumbling all my words together. You must think I'm an idiot.
My name's *Alicia Masters,* by the way. I'm studying sculpture at *the School of Visual Arts.*
Benjamin Grimm. I like to spend my time sitting in parks, crying.
What's with the sunglasses at night? You in a rock band?
I wish. No, I'm blind, actually. I didn't used to wear them all the time but a lot of people said my eyes *freaked them out.*
Blind, huh?
Thank you, God.
Excuse me?
Ah, nuthin'.
Y'know, a lotta people say I look like *Brad Pitt...*




LATVERIA:
The Thing has found a mate?
How amusing.


One more corpse for the pile, I suppose.
The plan begins tomorrow.

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #30 Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Justin Ponsor



ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #30 Cover Art by Greg Land & Matt Ryan

THE BLIND DATE:
Casa Mels
Is it just me or was that the worst Mexican meal of all time? I think I just swallowed *Speedy Gonzales.*
Protein's *protein,* Johnny-boy. What about *you,* ladies? Chicken enchiladas as good as they *looked?*
S EAT FREE!
day Nights
Mels
Happy Hour Drink Specials!
2 for 1 shots
$2 Domestic Drafts
5pm-7pm Mon-Thurs

To be honest, I'm not sure I'm the best person here to answer that question, Ben, honey.
Oops. Sorry, Alicia.
Could you guys order the key lime pie for me? I need to go to the little girls' room and powder my nose for a second.
Little girls' room? Powder her nose?
What's the matter, matchstick? Don't you like her?
Eh. She's okay.
She's more than okay, Johnny Storm. Tara Beckwith's one of the smartest people I've ever met. Did you know she had her first book published when she was twelve?
So? I wanna listen to intelligent conversation, I can eavesdrop on Reed and Sue.
Maybe if you valued brains over bust size, your relationships would last a little longer than twelve hours.
You say that like it's a bad thing, Miss Masters.

Aw, Alicia just wants you to be happy like *we're* happy, Torchy. Ain't that right, hamster cheeks?
Absolutely, sugarplum.
Uh, barf bag for *table nine,* please, waiter.
Holy crap!
This place got *drive-through* now?
Wh-what *happened,* Ben? What's *going on?* Is everyone *okay?*

Everything's fine, hon.
Johnny's on the case.
Stark International? Hell, you're *miles* away, buddy. The best thing to do *now* would be to--
Holy $@!&!
Gene
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
Omigod! OMIGOD! OMIGAWWWD!

Easy, gorgeous. I got ya.
Man, I can't believe I'm clappin' and laughin' here, 'coz I'm just gettin' *fired* for what happened to that truck.
Well, my *insurance* probably went up by a third, but you gotta look on the *bright side,* fella. Just *enjoy the good times.*

Holy cow! I was, like, listening to this *song,* okay, and concentrating so hard on *the music* that I completely forgot how to work the *brakes* on that thing.
This happened *before* when I got stressed. Back when I was *practicing* for my *beautician exams.* Have *you* ever had a test that could, like, *change your life?*
I was so *nervous* I had a *nightmare* that my arms and legs were turning into *lipstick* and...
Shh. Don't say another word...
I think I just met the future *Mrs. Johnny Storm.*
UGH!
Uh, are you *okay?*
Please.
Call my Dad.
Quickly...

THE BAXTER BUILDING:
Could I have a second, please, Reed?
You can have *two,* Professor Storm. We're eighteen minutes ahead of schedule so there's *plenty* of time for some *light conversation.*
Why are you building a dimensional doorway into the zombie universe when you're supposed to be working on that five-sensory TV our shareholders are waiting for?
Actually, I finished the plans for the new TV over *breakfast,* sir. Likewise, that oxygen-powered engine *Sue's* team had been having problems with.
All my assignments are *way* ahead of schedule so I felt you wouldn't mind if I turned my attention to the *Zombie Fantastic Four* again.

I'm told you've found a way to reach their home dimension without a receiver on the other end this time.
Absolutely. A week from now, we'll be able to dump them back on their own world and not have to worry about containing the *super virus* anymore.
Aren't you concerned they'll just find a way back?
Ah, see. Now that's the clever part...
I found out that the only way the Zombie Reed was able to get in touch is because our universes are in perpetual orbit and have been *converging* for a short period of time.
Ten days from now, this convergence comes to an end and it's another fifty billion years before they're close enough to allow any more inter-dimensional *transfers.*
What if they break out before you *finish* this thing? Your *own* zombie double has been saying he's already figured a way out of that *cell* you designed.
He's bluffing. Trust me.
I'm not doubting your calculations, Reed, but wouldn't it be *more practical* and *less expensive* to simply put these creatures to *sleep?*

More *practical,* but *completely unethical.*
I'm sure I don't have to remind you that these are *sentient beings* we're talking about here.
Still playing *super heroes,* eh, son?
Excuse me a moment while I take this call.
Get him to the medical lab.
We'll be down there right away.
Professor?
DOWNSTAIRS:
What happened?
Nobody knows, Suzie. One minute he was fine, the next he was doubled over and clutching his guts.
I can't believe what a *big deal* you guys are making over this. All I did was eat a *bad enchilada.*

Get him to the *exam room! Quickly!*
AAAGGHH!
I'm *sorry,* Miss Masters, but it's only *authorized personnel* beyond this point.
Ben, please! Call me and let me know what's going on!
*I'll call as soon as I know **anything,** baby.*
What's *happening* to me, sis? Why am I *feeling* so bad?
I don't know, Johnny, but I promise we're going to find out. Reed designed a machine that scans every atom in your body and *diagnoses* any *illness.*
You're going to be *fine,* kiddo.
Trust me.

So?
The pictures back from the *drugstore* yet?
Do you want to tell him or should I, Dad?
You're infected with an extraterrestrial organism, son. It's been growing in your intestinal tract and our best guess is you ingested it during that trip to the N-Zone last year.
Somehow, we missed it during *decontamination,* but it's using your body like a buffet dinner and growing itself *exponentially.*
Translation, please?
Basically, you're *pregnant.*
Oh, man. I *knew* this was gonna happen, but all those lying skanks said it was *impossible.*
Not with a *baby,* Johnny. You're carrying some kind of *alien* that piggybacked a ride back from the *Nihil trip.* But that's not the worst part...

What are you talking about? And why's that *bald guy* from *the X-Men* here?
Professor Xavier said he'd help us glean some *information* on this creature, Johnny.
A biopsy helped us figure out where it came from, but we need to find out what kind of *danger* it poses.
Any luck, Professor?
I don't have a name, but it's definitely from the N-Zone. It eats organic material and seems to have selected Johnny because he was the most powerful member of the group.
It's an opportunistic culture. Completely unintelligent... but potentially devastating to every living thing on Earth.
How long do we have to get rid of it?
It hatches in just *seven days.*

THE HIMALAYAS:
I'm glad you got in touch, Crystal, because we need all the help we can *get* right now.
Is he going to be *okay?* I only know what I picked up on the *news channels.* They said he's carrying some kind of *alien organism?*
It's going to kill him in a *week.* The rest of us *too,* unless they bite the bullet and go for this *nuclear option* everybody's talking about.

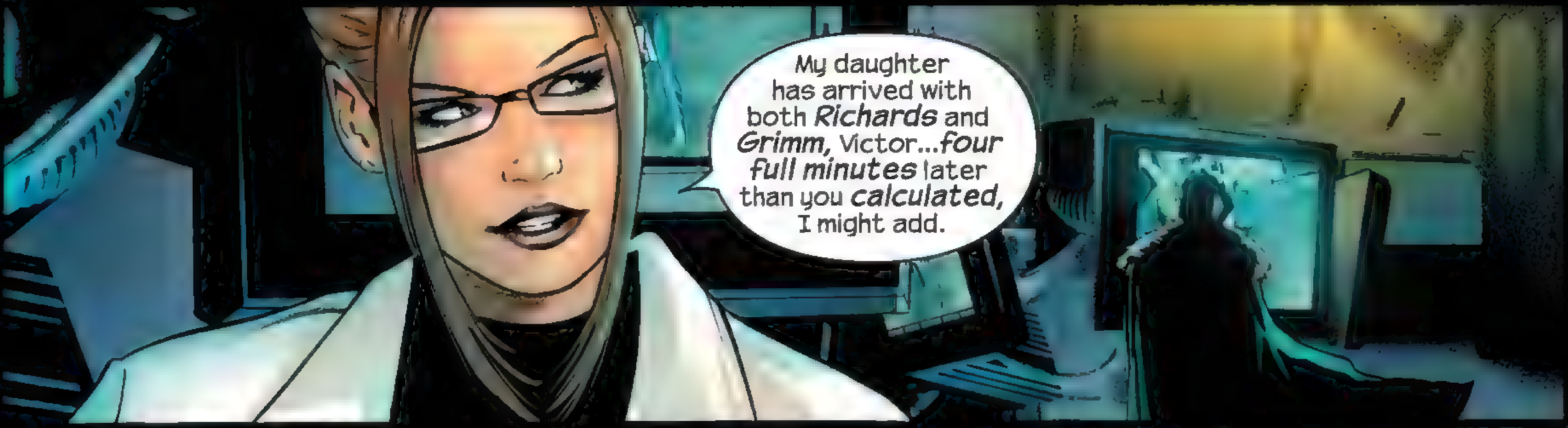
What do you mean?
Well, nobody knows how to remove it from his *insides* and if it grows to full size, we're *all* dead.
Dad says they're pushing him to dump Johnny in the N-Zone, and I really don't see how we can *avoid* it.
Will you *help* us?
I wish I could, but the rest of the royal family would lose their minds if they found out I was even *meeting* you here.
Black Bolt just refuses to have any *contact* with the human race. You saw what he did to the Great Refuge just because you were *breathing our air.*
Crystal, for God's sake. Your super-technology might be all we need to *turn this thing around.*
The *entire planet* is under threat from this entity and that means the Inhumans are in as much danger as *we* are.

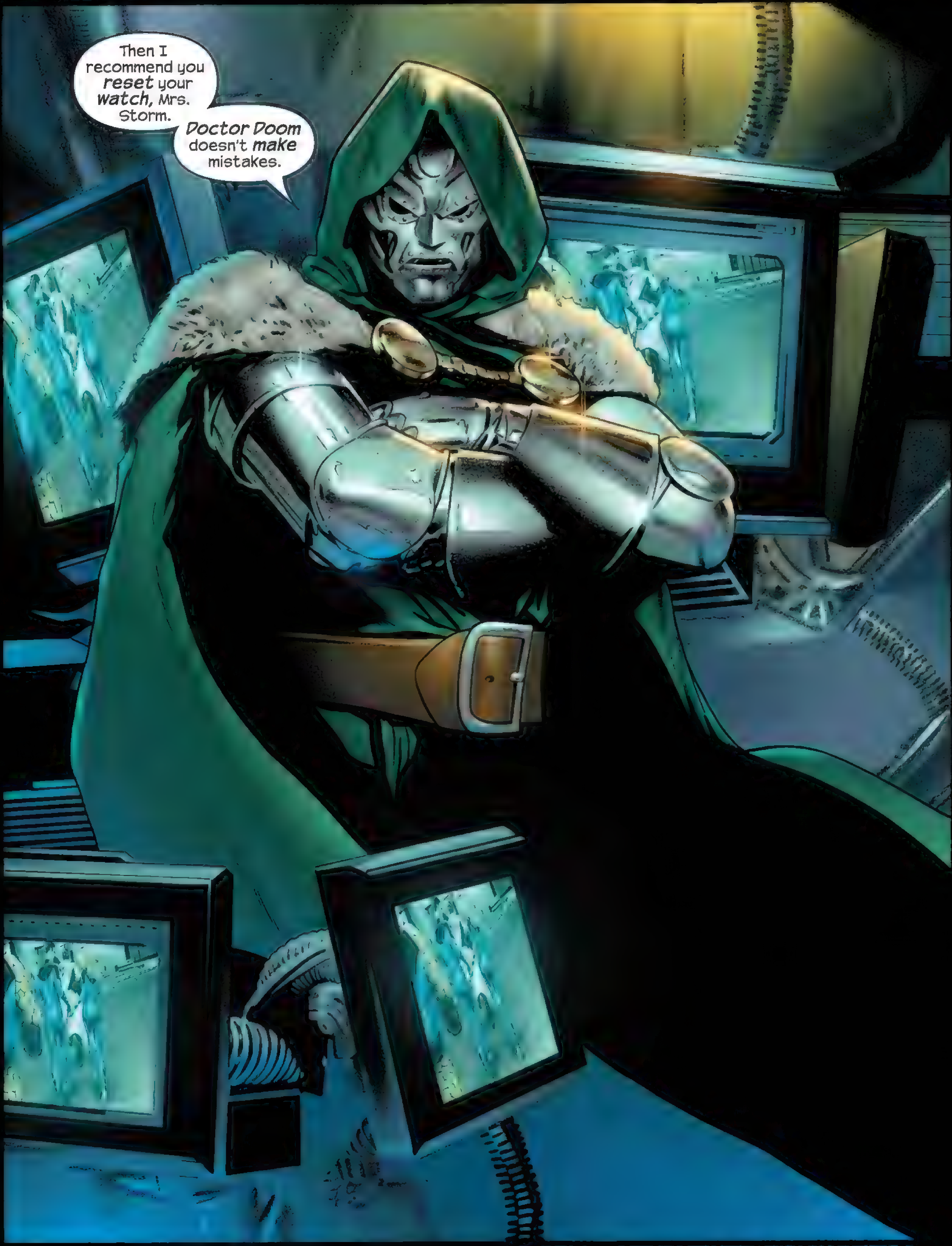
Not where we're living *now.*
So why did you want to *meet up?*
Isn't it obvious?
I wanted you to say *goodbye* for me, Susan.
THE BAXTER BUILDING:
Kirsty? Hey, it's Johnny here, baby. No, please. Don't hang up. I actually called to *apologize* about the way we broke up.
I'm sorry for being such a tool and... yeah. Yeah, I *am* kinda phoning around and...thanks. Thanks, sweetheart. That really means *a lot* to me.

UPSTAIRS:
Then allow me to explain the situation one more time--every scientist we know has been working on this for forty-eight hours and *nobody's* been able to *save* him.
We've traveled to the four corners of the globe and tried everyone from *Thor's* contacts to *Namor* and absolutely *zero progress* has been *made* here.
I'm doing my best to *help* you guys. Everyone else wants to see you *destroyed*, but I'm *trying* to be *humane.*
Can't you even extend me the same *courtesy?*
SUDOKU

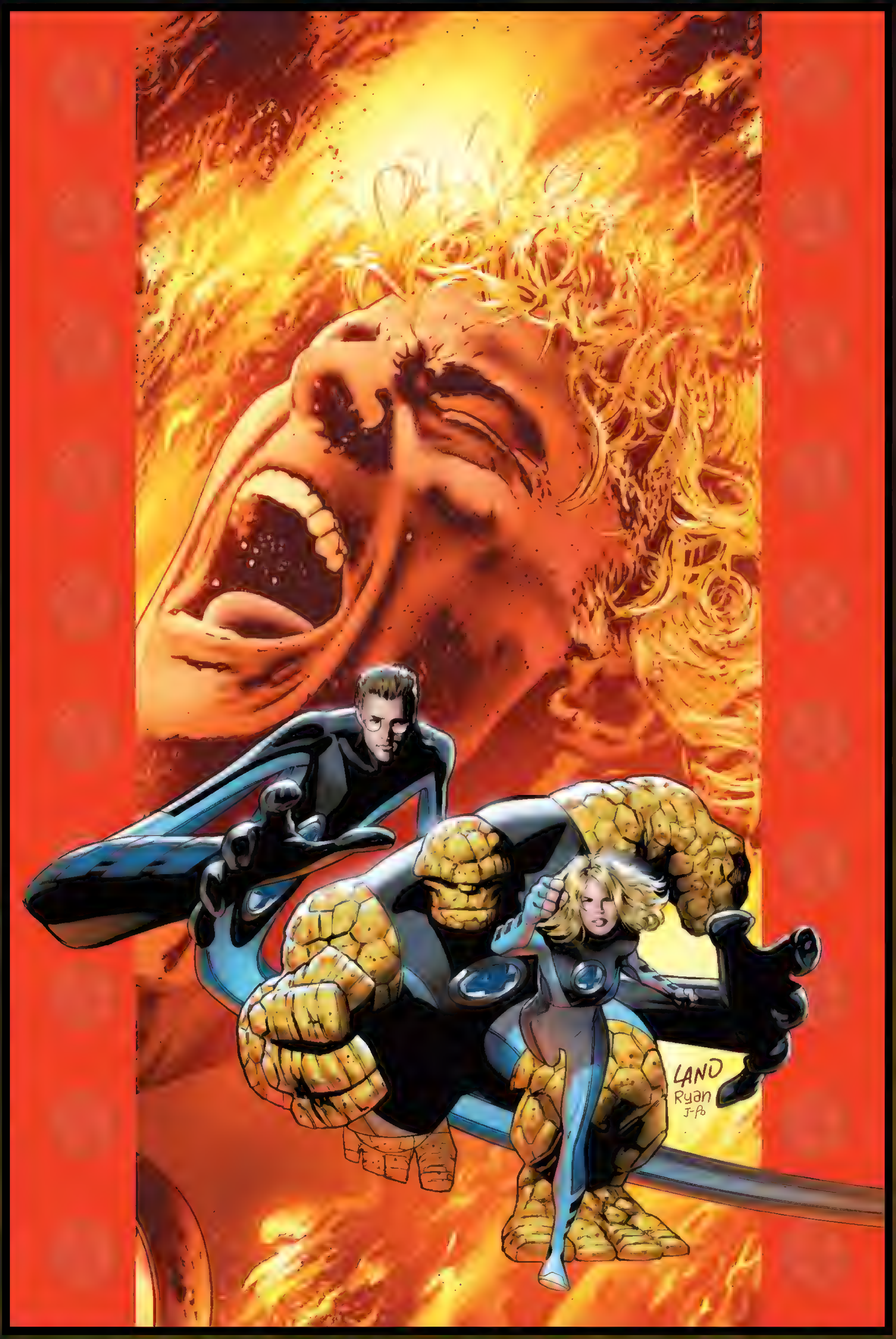
No.
Take away their pens and paper and anything else that's keeping them *sane* in there. No more *crosswords,* no more *sudoku,* no more *word puzzles...*
You really think we *care,* little Reed? "The Frightful Four" are breaking out of here in a few hours, *anyway.*
Any *more* bright ideas?
Nothing, Ben. I'm just absolutely *done.* I've tried everyone and everything I can possibly *think* of, but there's just no way *out* of this.
There's still *one* guy you ain't called, Stretcho...
...an' you know who I'm *talkin'* *about.*

LATVERIA:
Welcome to *Latveria,* my friends, home of the beloved *Victor Van Damme* and the fastest-growing economy in the *history of civilization.*
Did you know in just *six short months* the good doctor has turned us from a *bankrupt, peasant nation* into the *ninth richest country* on *Earth?*
I hope you know what you're *doing* here, Reed.


My daughter has arrived with both *Richards* and *Grimm,* Victor...*four full minutes* later than you *calculated,* I might add.

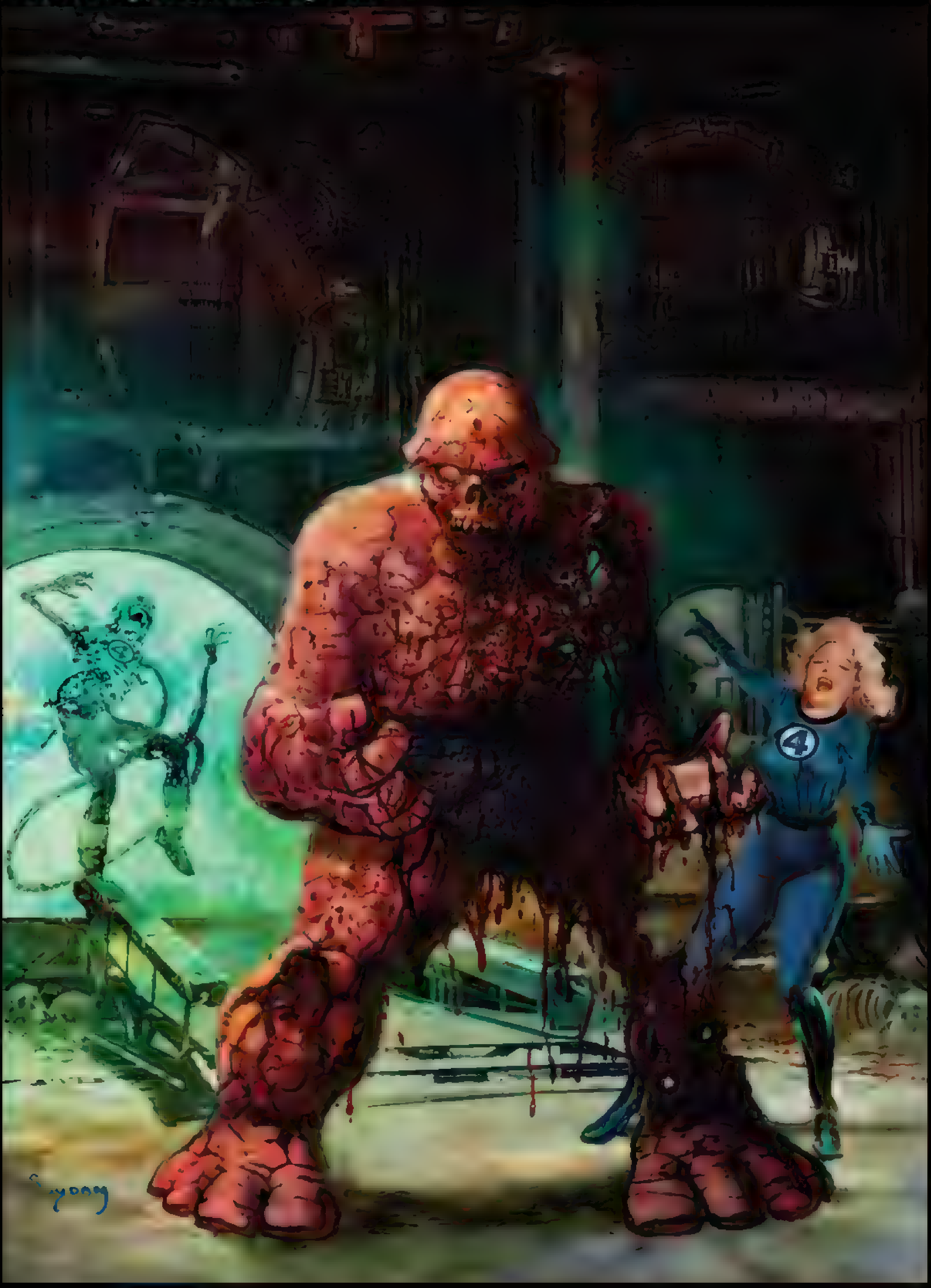

Then I recommend you *reset* your *watch,* Mrs. Storm.
Doctor Doom doesn't *make* mistakes.

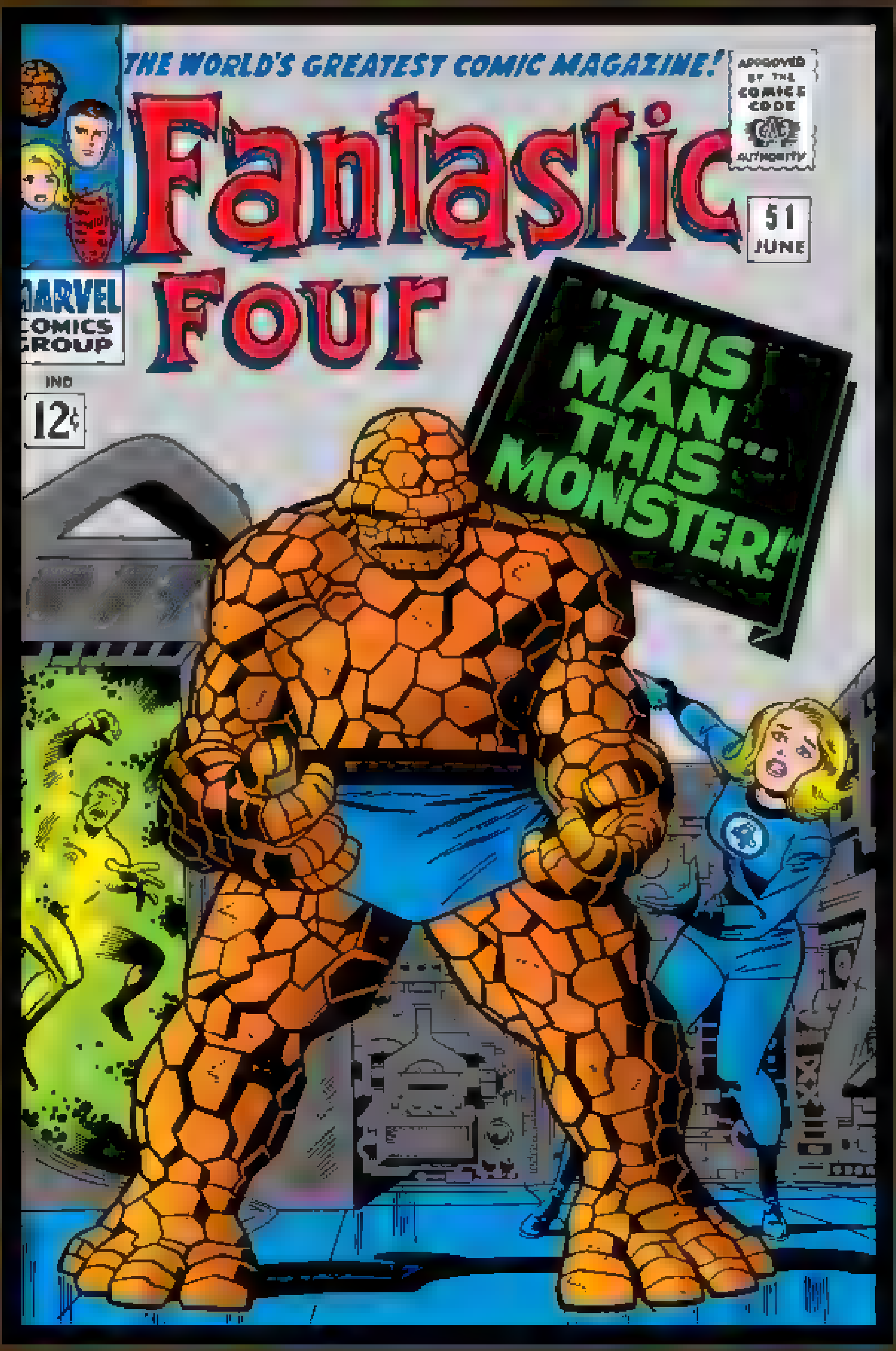
Reed?
Johnny?
Ben?
I think it's time we made our *move,* boys...


LAND
Ryan
J-Po

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #31 Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Justin Ponsor

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #31 Zombie Variant
Cover by Arthur Suydam

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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12¢
51 JUNE
"THIS MAN... THIS MONSTER!"

FANTASTIC FOUR #51 (June 1966)
Cover by Jack Kirby & Joe Sinnott

Arguably the most iconic Fantastic Four *cover of all time, the Jack Kirby art that adorns FF #51 is a tribute to both the pathos of the Thing and the high drama of life with Marvel's First Family. "This Man, This Monster" proved that the nobility of the Fantastic Four was as influential as their great super-powers.*

"Sometimes I got it a little bit better than others, but I was always shooting for Marilyn Monroe with Sue.

"This comic is one of my favorite stories of all time from the Marvel Universe. The protagonist ends up sacrificing his own life after having a change of heart, when during the entire story he's trying to do the FF in. He really has them over a barrel where they're all going to be rubbed out and at the end he has a change of heart and ends up sacrificing his own life to save them. Oh, that really touched me. It struck a chord with me and stayed with me all these years. If I had to pick one Marvel story to be my favorite Marvel story of all time, it would be 'This Man, This Monster.' It was a great soap story."

THE BAXTER BUILDING:
What the hell have you got behind your *back,* Richards?

This? Oh, this is just a *pen,* Sergeant Ayers. A ballpoint pen I've been using for all my little number-games and puzzles.
It's nothing special. I gather you can buy this particular brand almost *anywhere.* They come in *black* and *red* if you don't like *blue.*
Don't *play games* with me, freak! What have you done to that *pen?*
Tell them, Reed. Tell them how you've *customized* it.
Well, I wouldn't want to *brag,* Susan. It was a long shot, of course, but it's amazing what you can do when you distill a little ink and add it to the chemicals in our food.
Can you believe I found a way to use a strand of hair as a *keyboard?* I've already selected our *coordinates...*
What the hell are you *talking* about?
I don't *like* this, Sergeant. Should we hit the *gas?*

Our *teleportation* coordinates.
We've decided the *infection* of your world should begin in *Central Park*.
He's bluffing.
You think?
Just because we like to eat *your* brains doesn't mean we don't have any of *our own*, Sergeant Robinson.
Stand together, everyone.
KLICKIT!

SWEET JEEZUS!
Can he really *do* that?
Of *course* he can do that! He might be a monster from a parallel Earth, but he's still *Reed Richards!* He's still a freakin' *genius!*
Hit the alarms.
EMERGENCY

Oh, God. Why did this have to happen when the *real FF* were in *Latveria?* I *told* them we shouldn't have given them pens and paper...
...I *told* them he'd be able to turn them into something.
I think it's safe to make us *visible* again, Sue, honey.

Turning a *pen* into a *teleporter* with *lunch ingredients? Are* you some kinda *moron?*
Sure he is, sis. Kentucky-*fried* moron...
Seal the cell!
QUICKLY!
"Seal the cell! Quickly!"
Not *this* time, little buddies...

Run!
Don't look back!
Just move, man! Move!
UNNH!
Force field.
Forgot *all* *about* that, *didn't* you?

Man, how great is it, eating something *alive* again after all those *steaks and burgers?* I *missed* the way these guys squirm! I missed the way *hot blood* tastes!
You better *believe* it, Torchy...
It's *slobberin' time!*
DOWNSTAIRS:
The zombies have *escaped?* So what are you doing wheeling me *away?* I need to get *up* there *now!*
You're too sick to go *anywhere,* Johnny...
Besides, your old man's closing off *level forty and upwards.* He's issued an emergency *quarantine order!*
C'mon, guys! Everybody out! Shields are closing in T-minus-ten!

Terry! For God's sake, hurry up!
Hold the door, Helena! Please!
HELENAAAAA!
The top half of the Baxter Building has been sealed, Professor Storm. The zombies have been *contained* and nothing can get *in* or *out*.
What about the *science-teams?* There must be forty or fifty *staff* up there...
I'm sorry, sir, but there's nothing we can do.

God forgive us.
Doctor Richards? This is Professor Storm. Can you hear me?
Ah, yes. Sue and Johnny's father. As I recall, you were the one who wanted to *execute* us. Correct?
Yeah, he was the bum that said sendin' us back to our home dimension was a big waste o' *moolah!*
We want to negotiate for the lives of the people trapped in there *with* you, Doctor Richards.
As you can see, the building has been *sealed* and escape is impossible, but if you promise not to hurt anyone I'm sure we can reach an *agreement.*
Oh, this is *funny.* I think he's trying to cut a *deal* with us, Reed...
He doesn't *realize* that everything we need's right *here.*
LABS THIS WAY

LATVERIA:
Victor.
Richards.
Looks like you've bought yourself quite a little *fan club,* huh?

Latveria is the most competitive economy in the world right now, Richards. I arrived in this hole with nothing but the clothes on my back and within six months made it as big as *Japan.*
If the locals are in *awe* they have every *reason* to be.
I take it you know why we're here?
Of *course* I know why you're here... your brother has a planet-threatening *entity* in his intestines and your boyfriend is incapable of *helping* him.
Could this really be the same, brilliant *"Mister Fantastic"* who told everyone it was *my* fault we were scarred in that *teleportation accident?*
Oh, I *hear* things, Richards... Even when I'm this far away I still *hear* things.

Okay, cut the crap and get down to *business,* freak-show. You *gonna* help Johnny or *not?*
Of *course* I'm going to help him. What *better* way to prove that I'm ten times smarter than *this* charlatan?
But I do have one *condition.*
Dr. Storm?
Ben, Susan... if you'd like to step *outside* for a moment.
M-Mom?
He bought my company and invested *billions* in my research, Susan. Not millions...*billions.*
We've stripped Atlantis of all her secrets. The lost libraries of the ancient world have been ours to plunder. We can do things you wouldn't *believe* now and it's all thanks to Victor.
He tried to *kill* us, Mom.
Seriously-- he blew up the *Fantasti-car* and tried to poison me with *gas.*

He's Johnny's last hope, darling.
This isn't the time for bearing *grudges.*
Well?
The creature's name is *Zvilpogghua.* The Feaster from the Stars. It was one of Lovecraft's *great old ones,* I believe, and cast into The Abyss by the ancestors of Atlantis.
Can you get rid of it for us? Can you send it *back* to the N-Zone?
It seeks out the most powerful form it can find and then *uses* that host to consume everything around it.
It says here it's been sleeping in the N-Zone for millions of years.

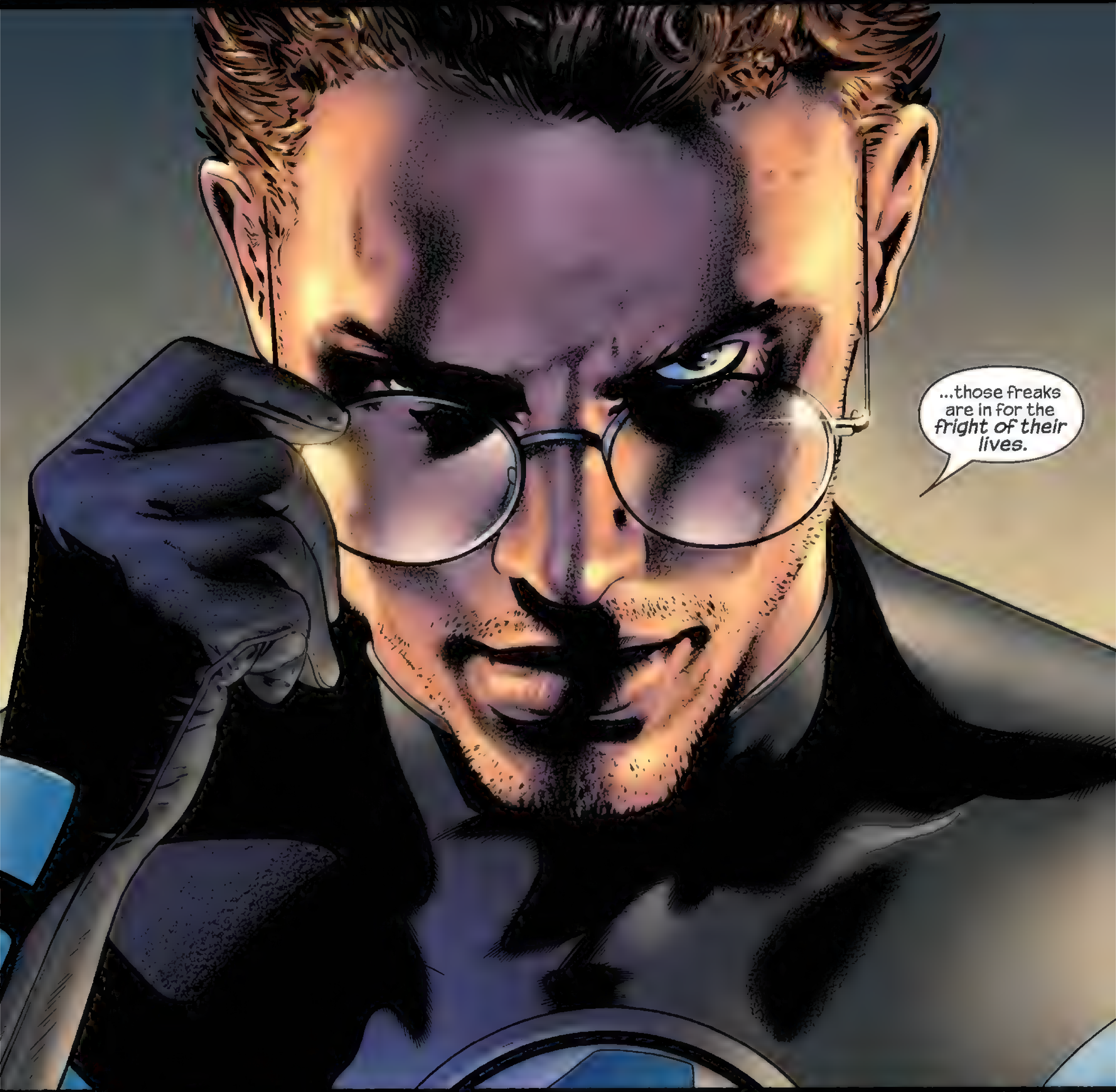
Oh, yes. According to these ancient texts it can be exorcised using the original spell the Old Gods used to banish it.
But one has to be very *careful* with these spells, Richards. One subtle mistake and this *entire world* will be consumed.
So what are we *waiting* for? Johnny only *has* a short time left...
Ah, but I think you're forgetting *your* part of this bargain.
What do you want, Victor?
What do I *want?* I want to be *you,* Reed. I want to be the leader of the *Fantastic Four.*
Not because I covet what you *have,* but because I know how much it *means* to you.
I know how much it's going to hurt if I take it all away.

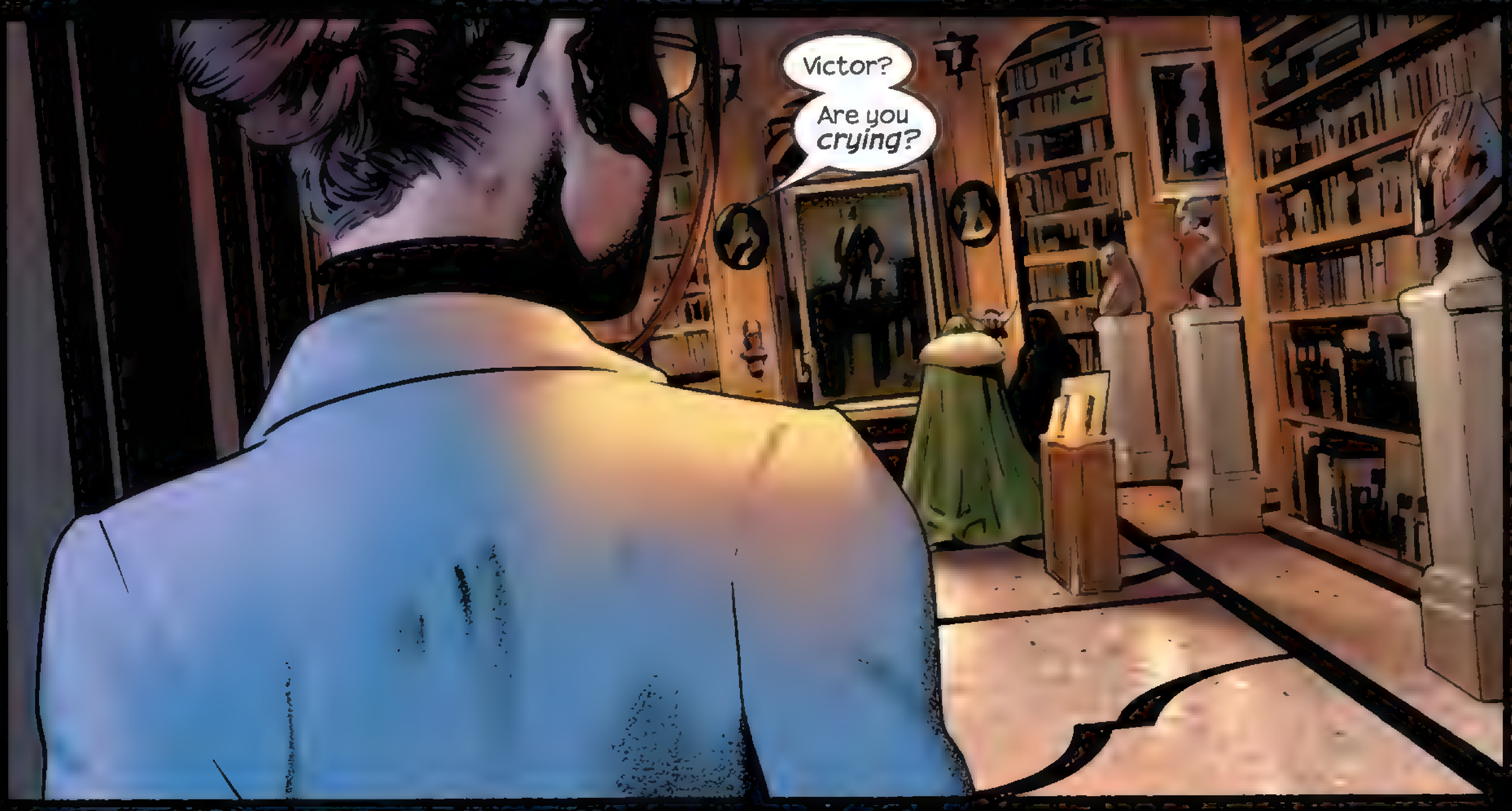
What do you mean? I don't understand...
My condition is that we *swap minds.*
The means are here in the pages of these ancient books and nobody except us would know our secret.
It's the only way to *save* him, Reed. Unless you agree to my generous terms, Sue's little brother gets dumped in the *N-Zone.*
You did this, didn't you?
You constructed this *entire situation...*
Johnny didn't bring this creature back from the Nihil trip. You *summoned* it here and *infected* him.

It seems you're not as stupid as you *look,* Richards.
But your dilemma remains the same--swap minds with me now and Johnny Storm is *saved. Refuse* my demands and he'll suffer for *eternity.*
Is he really worth less than your own *precious ego?*
Why, Victor?
Why are you *doing* this to me?
Because you told people I'd made a *mistake.* You told them the accident was *my* miscalculation...
...and *that,* dear trash, was an insult to my *honor.*

Now, time is of the *essence.* Sue's brother, as you say, has just a short while left. So tell me...
...what is your *decision?*
Holy crap! You gettin' this *emergency signal,* Susie?
What's happening?
Message from Dad back home. The zombies have escaped and taken over *the top half* of the *Baxter Building.*
We need to get out of here *now.*

Reed?
It's okay, Susan. Nothing to worry about. Victor and I just settled our differences like *gentlemen* and now we can be on our way.
He told me everything I had to do to exorcise this monster from inside Johnny. It's going to be fine, honey. *Trust* me.
Great, but Johnny ain't the *only* problem now. The zombies broke outta their cell and took over a chunk o' the Baxter Building.
Fine. So we *save Johnny first* and then crush the zombies *immediately afterwards.* I fail to see the *panic* here, Ben.
Uh, are you *okay,* Reed? You seem a little... *hyper.*
Never better, sweetie. Now fire up those engines and let's *get out* of here...


...those freaks are in for the *fright of their lives.*


Victor?
Are you *crying?*

THE BAXTER BUILDING, NEW YORK
Quarantined:
Good news, sir. Victor gave Reed everything he needed and they're going to be home in less than an hour.
Excellent. Thank you, Stephen. That's *something,* I suppose...
Lines are open if you want to try again, Professor.
Dr. Richards, this is Franklin Storm. We can see that you're finishing off that teleporter our **own** *Reed Richards had been working on.*
If you're trying to return to your home dimension, you have my word you will receive nothing but our full support.
Ha! You hear *that,* boys?
We're not trying to go ***home,*** silly man. We came here to spread ***the infection*** to ***your*** super heroes and that's still very much the ***plan...***

We're building it to bring our *friends* here.
Sound like fun?

ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #32 Cover by Greg Land, Matt Ryan & Justin Ponsor

LATVERIA, EARLIER:

Swapping brains with your *worst enemy* to save the life of a *friend?* How *noble,* Reed. Who would have thought an urchin like you could ever display such *class?*
Oh, God. Everything feels so *heavy.* I...I can't *breathe.* Victor, how could you *live* like this?
Stop *whining,* little pig. I've transformed you into the ruler of a *thriving nation* and the most powerful being on *planet Earth.*
Even if you *did* besmirch my perfect reputation. Even if you *did* tell people that our accident was *my* fault.
I'm far too *honorable* to leave you with nothing, like you left me.
Honor, after all, is what *separates* us from the *animals.*

NEW YORK CITY, NOW:
Landing pad's sealed off with the rest o' the roof so it looks like a bumpy stop in the *street,* guys.
Stop *worrying,* Sue. Victor's Atlantean spell book told me everything I needed to know to *exorcise* this thing from *Johnny's insides.*
Fine. Whatever.
He's going to be *fine,* darling. *Trust* me.
THE BAXTER BUILDING: floors forty to eighty sealed to contain the zombie Fantastic Four:

Reed! Thank God you're back. We figure the zombies are maybe *an hour away* from finishing that bridge to their *home dimension.*
Our shields can hold back a *zombie Ben* or a *zombie Sue,* but I don't think I need to say what happens if the *rest* of them come through...
Global infection by this time *tomorrow,* sir. I understand *perfectly,* but Johnny still remains my *absolute priority,* I'm afraid.
What?
Reed, Johnny's thing isn't going to hatch for *days.* Dad says the *zombie world* could be opened in an *hour.*
I *realize* that, Sue. But what you have to understand is that Johnny's specific powers are essential to the plan I've devised to *defeat* the zombies.
But surely *Thor* or *Captain America...*
Professor, would you please stop questioning my *judgment?*
I spent the entire journey home from Latveria putting a *battle plan* together and every detail has been constructed to the *fourth decimal point.*

Please.
It's *Mister Fantastic*, not *Mister Mediocre.*
Sit up *straight,* Johnny, and stop feeling *sorry* for yourself.
We've got forty-three minutes to get rid of that *Lovecraftian god* in your guts and then we have to go kill those *zombies.*
R-Reed?
Hired help?
Clear *the room.*
UPSTAIRS:
This is *hilarious.* Their little Reed Richards is finally home, but he's devoting all their resources to that problem with *Johnny Storm.*
So what? It's not like *that* little snot was ever going to reach us.

These *shields* might have locked us in, but they're also designed to withstand a *nuclear attack.*
That means we're *entirely self-sufficient* in here and can take as long as we *like* with this thing.
I can't wait to see the *guys* again. Can you imagine what their *faces* are gonna be like when we show them a world with six billion *uninfected?*
I think Ben, Thor and Hulk *alone* should be enough to shatter their *containment shields.* Maybe even just *Ben* and *Hulk...*
You've got it all figured out, haven't you, Reed?
Always.

DOWNSTAIRS:
I know this sounds a little weird, but I kinda owe the zombies my *life* now, don't I?
What do you mean?
Well, if they hadn't taken over the top half of the building, the military would have forced my dad to just dump me in the N-Zone.
But now they have to think of something else, right? Because they can't get near their *big machines.*
Don't talk *crazy,* Johnny.
Oh, I heard them, sis, and I'm cool with it. I mean, what's an idiot like *me* compared to all the people who'd die out there if this thing ever *hatched?*
Relax, boy. The only thing heading to the N-Zone now is *Zvilpogghua.*
Will it *hurt* when it gets ripped outta my guts?
Victor's *banishing spell,* I mean. Am I going to be in *pain* when it gets sent back to the *N-Zone?*

Well, I'm not going to *lie* to you, Johnny...
Okay, anyone who don't got super powers outta the *room,* huh? *Move,* guys! *Move!*
OUTSIDE
That's thirty minutes this exorcism's been going on, Storm. I can't believe you didn't just put a gun to his head and tell him to focus on the *zombies* first.
All they'd do is bounce back off, General Fury. He's *Mister Fantastic,* remember?
Besides, if he says the only way he can stop these things is with *Johnny* on his side, I'm inclined to believe him. He's not exactly famous for making *mistakes.*
Oh, yeah?
Sounds to me like someone forgot how they *got* these super powers.
"With this salt I sprinkle about, I banish all negative spirits out. Within this form you may not stay, I demand you now go on your way. With harm to none it shall be done..."
Reed? Reed, what's *happening?*

Whoa! You feel *that?* What the hell's going on down there?
Nothing that concerns *us,* darling. Just keep *working.* They can't get in as long as these shields are up, remember?
OWW!
General?
Picture and sound down right across the board, General. That wave of *energy* they just sent out nixed every computer we *got* out here.
Your *call,* Professor. My boys are ready as soon as you give *the word.*
Wait a second. *Audio's* back on. Audio's back and they're clapping and cheering...
Congratulations, Stretch.
Ya *did* it!

No. No, it was supposed to be *exorcised* from Johnny and banished into the *N-Zone.* But there's been a *mistake. I've* made a mistake, Ben...
I ...I've mispronounced the *Atlantean* spell and trapped the creature in the *physical world.*
What?
Oh my God! I've made a *mistake.* God forgive me, I've *doomed* the *entire planet.*
Nice going, brain-box. So what do we do *now?*
DUCK!
What's happening? Where's it *going?*
It can't do anything without a *human host* so it's off in search of the most powerful one it can *find!*

Oh my God.
Exactly.
Professor, this is Reed Richards! You need to get Thor as far away from here as you can!
Thor! Get down!
URGH!
I don't *get* it. What kind of host would it be *looking* for, Richards? Who's more powerful than *Thor?*

Sorry to burst your *bubble,* boys.
Now open those shields and let's *finish* this thing.
I ♥ NY
ON WAY
W 44

Alarms are going off. They're dropping their defenses and sending someone in as a last-ditch attempt.
Beautiful! That means we don't have to share the meat with everyone else ***back home!***
Oh, please let it be their ***Human Torch.*** Little freak deserves to die for that stupid hair ***alone...***
No time to ***mess around*** here, chum.
Vic Von Doom, huh? Man, don't tell me you're some kind of ***super hero*** on this crazy freakin' world...

Not *exactly,* Ben...
AAGGHH!
...but I'm all they've got right now.
Sue, pop a *force field* in his *brain, heart* or *eyes!* Quickly, this is *serious!* We can't let him jeopardize the *mission!*

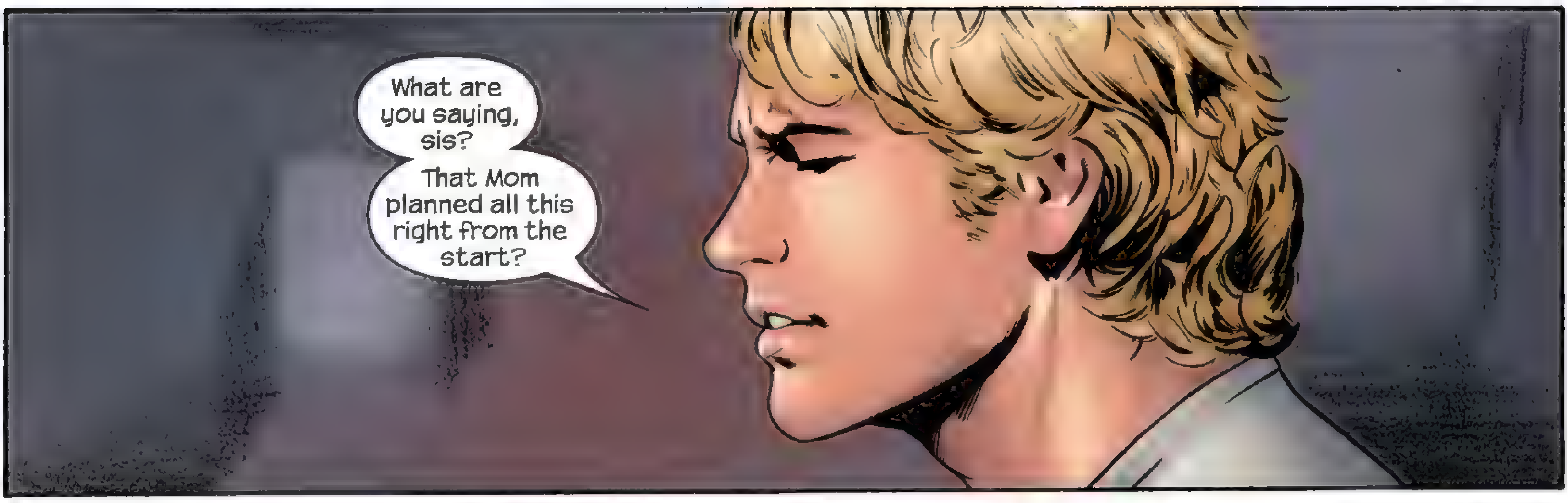
I...I'm trying, Reed, but I *can't.* It's like there's nothing there, but...
Cold, hard *steel...* even if you *could* get past my magical defenses. Victor learned to do *anything* from those spell books he found in the libraries of Atlantis...
How do you think you'd cope if I necrotized those half-dead bones and ligaments a little *further,* Susan?
Agh! You piece of crap! Bite him, Reed! Do something to *infect* him! *Hurry up! Hurry up...*
I've nothing you'd want to *eat,* my friend. That said, I can conjure up some little friends who'd be *more* than happy for a taste of all that lovely *necrotic tissue...*
What do you mean, you wretched freak? What the hell are you babbling about?
Let's start with *maggots,* shall we?

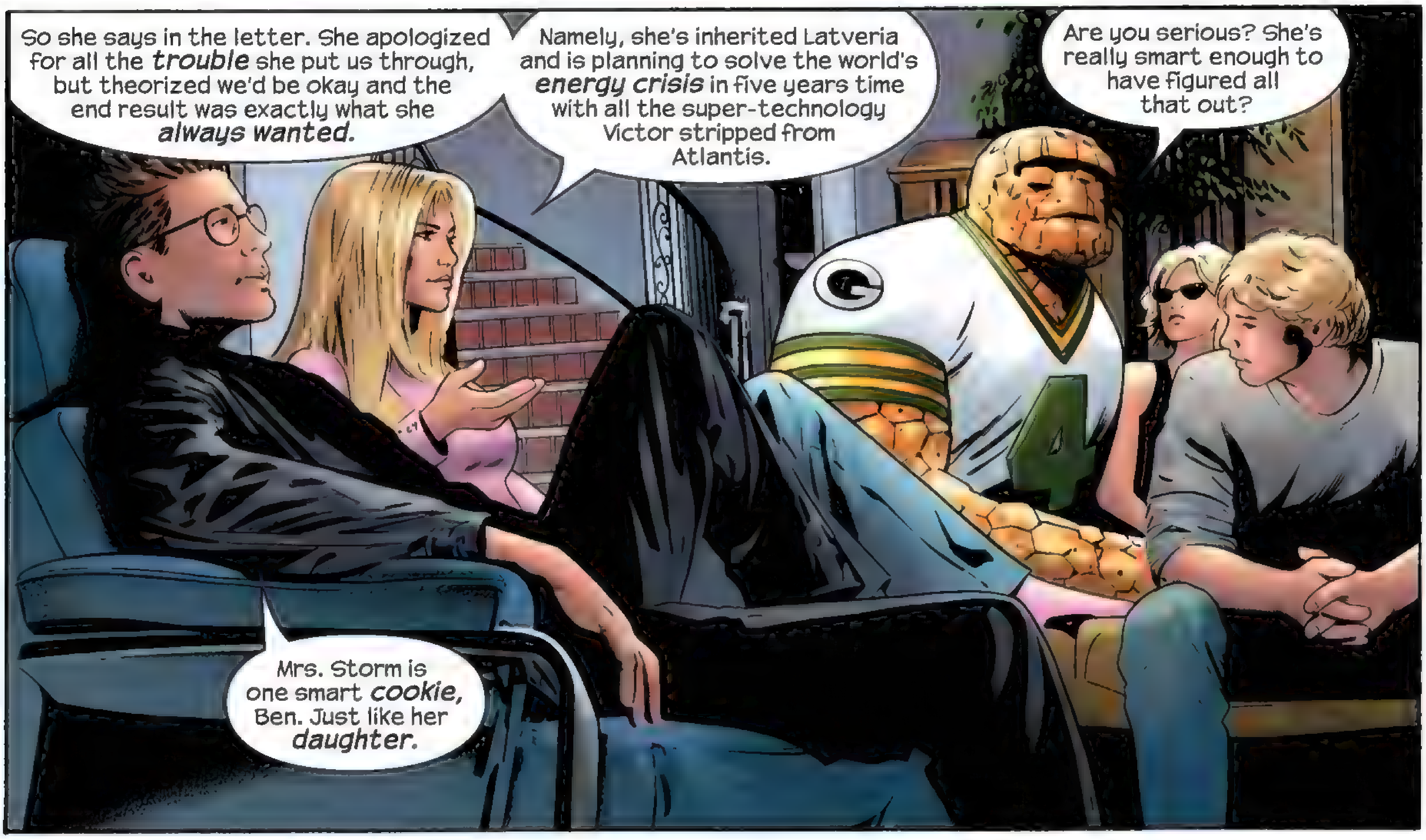
Victor, this is Franklin Storm. Audio's back, but we've still lost visual. What's *happening* in there? Have you managed to get the entity to the *teleporter?*
Absolutely, Professor, and the zombies are crossing over *with* us.
Our universes don't interface again for another fifty billion years, so I don't imagine either of them should give you any further problems.
Victor, I have to say... well, to be honest... I'm a little *shocked* by this sacrifice you're making on everyone's behalf.
It seems a great many of us have *misjudged* you over the years, son.
Oh, but this isn't *Victor,* sir.
Quite the opposite, actually.
Excuse me?
Do you want to tell him or shall I, Victor?

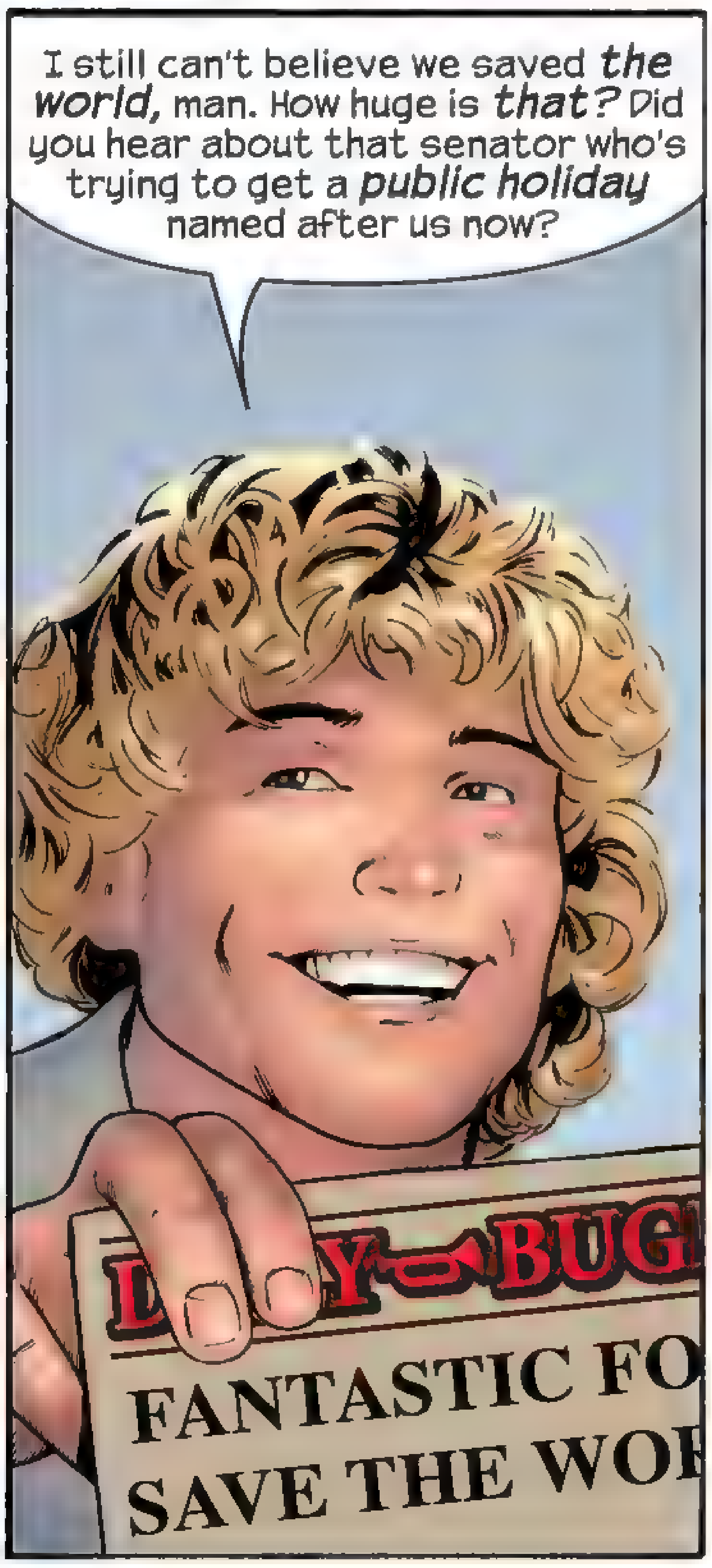
It's me. I'm Victor. I constructed this entire trap and told Reed he had to swap brains with me to save Johnny's life.
This pathetic miscalculation was my doing, Professor. I take full responsibility.
You son of a--!
Susan, please. Beating him up solves nothing. We've still got time here. We just need to put our heads together.
Actually, there isn't much time at all, sir. It's now or never, but I'm obviously ready to go through with this if it's the only option left.
Let's face it--it wouldn't be the first time I've suffered thanks to Victor getting his math wrong.
Don't be ridiculous. I am not without honor, Richards...

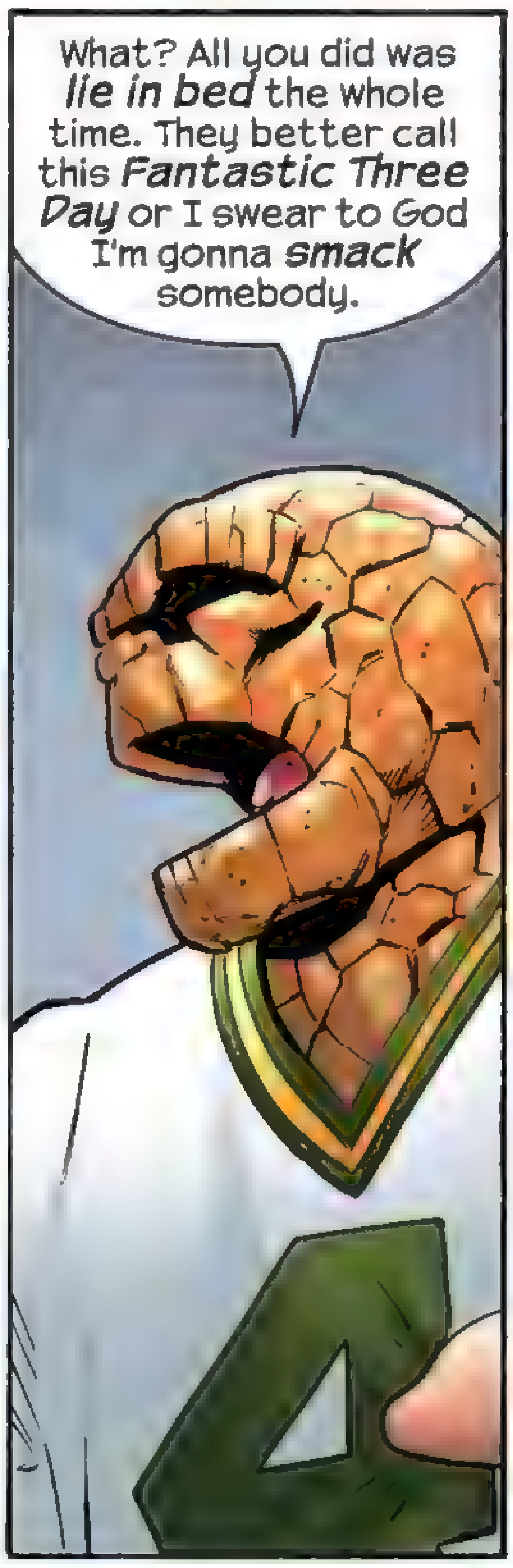
...and if you think I'm going to let *you* die saving the world you're out of your feeble mind.
Reed?
Izzat *you,* Stretcho? Did he beam you back into your *old bod?*
Guess we'll take that as a *yes.*
Just make sure the record books explain that it was Victor Van Damme who carried hungry *Zvilpogghua* in his breast and saved the lives of *six billion people.*
At least afford me *that* much...

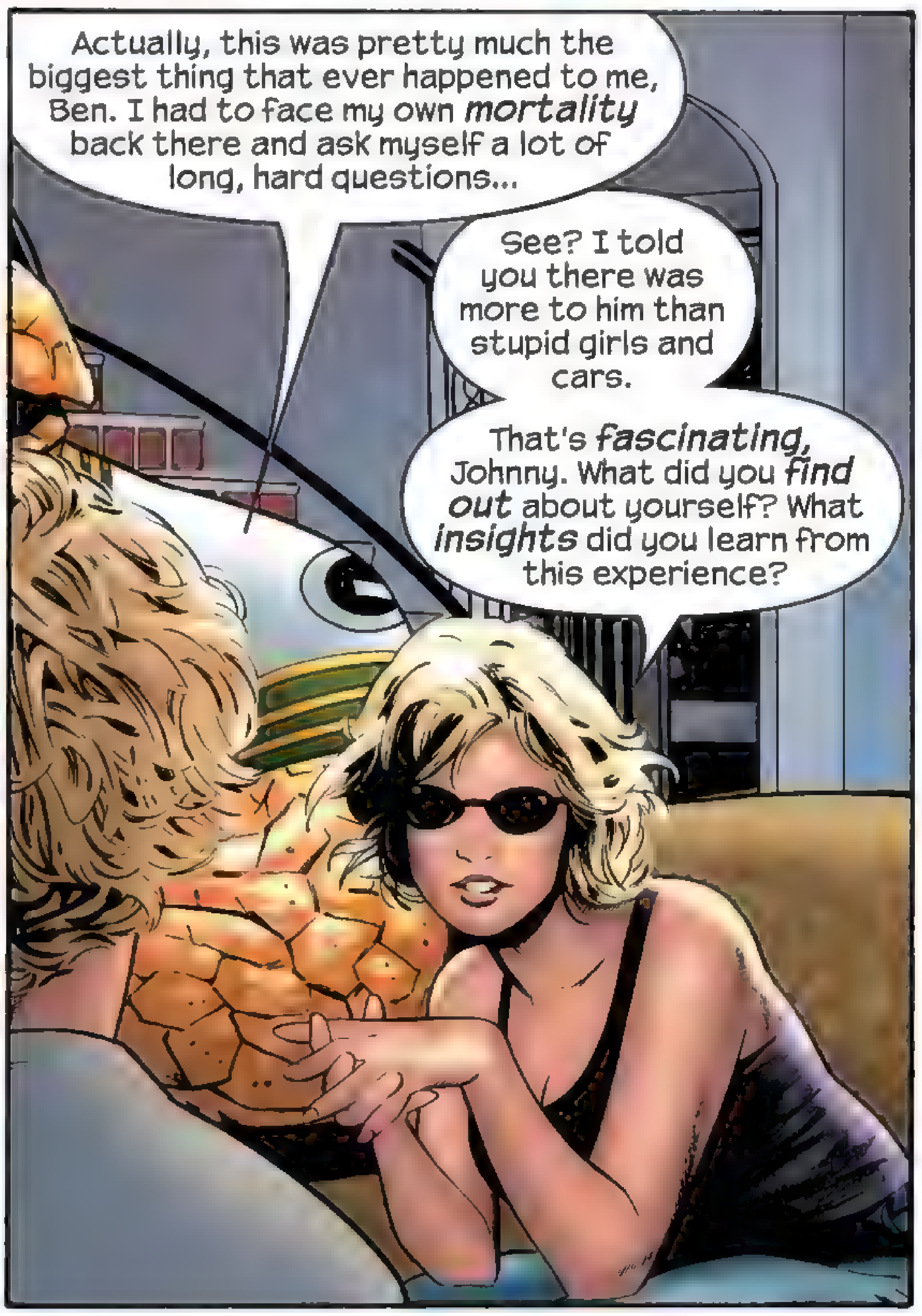
Hmph.
Well, this should be a challenge.
NEW YORK CITY:
DAILY BUGLE
FANTASTIC FOUR SAVE THE WORLD

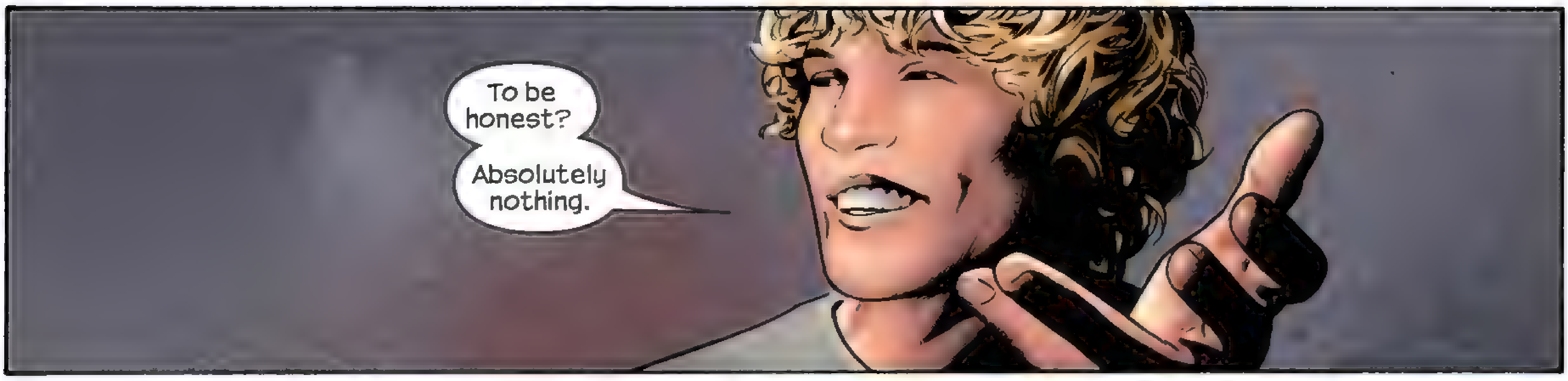

What are you saying, sis?
That Mom planned all this right from the start?

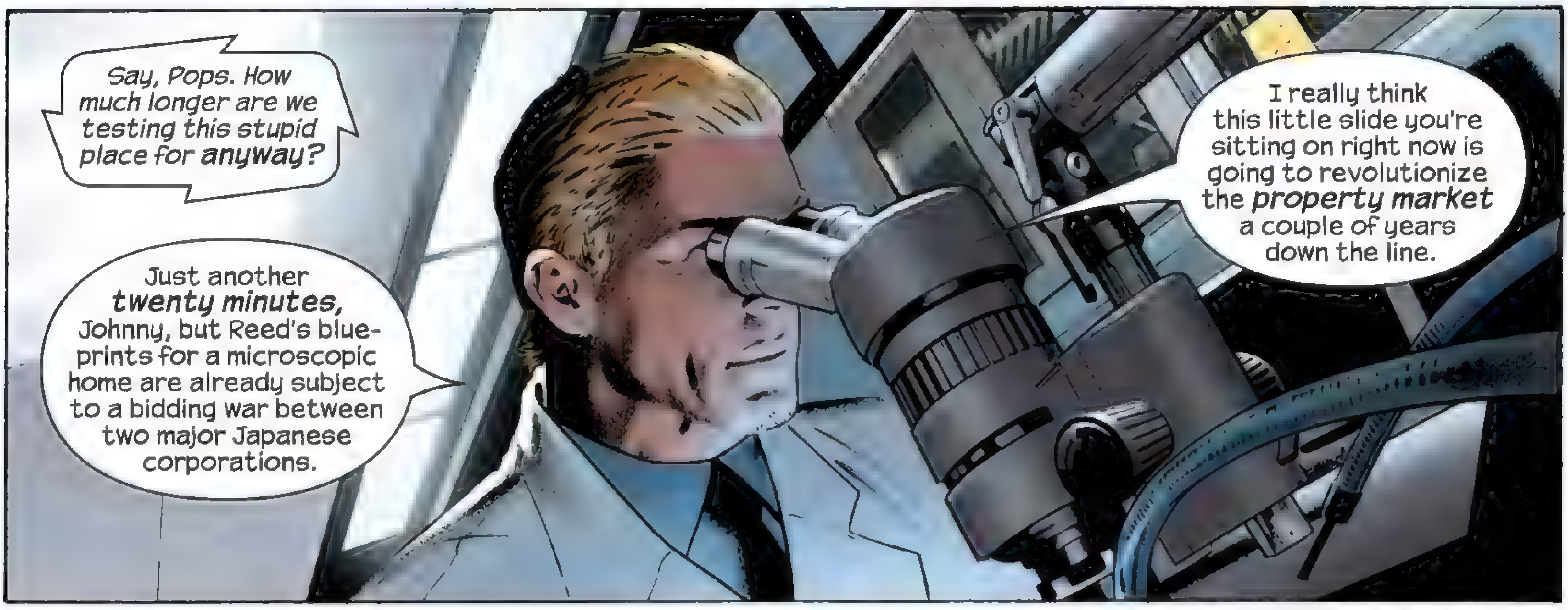

So she says in the letter. She apologized for all the *trouble* she put us through, but theorized we'd be okay and the end result was exactly what she *always wanted.*
Namely, she's inherited Latveria and is planning to solve the world's *energy crisis* in five years time with all the super-technology Victor stripped from Atlantis.
Are you serious? She's really smart enough to have figured all that out?
Mrs. Storm is one smart *cookie,* Ben. Just like her *daughter.*

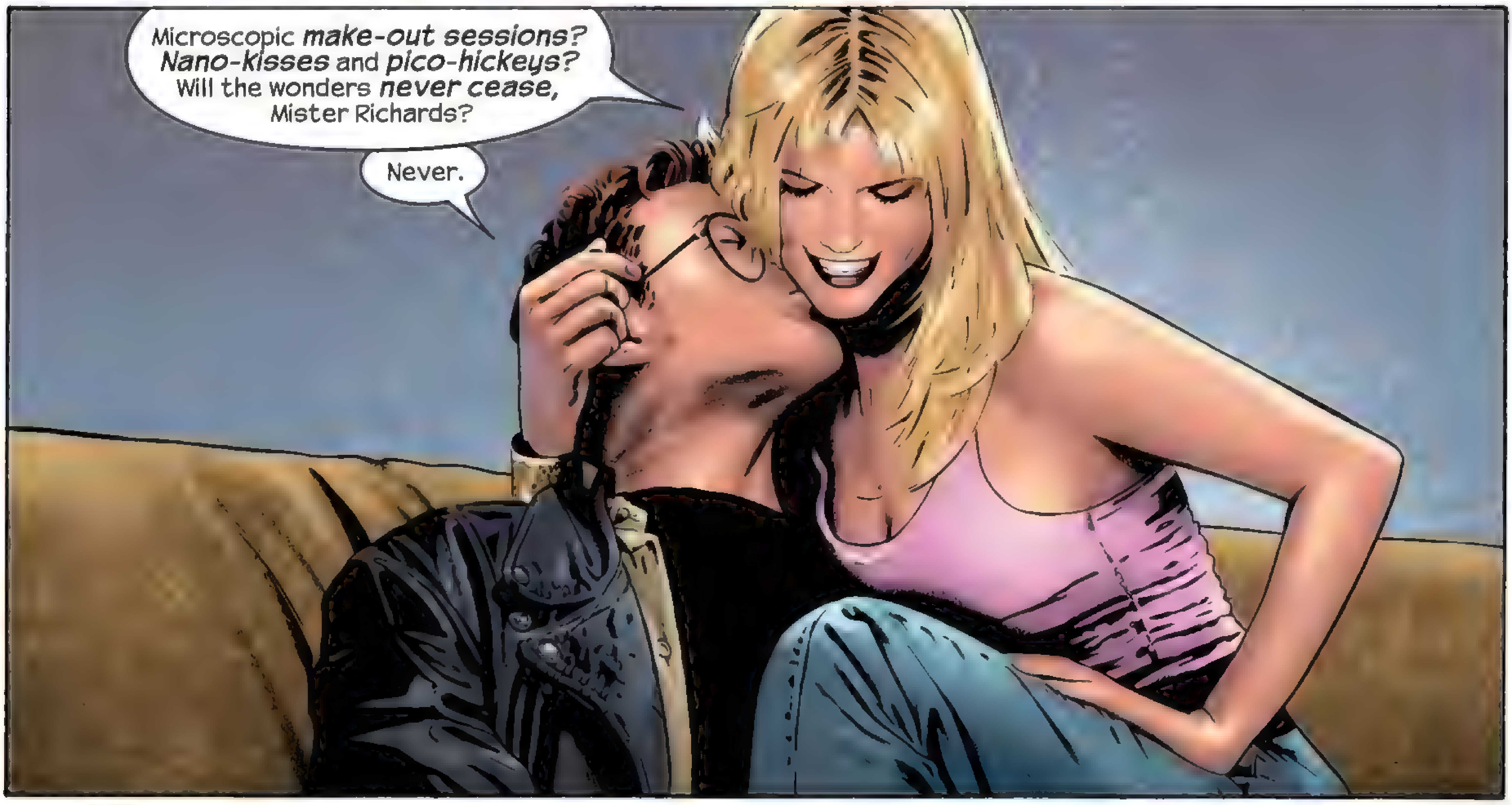

I still can't believe we saved *the world,* man. How huge is *that?* Did you hear about that senator who's trying to get a *public holiday* named after us now?
FANTASTIC FO
SAVE THE WO

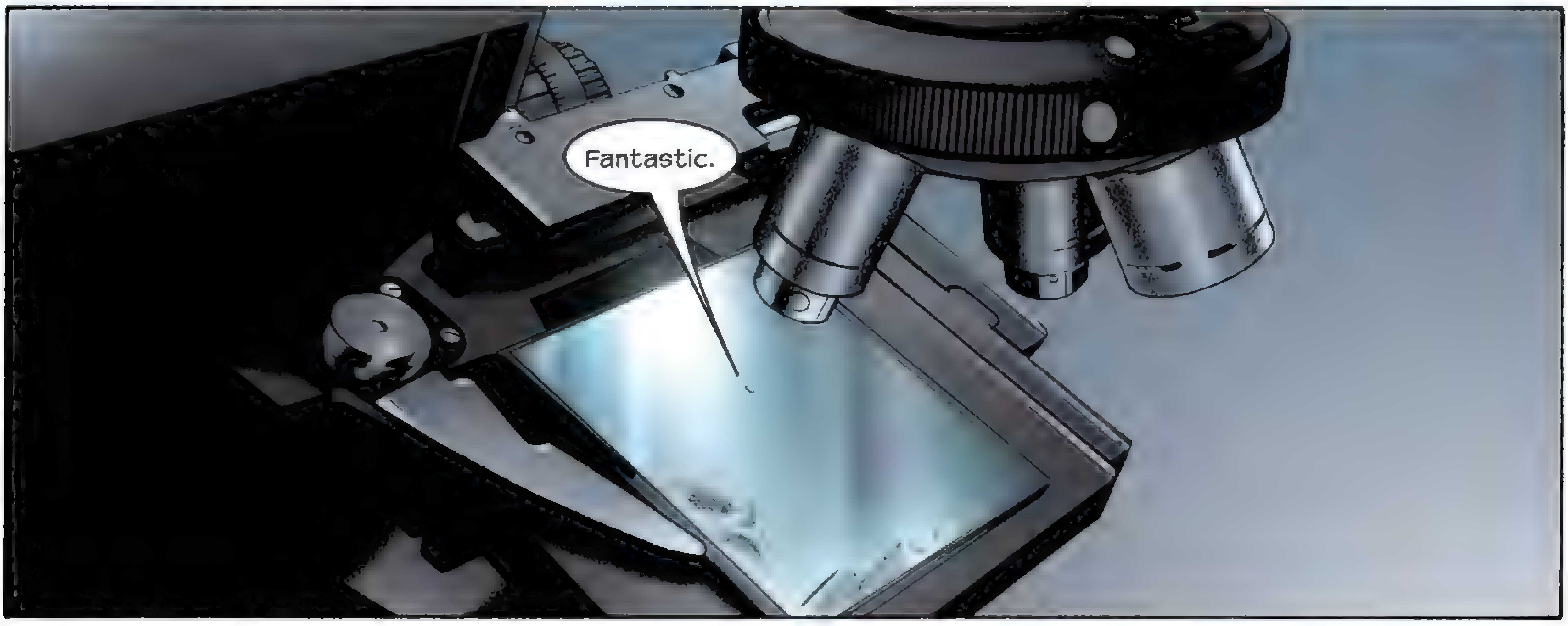

What? All you did was *lie in bed* the whole time. They better call this *Fantastic Three Day* or I swear to God I'm gonna *smack* somebody.

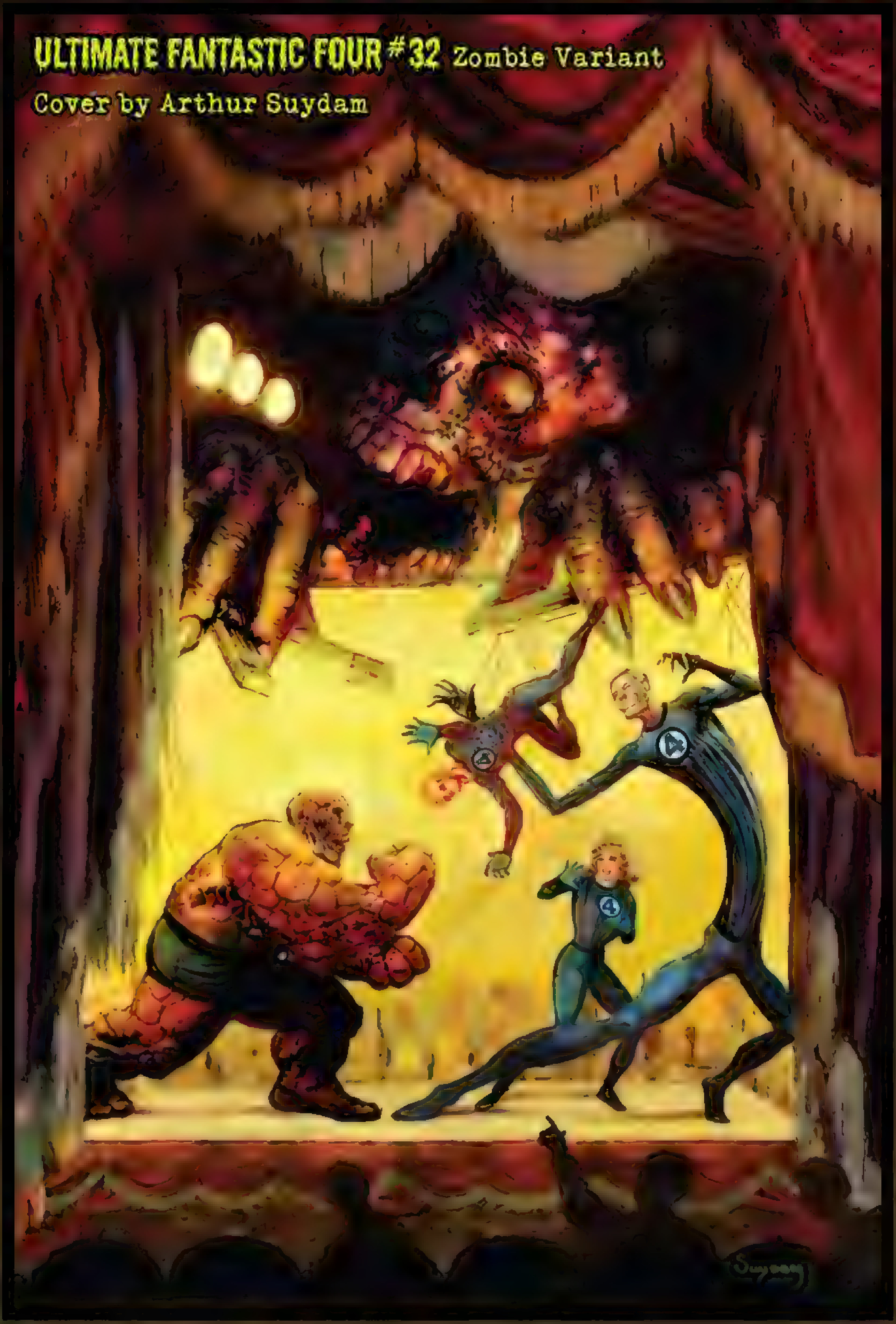

Actually, this was pretty much the biggest thing that ever happened to me, Ben. I had to face my own *mortality* back there and ask myself a lot of long, hard questions...
See? I told you there was more to him than stupid girls and cars.
That's *fascinating,* Johnny. What did you *find out* about yourself? What *insights* did you learn from this experience?


To be honest?
Absolutely nothing.


Say, Pops. How much longer are we testing this stupid place for anyway?
Just another twenty minutes, Johnny, but Reed's blueprints for a microscopic home are already subject to a bidding war between two major Japanese corporations.
I really think this little slide you're sitting on right now is going to revolutionize the property market a couple of years down the line.

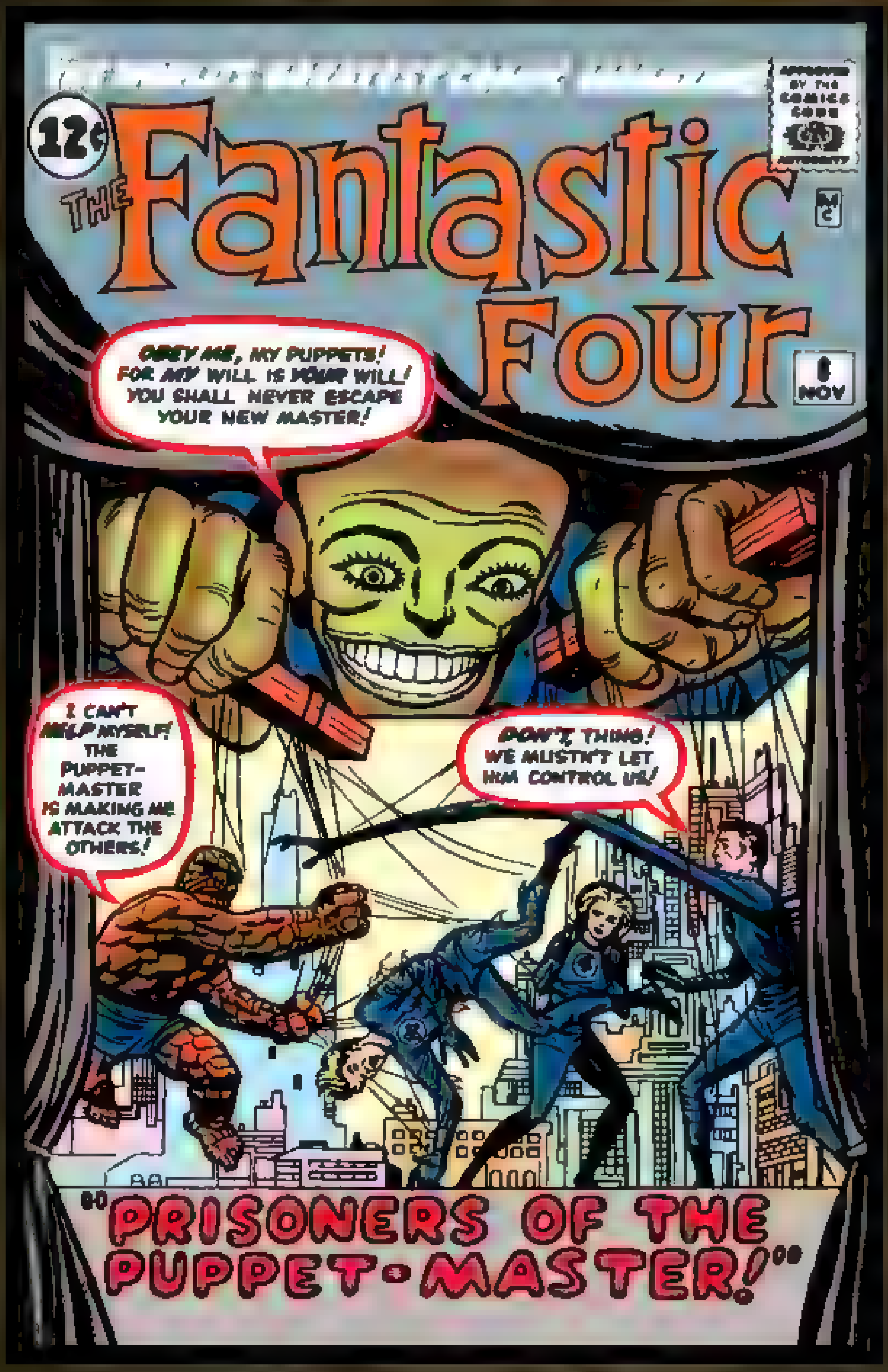

Microscopic make-out sessions? Nano-kisses and pico-hickeys? Will the wonders never cease, Mister Richards?
Never.


Fantastic.



ULTIMATE FANTASTIC FOUR #32 Zombie Variant

Cover by Arthur Suydam



12¢
THE Fantastic Four
8 NOV
OBEY ME, MY PUPPETS! FOR MY WILL IS YOUR WILL! YOU SHALL NEVER ESCAPE YOUR NEW MASTER!
I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! THE PUPPET-MASTER IS MAKING ME ATTACK THE OTHERS!
DON'T, THING! WE MUSTN'T LET HIM CONTROL US!
"PRISONERS OF THE PUPPET-MASTER!"

FANTASTIC FOUR #8 (November 1962)

Cover by Jack Kirby & Dick Ayers

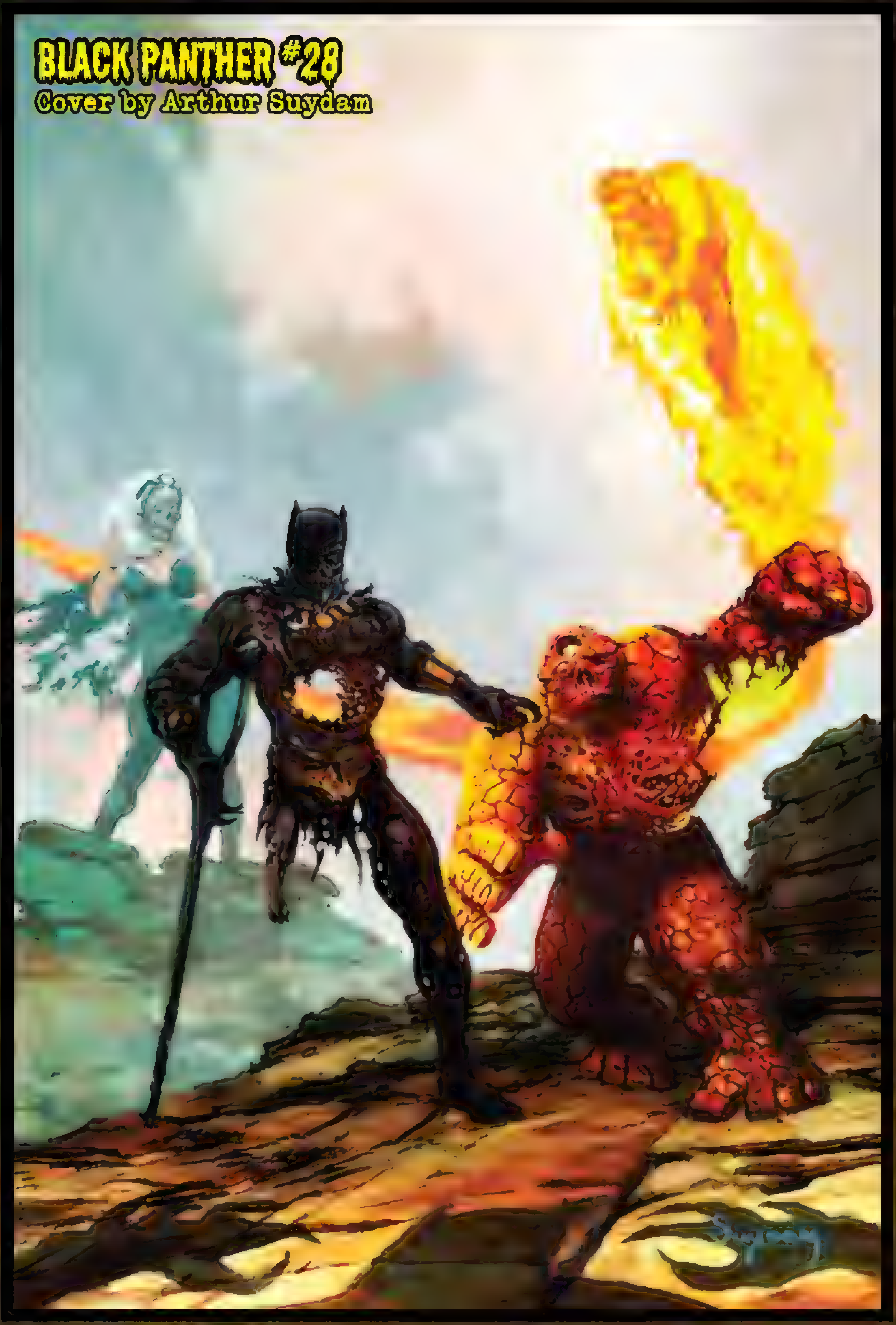
Stan and Jack merged the childlike love for puppets with the eerie qualities of the Puppet Master to great effect in this classic issue of FF. Besides ushering in the first appearance of the Puppet Master, this issue also debuted Alicia Masters, the blind sculptress who would eventually fall in love with the Thing.

"This is another comic that was one of my favorites of all time: the tragic Puppet Master story with the radioactive clay and the blind daughter who becomes the love interest of Ben Grimm; that one really stuck with me. I love the whole voodoo concept of creating dolls and being able to control characters. That was one that I couldn't wait to sink my teeth into to try and do a new image, paying homage to that particular cover.

"This was hard to do because the Puppet Master is in the shadows. There are so many elements to this picture. It's a little bit different than most of the others because usually when you're creating an illustration, you have a center of interest where there's one spot where the eye goes. In comic illustration, that's often not the case. The artist may have the focus of the picture going everywhere. This was one of those images where you have a character at the top, some at the bottom, some off to the left and right, and they're almost all of equal importance.

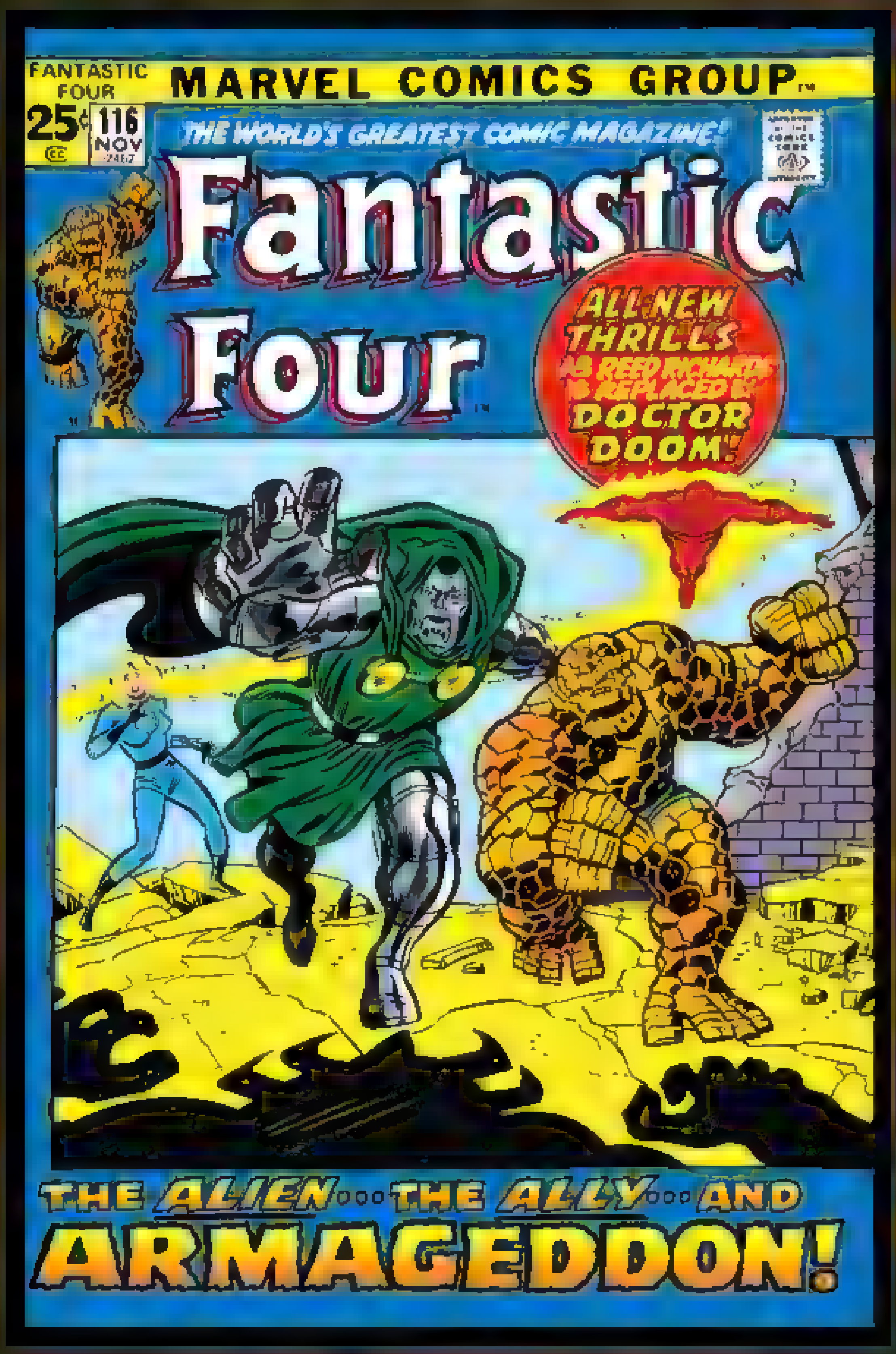
"Once again, it's how to put all these elements together to try to get the reader's eye to follow where you want it to go. When I'm designing these things, they're like little chess games. You work out a strategy for the order in which you want the characters in the picture to be viewed so that they are reading the story the way you're trying to tell it. The way I was able to do that was with the lighting: creating the very strong lighting at the bottom, and then having some of it reflect up to the Puppet Master.

"Those spotlights in the background were the last things that I added into the painting. When I initially finished it, I did not have them in and I was doubting myself over whether the painting was telling the story that this is a show that's being put on, that this is a performance on a stage. I was scratching my head and still looking for something to communicate the story, especially since this was very dark with a lot of things hidden away in the shadows. So those lights were the last thing I added."



BLACK PANTHER #28

Cover by Arthur Suydam



FANTASTIC FOUR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 116 NOV
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
Fantastic Four
ALL-NEW THRILLS AS REED RICHARDS IS REPLACED BY DOCTOR DOOM!
THE ALIEN... THE ALLY... AND ARMAGEDDON!

FANTASTIC FOUR #116 (November 1971)

Cover by John Buscema & Joe Sinnott

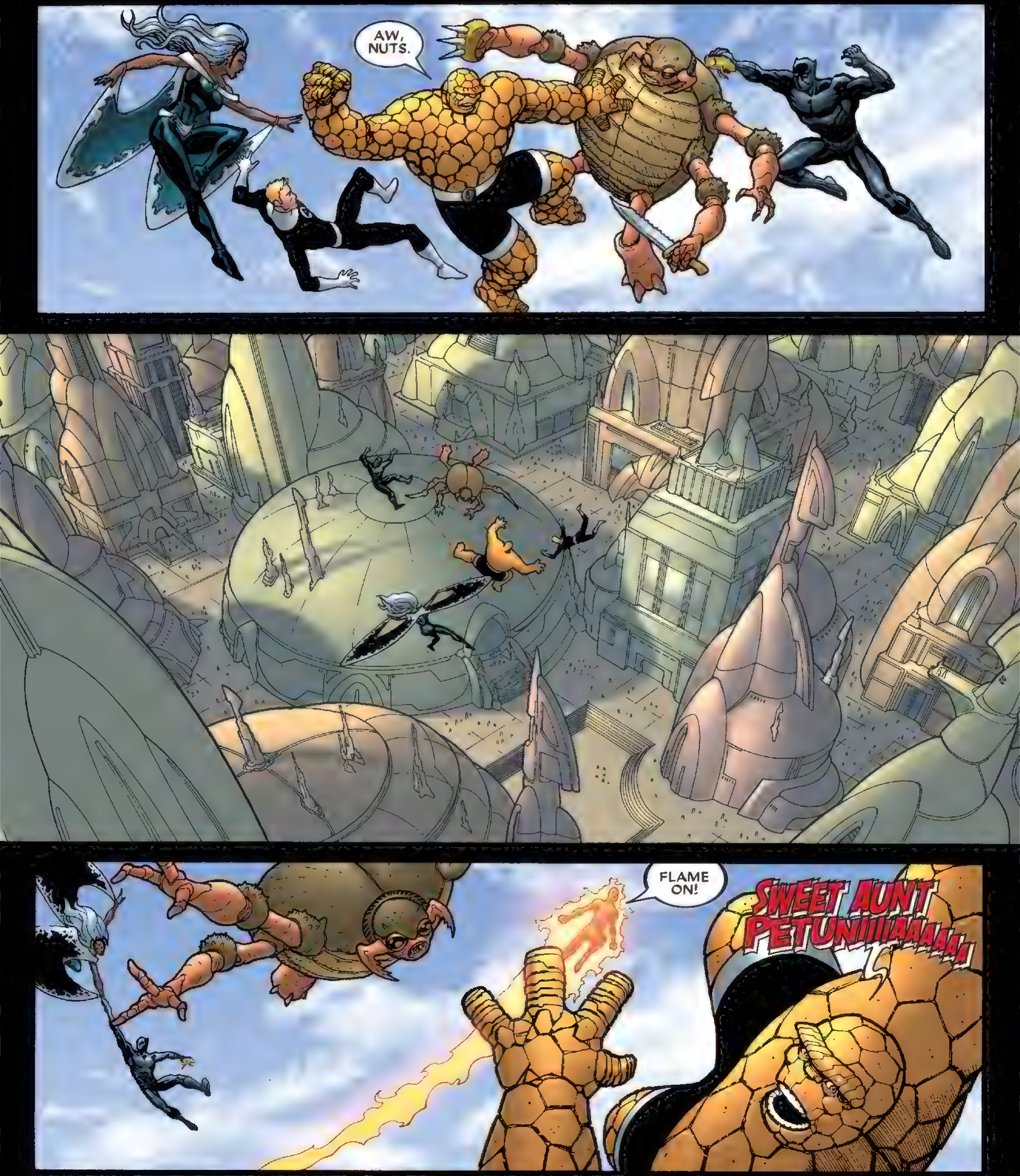
Jack Kirby was a tough act to follow, but John Buscema rose to the occasion with some sterling work on FF *in the shadow of the King. This classic, double-sized issue featured a twist on the fantastic foursome that surely caused a double-sized double-take among the comic readers of the day. Dr. Doom leading the FF? Surely that can't be…*

"When Jack Kirby stopped drawing *FF*, that's when I stopped reading it. Back then, I was following Jack and Steve Ditko — anywhere those guys went, I was following. *FF #116* was recommended by Marvel, and it was a new cover for me, one that I had never seen before.

"I tried to hold on to the substories for the characters. In a previous painting, I had painted Black Panther with big hole in him. I liked the idea of putting a big hole in him where you can see through him and see the landscape and background behind him. I thought that was a very comical thing, like a cannonball went through him but he's still walking around. The shadow figure in the foreground was also supposed to be the Black Panther. What I was told was that the shadow on the cover was going to be the Black Panther coming through.

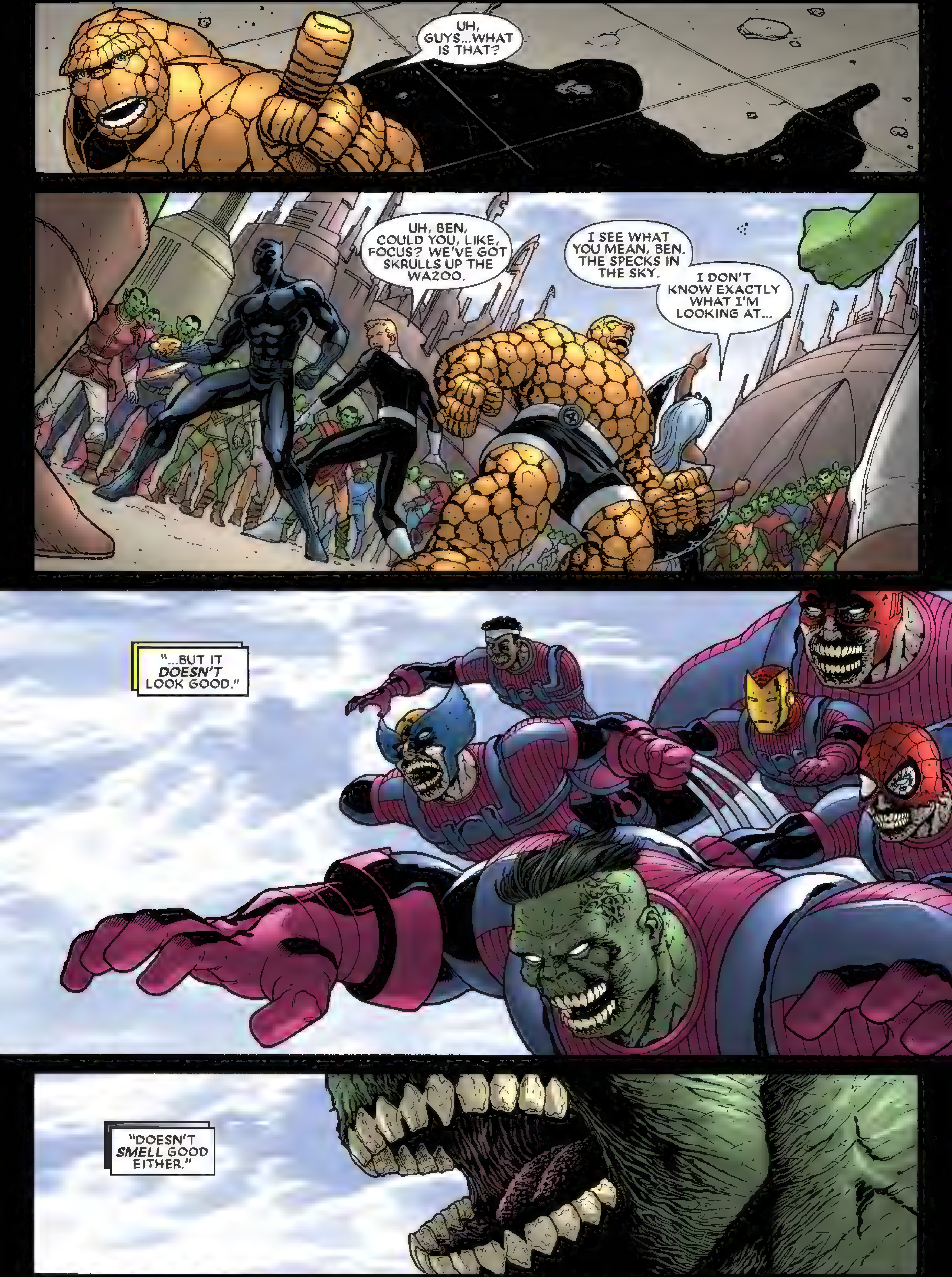
"The element I loved most out of the whole Marvel Zombies series was Henry Pym keeping his secret stash away from his fellow zombies. He has the Panther hooked up to this table and keeping him alive just so he could have his midnight snacks and nibble on him. That killed me."

Meanwhile, in the Marvel Universe, newly married couple Storm and the Black Panther had joined the Fantastic Four, replacing the vacationing Mr. Fantastic and the Invisible Woman. When a giant, rampaging insectoid from the Negative Zone attacked the FF, the Black Panther tried to use King Solomon's magical, unpredictable frogs to transport it back home.

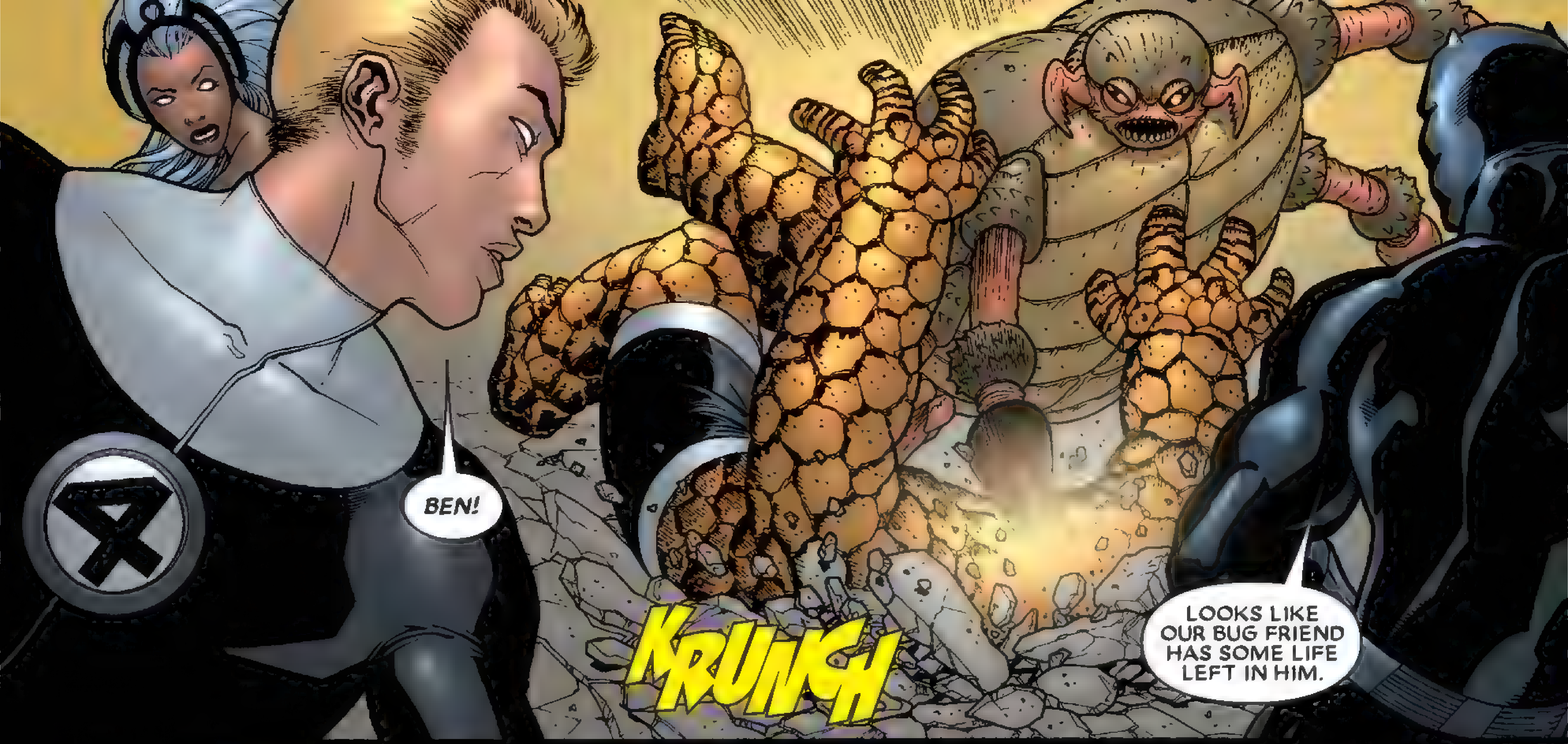

AW, NUTS.
FLAME ON!
SWEET AUNT PETUNIIIIAAAAAA

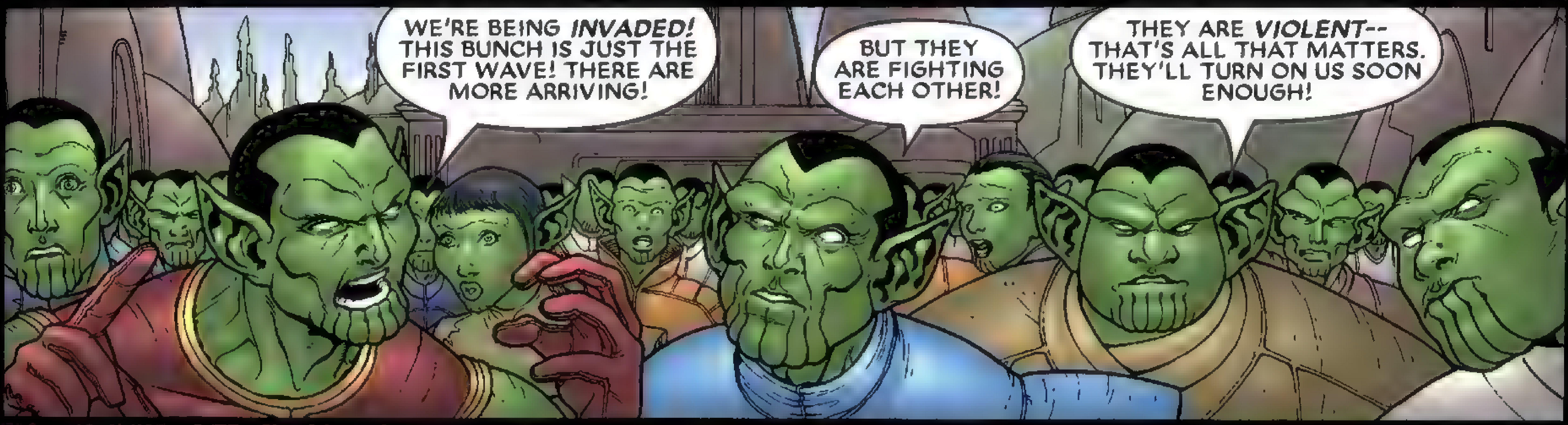
THUD
SMASH
BEN, ARE YOU OKAY? I THOUGHT YOU ALL HAD A PLAN FOR WHEN THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN.
WE DO: *SUE.*
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME... I'M PEACHY. SHARP AS A TACK.
BELOVED, PERHAPS...?
NOW *WHERE'S* THAT BUG?
ACTUALLY, FORGET THE BUG. WHERE ARE WE?
UH, TEAM...?
BEN, YOU AND I HAVE GOT TO ENGAGE HIM NOW!
STORM AND JOHNNY--GET THE CIVILIANS OUT OF HERE. AND WHEN YOU GET SOME ALTITUDE, TRY AND FIGURE OUT WHERE THE FROG HAS TAKEN US!
UH, T'CHALLA... ACTUALLY, I THINK I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHERE WE ARE.
AN UNSTOPPABLE BUG *AND* SKRULLS. COULD THINGS GET WORSE?

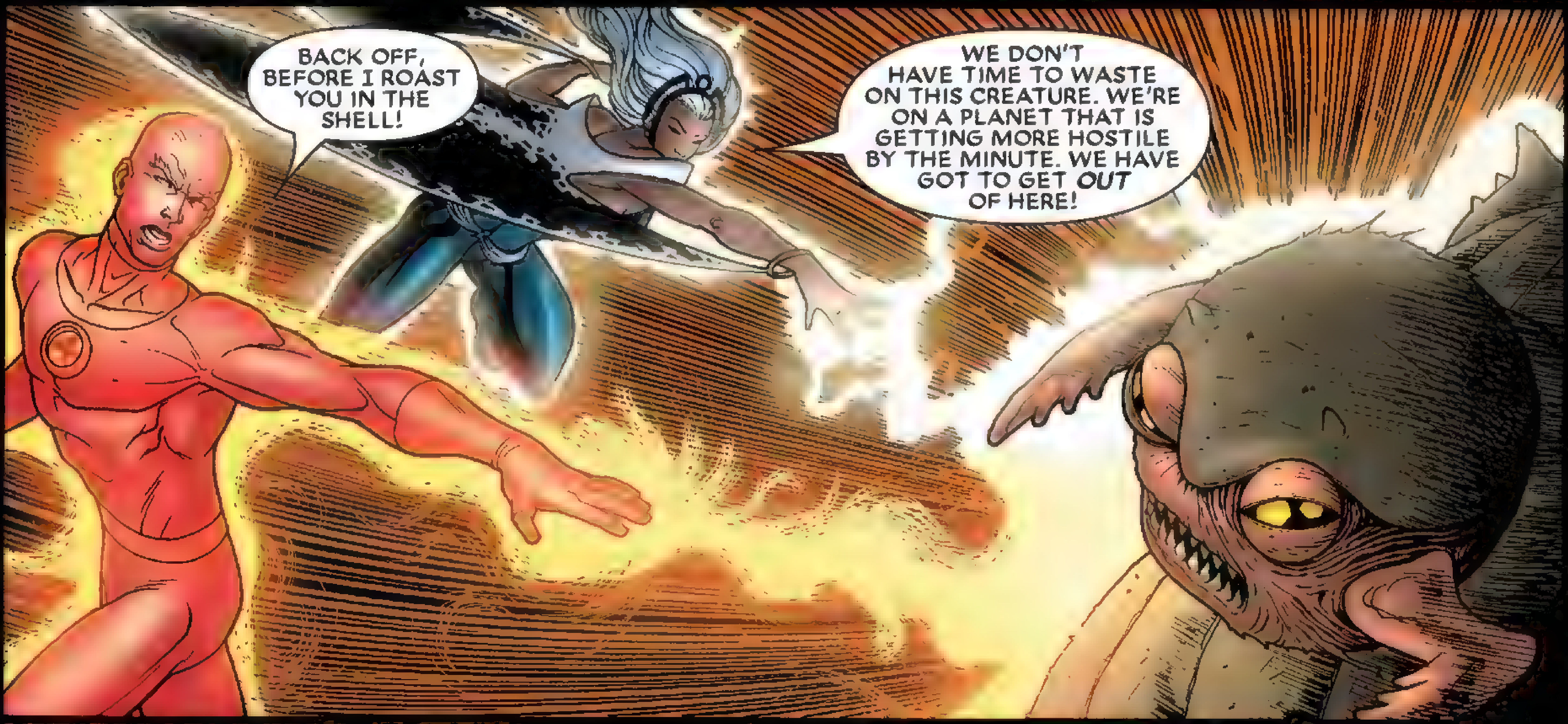
UH, T'CHALLA.
THEY JUST DID.
FP AFTER SP

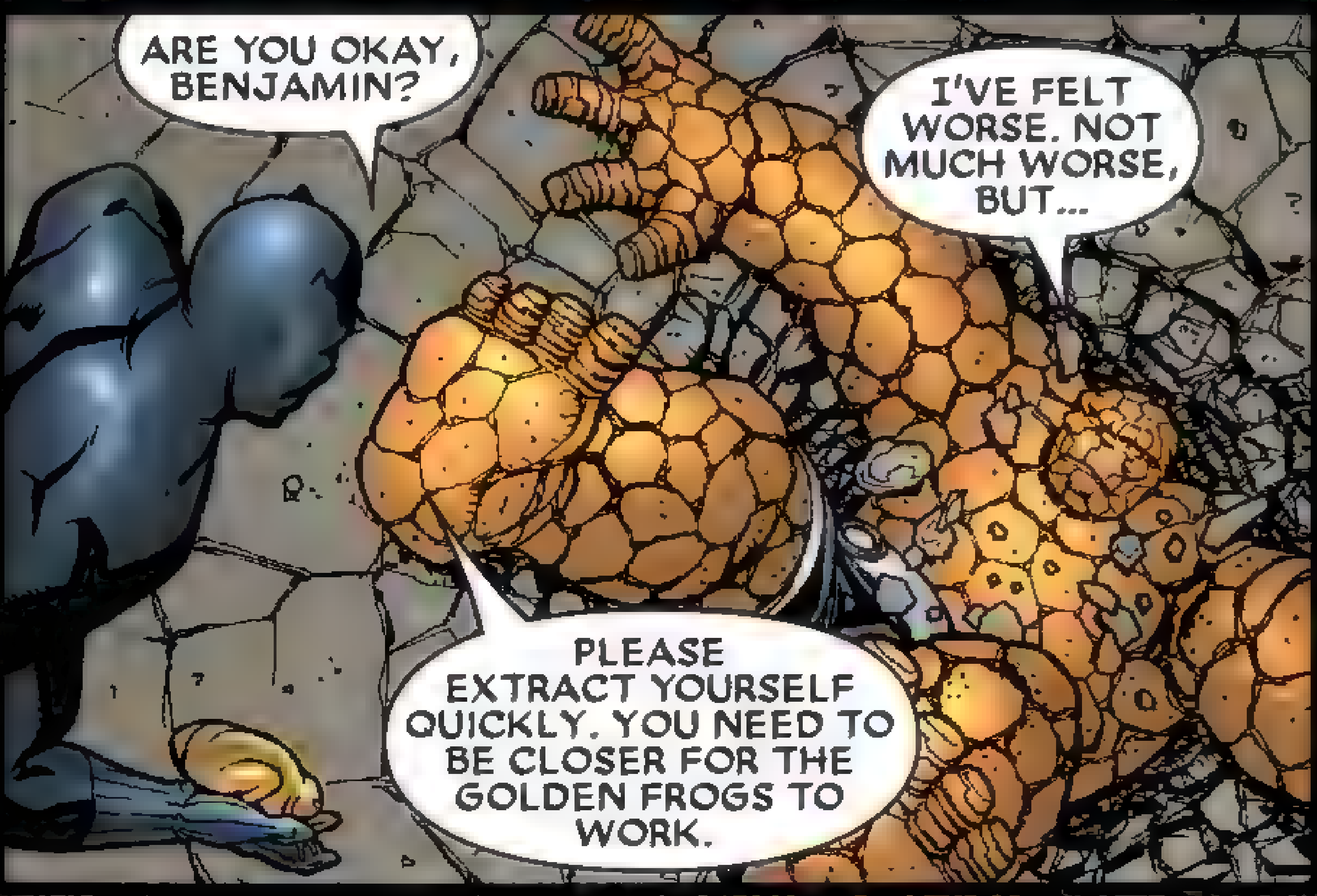

UH, GUYS...WHAT IS THAT?
UH, BEN, COULD YOU, LIKE, FOCUS? WE'VE GOT SKRULLS UP THE WAZOO.
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BEN. THE SPECKS IN THE SKY.
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING AT...
"...BUT IT *DOESN'T* LOOK GOOD."
"DOESN'T *SMELL* GOOD EITHER."

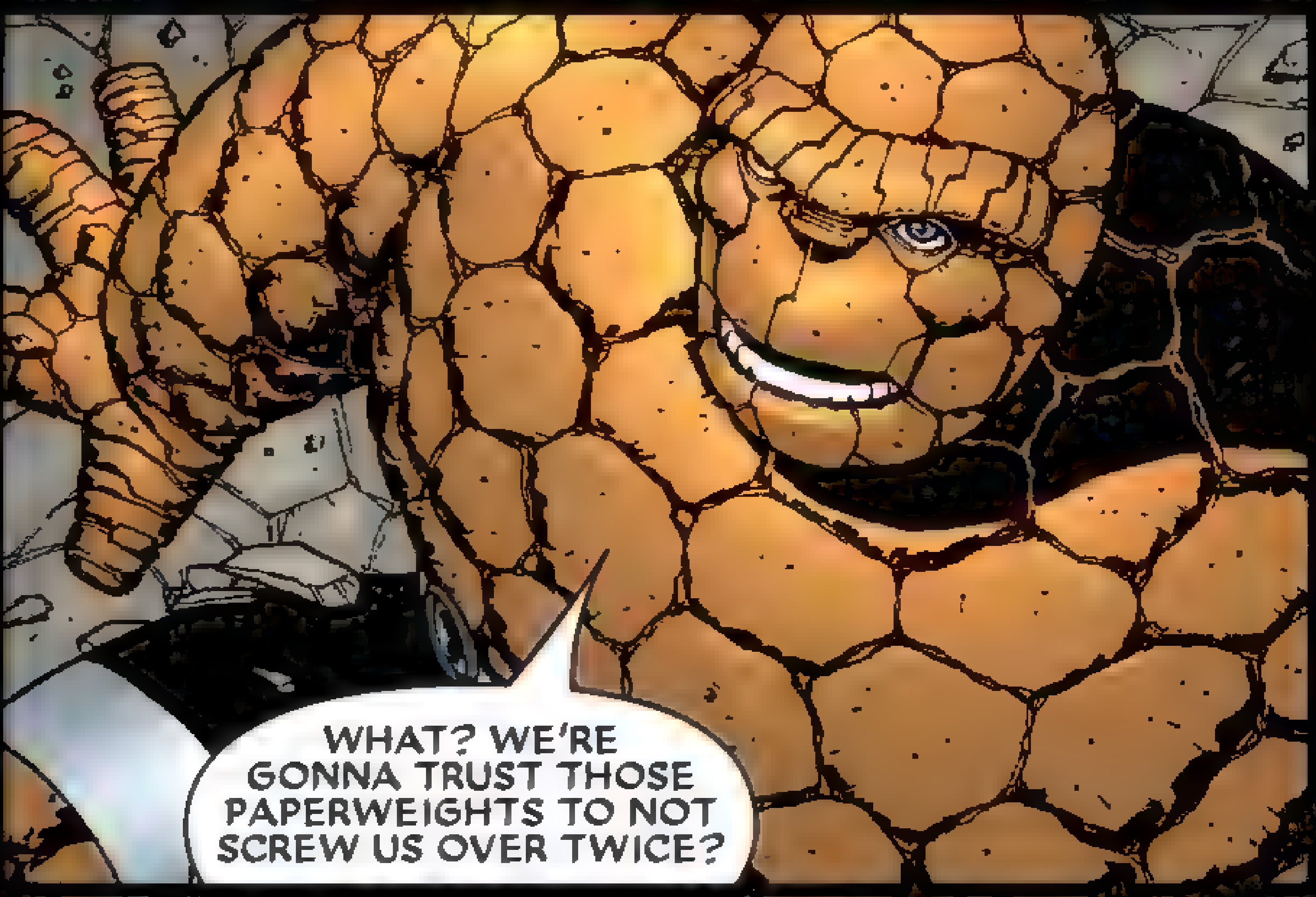
HELL OF A MESS PART 1 OF 3


BEN!
KRUNCH
LOOKS LIKE OUR BUG FRIEND HAS SOME LIFE LEFT IN HIM.


WE'RE BEING *INVADED!* THIS BUNCH IS JUST THE FIRST WAVE! THERE ARE MORE ARRIVING!
BUT THEY ARE FIGHTING EACH OTHER!
THEY ARE *VIOLENT*-- THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. THEY'LL TURN ON US SOON ENOUGH!


BACK OFF, BEFORE I ROAST YOU IN THE SHELL!
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE ON THIS CREATURE. WE'RE ON A PLANET THAT IS GETTING MORE HOSTILE BY THE MINUTE. WE HAVE GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE!


ARE YOU OKAY, BENJAMIN?
I'VE FELT WORSE. NOT MUCH WORSE, BUT...
PLEASE EXTRACT YOURSELF QUICKLY. YOU NEED TO BE CLOSER FOR THE GOLDEN FROGS TO WORK.


WHAT? WE'RE GONNA TRUST THOSE PAPERWEIGHTS TO NOT SCREW US OVER TWICE?

MEANWHILE, AT THE SKRULL MILITARY COMMAND POST...
...YES, WE ARE *AWARE* OF THE INVASION. WE WILL BE SENDING TROOPS TO YOUR LOCATION. WHAT IS YOUR SECTOR?
EXCUSE ME, SIR.
WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THE THREAT?
WELL, BY THE ENERGY SIGNATURE, IT APPEARS TO BE, WELL...*GALACTUS, THE DEVOURER OF WORLDS!*
WATCH YOUR VOLUME. YOU'LL CAUSE A PANIC AT COMMAND CENTRAL!
A THOUSAND PARDONS, GENERAL. MY HEARING...
IN ANY CASE, WHEN WE GET A VISUAL, THE APPEARANCE DOESN'T MATCH UP.
WHAT IN ZURATHA'S PAW IS *THAT?*
THE BEST MATCH WE CAN FIND IS FROM *EARTH*. THEIR SUPER-POWERED FORCES HAVE A SIMILAR APPEARANCE... BUT THIS BUNCH LOOKS DISMEMBERED AND DECAYED.
WE MUST TAKE ACTION IN PREPARATION FOR THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF THREAT!
INITIATE THE *GALACTUS PROTOCOLS* IMMEDIATELY!

MAN, I CAN *TASTE* THAT SKRULL MEAT NOW!
FIGURES AN OUTDOORSY TYPE LIKE YOU WOULD GO FOR WILD GAME LIKE THAT. I JUST HOPE WE COME ACROSS A PLANET WITH INTELLIGENT MAMMALS SOME TIME SOON.
PLEASE, TONY, QUIT TRYING TO PLAY THAT EPICUREAN ROLE UP IN HERE. I SEEN YOU GRUBBING DOWN ON ALL KINDS OF ALIEN GIZZARDS LIKE IT WAS GOING OUT OF STYLE.
CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TRANSLATE CAGE'S GHETTO ARGOT FOR ME?
HOW MANY LIGHT-YEARS HAVE YOU TWO BEEN BICKERING LIKE--*WHUFF!*
F-ZAAAAT
DAMN, HE HIT THAT FORCE FIELD *HARD.*
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HERE'S A LITTLE PAYBACK, YA ROACH!
KER-RACK!!
NICE FASTBALL.
I TRY.
GROUP TIGHTLY. WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE--
SOMETHING TELLS ME THEY AREN'T JUST HERE TO ARREST US.

SHRECK
DO THEY NOT GET THAT WE HAVE THE POWER OF GALACTUS? THAT WE GOT JUICED UP ON HIS POWER COSMIC WHEN WE ATE HIM?
DO THEY NOT SEE THE GALACTUS GEAR WE'RE ROCKIN'? YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH WEARING A TECHNO-JUMPER UNLESS YOU ARE ENDOWED WITH GODLIKE ABILITY!
DID YOU *SEE* WHAT THEY JUST DID? THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!* THEY--
FIRE THE LONG-RANGE MISSILES.
YES, SIR!
KLIK
FWOOOSH

OH MAN, EVERY TIME WITH THE MISSILES.
MAKING HULK MAD!
BOOM!
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME BETWEEN FEEDINGS. WITHOUT NOURISHMENT, WE MIGHT FEED OFF OF OUR OWN COSMIC SPARK UNTIL THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LEFT TO SUSTAIN A LARGE ATTACK.
MAKES SENSE. THAT'S HOW WE DEFEATED GALACTUS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

BOOM
OKAY, BUDDY, THE WARM-UP ACT IS OVER. TIME FOR THE NEXT ROUND.

WHA-- THAT'S... TONY?
CAGE?
SOMETHING'S WRONG. WE NEED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE-- *NOW.*
WHERE DID LUNCH *GO?*
SMASH

YOU'VE *GOT* TO BE KIDDING ME.
FLAME ON!
HOLD ON, BELOVED! LET ME GENERATE A WIND CURRENT TO CATCH--
--BEN.
WHUD-WHUMP
SORRY, BENJAMIN.
HEY, IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS.
THOSE FROGS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. THEY THINK IT'S FUNNY.
JOHNNY, WOULD YOU ILLUMINATE THIS DARK CAVERN SO WE CAN SEE WHO ELSE IS WITH US?
WILL DO!

THAT'S AN INTERESTING THEORY, BEN.
WHAT?
THAT THE FROGS ARE SENTIENT, BUT NOT REVEALING THEMSELVES AS SUCH. *"PLAYING POSSUM"* IS THE PHRASE, I BELIEVE.
OH, YEAH! THOSE FROGS ARE PLAYING US FOR SURE!
ALRIGHT... SKRULLS, ZOMBIES... COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
WHAM
LYJA...?

WHAT THE--? *REED?* WHAT GIVES?
SPLUD
JOHNNY, IF YOU'RE JOKING, THIS IS NOT THE TIME AND I AM NOT THE ONE.
FWOOSH
IS THAT THE SUPER SKRULL?
SURRENDER, HUMAN.

YOUR HUSBAND WILL SUFFOCATE IF YOU DO NOT COOPERATE--
HOW DID YOU... W-W-W-WHAT WAS THAT?
TOUCH ME AGAIN, AND I'LL DEADEN EVERY NERVE IN YOUR BODY.
BOOM
WHAT'S WITH THESE WANNABE SUPER SKRULLS?
ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN...

DESPITE MANY ATTEMPTS, WE COULD NOT RECREATE THE SUPER SKRULL. HOWEVER, WE COULD RECREATE THE INDIVIDUAL POWERS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, EACH IN ONE SUBJECT.
BUT NOW YOU HAVE NEW POWERS. VERY WELL.
YOU KNOW THE *"INVISIBLE WOMAN"* IS THE MOST POWERFUL OF YOUR GROUP. SHE CAN KILL THE TORCH WITH A THOUGHT, AND KILL THE REST OF YOU JUST AS EASILY.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THAT'S FOR ***YOU*** TO ANSWER. YOU INVADED ***US.***
WE ACTUALLY HAVE NO CONNECTION TO THE...AH...***ZOMBIES***... ATTACKING YOUR PLANET. OUR ARRIVAL HERE WAS AN ACCIDENT.
I KNOW THAT SOUNDS IMPROBABLE, BUT WE'D ACTUALLY LIKE TO HELP YOU DEFEND YOUR PEOPLE AGAINST THOSE MONSTERS.
CAN YOU STOP THEM?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT WE WILL TRY.
IS THAT... LYJA?

OH MAN, SKRULL MEAT ISN'T THAT BAD AFTER ALL. ESPECIALLY IF YOU TOAST IT WITH GALACTUS' ENERGY.
I LIKE IT RAW.
YOU WOULD.
GOTTA LOVE WARSHIPS. THEY'RE LIKE BOXES OF POPCORN!
HULK STILL HUNGRY!
OF COURSE YOU ARE, HULK. WE'RE *ZOMBIES,* MAN.
EVEN IF WE EAT EVERYBODY ON THIS PLANET--AND WE *WILL*--WE'LL *STILL* BE HUNGRY.
UH.

WHAP
DON'T TALK TO HULK LIKE HULK IS *STUPID!*
OW! DAMN!
HERE YOU GO, BUDDY.
YOU ALL ARE *NOT* GETTING IT.
PUNY BANNER COULD EXPLAIN.

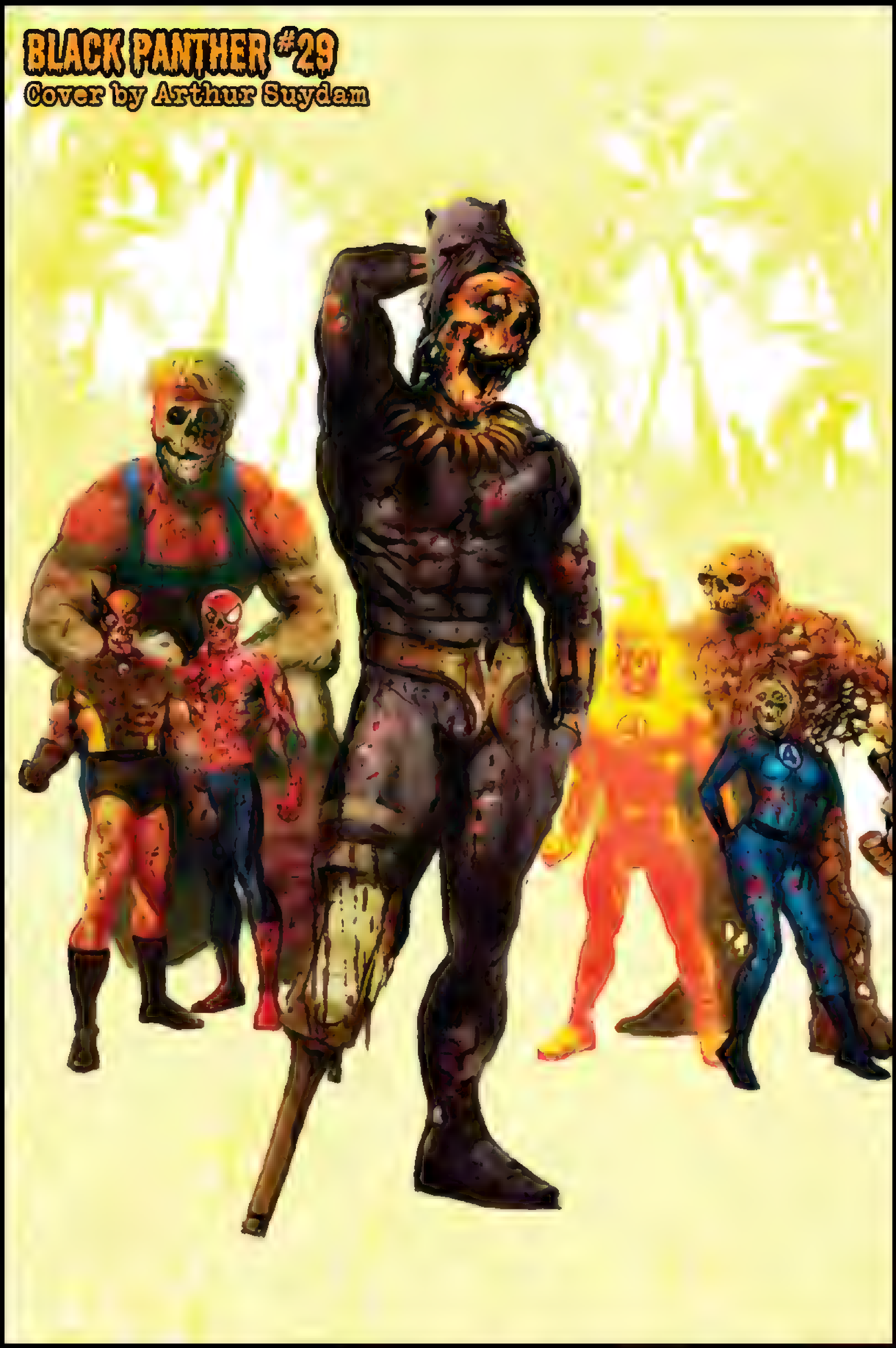
THESE CREATURES HAVE ALREADY EATEN AN ENTIRE CITY'S WORTH OF PEOPLE!
BUT, SIR, WHY WASTE ANOTHER FLYING ARMADA--?
WE NEED TO *DROP THE BOMB!* WE NEED TO BLOW THEM OFF THE PLANET!
GENERAL, BEFORE YOU SEND MORE TROOPS TO CERTAIN DEATH, LET'S GET MORE INFORMATION ON OUR FOE.
YOU BROUGHT THEM *HERE!?*
I KNOW OUR TWO WORLDS HAVE BEEN AT ODDS IN THE PAST, BUT THOSE ABOMINATIONS ARE A THREAT TO ALL LIFE. WE HAVE TO UNIFY TO SURVIVE.
KEEP TALKING. IF OUR BOMBING MISSION FAILS, I MAY EVEN LET YOU LIVE.
EMPTY THREATS ARE POINTLESS, SIR. WE DEFEATED A PLATOON OF YOUR MEN EVEN BEFORE THE ZOMBIES ATTACKED. AND WE JUST PUT DOWN YOUR LAME ATTEMPT AT DUPLICATING THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
NOT TRUE! OUR MOST POWERFUL MEMBER--
--WAS ABOUT TO FALL HARD JUST LIKE THE REST. BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE ON POINTLESS BATTLES WHEN THE REAL ENEMY IS OUT THERE...

"...AND THE SOLDIERS OF YOUR ARMADA ARE ALREADY DEAD."
PREPARE TO LAUNCH IN 10...9...
WHA-- *A GIANT MONSTER!*
EVADE!
A SURPRISE PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE!
HOPE THE ARMOR DOESN'T STICK IN MY GUMS!

FIRE AT WILL!!!
CRUNCH!
HULK SAY: GET IN HULK'S BELLY!!!
CRUNCH!
KNOCK KNOCK!
TIME FOR A HUNGRY MAN DINNER!
HEY! SAVE SOME FOR ME!

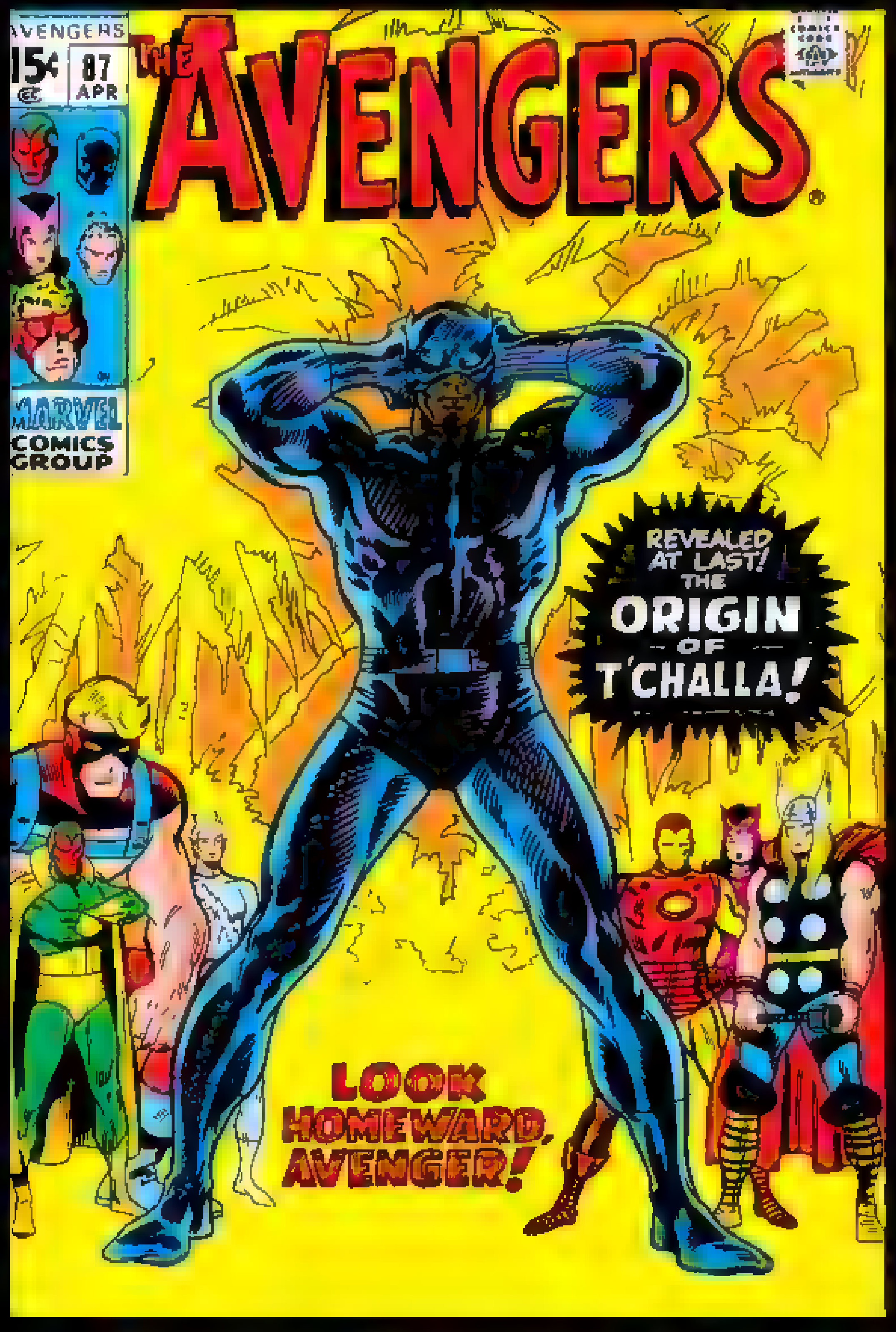
READY TO TALK YET?
EXCUSE ME...BUT IS YOUR NAME *LYJA?*
I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING, JOHNNY.
HOW...DID YOU KNOW THAT?
I *KNEW* IT! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? WE MET WHEN YOU WERE A SPY ON EARTH, REMEMBER?
I HAVE ***NEVER*** BEEN ON EARTH. PERHAPS ALL SKRULLS LOOK ALIKE TO YOU. HUMANS CERTAINLY DO TO US.
THEN HOW DID I KNOW YOUR NAME? I'M TELLING YOU, I. ***KNOW. YOU.***
GET AWAY FROM ME, ***HUMAN!***
WOW, SHE SAID THAT LIKE IT WAS THE WORST INSULT EVER.
MAYBE SHE'S GOT SOME KINDA MEMORY IMPLANTS. OR MAYBE--
--THIS IS SOME KINDA COCKAMAMIE ***ALTERNATE UNIVERSE!***

HEY, GUYS! TORCHY AND I GOT AN *IDEA!*
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY YOU CAN REACH EARTH. WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED THERE TO DETERMINE WHAT THESE ZOMBIES ARE--
CRASH!
I *KNEW* I SMELLED A HOT MEAL NEARBY!



BLACK PANTHER #29

Cover by Arthur Suydam

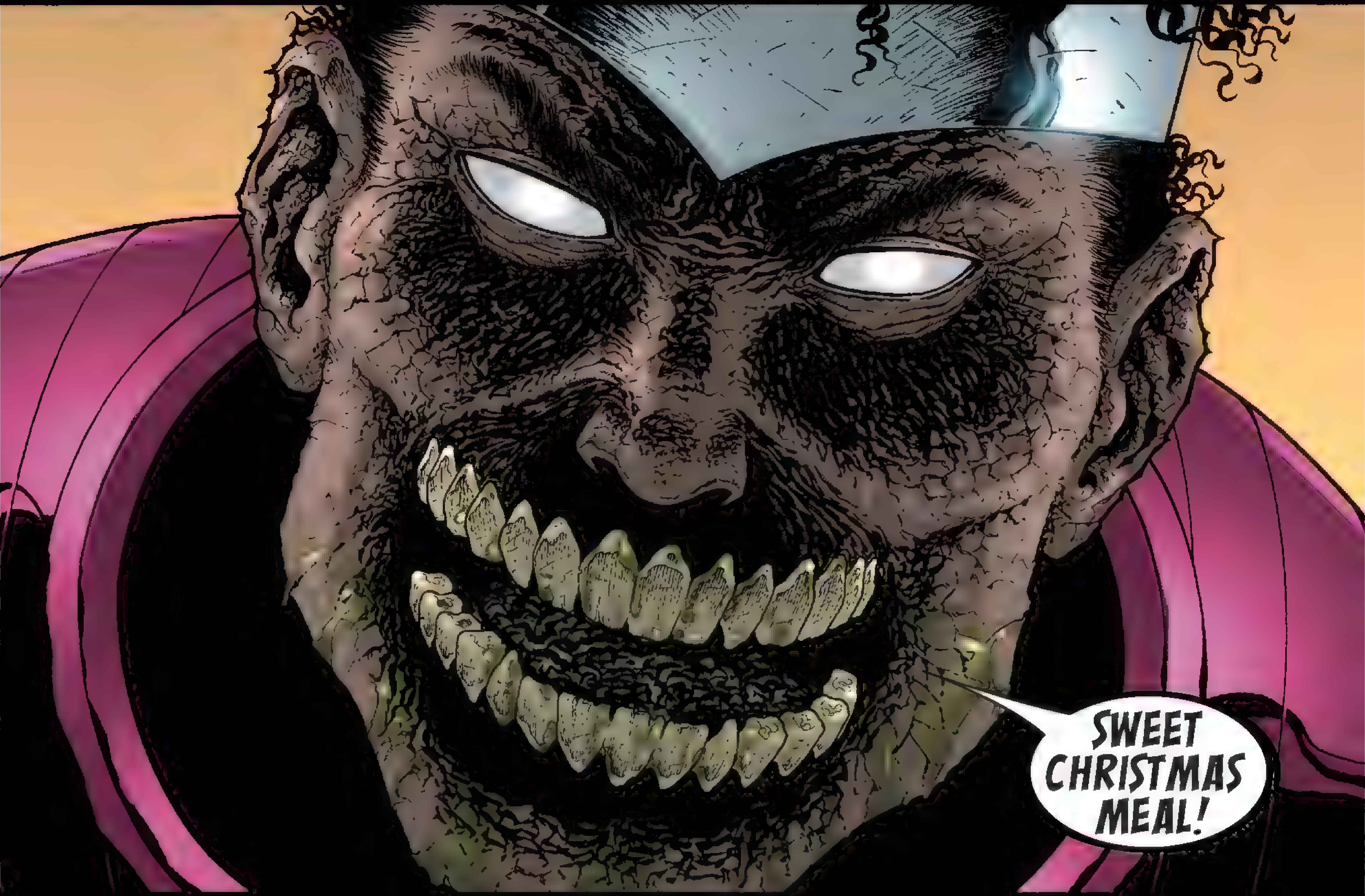


AVENGERS #87 (April 1971) Cover by John Buscema

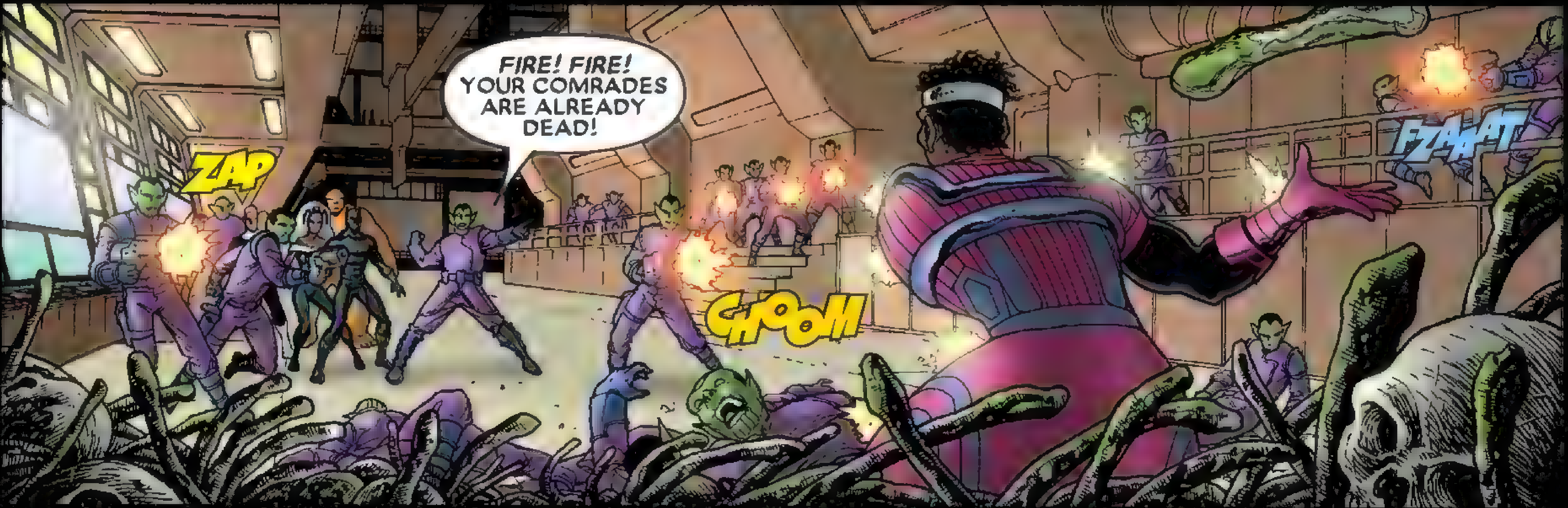
The first African Avenger, the Black Panther was the first black member of Earth's Mightiest Heroes. In this origin issue, which was published right on the cusp of the classic Kree-Skrull War multi-issue event, the life story of the Wakandan king is revealed!

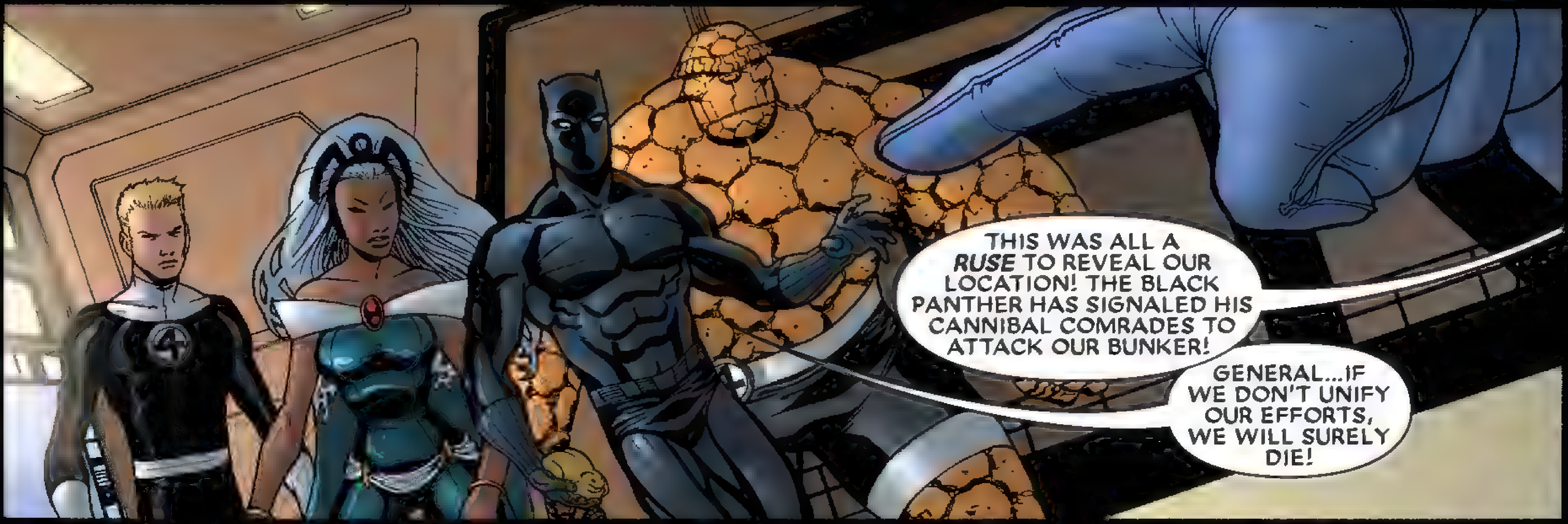
"Since this cover shows the unveiling of the origin of the character, I wanted to set the body language of the character to reflect that. I wanted it very much to say, 'Here's the Black Panther,' with the big surprise being that he is also a zombie. Surprise! I wanted to give him a poetic and romantic Renaissance body language, with pelvic tilts and an S-shape to his character. "I had the hole in him, but I painted it back in because what made him look nice in this picture was the six-pack. The hole was ruining the romantic gesture I was making.

"This is the first time, I think, where Sue Storm appears as a zombie on my covers. I did that because she is standing with the zombies. I was struggling with that, because I didn't want to zombify her. I wanted to keep her with the pretty, cheesecake role, but since the Black Panther was the center of attention in this picture, and she's obviously standing with the zombies, I felt that the storytelling wouldn't make sense to let her be standing with them but not be threatened by them."


SWEET CHRISTMAS MEAL!

FROM BAD TO WORSE PART 2 OF 3


FIRE! FIRE! YOUR COMRADES ARE ALREADY DEAD!
ZAP
FZAAAT
CHOOM


THIS WAS ALL A *RUSE* TO REVEAL OUR LOCATION! THE BLACK PANTHER HAS SIGNALED HIS CANNIBAL COMRADES TO ATTACK OUR BUNKER!
GENERAL...IF WE DON'T UNIFY OUR EFFORTS, WE WILL SURELY DIE!

ZAP CHOOM ZAP
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE LISTENING, PAL.
BACK UP OR *GET FRIED!*
SEE! THEY ARE FORCING US INTO THE MAW OF THE MONSTER!
BARBEQUE OR ROTISSERIE, IT'S ALL GOOD TO ME. LONG AS IT'S STILL RED ON THE INSIDE.
THIS IS DISGUSTING. WE HAVE TO STOP THAT MONSTER FROM EATING MORE PEOPLE.
IF HIS *UNIFORM* IS ANY INDICATION, I DON'T KNOW IF ANYTHING SHORT OF THE *ULTIMATE NULLIFIER* WILL DO SO.
BUT WE CAN DISTRACT HIM. WE NEED A WIDESPREAD ATTACK THAT HE CAN'T COUNTER WITH A SIMPLE BEAM-BLAST.

YA MEAN--
RRRRRRRRRIP
--LIKE *THIS?*
SMACK
THANK YOU, BEN. I HAVE IT FROM HERE--
WHOOOOOOOOOSH
--WITH THE WIND OF A *HURRICANE!*
HEY!

YOU KNOW, THAT WAS REALLY ANNOYING.
IF I WEREN'T RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY, THAT WOULD'VE RUINED A REALLY GOOD MEAL.
LUKE! IT'S YOUR FRIEND, T'CHALLA! WHAT HAS *HAPPENED* TO YOU? HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?
T'CHALLA!? WE WERE WONDERING WHERE YOU WERE-- I MEAN, TO *EAT* YOU.
HEY, IS THAT JOHNNY AND BEN? DID YOU GUYS GET CURED OR SOMETHING? WHAT'S UP?
WHAT ARE YOU TALK--
YES, I FOUND A *CURE.* AND I CAN HELP YOU, TOO, LUKE.
C'MON, T'CHALLA! DON'T HUSTLE A HUSTLER! NO DISRESPECT, BUT IF REED RICHARDS, TONY STARK AND BRUCE BANNER COULDN'T COME UP WITH ONE, HOW THE HELL DID *YOU* DO IT?

IN FACT, CONSIDERING YOU'RE HERE, AT THE BUTT-END OF THE UNIVERSE, WITH NO REAL CLUE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING ON EARTH, PUTS ME IN A WHOLE OTHER MINDSET ANYWAY.
AND YOU ALWAYS SAID LUKE WAS DUMB.
THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!
BESIDES, IN *THIS* UNIVERSE MAYBE HE READ A BOOK OR TWO.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, GENERAL?
HUSH!
SO, IF YOU ARE THE UNLUCKIEST DIMENSION TRAVELERS EVER, TELL ME: *HOW'D* YOU DO IT AND WHERE'S THE DEVICE?
ALL-OUT ATTACK IN 5, 4, 3, 2...

ONE!

HAS ANY WEAPON WORKED YET? THEY KEEP COMING!
THEY'RE COMING! *RUUUUUUUUUUUN!*
WHAT'S WRONG, SOLDIER BOYS? YA SEEMED SO TOUGH WHEN I WAS A MILE AWAY.
BUT NOW YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR--
--SKRULL-KEBOB!

C'MON, YOU COULDN'T THINK OF A BETTER HIDING PLACE THAN THAT?
I DIDN'T EVEN NEED MY COSMIC ABILITIES TO FIND YOU. OR EVEN SPIDEY-SENSE. I SAW YOUR *FEET!*
DON'T THEY HAVE A VERSION OF HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK HERE? YOU GUYS NEED TO STEP YOUR GAME UP!
NOT THAT IT WOULD HELP. WITH GREAT POWER...
CHOMP
...COMES GREAT HUNGER!

HIS APPETITE IS *INSATIABLE,* SIR!
MIGHTY BIG WORD FOR A PRIVATE.
ACTUALLY, I HAVE AN ADVANCED DEGREE IN--
HEY!
YOU GO TALK TO HIM. MAYBE YOU CAN REASON WITH HIM.
G-G-G-GREETINGS, ALIEN CREATURE. ON BEHALF OF SKRULL HIGH COMMAND, I HAVE BEEN DESIGNATED TO--
SHADDUP! YOU SEE ME EATING HERE?

COVER THE REAR, SERGEANT! I MUST REPORT MY FINDINGS TO HIGH COMMAND!
EXCUSE ME, GENERAL. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE DESERTING YOUR COMMAND.
AND WHO ARE *YOU* TO REPRIMAND ME? A *DEAD MAN* OF INCONSEQUENTIAL RANK!
YOU AND ME BOTH, *SIR.*

THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
OH NO... ANOTHER ONE!
AND IT'S *REALLY* DISGUSTING!!!
HEY, HUNT YOUR OWN!
SMAK

WHAM
WHO DOES HE THINK HE *IS?*
THIS BUG NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT THE PECKING ORDER AROUND HERE.
YEAH, I'LL JOIN YOU IN THE BUTT-KICKING IN A MINUTE.
YEAH, GOOD CALL. I'LL THINK BETTER *AFTER* I EAT...

OKAY, WE'RE OUT...NOW WHERE?
MY SHIP IS OVER THERE.
THAT'S BAD. TWENTY SECONDS EARLIER THAN I THOUGHT.
KERUNCH
HOLD HIM BACK!
YES, SIR!
THAT'S A SUICIDE MISSION!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO LYJA!

THEY ARE SOLDIERS AT *MY* COMMAND.
AND IF THIS *PLANET* IS GOING TO SURVIVE--I NEED YOUR HELP.
I AM NOT THE GIRL YOU KNOW. AND THIS IS MY DUTY.
YOU KNOW SHE'S RIGHT.
YEAH, BUT STILL...
YOU GUYS ACTUALLY CAME BACK? I LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM!
SEE YOU SOON!

OOOOOOOH. I KNOW THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL US A HALF HOUR AGO. BUT NOBODY DESERVES... THAT.
THE WHOLE UNIVERSE MAY FACE THAT FATE IF WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO STOP THEM!
SINCE YOU CREATED YOUR OWN VERSION OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, I PRESUME YOU HAVE COMMUNICATION DEVICES TO AT LEAST OBSERVE EARTH.
OUR MOST POWERFUL DEVICES WERE IN OUR COMMAND CENTER--WHICH WE JUST *DESTROYED*--AND IN OUR ORBITING MOTHERSHIP, BUT WE DO HAVE SOME CAPACITIES ONBOARD THIS CRAFT.
WE ARE RELAYING OUR SIGNAL THROUGH A SERIES OF OUTPOSTS BETWEEN HERE AND EARTH. I DON'T KNOW IF WE WILL BE ABLE TO REACH ANYONE, BUT WE CAN CERTAINLY AT LEAST OBSERVE...
EVERYONE WE LOVE COULD BE GONE.
THAT IS THE MOST LIKELY SCENARIO.

THIS IS THE BLACK PANTHER. WHO IS THIS?
THIS IS... T'CHALLA, THE BLACK PANTHER.
THIS IS STRANGE.
ALTERNATE UNIVERSE.
BIG TIME.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, BELOVED-- OH!
BELOVED, THIS IS A BLACK PANTHER FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE, I PRESUME.
A WORLD... WHERE YOU MARRIED STORM?
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW THE FEELING... BUT WE ALL HAVE BIGGER ISSUES TO ADDRESS NOW.

HMPH. CAGE. HAVE A NICE TRIP?
HAW HAW! THE HULK JUST *OWNED* YOU, MAN!
JUST LET IT GO, CAGE. I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND MESSING WITH HULK.
WHATEVER. I USED UP ALL MY "SHREK AND YOUR MOMMA" JOKES WHEN WE CROSSED ALPHA CENTAURI.
WE HAD AN AGREEMENT, CAGE. NO SOLO RAIDS. THAT WAY EVERYBODY GETS THEIR FAIR SHARE.
EXCUSE ME, DO I LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A DAMN WHAT YOU THINK, STARK?
OH! NICE ONE, CAGE! I'M LITERALLY BUSTING A GUT LAUGHING!
I'VE *HAD IT* WITH YOU, YOU STREET THUG IN A TIARA!
ZZZAAAAT

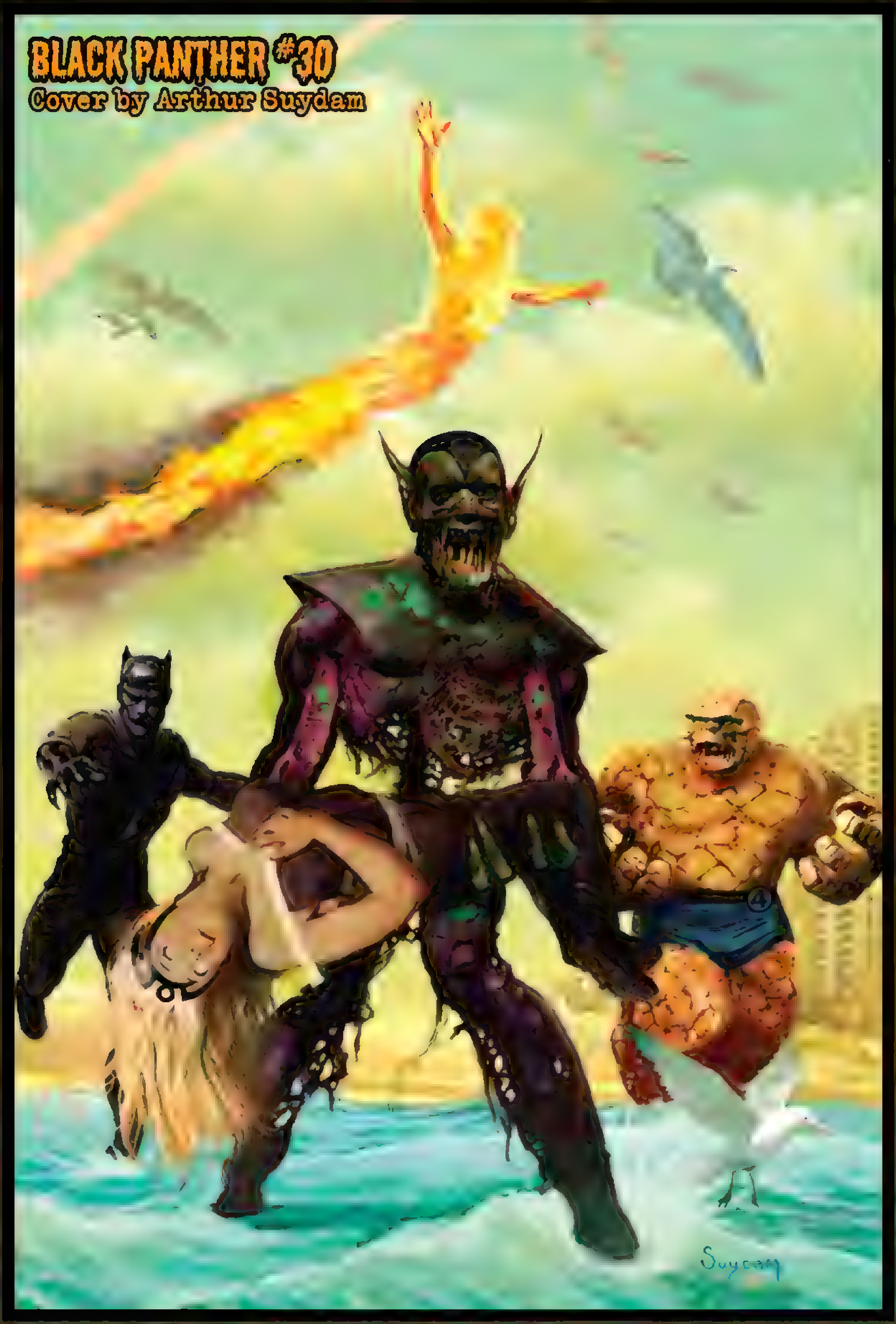
ZZZAAAAT
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART, TONY. WE ALL GOT THE POWER COSMIC NOW. AND YOU AIN'T PACKING ANYTHING EXTRA, LIKE THE COCK DIESEL HULK.
ZZZAAAAT
YOU'RE JUST A SAWED-OFF, OILY, LITTLE TRUST-FUND BRAT IN A TIN CAN.
I USE'TA GANK PUNKS LIKE YOU FOR FUN AND LUNCH MONEY.

WELL...EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT ISN'T OUR UNIVERSE... IT'S ABOUT AS BAD AS IT GETS.
OKAY, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FLIBBERTIGIBBETS? DO WE WANNA RUB 'EM AGAIN AND SEE IF THEY CAN GET US OUTTA HERE?
I DON'T KNOW IF THEY HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE BUG FROM THE NEGATIVE ZONE, BUT THEY SEEM ALMOST CONSCIOUSLY TO BE PUTTING US IN GREATER JEOPARDY WITH EACH USE.
AS I SAID BEFORE, THIS IS WHY I PREFER SCIENCE TO MAGIC. THE RESULTS ARE MORE RELIABLE.
WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THOSE THINGS, ANYWAY? I KNOW THEY ARE ANCIENT ARTIFACTS AND ALL, BUT WHAT'S THE *REAL* DEAL?
ONE CONTROLS TIME, THE OTHER CONTROLS SPACE. USED IN CONCERT, THEY CAN TRANSPORT YOU THROUGH BOTH...
...OR BRING SOMEONE OR SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER ERA TO YOU.
I THINK THEY'VE GOT A BAD ATTITUDE.
ACTUALLY, I THINK BEN IS ONTO SOMETHING. WHAT IF, INSTEAD OF US CONTROLLING THEM, THEY ARE BEING CONTROLLED? WHAT IF THEY HAVE INTELLIGENCE OF THEIR OWN? WHAT IF THEY ARE...*ALIVE?*

ALL RIGHT, HAND IT OVER.
AW, YOU'RE KIDDING US, RIGHT? DIDN'T WE DO THIS MORE THAN ONCE? HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO BEAT THE TAR OUTTA YA BEFORE YOU GET IT?
THIS WORLD IS *DOOMED.* WE NEED THE DEVICE TO *ESCAPE!*
WHAT *YOU* NEED...
...IS POWER TO RUN THE SHIP.
AND I JUST SHUT IT DOWN. NOW PREPARE FOR A CRASH LANDING.
CRASH

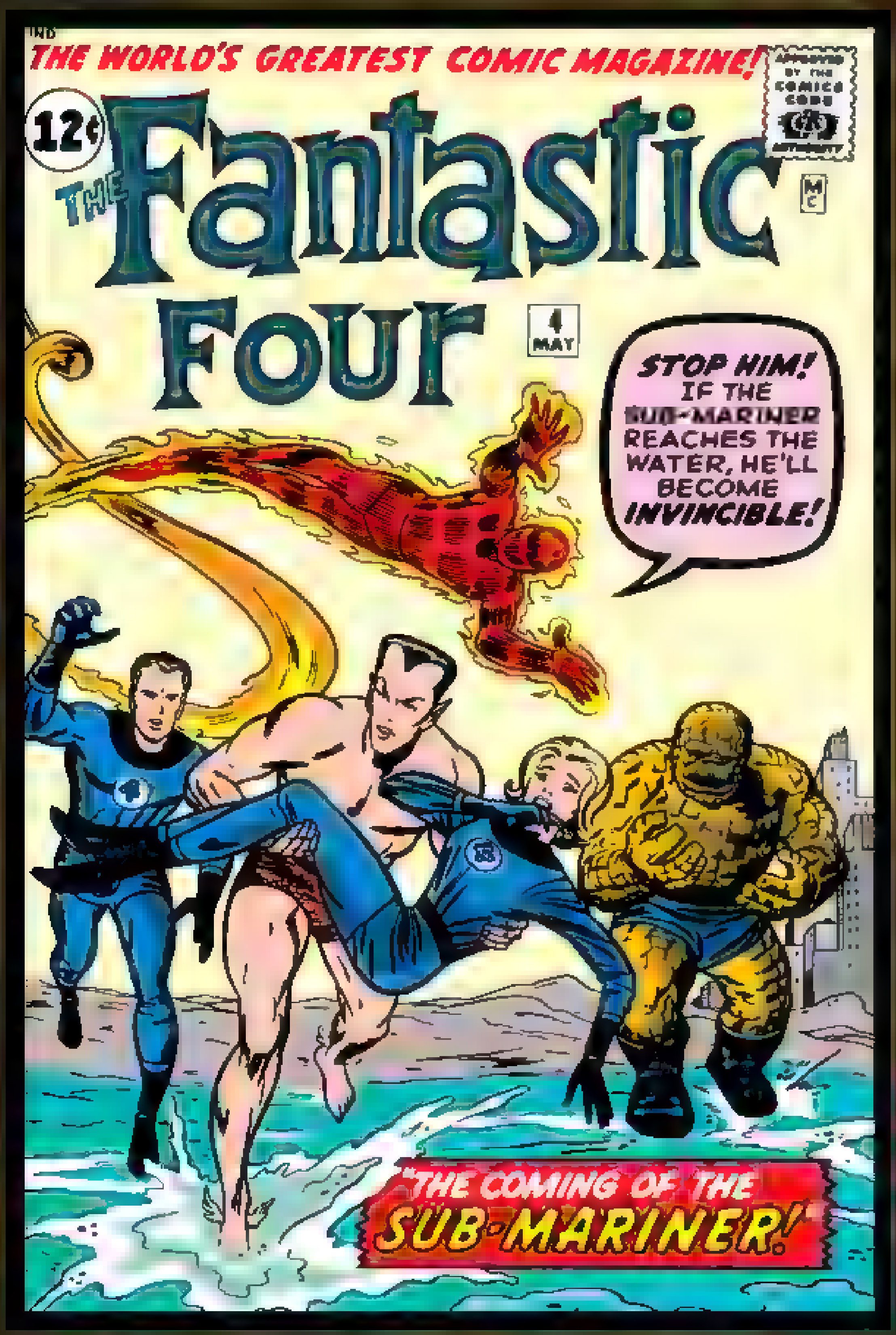
YOU KNOW, IRON MAN IS GONNA KICK YOUR BUTT WHEN HE GETS BACK.
KICK IT? HE'S GONNA *KISS* IT. AFTER ALL, WE'VE EATEN ALMOST EVERYBODY ON THIS PLANET BY NOW.
SO? WHAT DOES *THAT* HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
WHAT IF I SAID INSTEAD OF US FLYING AROUND THE GALAXY LOOKING FOR OUR NEXT MEAL, WE COULD GO TO A PLANET JUST LIKE EARTH, FULL OF PEOPLE TO EAT?
BETTER NOT BE *TEASING* HULK!
THOSE HUMANS WE SAW EARLIER, LOOKED LIKE FOLKS WE ATE BACK HOME? THEY'RE FROM ***ANOTHER DIMENSION.*** SO WE FORCE THEM TO TELL US HOW THEY GOT HERE, REVERSE THE PROCESS, AND IT'S A GRAND BUFFET ALL OVER AGAIN!
CAGE! I *KNEW* YOU WERE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK!

JOHNNY... A LIGHT?
GREAT FLYING, ORORO. YOUR WIND CONTROL GAVE US AS GENTLE A LANDING AS WE COULD HAVE ASKED FOR.
THANK YOU, DEAR.
IS EVERYONE OKAY?
WE'RE DOING BETTER THAN THOSE JOKERS!
RRRRIIIIIIIIIIP
WHAT IS THAT?
A RESCUE MISSION? OR....
OR MAYBE...IT'S SLOBBERIN' TIME!



BLACK PANTHER #30

Cover by Arthur Suydam



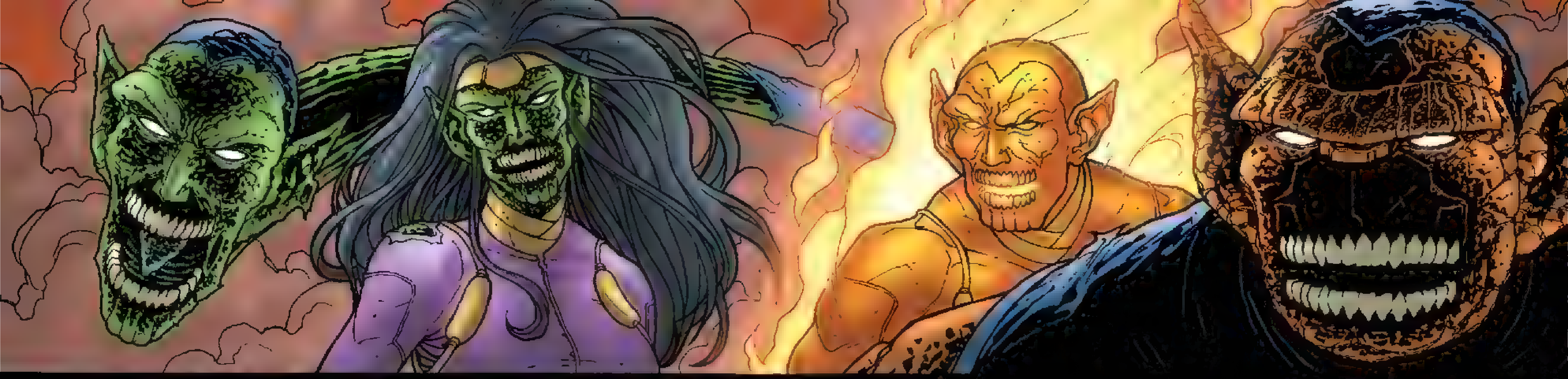
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
12¢
THE Fantastic FOUR
4 MAY
STOP HIM! IF THE SUB-MARINER REACHES THE WATER, HE'LL BECOME INVINCIBLE!
"THE COMING OF THE SUB-MARINER!"

FANTASTIC FOUR #4 (May 1962)

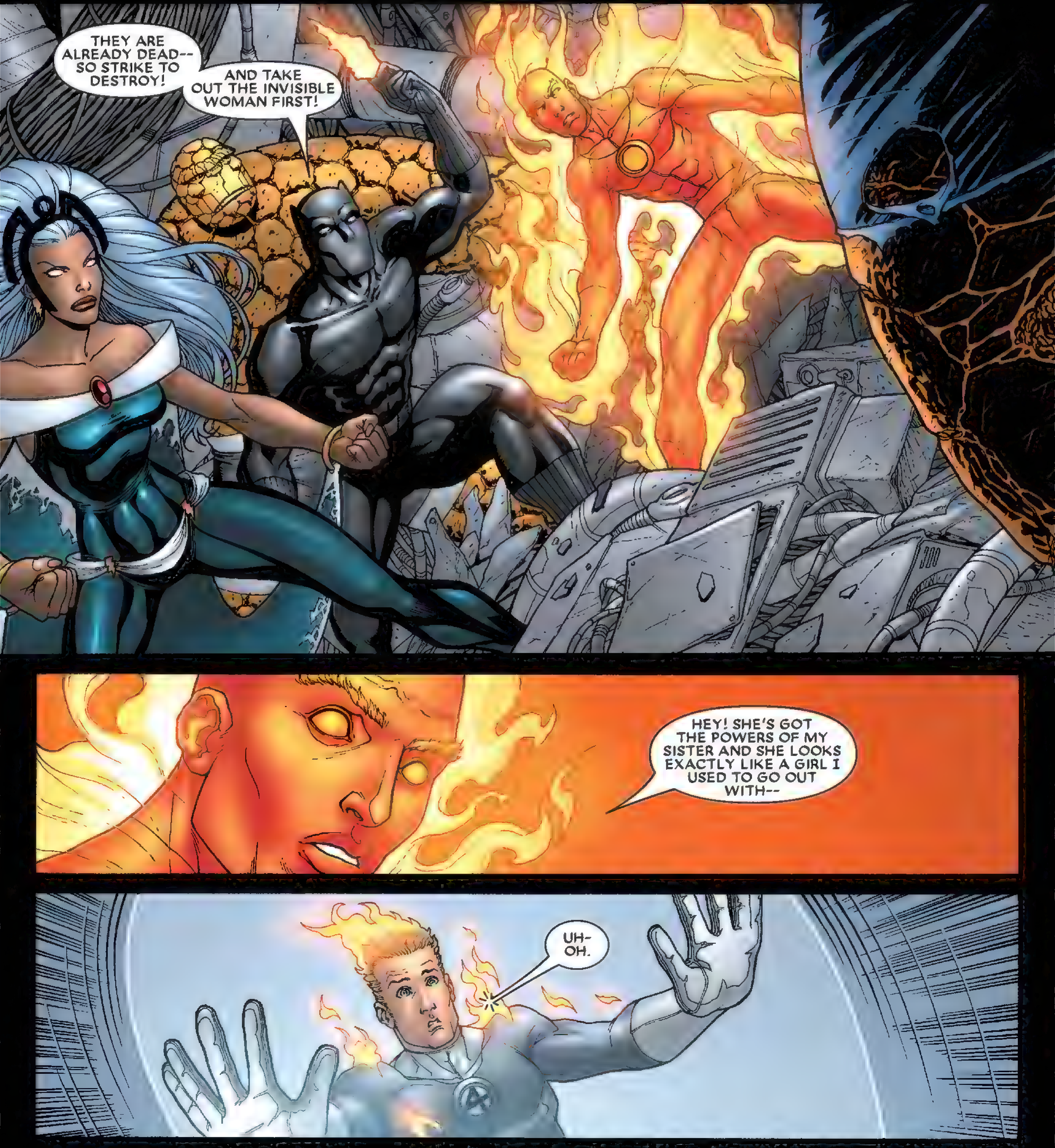
Cover by Jack Kirby & Sol Brodsky

The love triangle between Reed, Sue and the arrogant, prickly Namor was a total blast in the early days of Lee and Kirby's FF. The one-upmanship between the two men, the games of jealousy played by the woman of their affections — and of course every reader of FF was right there with ol' Reed and Subby! The cover to Fantastic Four #4 *was not only the first Silver Age appearance of the underwater prince of Atlantis, but foretold the romantic troubles that loomed for all involved.*

"This was on my Top Ten list of favorite comics of all time, where Namor decides to come out of the ocean and steal Reed Richard's love interest. The ambiguity of this story was something that really stuck with me, really shocked me, because a part of Sue Storm wanted to go with him. Reed is her lifelong love interest and then she meets this fish-man and is tempted to go live under the ocean with him. That's one of my favorite Marvel stories of all time, so I couldn't wait to do this cover."



ABSOLUTELY NO WAY TO WIN PART 3 OF 3


THEY ARE ALREADY DEAD-- SO STRIKE TO DESTROY!
AND TAKE OUT THE INVISIBLE WOMAN FIRST!
HEY! SHE'S GOT THE POWERS OF MY SISTER AND SHE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE A GIRL I USED TO GO OUT WITH--
UH-OH.

DON'T WORRY. I WILL FREE YOU BEFORE YOU DIE. LIVE FLESH IS SO MUCH TASTIER!
AAARGGGH!
GASP!
GET SOME AIR IN YOU AND GET OUT OF HERE, JOHNNY!
TOO LATE!

WHAM
AWWW, SHADDUP!
YOU'RE FAST... FOR A HUMAN. BUT HOW LONG BEFORE YOUR LUCK RUNS OUT?
DON'T CONFUSE LUCK WITH SKILL.
SOONER OR LATER, YOU WILL--
SLAM
--NAIL YOU TO THE WALL? YES, NOW.

YOU... WITCH! ONCE I BURN THROUGH THIS, I--
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING.
WISE CHOICE, BELOVED. NOT ONLY DOES THE RAIN WASH OUT HIS CANNIBALISTIC INTENTIONS--
WOOOOOOOOOSH
--BUT IT REVEALS THE ATTEMPTS OF THE INVISIBLE SKRULL TO LAUNCH A SNEAK ATTACK!
SHUNK
ARGH! NOT AGAIN!
THE ENERGY DAGGER SCRAMBLES HER THOUGHTS MOMENTARILY, BUT SHE QUICKLY RECOVERS. HOW CAN THEY RECOVER FROM SEVERE BRAIN TRAUMA LIKE THAT?

RRUUMBLE
COME ON... PUNCH THROUGH... I'LL BITE WHOEVER ATTACKS FIRST...
-SNIFF-
...IS SOMETHING BURNING?
THIS IS A REVOLTING DEVELOOO OOPGHPH!
GREAT WORK, JOHNNY! NOW I'LL COOL HIM OFF.

THIS IS OUT OF CONTROL... I MUST--
THUNK
DIE, IF IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE.
YOU WORTHLESS HUMAN SCUM! HOW DARE YOU--
THUD
FINE, I'LL EVEN THE SCORE.
JOHNNY! FLY! NOW.
HELP ME, DARLING! IT'S ME!
LYJA!

GOOD SHOOTING, T'CHARLIE. GLAD YOU DIDN'T TAKE OFF JOHNNY'S FOOT.
I'M GLAD SKRULL PISTOLS DON'T HAVE SAFETY LOCKS.
ENOUGH SHOOTING OUT OF YOU, HUMAN!
THE WEAKEST ONE IS THE MOST DANGEROUS. WE'LL FIX THAT.

SORRY FOR THE IMPERSONAL TOUCH... ...BUT I DIDN'T WANNA TOUCH IT AND CATCH ANYTHING.
SLAM
JEEZ, HE'S DETERMINED!
LET'S SEE IF *THIS* DETERS HIM.
OWWW!
HOW DO YOU... DISMEMBER... AN ELASTIC... ZOMBIE?

WELL, LET'S START HERE.
WOW, YOU KNEW T'CHALLA WAS INSULATED?
WE'VE PLAYED THIS GAME BEFORE.
NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FINALLY TAKE A STAND.
BAD MOVE, GENERAL...DON'T DO IT!
CHOMP
AAAAIIIEEEE!

BURN HIM BEFORE HE TURNS, JOHNNY.
DISGUSTING... BUT ON IT, BOSS!
FWOOSH
UGH! THEY *WILL* PAY FOR THIS!
I'VE GOT NO STOMACH... BUT I'M REALLY HUNGRY.
ZZZAP

ALL RIGHT, HAND OVER THE TRANS-DIMENSIONAL DEVICE AND NOBODY GETS HURT.
YOU REALIZE YOU'VE GOT NO CREDIBILITY WITH THAT STATEMENT, RIGHT?
HE'S GOT A POINT. MAYBE WE SHOULD PROMISE A "QUICK AND PAINLESS DEATH" AS OPPOSED TO BEING EATEN ALIVE...?
SPEAK FOR SELF! *HULK HUNGRY!*
OH LORD, *LISTEN* TO US! DO YOU HEAR HOW FAR WE'VE FALLEN? WE USED TO BEAT UP PEOPLE WHO TALKED LIKE THIS! NOW WE'RE THE WORST ONES EVER!

PETER, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SENSITIVE GUY, BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY. IF REED RICHARDS VOLUNTARILY WENT ZOMBIE, THEN THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO IT. HE'S THE SMARTEST OF ALL OF US.
NO OFFENSE, TONY.
NONE TAKEN, HANK. YOU'RE MAKING A GOOD POINT. AND JUST LOOK AT ALL THE MENACES TO EARTH WE'VE WIPED OUT: THE BADOON, THE SHI'AR, AND NOW THE SKRULLS...
BUT WE WIPED OUT EARTH FIRST! SO WHO ARE WE SAVING?
PETE, MY MAN...
MAN UP! WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THIS! WE GOTTA EAT!

THANKS FOR BEING THE VOICE OF REASON, CAGE. I GOT NO PATIENCE FOR THE SOB-SISTER ROUTINE. I BEEN GRIM AND GRITTY MY WHOLE LIFE.
HULK CO-SIGNS TO THE FULLEST!
TIME TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP.
HERE WE GO.
DAMMIT! THEY GOT AWAY!
YOU AND YOUR WHININ'...

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE...
...MAKE THAT, *WE* ARE CLOSE.
LET'S JUST GET A LITTLE DISTANCE... QUIETLY...
I'LL SHIFT THE WINDS SO OUR SCENT DOESN'T REVEAL US...
WELL, AT LEAST WE HAVE A SHIP FULL OF SKRULLS TO HOLD US OVER. MOST LOOK DEAD, BUT I BET SOME OF THEM ARE JUST WOUNDED. GOOD EATING!
DON'T LET YOUR HUNGER BLIND YOU TO HIGHER GOALS. WE NEED THAT DEVICE!
LISTEN TO MR. STRATEGY HERE. THE HANNIBAL OF HARLEM.
I WILL PUNCH YOU INTO ORBIT, TIN MAN.

WHILE YOU BOYS SORT IT OUT, I'M GONNA ROOT AROUND FOR A SNACK, OKAY?
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME LIVING SKRULLS IN HERE SOMEWHERE.
THE QUESTION IS NOT, "ARE THEY ALIVE?"...
...BUT "ARE YOU"?
THANOS?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SURELY YOU MIGHT HAVE ANTICIPATED THAT YOUR APPETITES WOULD EVENTUALLY ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF MY MISTRESS...
...DEATH!

I ONCE TRIED TO END ALL LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE AS A GIFT TO HER. NOW YOU STAND ON THE EDGE OF THAT GOAL.
MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR SUCCESS OUTWEIGHS MY JEALOUSY.
I HATE FREAKY COSMIC STUFF LIKE THIS.
FINALLY SOMETHING WE CAN AGREE UPON. WHERE'S DR. STRANGE WHEN YOU NEED HIM?
ATE HIM.
AS A REWARD FOR YOUR EFFORTS, MY MISTRESS IS READY TO GIVE YOU THE ULTIMATE GIFT:
HER *KISS*, AND THE COLD ETERNAL VOID OF HER EMBRACE.
HOLD ON THERE! JUST BECAUSE WE'RE THE UNDEAD, DOESN'T MEAN WE WANT TO, YOU KNOW, *DIE*.
WE COULD BE CURED! WHERE'S THE *COSMIC CUBE?* WE COULD UNDO ALL THIS!

NOT ME! I'VE HAD IT! THE GUILT IS UNBEARABLE! I WANT IT ALL TO END--*NOW.*
HEY... HOWCUM THEY AREN'T KILLING HIM, LIKE, FOR REAL?
ACTUALLY...
...I DON'T THINK THIS IS A TITAN AT ALL. NOT THAT I HAVE SPIDER-SMELL OR ANYTHING, BUT I THINK IT'S...
*...SKRULL-*MEAT.
C'MON... GOOD BLUFF, RIGHT?
IF YOU LET US LIVE, WE COULD BREED MORE--

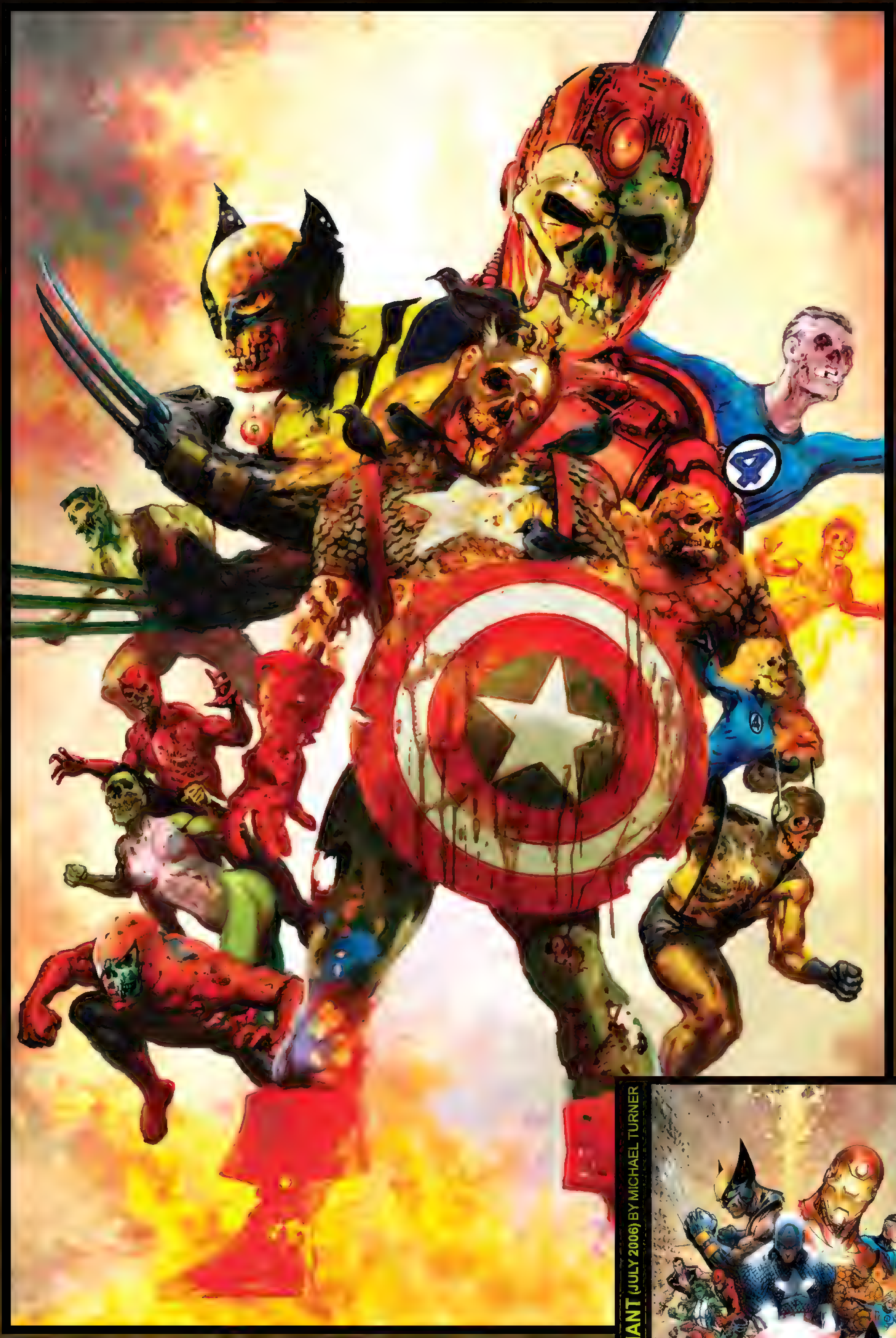
OKAY, I CAN'T RUN ANYMORE. I'M FAR AWAY ENOUGH TO FLY, RIGHT?
NO, YOU'RE NOT FAR AWAY ENOUGH. GIANT-MAN WOULD SPOT YOU ON THE HORIZON LINE. YOU NEED NON-POWERS-BASED FITNESS TRAINING, JOHNNY. WE'VE ONLY RUN A COUPLE OF MILES NOW.
I GOT YA, LITTLE BUDDY!
OKAY, MY HUMILIATION IS COMPLETE.
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. I'M NOT USUALLY THE GUY TO BREAK OUT A FIVE-DOLLAR WORD, BUT THE ONLY WAY TO DESCRIBE THE PANTHER IS "FORMIDABLE."
I'M NOT EVEN TRYING TO COMPARE MYSELF TO HIM. IT'S THAT I CAN'T EVEN KEEP UP WITH STORM!
YEAH, THAT IS PRETTY WEAK, JOHN-BOY.
BEN! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!
ONE THING YOU'LL LEARN ABOUT US, STORM...
...IS THAT THERE'S *ALWAYS* TIME FOR JOKES!

THAT'S IT?
THE LAST TWO ALMOST HAD A POINT. MAYBE WE NEED SOME KIND OF BREEDING PROGRAM TO KEEP US FED. BUT THEIR BIRTH CYCLE IS TOO LONG...
"BREEDING PROGRAM"? GOD, TONY, HAVE YOU TOTALLY LOST TOUCH WITH YOUR HUMANITY?
PROBABLY, YEAH. GAINING COSMIC POWERS AND DEVOURING WHOLE SPECIES ACROSS THE GALAXY WILL DO THAT TO YOU.
HOWEVER, I'VE ALWAYS PRIDED MYSELF ON SOLVING TOUGH PROBLEMS WITH PRACTICAL SOLUTIONS.
SO YOU ALWAYS WERE KINDA AN INHUMAN ZOMBIE...NICE.
HULK SICK OF CHIT-CHAT!
HULK SICK OF ALIENS--WANTS ROUGHAGE!
YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO EAT SOME TREES OR--
NO! *ROUGHAGE!* EAT LIKE MAN-WITH-BOOMERANG-IN-HIS-HEAD!
HULK SO HUNGRY HE COULD EAT THE WHOLE THING!

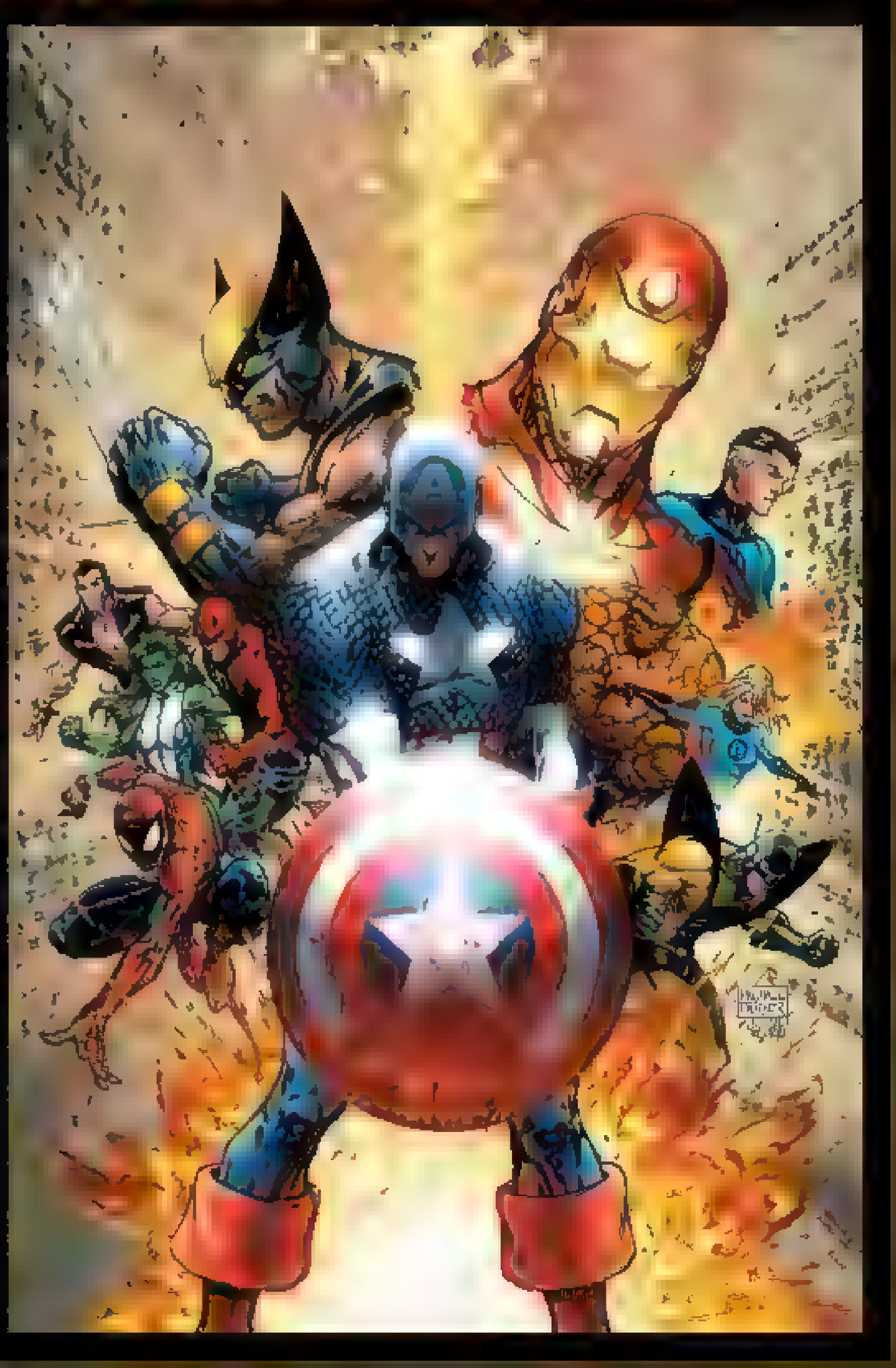
HE'S TALKING ABOUT... *GALACTUS?*
GREENSKIN MAY BE ONTO SOMETHING. WE HAVEN'T REALLY EXPLORED THAT ASPECT OF OUR ABILITIES.
ALRIGHT, HULK. YOU WANTED ROUGHAGE, YOU GOT IT!
NOW WHAT? THEY COMING AT US FROM UNDERGROUND?
NO...IT'S WORSE THAN THAT. I CAN FEEL THE WHOLE PLANET UNDER ATTACK. THE MAGNETIC FIELDS ARE SHIFTING.
I THINK ONE OF MY WORST-CASE SCENARIOS IS IN PLAY.

WHERE'S THE WATCHER WHEN YOU NEED HIM?
WE'LL NEVER FIND A FUNCTIONING SPACECRAFT IN TIME. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OFF THIS PLANET.
THE FROGS.
NOT AGAIN! YA GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
AND TO MAKE IT WORSE...
WHAT A REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT.

MMMM-HMMMM!
NOW THAT'S GOOD EATIN'!
NEXT: LITTLE GREEN MEN!



MARVEL ZOMBIES 2 #1
Cover by Arthur Suydam



CIVIL WAR #1 VARIANT (JULY 2006) BY MICHAEL TURNER

40 Years Later...
MARVEL ZOMBIES 2
PART 1 OF 5
Damn...
Sean 2007

...the edge of the known universe.
...I can't believe we ate the whole thing.

So that's it then? Nothing left?
Nothing?
It's been weeks--can't think--can't focus.
The pain is *unbearable...* we've been moving through the cosmos--as fast as we can.
I don't think there's anything *left.*
What now?!
We wouldn't *be* in this situation if *this one* didn't eat twice as much as the rest of us!
QUIET, PRUNE CHIN!!
Hulk not eat more than his fair share!
Prune Chin should shut up before Hulk forgets how bad he must taste!
Guk.
Stop it-- *both* of you!
Right now!

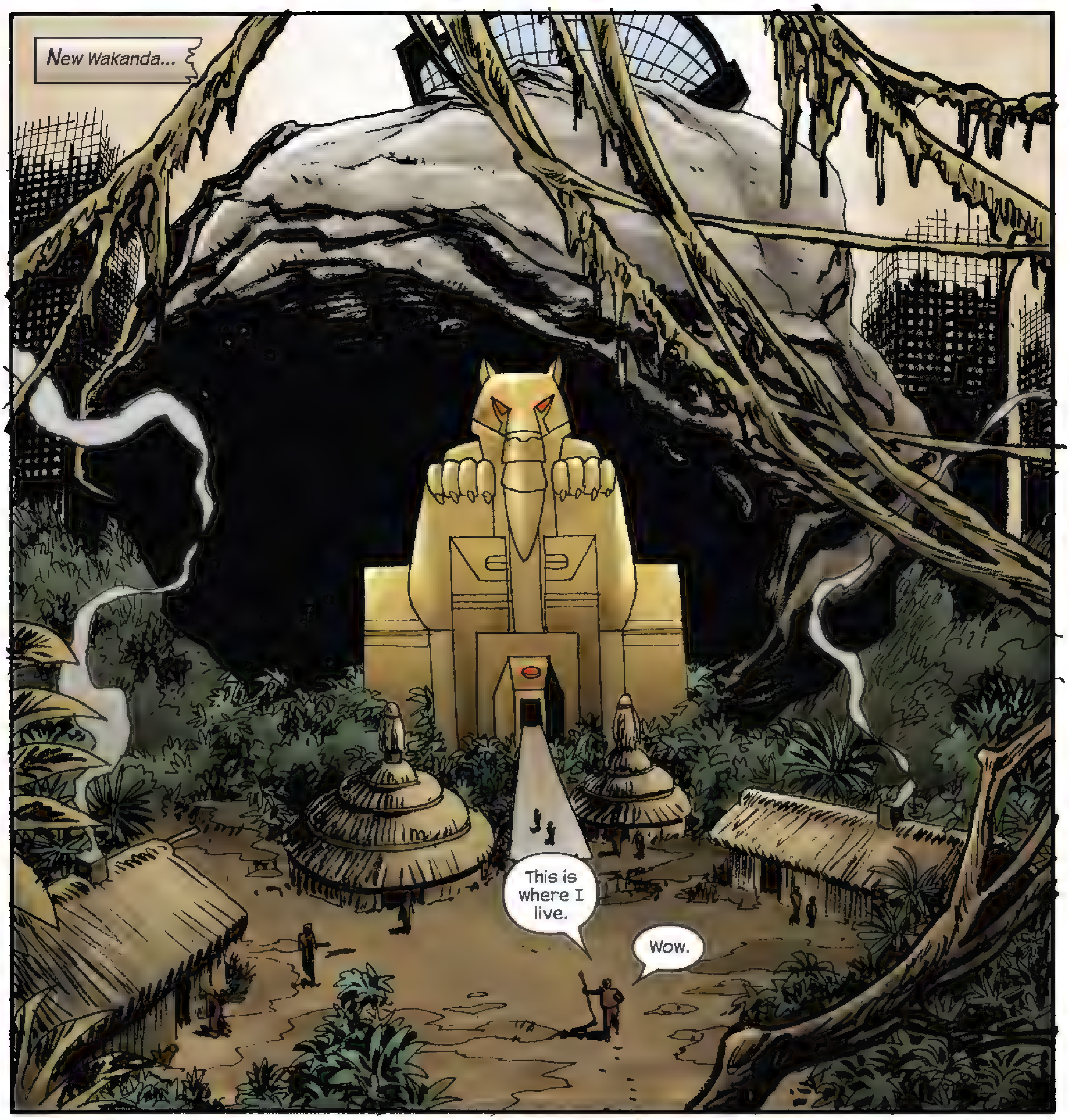
BRAKOOM!!
Hulk has stopped it.
Now Hulk can eat for two-- eating Prune Chin's food. Problem *solved.*
Starving-- must--!
Trust us-- you don't want to be doing that.
HUAKK!!

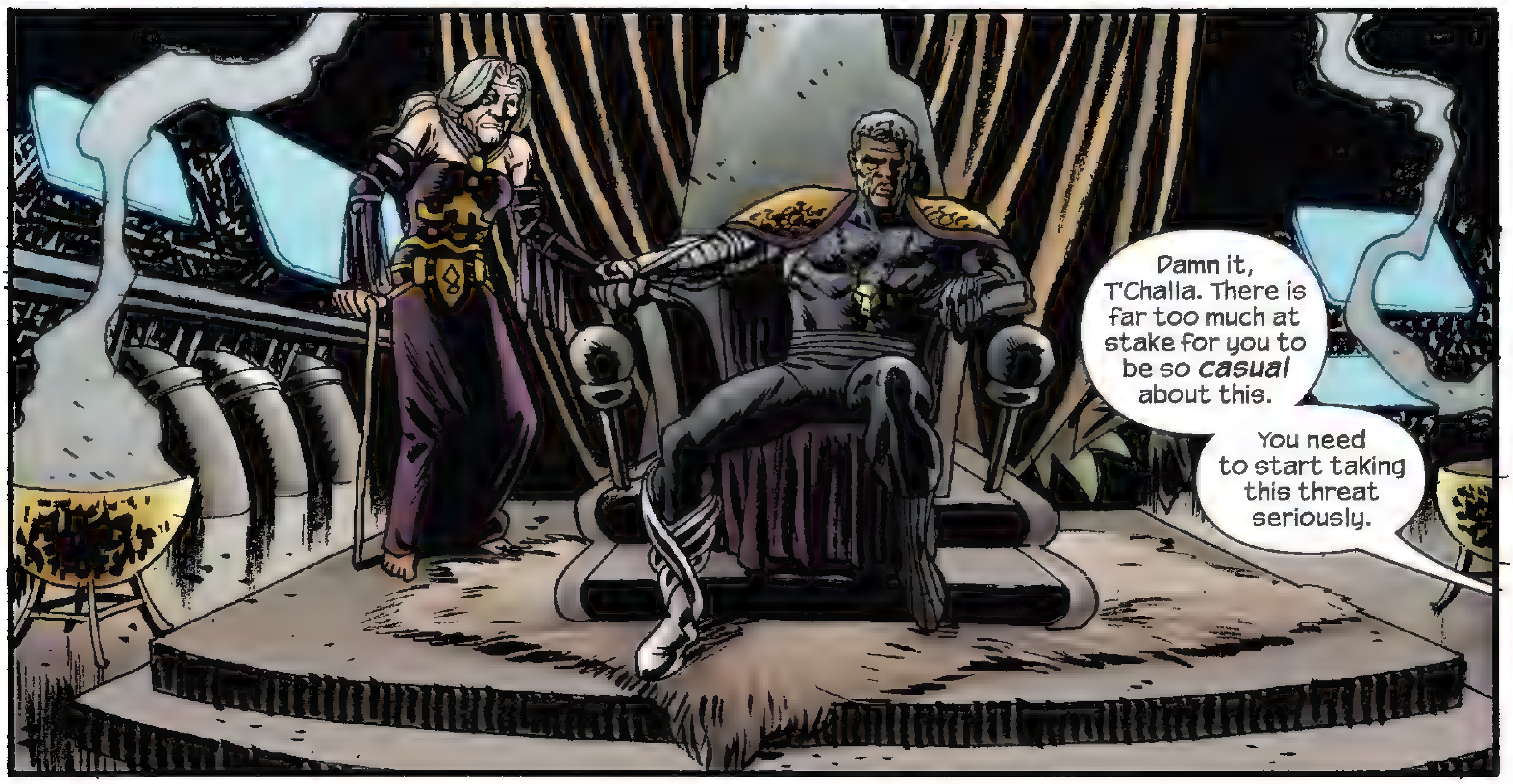
How many times do we have to tell you? We can't eat each other.
If only we could...
We're done here.
There's nothing to eat--there's nothing left. We can't stay here.
We need to leave.
Yeah, bub--and go *where?* We've been *everywhere.*
Not everywhere. There was a machine, I remember it now, a way to get to other dimensions.
I remember...I think I remember working on that. Did I build it, before--before I was... dead?
Yes, and Reed Richards rebuilt it and used it to escape this dimension.
That's our ticket out of here--that's our means of escape. That's how we get more food.
WE NEED TO GO BACK TO EARTH.

You ain't saying much. It's not like you. What gives?
Just thinking. I don't know...
It seems like the longer we go without eating, I could be imagining this but... it seems like the pain-- the *hunger* is, well...
...I think it's starting to *fade.*

Earth...
REC
YEAAGH!!
Is someone there?! Someone? *Anyone?!*
Hello?!
Hold on--I'm coming.
gasp!

You--get me out of here--please!
You can help me--can't you? *Can't you?!*
Please, help me!
My grandfather told me all about you and your kind. You're not all like Miss Wasp.
Are you gonna try to *bite* me?
No, I--
I just want someone to *talk* to.
You promise you're not going to try and eat me?
I promise.
Okay. I'll take you home. They'll know what to do with you.
Did you say something about a *Wasp?*
I think I knew a Wasp once...
...I think.


New Wakanda...
This is where I live.
Wow.


Damn it, T'Challa. There is far too much at stake for you to be so *casual* about this.
You need to start taking this threat seriously.

If the Acolytes take control of this community, we won't last another generation.
You *know* this.
What do you expect me to *do,* Forge? You've been telling me for years that we don't have a large enough gene pool to reestablish humanity on any kind of a permanent basis.
Do you expect me to banish them? Wouldn't that make things *worse?*
I'm not sure anymore. If we're doomed to eventually perish anyway... maybe we *would* be better off without them.
I can't say I don't agree with you. There was a time--I would have given my life for the Acolytes. But now--these *children* wearing the uniforms--they've lost their way.
The queen is right. I was elected leader--leader of us *all,* not just those who agree with me. I won't turn my back on anyone.
They are challenging your rule--they're power-mad children bent on establishing some damn cult to Magneto. *They're crazy.*
Crazy they may be--but one of their arguments is that I'm too old to lead.
Even if that isn't true now--it's only a matter of time before we'll need to elect a new leader anyway.
I'm not going to be here *forever.*

It doesn't *have* to be that way.
Wasp, please--don't take this the wrong way, but we're never going to so much as *consider* that.
Please don't bring it up again.
I know your feelings on the matter. I do. And I understand everyone's concerns, but something has come up.
Something that proves my recovery from *The Hunger* is not a fluke--that I'm not an isolated case.
I found it earlier today, grandfathers.
He's like Miss Wasp--he's nice. He hasn't tried to bite me once.
Do I know any of you? I remember...
I *think* I remember...
Bring it here, son.
Be careful.
Hawkeye?
My God...

Meanwhile, out in deep space...

A living planet? I don't know *how* we missed this the *first* time through!

Back on Earth...
Well?
So far, he seems harmless, but clearly, lying *alone* under rubble for nearly half a century has left him mentally scarred.
At present, he seems harmless, but I haven't been able to study him extensively.
And the body? Does it still work?
Of course. I built it to last.
The only problem occurred when I tried to remove his mask. He began screaming as if he were in pain and suddenly terrified.
I think he may have thought I was trying to pry the skin off his face. Which is understandable. He can't feel pain, so he would have no way of knowing what I was doing.
And after all this time...
That's... unsettling.
Like I say, he's not all there. After a few weeks--maybe he'll come around, or maybe he won't. But I would not leave him alone with anyone for now.
There's no telling *what* he's capable of.

Elsewhere in New Wakanda...
Fabian Cortez, my father, was a great man!
A man with VISION!
He would often speak to me of the vast world that lay around us, untouched and unspoiled. He believed in the potential of this society.
My father believed we could reestablish our dominance over this planet! I believe we can do much more than we are.
I believe we can start to live instead of merely trying to survive!
I've lost faith in our "warrior king" who's never fought in a war! I see a man who lives in fear--fear of the past--fear of the future.
I don't see a king! I see an old man, losing his mind--slowly rotting away to nothing--taking us with him!
I call for a new direction, new ideas--new leadership!
Cortez!
Cortez!
Cortez!
Cortez!

Later that night.
Aboard Asteroid M, the quarters of Black Panther and his wife...
Elsewhere...
Just a few more--
What is this monitor saying? There's a *breach?* How often does that happen?
It happens from time to time. A hatch opening isn't such a big deal if we're not out in space. I usually *ignore* it.
I guess you could go check it out if you're really worried...
Hmm.

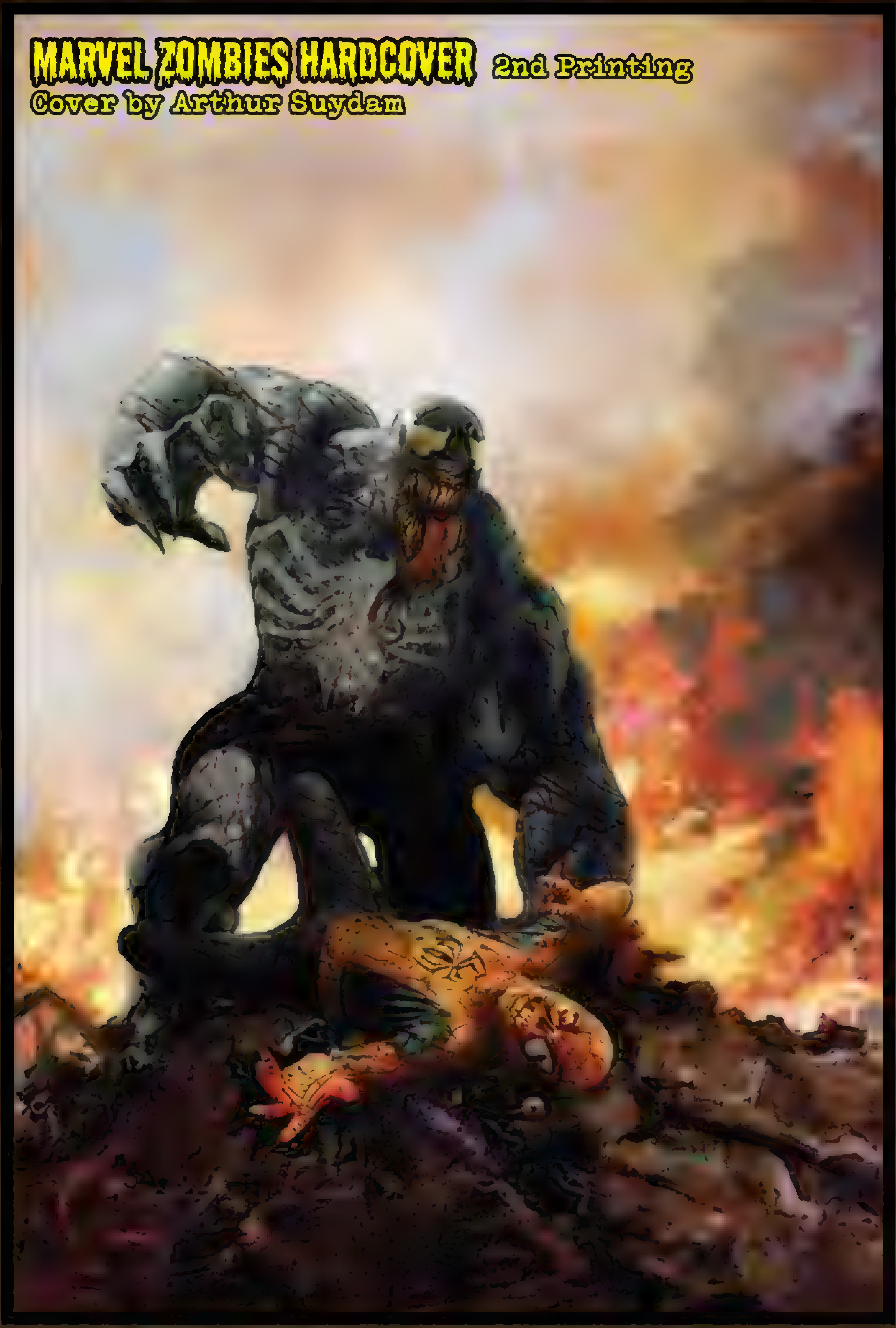
RRK!
SHUKK!
AAIIIEEEE!
Who dares?!
This is *treason!*
THWOKK!
This is--
This--
Keep talking, old man.
SPLUKK!
VZZZKKTT!
YEAAGKK!

PANTHER!
Oh, God...
Oh, God...
He can't die--Wasp, please--don't let him die.
He's going to. He--
There's only one way to stop it.
What do you--oh, God--oh, *no.*
CHOMP!
Oh, God--the *taste.* It was the only way. I had to do it.
The taste--oh, so *good*--the taste--I--
Ugh. *Pain--it hurts!*
The hunger!
No! No--*Please!! Stay back!*

Irk!
HRAMM!
Well...
Hello.
Leave my... leave my wife *alone.*
If you have to eat someone-- help me eat *him.*
You're the boss.

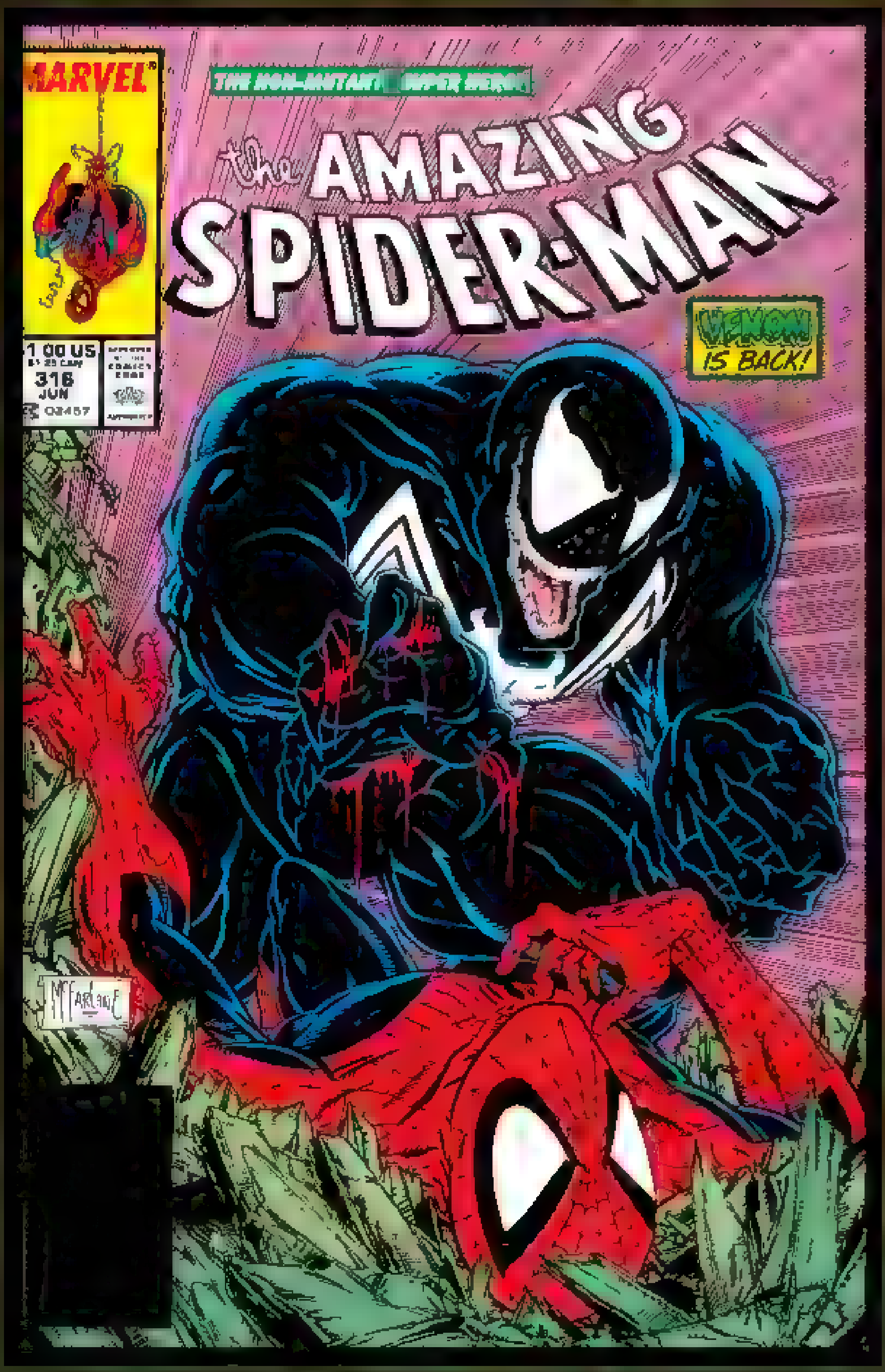
Don't look at me, dear.
Don't look...
Oh, God-- what did I just do?
Oh, God.
Relax, you'll get over it... this one *did* just try to *kill* you. He *caused* all this, you know.
This is going to work out. While we have a little self-control, we'll lock ourselves up in the detention level. Then, after a few weeks of detoxification--the hunger will wear off. We'll be back to normal again and you can resume your duties as leader.
Things can only get better from here on out.
The worst is definitely ***behind*** us...I mean, what ***else*** could possibly happen?!

Are we there yet?!
Shut up!



MARVEL ZOMBIES HARDCOVER 2nd Printing

Cover by Arthur Suydam



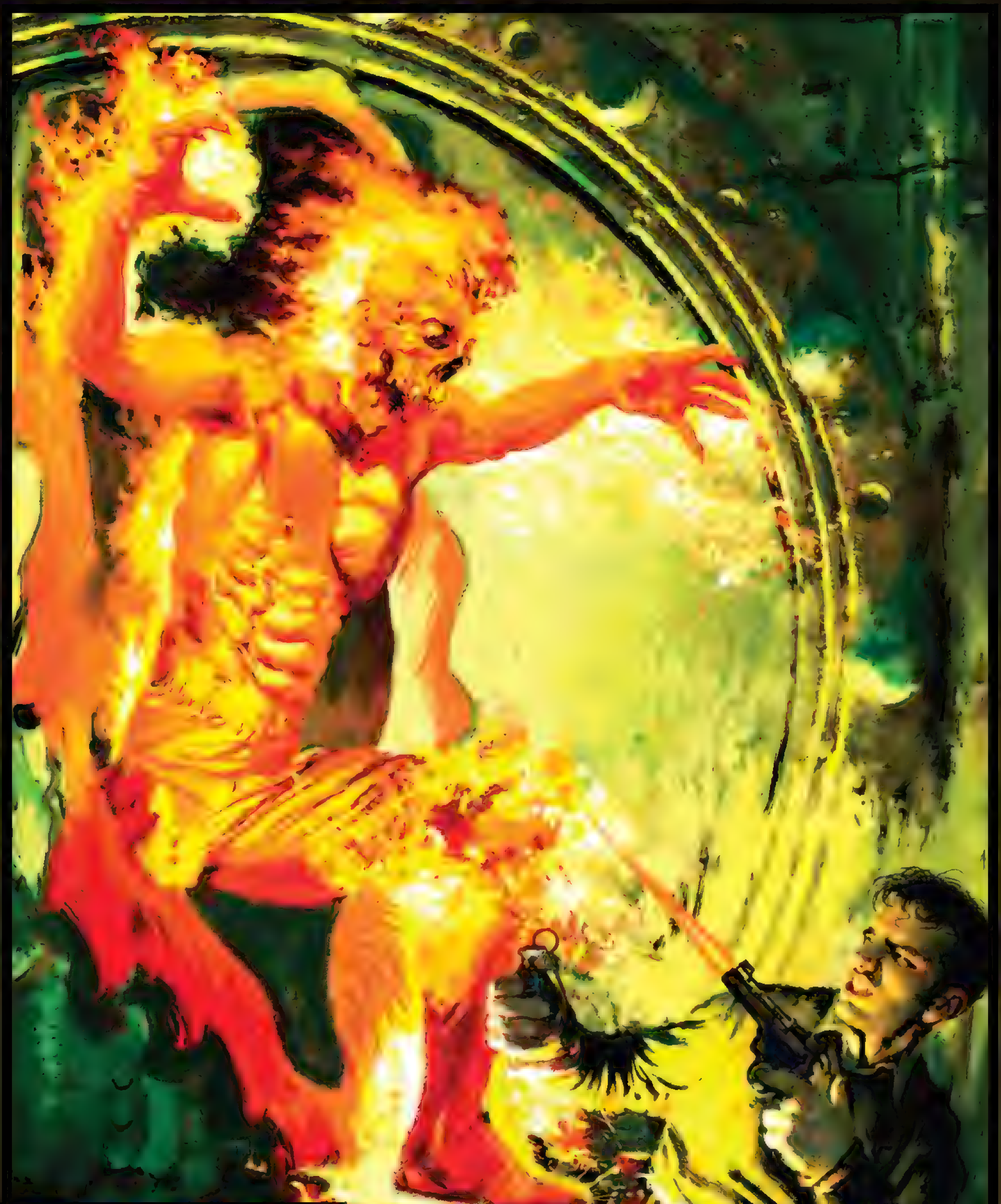
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #316 (June 1989)

Cover by Todd McFarlane

One of the most popular characters ever introduced in the pages of Amazing Spider-Man, *the evil menace of Venom was, at times, even more popular than the hero! This bad-to-the-bone baddie left sellouts in his wake whenever he appeared on a cover, and through the years would actually get his own titles and limited series all to himself. Not bad for a bad guy!*

"This picture I needed to get done in very short order. I generally don't use models, because I don't have the space for them, and I don't own a camera so if I want to take a picture I have to find someone who has a camera and borrow one, so it's a big hassle.

"But this was a cover they needed very quickly, so to help speed things up I thought we'd try to find someone and dress him up as Spider-Man. I couldn't think of anyone to ask, and of course didn't know anyone with a Spider-Man costume, so my wife actually went over to a Halloween store and bought me a Spider-Man costume to fit a 12-year-old, and we tried to squeeze me into it. We went up on the roof and shot some photos of me in the costume and this is the first cover where I actually modeled for one of the characters. The outfit was so small the legs came up to my knees. So the agony was real!"



MARVEL
COMICS
THE HUMAN TORCH
THE ANGEL
SUB-MARINER
MASKED RAIDER
featuring
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
12 PAGES
OF JUNGLE
ADVENTURES
ACTION
MYSTERY
ADVENTURE

MARVEL COMICS #1
(NOVEMBER 1939) COVER BY FRANK PAUL

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2 #2
Cover by Arthur Suydam

So, uh...
Are we there yet?
MARVEL ZOMBIES 2
PART 2 OF 5

Okay-- okay!
That is it!
How many times have I told you to cut that out?! *How many?!*
Ten?! *Twenty?!* It's not funny. *Nobody* is laughing!
It's not--
THWIP
Lordy, lordy... talk about not being able to take a joke!
Luckily I've been keeping my web fluid in reserve in case of situations just like this.

--KILL YOU!
Hank, what are you doing? Calm down.
We're all friends, here--right?
Hulk not bothered by puny Parker--and Hulk is angriest of all.
Yeah, come on, Giant Man...lighten up. I'm just joking around.
Just keep your mouth shut and stay the hell away from me!
I was sick of you twenty years ago--how you've survived this long, while Colonel America is dead, will never make sense to me.
I'm right there with you on that one, pal. Only after everything we've done...I don't think any of us deserve to be here.
Just stay out of my way.

Earth.
The detention level of Asteroid M.
I don't care what you did, Grandfather. They shouldn't be keeping you in there, you're the king.
Why *are* they keeping you in there?
I'm sick-- *ungh*--like Miss Wasp--we have to wait in here for a while and--
Hu-ungh!
Grandfather, are you okay?!
No!
K'Shamba, Don't touch the door! You can't *ever* open this door--not as long as I'm in here!
The door's locked, Panther... he can't open it on his own.
Calm down.
Can't-- can't keep my guts inside...
I--I don't know if I was reaching for the door to *stop* him from coming in or-- I just don't know.
The pain--the *hunger.*
I told you-- you need to stop talking to him. You can't focus on ignoring the hunger if you're talking to one of them-- no matter who they are.
This isn't going to be easy--but we *will* get through this.

Elsewhere in New Wakanda...
My time has *come!*
Malcolm, if you think for a minute we can't link you to the attack on T'Challa, you're *crazy.*
As soon as he's back to full health and out of that cell--*you'll* be going in.
I thought you were a smart guy, Forge. Why don't you think this through?
My father and Panther struggled for years over the leadership of this settlement...Panther ultimately won, I accept that the people *chose* him--but times change.
I've had a lot of people on my side--and that was *before* your friend was a flesh-eating monster.
Do you really think anyone will follow him *now?*
I know your daughter married his son, and you guys have been close ever since...
...the accident.
But now is the time for you to be *practical.*
Now's the time to show me just how smart you *really* are.

Sheesh, we've been flying for *weeks,* you'd think we'd be--
Parker...
Don't worry, I wasn't going to say it. I'm just wondering if anyone even knows the way.
I mean--it has been a *while* since we were there.
I'm sure Iron Man has some kind of working navigation in that helmet of his. Don't worry.
Let me ask you this, though--after all this time, still with the jokes? You know how it grates on everyone.
What's that all about?
That's my *thing,* Luke.

When I started out, and well, up until I got bitten, the jokes were a way to hide my insecurities.
If Doctor Octopus or the Green Goblin ever knew how *worried* I was while fighting them I would never have beaten them.
It was a useful tool, y'know... kind of a way of saying, *"I'm so good at this I can crack jokes while you have to concentrate on fighting me."*
Make sense?
Yeah--it's kinda like me being so handsome. *"How's he stay so handsome fighting all this crime?"* It's distracting.
But, Pete--there ain't exactly a lot of villains we been facing over these last few decades... but the jokes still come.
Sure.
It's different now, though. Now I tell the jokes to keep my mind off all the horrible things we've done.
I'm tricking my mind into thinking I'm still okay...
If I dwell on the things we've done, the worlds we've eaten out of existence, the lives we've ended, I worry I'll just turn into a soulless beast, with no remorse.
I've changed, I know I've changed, we *all* have--but I have to maintain that even though I can't stop--can't *control* myself--what we're doing is *wrong.*
If we lose sight of that... all we are are *monsters.*
We'll be no better than the evil we fought against all those years ago.

Back on Earth.
Asteroid M, detention level.
I think my hunger is gone already... seemed like it took longer last time. Weird.
How about you? How do you feel?
I don't know... the pain is gone, but I don't know if it's gone away or if I've just gotten *used* to it.
Forge--I think his hunger is gone too. I'd keep an eye on him just to be safe--but I think we can be released now.
It's not going to be that simple. Malcolm Cortez has taken over the colony--it's taken everything I've got to keep him from trying to execute you both.
He keeps saying he wants to end the zombie plague forever... it's hard for people to argue with him.
And everyone is just ignoring the fact that it was an attack *he* ordered that caused everything that's happened with T'Challa and me?
Unless you think you can convince him to prosecute himself--that's a losing argument.
I'm sorry, Wasp. There's very little I can do at this point.
ARRG!
KRAKK!
Huh.
Broke a finger... that'll need to be repaired.
Just do whatever you can, Forge.

Saying your goodbyes?
Yes.
Just because I'm not standing in your way doesn't mean I agree with you.
Fair enough.
All that matters is that by tomorrow morning the threat of the zombie plague will be gone forever.
Make sure you deliver your new friend Hawkeye to us in the morning as well.
I know the deal.
He'll be there-- they'll *all* be there. It's for the good of mankind... I get it.
I just don't know how I'll ever look my grandson in the eyes again.

Later that night.
It's weird, I don't... I'm not tired. I'm not hungry... I'm just... numb.
You get used to that. It was weird at first for me, too... not sleeping, never getting tired. You'd be surprised how much you can get done now.
GETTING IT DONE!
What the--?!
Hawkeye, keep it down!
Sorry. I'll be good.
Why did you have to bring him, again, Reynolds?
He cries if I leave him alone.
Almost done.
There.
You guys coming, or what?

So, no hunger? You're pretty much back to normal?
Normal? No. But the hunger is gone. There are differences--I feel different, but my mind is intact, that's what is important.
Thank you for the bandage... I was having trouble keeping my insides *inside.*
You'll need to take Hawkeye with you. You, him and Wasp will need to lie low... hide out in the city.
We'll send a signal when Cortez has been dealt with... I just don't see anyone allowing him to lead for too long.
I doubt it will be more than a month or two.
Okay, understood. We'll be on the lookout. We'll spend the time looking for any supplies we could use. The time won't be wasted.
C'mon... you have to follow me.
Are we going for a ride?
Janet, you be careful.
Will do. I'll be back to be your guinea pig before you know it, Reynolds. Don't worry about me.
I'm afraid I can't avoid that.
Make sure--
You don't even have to say it. I'll keep an eye on K'Shamba and Hendricks. They'll be fine.
K'Shamba's going to be so scared without me. I just wish I could see him before I go.
Maybe I can help with that.

You didn't think I'd let you leave without saying *goodbye,* did you?
Look, little K'Shamba... look at what your grandfather has become. Go to him--go to him and see what he does to you.
I can't--I'm scared.
Well, your own grandson has made his choice. Let's see what everyone else has to say.
PEOPLE OF NEW WAKANDA-- I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE!
Come out! Awaken! Come and see your great leader for who he really is! The rumors are true-- he is a monster--one of *them!*
Is that what you want for a leader?! Is that who you want keeping you safe? Keeping you fed?! Could you *ever* truly trust one of them?!
I stand before you now, saying he is not fit to lead. He is not fit to--
What is it? What is everyone looking at?

That would be *us*.
First chance you get, take K'Shamba and my wife into Asteroid M... maybe we can protect them from there.
You can count on me.
I gotta say, when we decided to come back to Earth--this was about the *last* thing I expected to find.
How is it we missed you before? How have you survived?
As you can see, some of us are just like you... no longer human.
I assume you're not here to chat, but if you're planning on attacking us, if you're going to try and eat us--I beg you to reconsider. I've known all of you--before, I know you to be good people.
You don't have to be a slave to the hunger--I know, I've helped T'Challa beat it, I can help you, too.
Janet, my dear. I'm so happy to see you're still around. But *defeat* it? What are you talking about?
The hunger is unstoppable, I know... over the years it's haunted my every thought, driven my every move.
ENOUGH TALK!

Hulk wants to eat-- *now!*
WRAMM!!
Go!
You must save them!
CRRUNNCH!
We've got to go-- I'm taking you into Asteroid M. We'll be safe there.
Are you sure?
No--but it's all we've got.

NO!
Stop this, Hulk--stop right now!
There's not enough for us to do this--there's only a handful of living humans here.
We've got to think this through!!
We've got to be smart this time--last time, we did things all wrong. We didn't think we'd ever run out, we just kept eating and eating...traveling from planet to planet!
Look where that got us!
We've got a real chance here--as long as we're *smart.*
I'm with you--I've missed eating human flesh, I recall it being so much better than the creatures we've been forced to eat recently.
We've got to be careful--do this the right way.
We could turn this place into a *breeding* camp! We could control ourselves...only eat a few at a time...
We savor it--if we do that, we won't be out of food in a matter of minutes...we'll dine on human flesh *forever!*

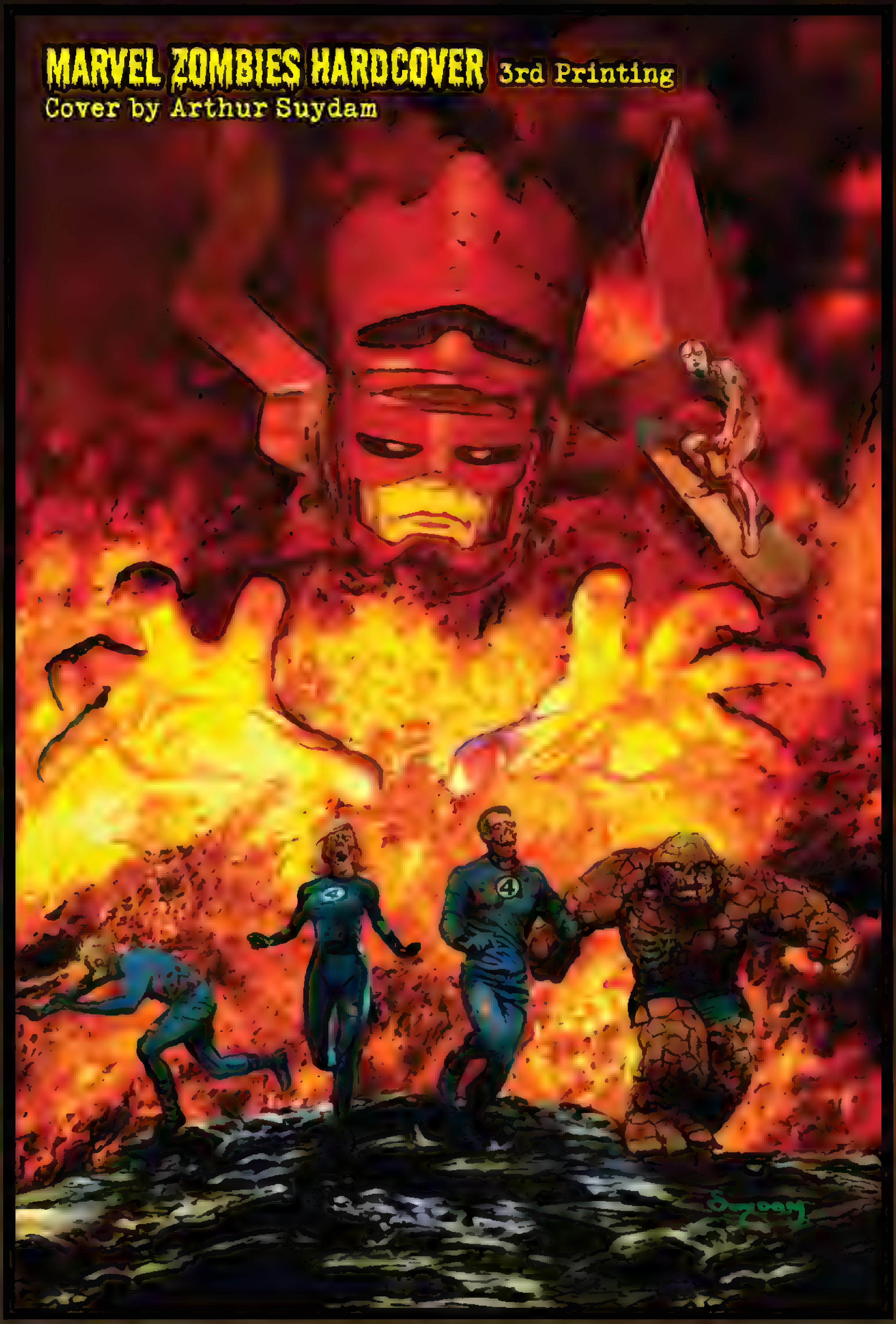
NO!
VZAPP!!
URB!
Listen to yourself, Giant Man... listen to what you're saying! For God's sake, man--have you lost your mind?!
I've been traveling out in space for forty years--eating and killing, devouring everything in sight...only to learn I'd be coming back here, to Earth... a place where I can't hide what I once was--can't forget it, the evidence is right here--all around us.
We were *heroes.*
And we return to find living people here! With *families!* We can't do this again! We just can't!
I won't let you!
Huh...
Colonel America would be proud.
...
Someone kill this little twit.

Kinda always knew it would come to this eventually, Pete.
What the--?!
Leave him alone!
What's wrong with you people?! Can't you see he's *right?!*
Go! Get inside-- we'll hold them off if they come after you.
Run!
Hey-- what's going on?
Huh? What's that?
It's me--Reynolds-- I'm transmitting to you through Hawkeye's robot body.
What?
Can you get the Asteroid into orbit? Once the people are on, can you get them out of here?
Then they can just fly up and get us in space. I think we're safer here-- I've been working on something.
Watch them--see if you can steer their fight to the edge of New Wakanda... the minute they cross out of the settlement, signal me through Hawkeye.
Will do.
WASP--I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP!

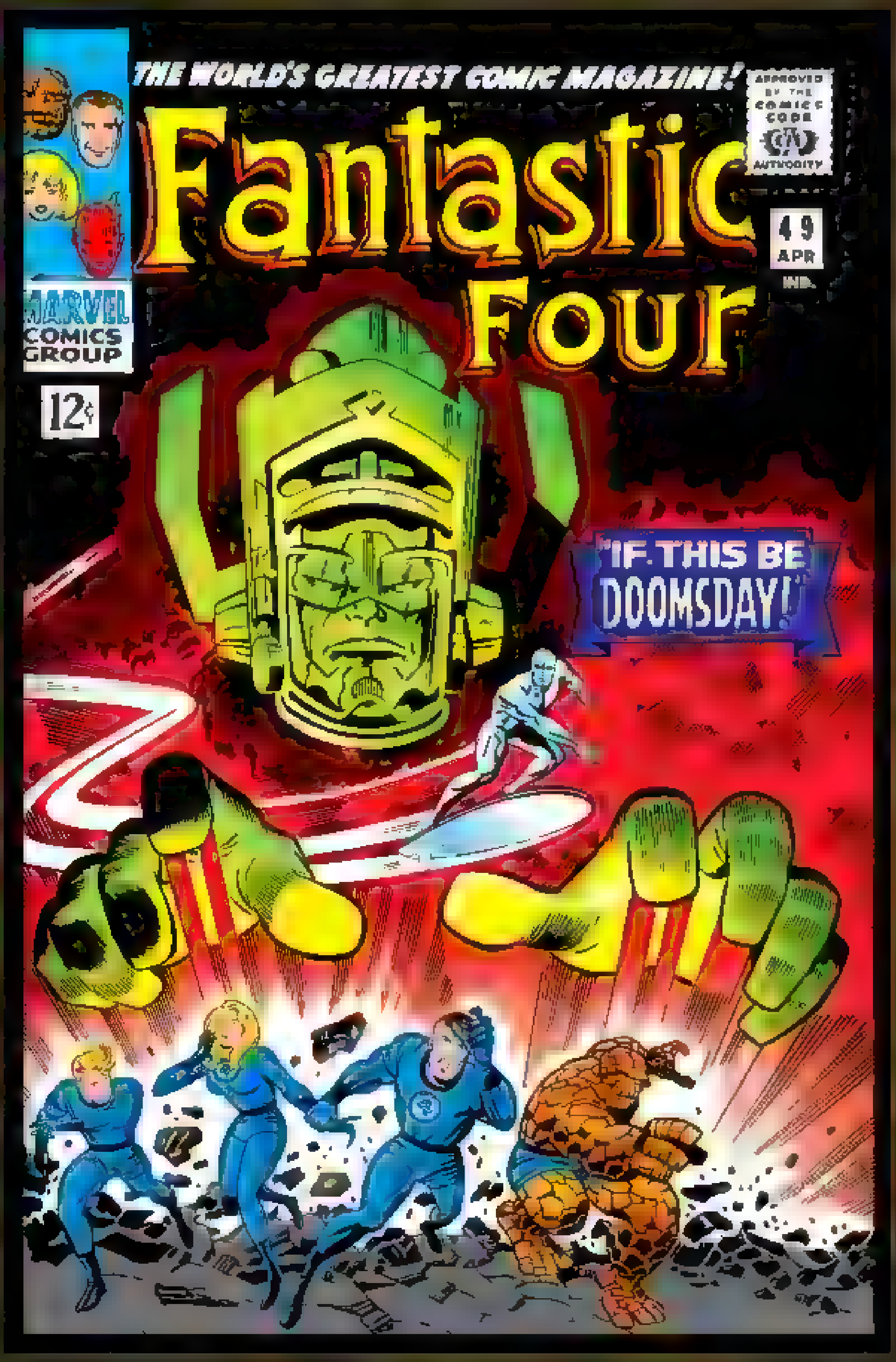
C'mon--we gotta push them out of the settlement.
I'll do my best!
HEY!!
Hunger--fading.
It's about time. I didn't think I could hold you back a second longer.
Off me!
Crap.
Get a hold of yourselves!
This accomplishes *nothing!*
WRAMM!!
Sean 2007

That's as close as we're going to get. Whatever it is you're going to do, Reynolds--
--do it now!!
Okay, here goes.
Pray this works!
VVOOWWWOOOWWWOOOWWWWWW!

You did it!
The people are safe!
Er...
Looks like you locked me in.
Not very smart.



MARVEL ZOMBIES HARDCOVER 3rd Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam


THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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49 APR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
12¢
"IF THIS BE DOOMSDAY!"

FANTASTIC FOUR #49 (April 1966)

Cover by Jack Kirby & Joe Sinnott

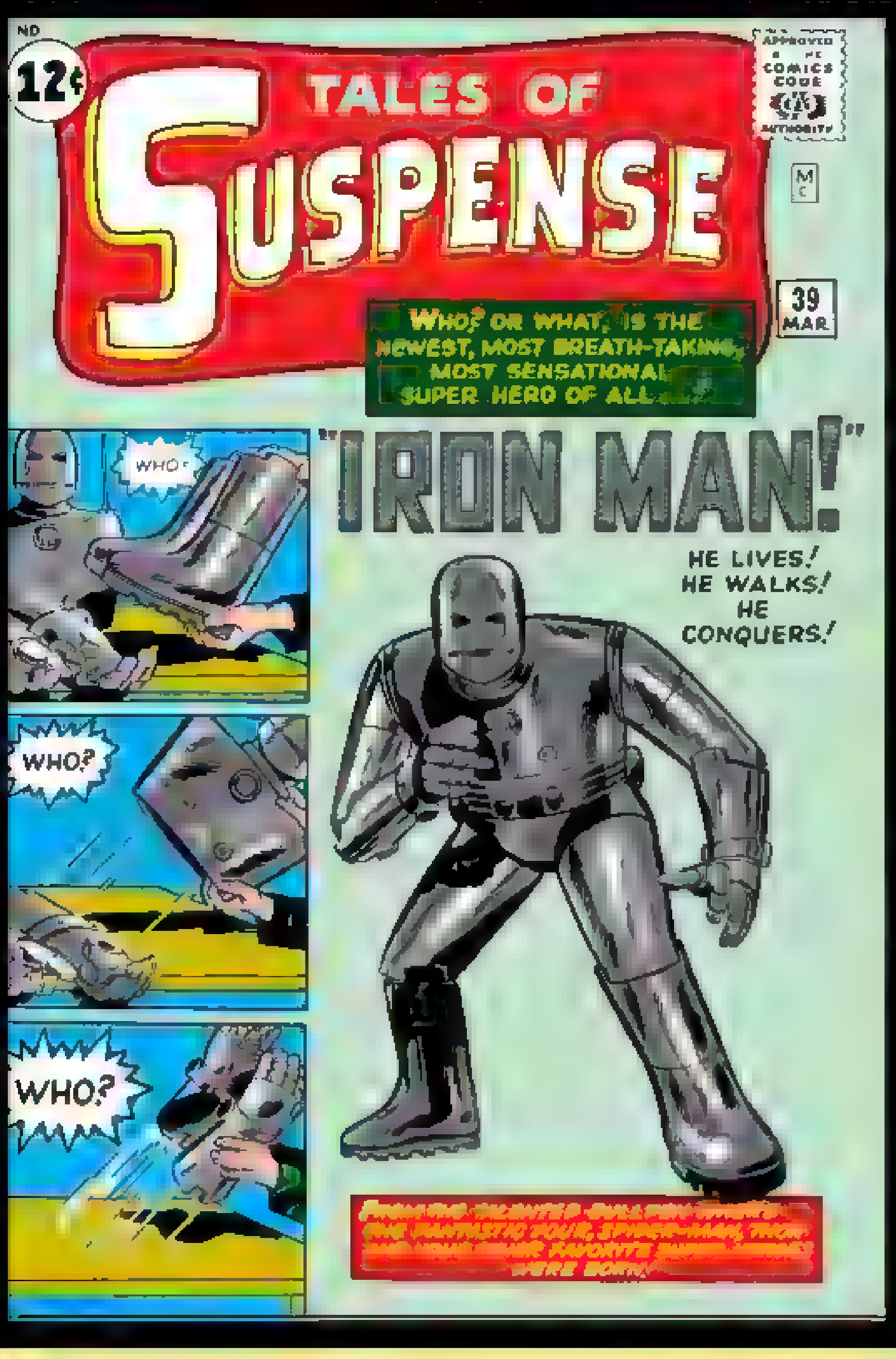
One of the most classic pieces of art from the Lee/Kirby run, this suspenseful cover showcased the ominous threat of the world-devouring Galactus and his mysterious, moody herald, the Silver Surfer.

"On this one, painting on that plane was hell! That was really hard. The design is pretty much a simple picture of the Fantastic Four running at you, so to boost up the drama, I came up with the concept of putting the entire picture in flame. I don't think I knew what I was getting into when I decided I was going to put this big flaming background in there!

"You can spend four or five days just painting fire, and that's exactly what I did on this one. I must have spent a week just painting flames in this picture. It seemed like there was no end to it! Every time I picked the picture up, after I had just spent two days on it, I was back to day one and I hadn't done anything yet.

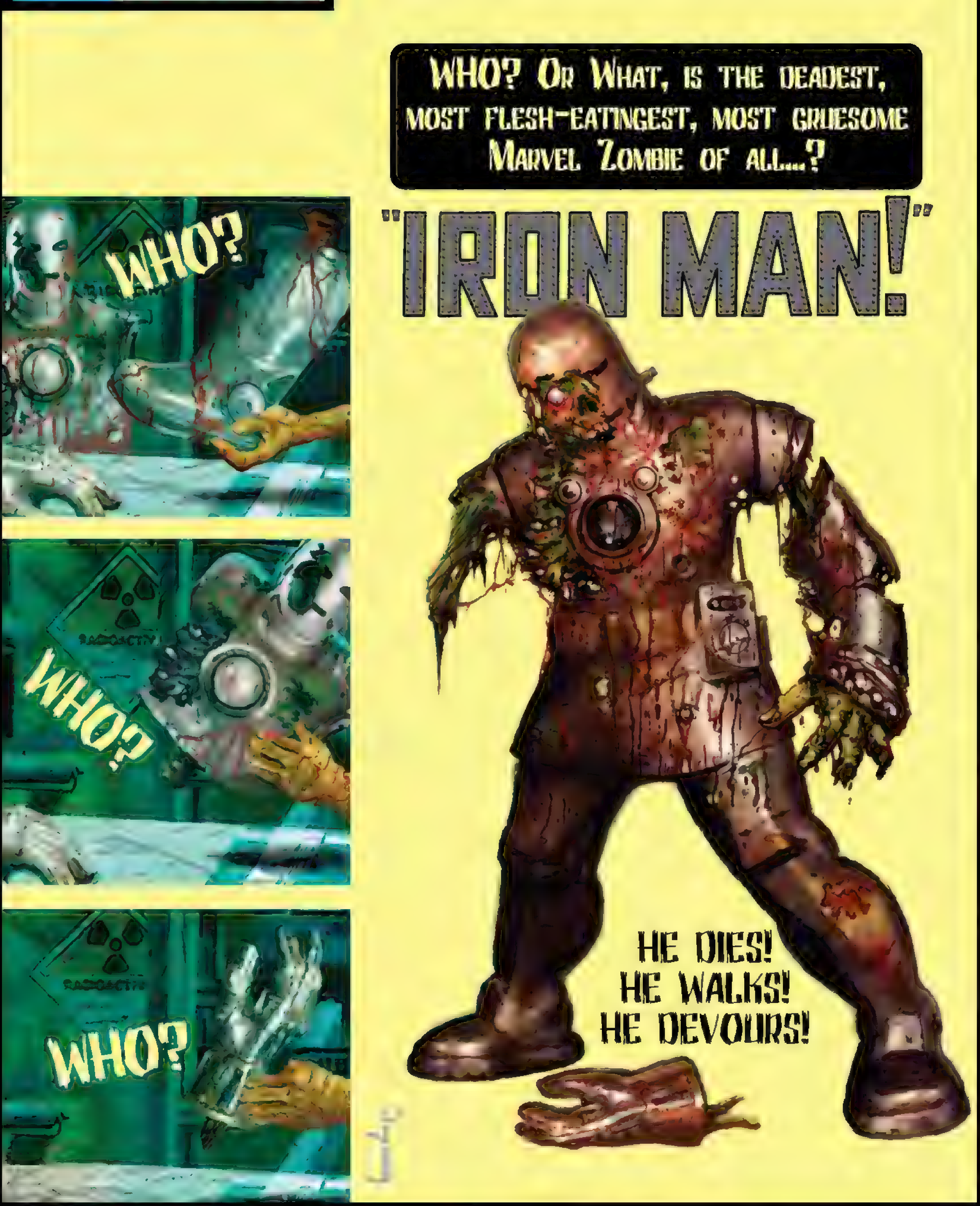
"Doing a 3D-realistic painted rendition of Galactus' headgear was not easy. That was another big challenge with this one, to get that to look interesting. When Jack Kirby designed these concepts, he was taking a lot of artistic license to make it look very, very good. Trying to figure all that stuff out, to convert it into 3D shapes — it was no easy task.

"It took a lot of sitting down with pen and paper, and doing little sketches of the various pieces and articles and geometric shapes of Galactus, asking myself, 'If this really existed in real life, what would be the front, the sides, the top, the bottom? And then I had to figure out how that works in the perspective of this illustration and then try to communicate that so it reads."


12¢
TALES OF SUSPENSE
39 MAR.
WHO? OR WHAT, IS THE NEWEST, MOST BREATH-TAKING, MOST SENSATIONAL SUPER HERO OF ALL...?
WHO?
WHO?
WHO?
"IRON MAN!"
HE LIVES! HE WALKS! HE CONQUERS!

TALES OF SUSPENSE #39
(MARCH 1963) COVER BY JACK KIRBY

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2 #3
Cover by Arthur Suydam


WHO? OR WHAT, IS THE DEADEST, MOST FLESH-EATINGEST, MOST GRUESOME MARVEL ZOMBIE OF ALL...?
WHO?
WHO?
WHO?
"IRON MAN!"
HE DIES! HE WALKS! HE DEVOURS!

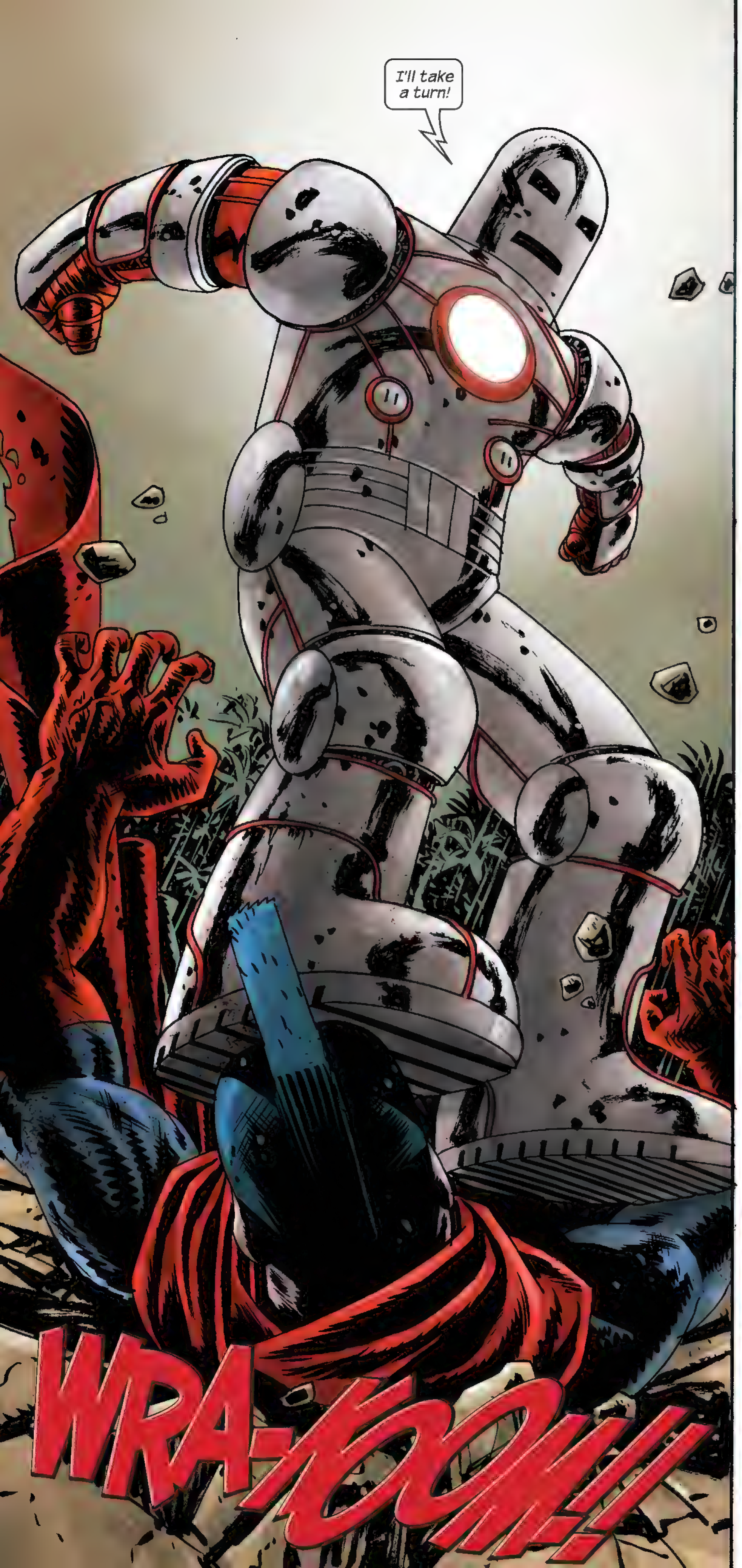
Get out of my way!
I claim everything under this force field for myself. I'm going to eat until I *burst!*
MARVEL ZOMBIES 2
PART 3 OF 5

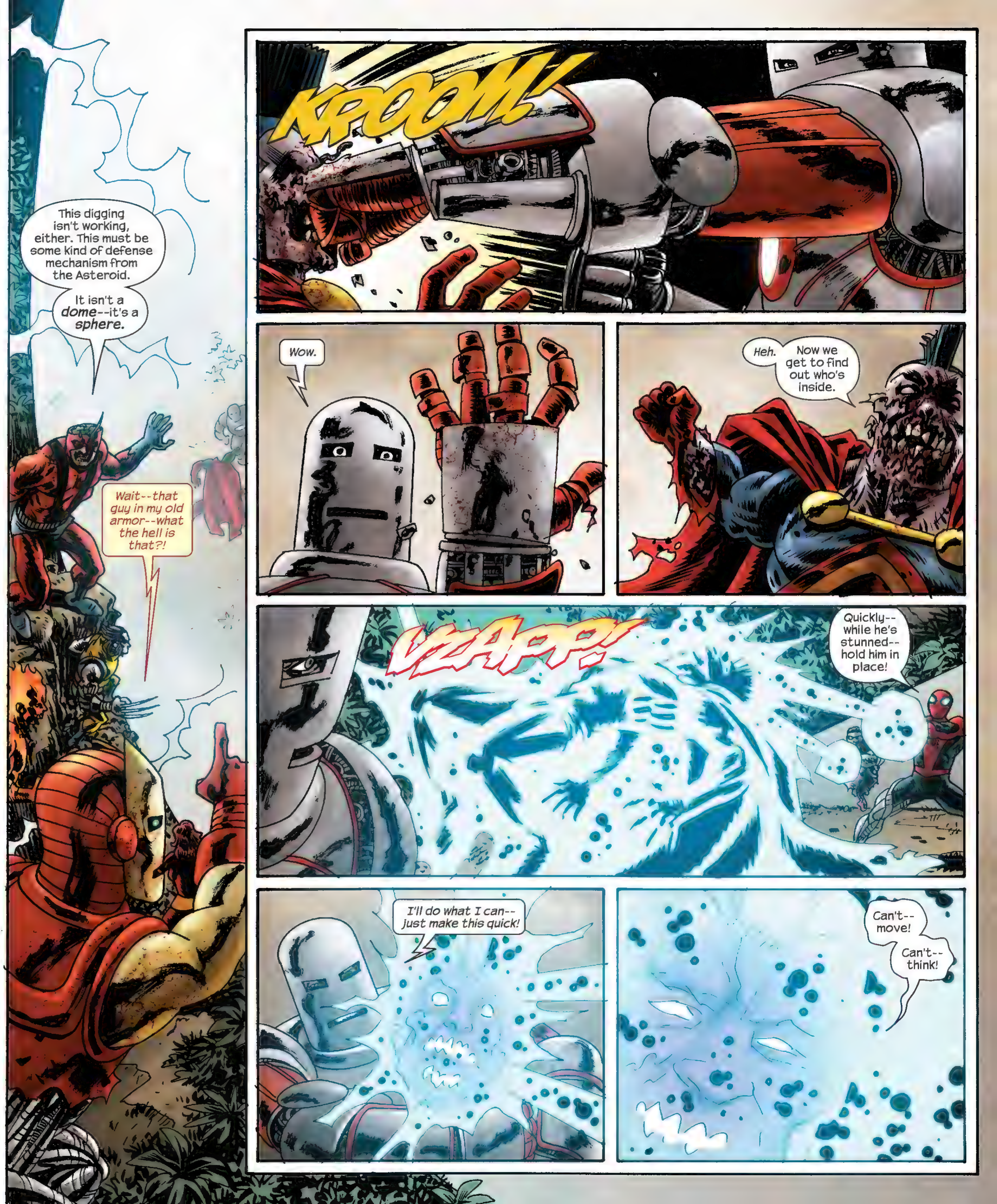
All of you, stand aside--you'd be *wise* not to oppose me.
I won't allow you to harm these people.
Gladiator, please--you weren't always like this. You were a noble man once...the leader of the Shi'Ar Imperial Guard...a protector of people.
These aren't my people.
The Shi'Ar were consumed, devoured by you and your friends. You *ate* my people, Spider-Man.
I think it's time to *return* the favor!

NO!
Surrender now, Gladiator! Just stop this. I can help you. I've learned things about myself, about *us.*
We don't have to fight!
SPLOGG!
Please--
This is hardly a fight.
NROOM!
Oh, Giant-Man-- your foot! I didn't even notice.
Yeah, that glowing wall cut it off.
What have we got, Iron Man?
It's some kind of force field-- but it won't hold us back for long.
You don't have to do this-- the hunger is *fading!* I can feel it happening.
Spider-Man's right! The pain will fade--the hunger will become a distant memory. You don't need to do this.

I want to do this!
SHRLPPP!!
Why bother with your pathetic energy blasts? I can't even *feel* them.
It makes *me* feel better!
Plus--it's a distraction!
Huh?
Spider-Man, you still with us?!

Yeah, I'm okay, Luke...
...I think.
Ungh!
When we are through, there won't be anything left of you to *talk*.
This isn't working! If we can't break *through* it--maybe we can go *under* it!
Start digging!
You're a heavy hitter, yeah--a planet mover for sure. Before all this started, I'd have to be pretty crazy to try and take you on myself.
But now, don't forget that the rest of us have the Power Cosmic--and a portion of Galactus' powers.
So you're screw--
WRAMM!!
SSSSSSSSSSSS
GOOM!
Who's next?!


I'll take a turn!
WRA-KOOM!!


This digging isn't working, either. This must be some kind of defense mechanism from the Asteroid.
It isn't a dome--it's a sphere.
Wait--that guy in my old armor--what the hell is that?!
KROOM!
Wow.
Heh.
Now we get to find out who's inside.
VZAPP!
Quickly--while he's stunned--hold him in place!
I'll do what I can--just make this quick!
Can't--move!
Can't--think!

BRAKOOM!
Nice job! But, Luke--I gotta say, you really look like crap.
I don't know how that's possible, I just lost like eighty pounds!
THUD!
Come here, Wasp--let's get you patched up.
Hey!
Hey!

Who are you?
How did you build that?
I hate to break it to you, Tony--but the doors at Stark International aren't locked anymore.
I've had *forty years* to improve upon everything you've ever done.
Forge?!
I didn't even know you were still *alive.*
I am--at least for a little while longer.
Also, you're never going to get through that force field--so you might as well give up.
Whatever--he may be right. However, killing them isn't why we came back to Earth.
Come on.

Here it is.
The Baxter Building, Former Home of the Fantastic Four.
Nice place.
Well, as I recall, we did kind of make a mess of things before we left the planet.
Fan out-- we need to find this gateway Reed built soon.
I'm starting to forget the taste of--

Oh, jeez.
INTRUDER ALERT!
INTRUDER ALERT!
INTRUDER ALERT!
What the hell is all this?!
SVASSH!
These must be Reed's defenses--this place was always wired in case of an attack.
But after all this time?
Who was here to turn them on?!

Infirmary on Asteroid M.
What are we going to do with *him?*
Keep him drugged and unconscious for as long as we possibly can in hopes that we figure something out.
If he wakes up-- turns into the Hulk... those restraints won't do a thing.
What about you, T'Challa? Do you feel anything?
No, nothing. It's like it didn't even happen. I can *see* it--but I can't *feel* it.
I'm not feeling *this* either--but if someone could get me reattached to my body, it'd be nice to--
Right away--sorry, Mrs. Wasp.
Thanks, Reynolds-- and how many times do I have to tell you? It's most certainly *Ms.* Wasp *these* days.
And you can call me *Janet.* I've known you longer than I knew my ex-husband...

We're in the middle of a crisis here, people. When did you think it would be a good time to inform your *leader* of what's going on?
Our future is in jeopardy--I need to be informed!
Get him *out* of here!
You know as well as I do that none of us will survive this if we don't work together. So whatever it is you have against me--I suggest you get over it for the time being.
He's right--we'll need everyone if we're going to survive.
Well--not everyone. Working with your kind is an accident waiting to happen!
Malcolm, they've already risked their lives to save us--and look--they're *not* attacking us.
We're not going to be able to do this without *their kind!*
...
Very well...

Later...
Okay, I think that about does it.
Good as new.
Thanks so much, Reynolds. It's good to be able to move again--when I'm disconnected, when I can't move--it's just horrible.
You've always been so good to--
SMECK
Uh...
Years ago--when everyone started pairing off, I never--
Today, when you were injured--I saw it on the monitor and I--I was so scared--
You were always the one for me, Jan--
What?!

Later...
Just plug me up--I don't need legs to get around. You're just wasting time.
I can do a little better than that.
Where did these come from exactly?
The Wasp had gone through quite a few bodies before we got to the current model. These are leftovers.
It was a simple matter to rig them up so you could control them.
So you guys have been living here this whole time?
We stayed in orbit for a few years, making sure it was safe down on the surface. Then yes, we returned here.
It hasn't always been great--but we've survived.
You've been living life. I *miss* life.
I miss smells... I miss food...
I miss a lot of things...

I'm sorry, he-- he wanted to see you.
Please, come. Don't be afraid, K'Shamba. You have nothing to fear from me.
I'm not afraid. I'm--
Are-- are you *dead?*
Do I sound dead to you?
No...but you *look* dead.
What have I told you in your studies? Looks can be deceiving... never judge anything by looks alone.
I am still your grandfather.
Well, everyone is scared. They're all saying that we're going to die.
If I die, I don't want to stay dead like Mom and Dad-- I want to come back just like *you.*

What can the two of you tell us about your group? Any information would be useful.
Why are they here? Why have they come back?
The same reason we went everywhere else in the galaxy: for more *food*...
They're looking for a place that has it.
Then why *here?* They had to know that even if there were survivors here--it wouldn't be *enough.*
There's a device here--something Reed developed when this all started. The thing the Fantastic Four used to travel to another dimension.
What? Why are you *smiling?*
Follow me. There's something I'd like to show you.

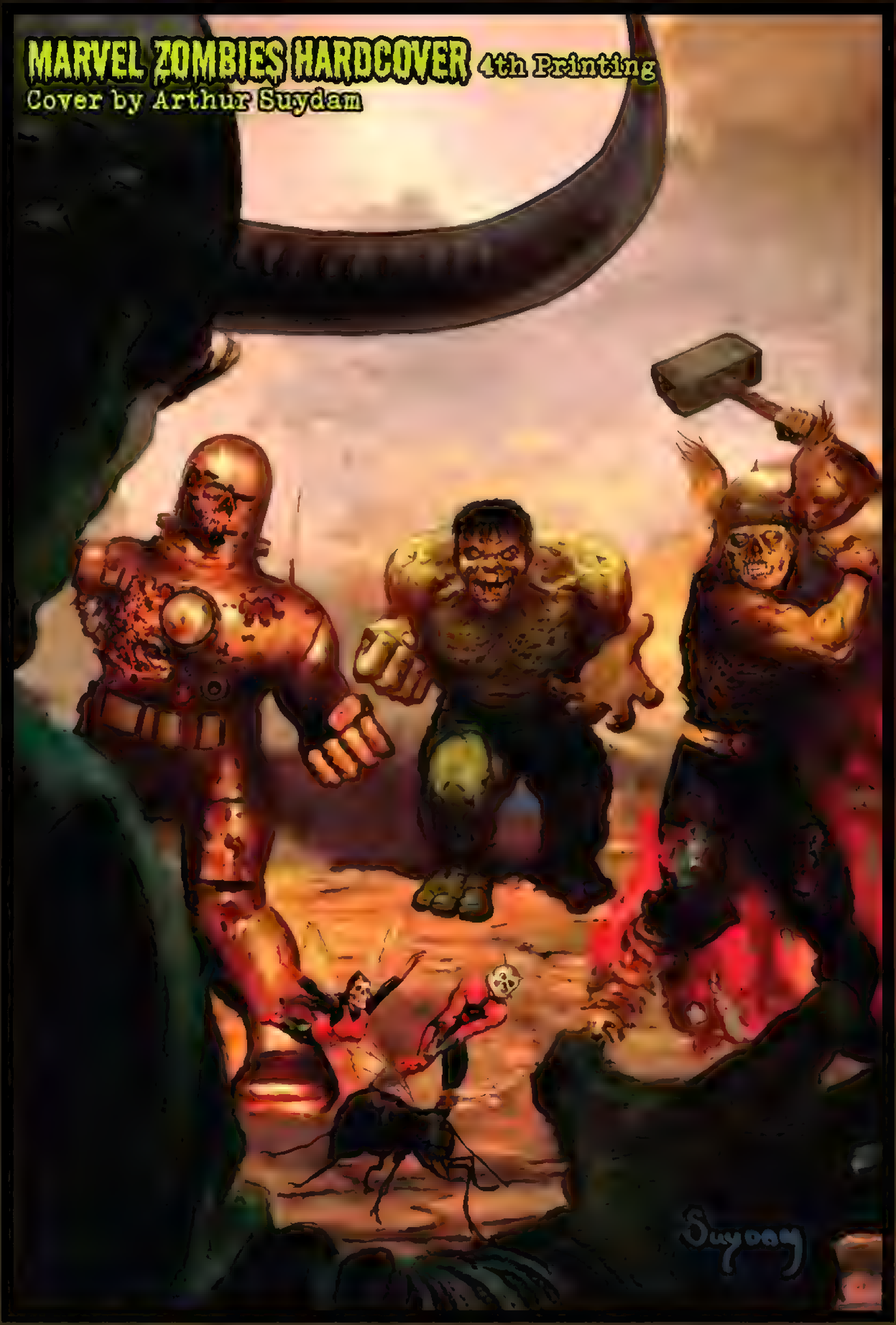
Back at the Baxter Building.
Okay...we've been in every corner of this building--we've searched every inch of every floor--
And we *still* haven't found it.
Guk!
It couldn't have just *disappeared.*

Think about it--every defense in this building was activated. Every single one of them.
Reed didn't plan on coming back after he left. He wouldn't have any reason to have those activated.
So?
Forge!
He got the Iron Man armor from Stark International...he would have had access to everything--there's no one to stop him.
If he stole my armor, he **must** have come here, too.
He must be the one who activated the defense systems and--
He's got the device...he took the portal generator from here.
We have to go back.

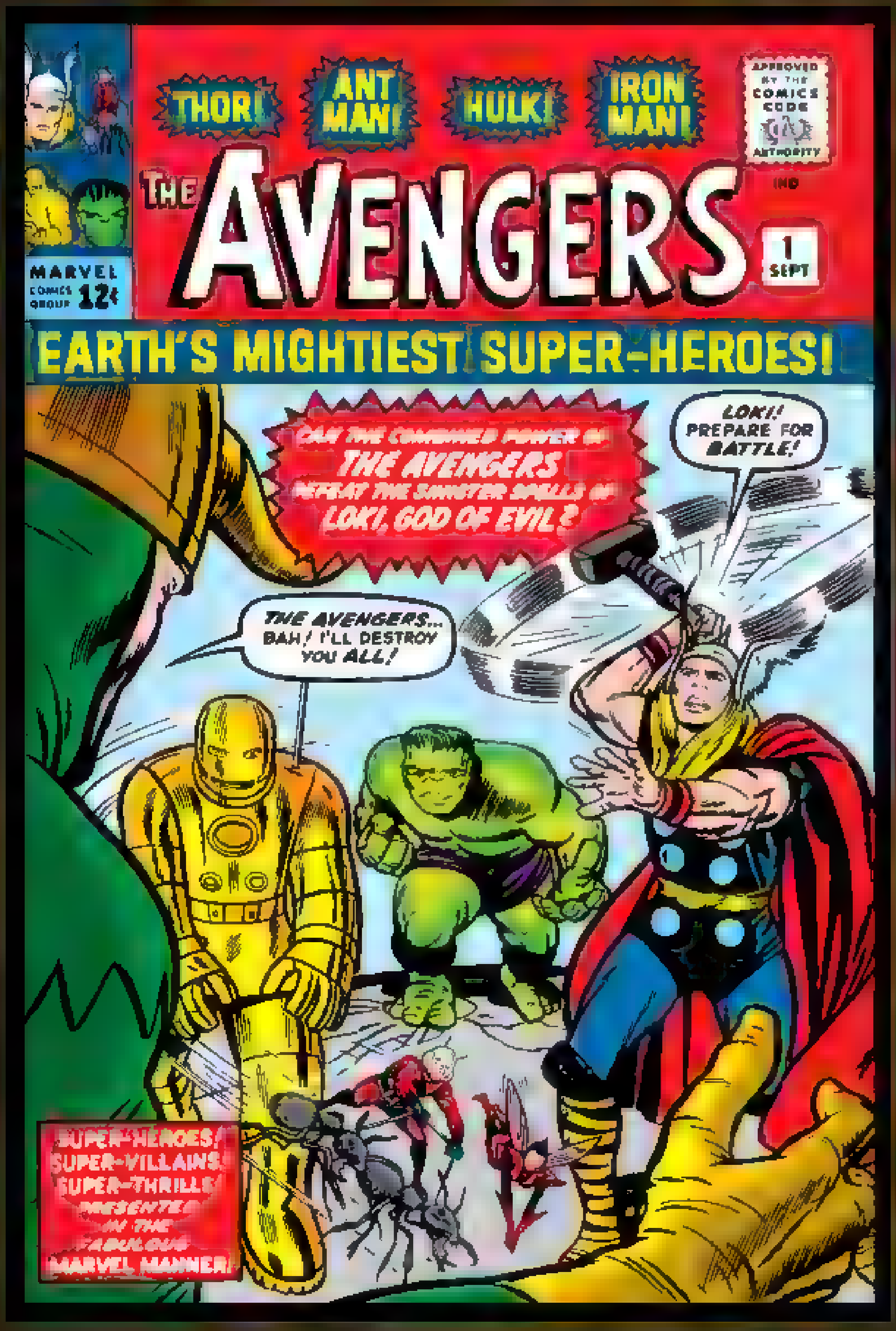
Oh, God--you've got it *here?*
I anticipated this. I thought you might one day return. I sought this machine out--mostly in order to keep it out of your hands.
At the same time, I wanted to give us the ability to escape this living hell--but I've failed. I've checked and rechecked the machine, and while nothing seems to be wrong with it--it simply doesn't *work.*
You brought it *here?!*
You don't understand. They came here for that machine--all the way here, from the edge of the *known universe*--just for *that.*
They will stop at *nothing* until they have it. They have time on their side--they can figure out a way to get past your force field.
You *will* eventually have to fight them!
We can't face them like this--we don't have the strength or the numbers needed to fight them off.
Uh...I may be able to help with that second part.

Out on our expeditions into the city we found something--a brain. Well, *part* of a brain, really.
It was still functioning--at least, partially. It was *amazing*--so we kept it.
I was studying it--trying to determine a way to see how well it was functioning--a way to test it...
...when, suddenly, an opportunity presented itself.
I was shocked, really. I couldn't believe it had all worked. It was--well, it was amazing.
The subject is an excellent fighter--that part remained intact. Sadly, many other brain functions are impaired.
Still, I think you'll all be very impressed... once you get past the initial shock, that is.
T'Challa, this will probably be the hardest for you.
What? Why?
You'll see.
CLICK

Fall in, soldiers! We're at *war!*
Where am I? Is the war over?
Who are we at war with again?
What?!
But how-- it can't be-- it--
T'Channa?
Yes, I'm so sorry--I used the body of your dead son.



MARVEL ZOMBIES HARDCOVER 4th Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam



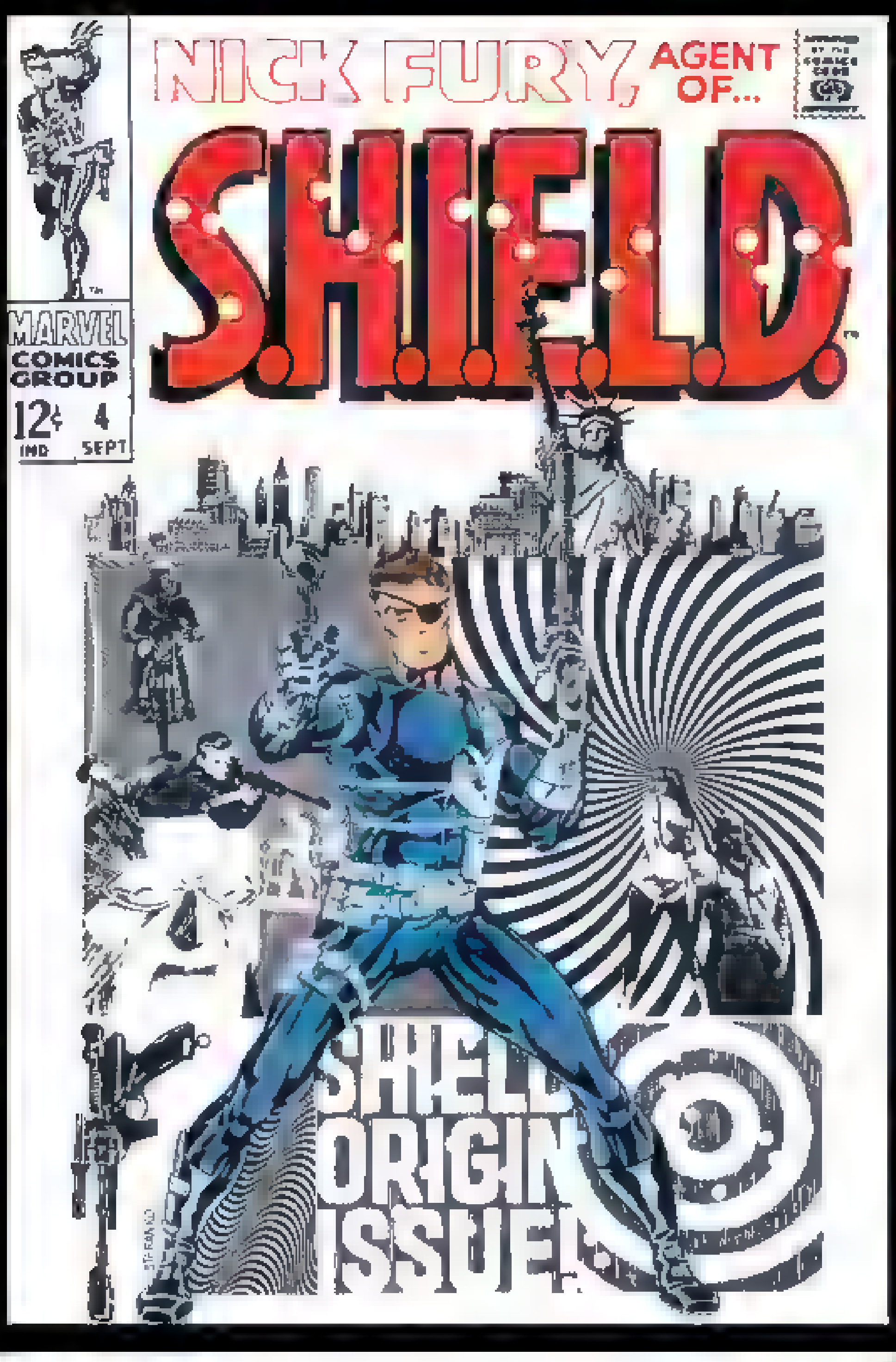
THOR!
ANT MAN!
HULK!
IRON MAN!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP 12¢
THE AVENGERS
1 SEPT
EARTH'S MIGHTIEST SUPER-HEROES!
CAN THE COMBINED POWER OF THE AVENGERS DEFEAT THE SINISTER SPELLS OF LOKI, GOD OF EVIL?
LOKI! PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
THE AVENGERS... BAH! I'LL DESTROY YOU ALL!
SUPER-HEROES! SUPER-VILLAINS! SUPER-THRILLS! PRESENTED IN THE FABULOUS MARVEL MANNER!

AVENGERS #1 (September 1963) Cover by Jack Kirby

The original lineup of Earth's Mightiest Heroes on the cover of the original issue! Iron Man, Thor, Hulk, Ant-Man and the Wasp are all here in this classic Kirby composition!

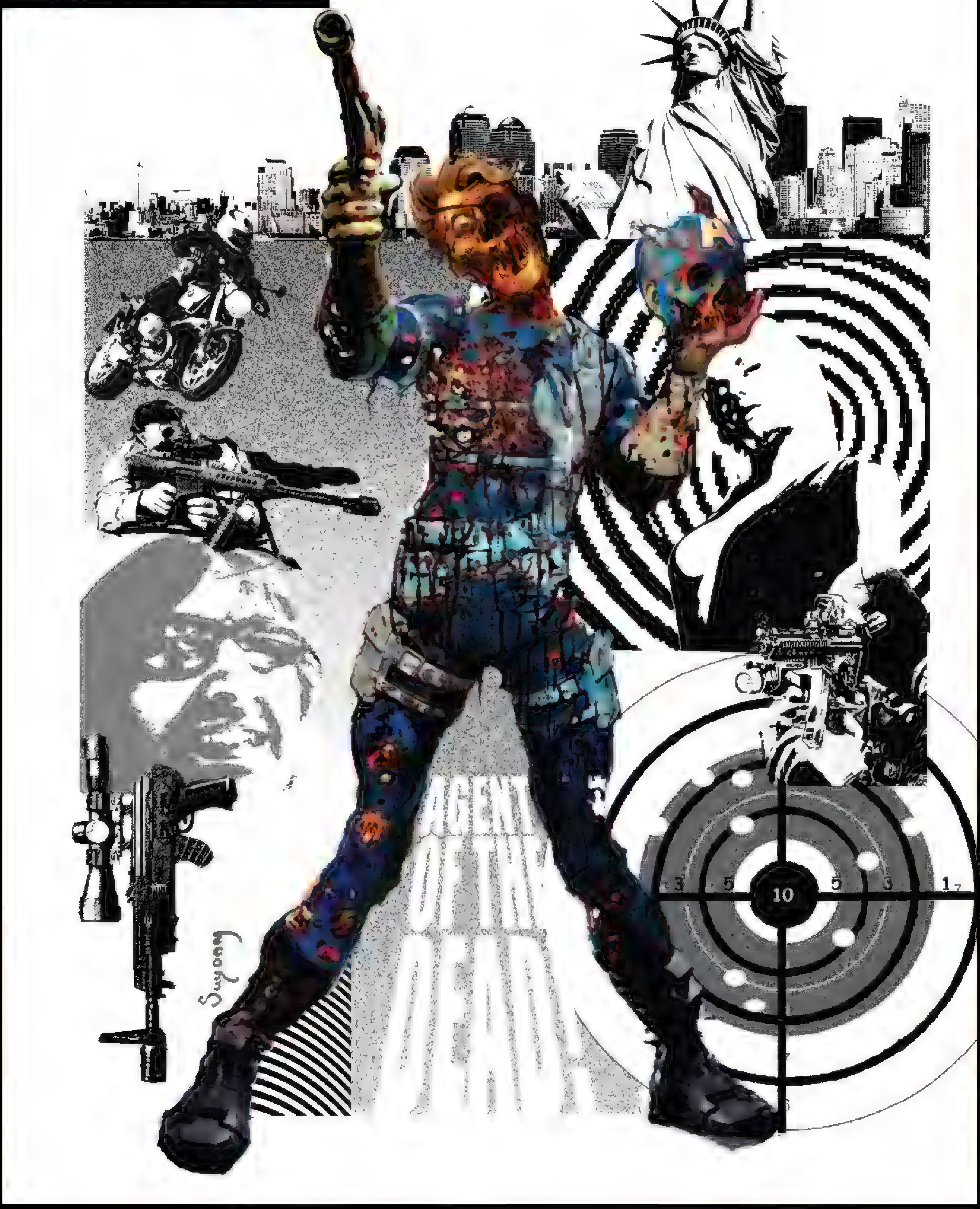
"This is one of my favorite comics of all time. I loved the Avengers, especially when they had the Hulk in there, because there was always infighting. I was reading this comic back when they kicked the Hulk out of the group. It was so much fun having him fighting against the group — where he was fighting with Iron Man and punched him in the stomach. I just loved that whole dynamic of having this bad guy who was uncontrollable in this group that was trying to do good.

"Later on, they had an issue where Hulk teamed up with Namor and they fought the Avengers. I just love that dark, uncontrollable character having a bitter grudge against all these guys after feeling somehow betrayed by them. That always stuck with me — that soap story element. This is one that I had wanted to do as soon as I started doing the series. It was one of my earliest picks to paint."


NICK FURY, AGENT OF...
S.H.I.E.L.D.
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
12¢ 4 IND SEPT
SHIELD ORIGIN ISSUE!

NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. #4
(SEPTEMBER 1968) COVER BY JIM STERANKO

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2 #4
Cover by Arthur Suydam


AGENT OF THE DEAD
3 5 10 5 3 1

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2
PART 4 OF 5
You--
--did--
--WHAT?!

It was an experiment-- it--
YOU TURNED MY SON INTO A MONSTER!!

WRANGG!!
T'Challa-- no!
Avengers Assemble!
Whu--?
Hit 'em hard and hit 'em fast!
The fate of the world rests on our shoulders!
Sean 2007

T'Channa, *please*--don't you recognize me?
It's *me*--your *father...*
This ends *here!* This ends *now!*
Son?!
WRAKK!!
No... this *isn't* your son--there's nothing left of your son in there. He died, his *brain died.* This is only his--his *body.*
But we found Colonel America's brain years ago--I swear I reported it to you--maybe you just didn't feel it was important. It's been so long, I just--
When your son died, we--we couldn't help but experiment, it was--
We--?!
Colonel--don't you remember us?
You're beating on Panther--not saving the world--what's with you?!

WHUDD!
You're going down!
No--no, please! Stop, Colonel! This man is my friend--he's your friend too.
Don't hurt him!
My friend?
You said "we," Reynolds...
Who helped you do this?
It was me, T'Challa. I helped him.
I know it's hard now. I understand that it seems like a monstrous thing to do.
But we live in strange times--surrounded by death. Your son was gone, not like Wasp, but his body--we thought it could still be of use.
You've seen how he fights--can't you see how this could help us?
I see that you betrayed me, Forge--your family--your own daughter!!
How could you?!
WRAMM!

Whugh--
Wuh--
I--I forgot, I hadn't realized. My strength... and you...I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, old friend.
You are *not* forgiven-- but I'm sorry.
Fine-- *fine.*
If you can keep your hands off Reynolds and me until this is over I promise we'll settle this later.
If Giant Man and the rest are really here searching for the dimensional portal that Reed and the Fantastic Four used to leave this world--then we'd better get prepared.
It's not going to take them long to realize that we've got it here--and if we're not ready for them when they get here--we're *dead.*
We need to come up with a plan.

New Wakanda.
Later.
Okay, people-- it's here, it's just below us. Our ticket off this world and to a dimension rich with food is within our grasp!
We just need to figure out a way inside!

What is this?
Did you come to watch us break through your pitiful barrier? Would you like us to taunt you while we do this?
Tony and Hank, we're here with an offer.
If you agree not to waste time eating what's left of the human race, we'll turn over the dimensional gateway you've come after.
You can get to a world full of humans to eat--why even bother wasting time with us?
Deal?
Okay.
Deal.
Reynolds, you there?
I'm here.
They've agreed--drop the force field.
VMMMMMM--

Now, Reynolds!
Get the force field back up!
A double-cross? I'm impressed but what-- you just wanted to be out here so we could kill you first?! I don't get it.
All part of the plan, Giant Man...

Heh--was *that* part of the plan?!
What?!
Don't worry, boys-- I won't eat TOO much before I shut down this force field.
I'll save you some scraps!
We can't worry about that now! Ignore Iron Man! You know the plan!
Just keep fighting! Focus on your opponent-- we've got to put a stop to this!
WROK!

There's too much at stake!
This ends **NOW!**
Sean 2007

FWA-THOOM!!
Have you forgotten why I was turned--why I became one of you?! I am a god!
Try as you did, I couldn't be eaten, only turned! My power was too great!
And you were foolish enough to face me alone?
Crap!
Phoenix is pissed.
MOVE!
This just got a whole lot *harder!*
Cage--help me fry her head!

Hmmm... missing all that fun.
Pity.
Hellooooo?
Last survivors of the human raaaaace?
Here I come to eeeeeeat you.
Come out, come out wherever you--
--are?

Colonel America?
Oh, just *one* of you slipped through?
That's a *shame*.

It's not working! She's too powerful!
Just keep it up--she's got to slip up sooner or later!
BLAGGG!
Whoa!
IRK!
I'm sick of all this useless fighting! Quit dancing around and let's kill all these jerks!
T'CHALLA!
Hank, you monster! You--
--*monster!!*
Oh, Janet-- how I've *missed* you over those long decades in space.
Luckily...

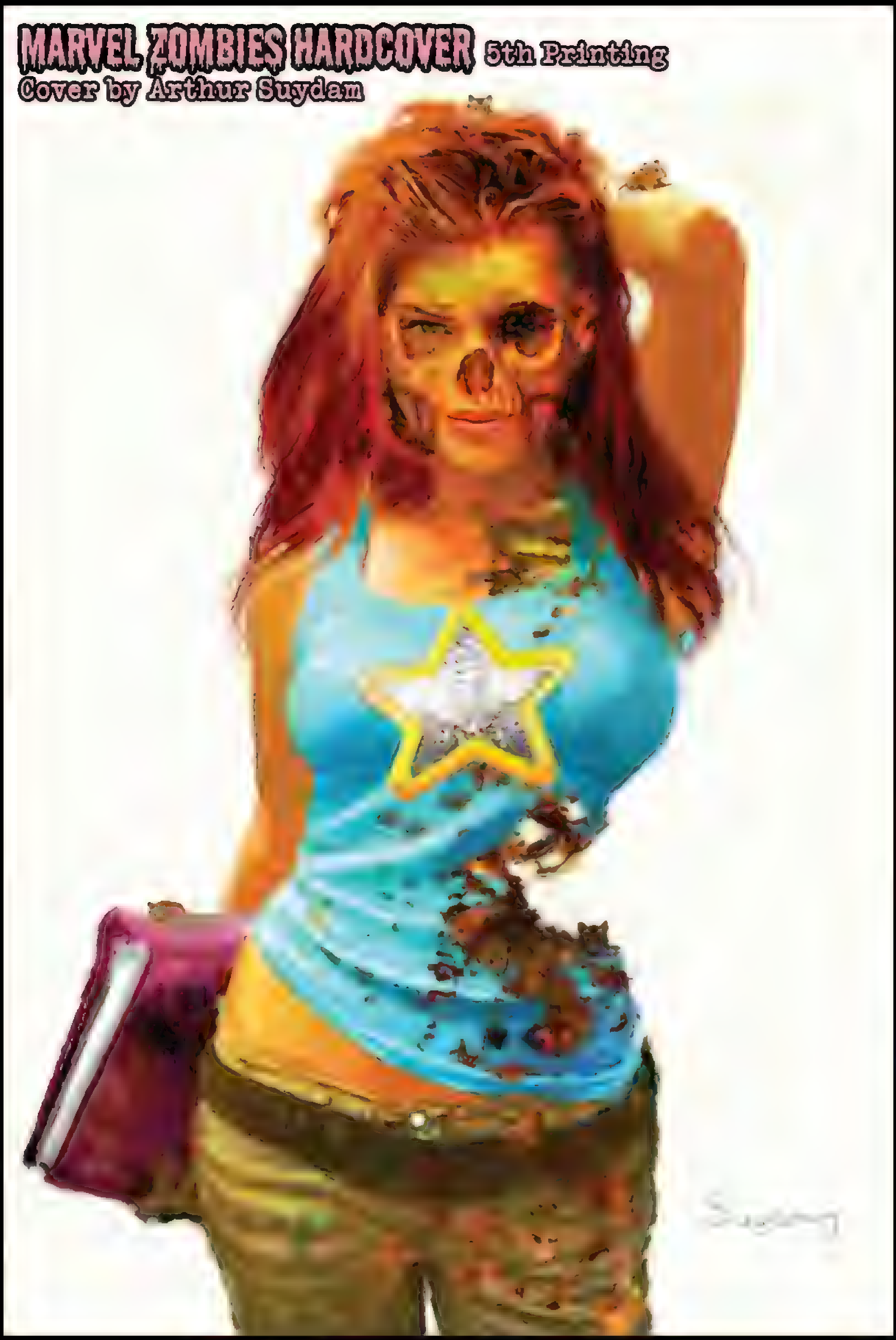
...I've gotten *used* to the feeling!
BRAKOOM!!
Eat arrow, fascist!
Be my friend?

Reynolds' Lab.
Janet, oh God--not you. Not you, Janet...
Oh, God...
You should have kept me sedated--I was too smart for your restraints.
Big mistake.
Don't misunderstand me--I'm not like the others. I don't enjoy this--I haven't accepted my fate.
I hate this--I don't want to be doing this.
But the hunger--I can feel it--it will bring out the Hulk. I've got seconds... minutes at most. If I eat you, it will calm me down.
I have to do this!
Please--no!
Please--be careful with the console--just don't--
CLICK
Oh, no...

VMMMMMM--!
The force field--!
Oh, crap!
BREAK AWAY!
Go and *feast!* If they've got no one left to protect, this fight is over!
Move!
What's happening? What did I--?!
Are they getting *inside?!* Are the rest of them coming in? That's not what I wanted-- I *didn't!*
We've got to--
Oh, no-- it's too late! They're already inside!
Something's happening!
What is it?! What's going on?!

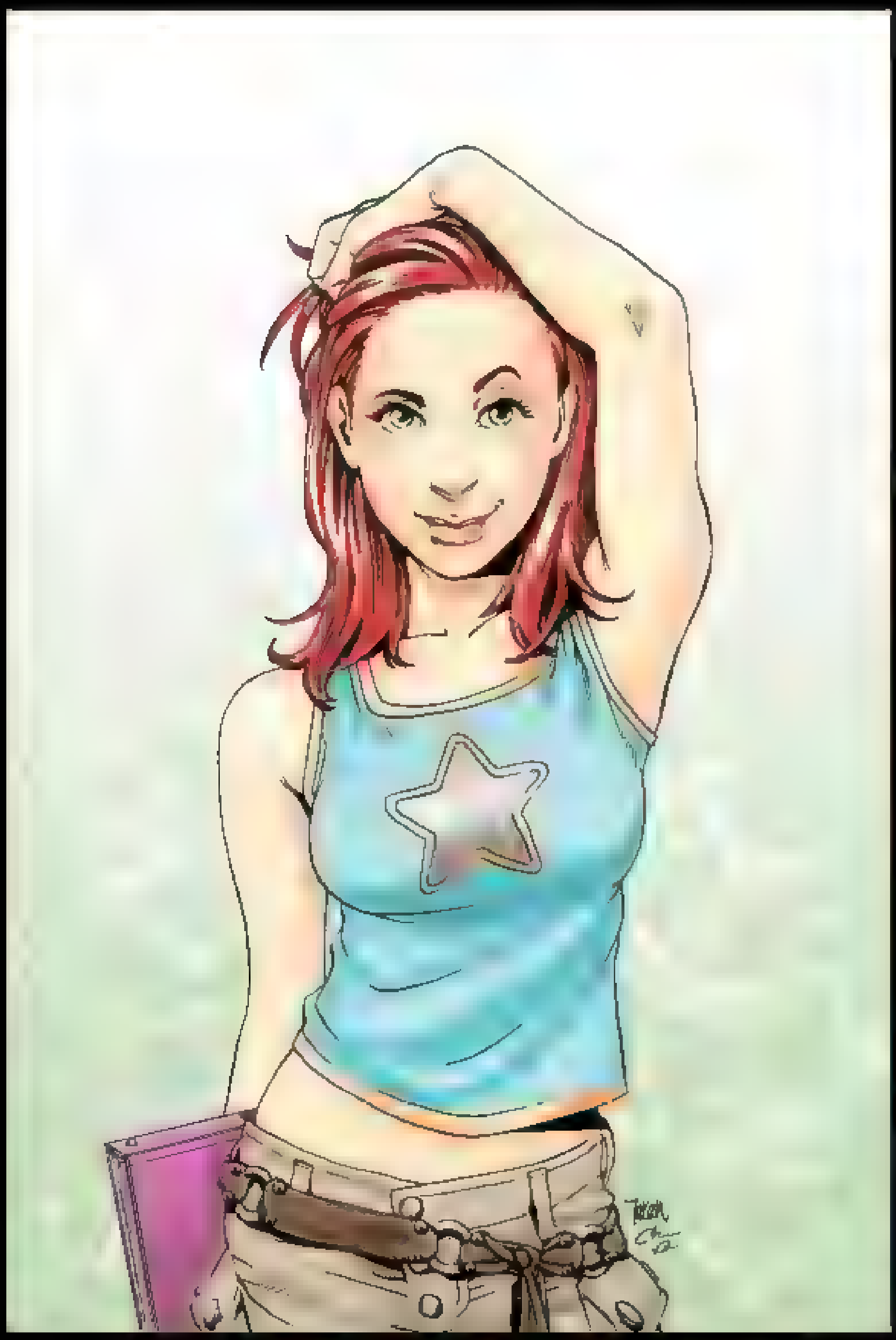
Can you hear anything? Are they still fighting?
I don't know--it's gotten quieter...
Do you think it's over? Should we leave the bunker and see?
No! We stay here until my husband gets us--it could be a--
Who wants to go first?!
Which one of you is ready to *die?!*
You'll do!
Grandmother--*no!*
All in one place--nice! *Convenient!*
This will tide us over until we can get to the new dimension!
Oh, it's been far too long...
I'm going to *savor* this.

...
What is it?! What's wrong?
I--I'm not--
The hunger is *gone.*



MARVEL ZOMBIES HARDCOVER 5th Printing

Cover by Arthur Suydam



MARY JANE #2 (September 2004) Cover by Takeshi Miyazawa

The iconic cover of the second issue of Sean McKeever's cult hit comic, artist Takeshi Miyazawa's rendering of Mary Jane hit all the right notes for the book's younger demographic of readers.

"This was a departure from what we had been doing so far. They were trying to do something a little bit different, throw some new concepts in there. I think it was a surprise to everyone, including me! I said, 'Well, this is something different! Let's give it a shot!'

"My understanding is that the concepts for the cover came from a title that was a younger audience book, and I heard that it caused a little bit of controversy that we were zombie-fying this — how should I put this... *Happy Days* character!

"The challenge was keeping this woman beautiful and making her a monster in the same breath. I did a lot of work on this cover — a lot of preliminary work and sketches, then pretty much after I got through with most of the picture, I had to do a lot of repainting of the face — repainting and repainting. I think I repainted the face four times. I did not want to turn it in until I got to where I thought she was still very pretty but still a zombie.

"And the mice! That's in keeping with trying to keep consistent with my backstories of all the characters. Where goes Mary Jane, there also goes her family of mice."

SILVER SURFER
25¢
4
FEB
SKY-RIDER OF THE SPACEWAYS!
THE SILVER SURFER
MARVEL COMICS GROUP

SILVER SURFER #4
(FEBRUARY 1969) COVER BY JOHN BUSCEMA

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2 #5
Cover by Arthur Suydam

MARVEL ZOMBIES 2
PART 5 OF 5
I'm-- I can't believe it.
I'M NOT HUNGRY.

Whatever, bub... More for me!
No! Stop! Just *stop* for a minute!!
I-I need to think... I--
What's gotten into you?!
They're getting away.
We...what have we done?
Let them go.
Think for a minute...just stop and *think*. The hunger is *gone*, isn't it?
We don't *need* to eat them--I think we're *cured*.
He's right.

I noticed it, too.
The hunger is gone...
The horror is over.
Let that man go, Wolverine.
War's over, soldier--time for some R & R.
Just let him go.
Okay.
Th-thank you...
So... what now?
Gyukk Nakk, guh.
We stop what we've been doing, Iron Man--we change our ways. We help these people rebuild.
We can be heroes again.
We can--
Firelord, what'd you just say?

WRA-KOOM!
You don't understand--we don't want to fight you anymore.
It's *over*--we're cured of the hunger. It's worn off--my wife was right, you were *all* right. We don't hunger for human flesh any longer.
So, uh...
Truce?

Hell no! You've done too much--taken too many lives!
You nearly killed all life on this planet--and in the universe!
You must pay for your crimes! Do you expect us to just forgive you?!
Yes--yes, I do.
You don't know what it's like, to be taken over--possessed by some uncontrollable force.
We were completely out of control. Compelled to do unspeakable things--things we never would have done.
Things I even thought I enjoyed...
Trust me. The memory of our actions is... it's punishment enough.
Not for me, it isn't!
I'll make you pay for your actions, Giant-Man--even if I have to do it myself!
Cortez--have you lost your mind?! You can't hurt these creatures--they don't feel pain! There's nothing you can do to them.
You think they'd let us execute them?!
I don't care--I'll do whatever it takes!
Do you think the people will accept them?! They were eating our friends yesterday!
You think they'll just forgive them that easily?! Trust them?!
You are a fool, Forge!

HULK HUNGRY!!
BRAKKA-KOOM!!
Sean 2008

Stop, big guy!
You don't have to do this!
No! Hulk have to *eat!*
Hulk *starving!*
WRAMM!
No, Hulk! You *don't* have to eat!
We're *cured*-- we no longer have the hunger! If you just wait--if you work through the pain--it'll go away!
You won't have to kill anymore!
Hulk not wait! Hulk want hunger to go away *now!*
Hulk eat everyone he finds! Hulk not stop until everyone eaten!!
Okay-- *truce!*
Let's just stop that maniac from killing everyone!

Don't worry, Hulk--this will be quick!
Hulk hate Fire Woman!
Fire Woman try to hurt Hulk!
So Hulk hurt Fire Woman *more!*
SPLURK!!
SKRUGG!!

Hulk barely notice bee stings.
CLANGG!
SHRIPP!!
Why stop Hulk from eating?
Hulk is hungry--
You make Hulk *angry*, too!
SKRESSH!
Whoa!
The bigger they are--the harder they fall!
SPLAKK!!
Don't hold back!
Take him down quick or we're all dead!

Don't make us kill you! Stop this--stop it *now!*
Giant-Man can get *bigger* than Hulk--
--but Giant-Man can't get *stronger* than Hulk!
KRAKK!
Don't let up--keep him off balance!
Use his size against him!
WRAMM!
I've got him distracted--move in now!
Attack!
≶Guk gak.≷
You said it, Firelord!
Why do Hulk's friends keep him from eating? Friends used to *help* Hulk eat!

Hulk just wants to be left *alone!*
KLUKK!
VZAPP!
Firelord!
United we stand--
WRAMM!
You will leave Hulk *alone!*
You will never bother Hulk again!
KRRRRKK!
KRKKKKKKK!
SPLLKKKK!

Stop!
Just stop!
Janet is gone-- I've got *nothing* now, nothing to live for.
If you have to eat someone-- eat *me.*
Don't try to stop him-- let him do this!
I *want* this!
Reynolds, we can't just let--
No time.
We... dear God...
...the things we did...
Hulk not hu--
Hulk feel funny...
I'm-I'm back. I'm Banner.
Ugh, you--
You have to kill me...

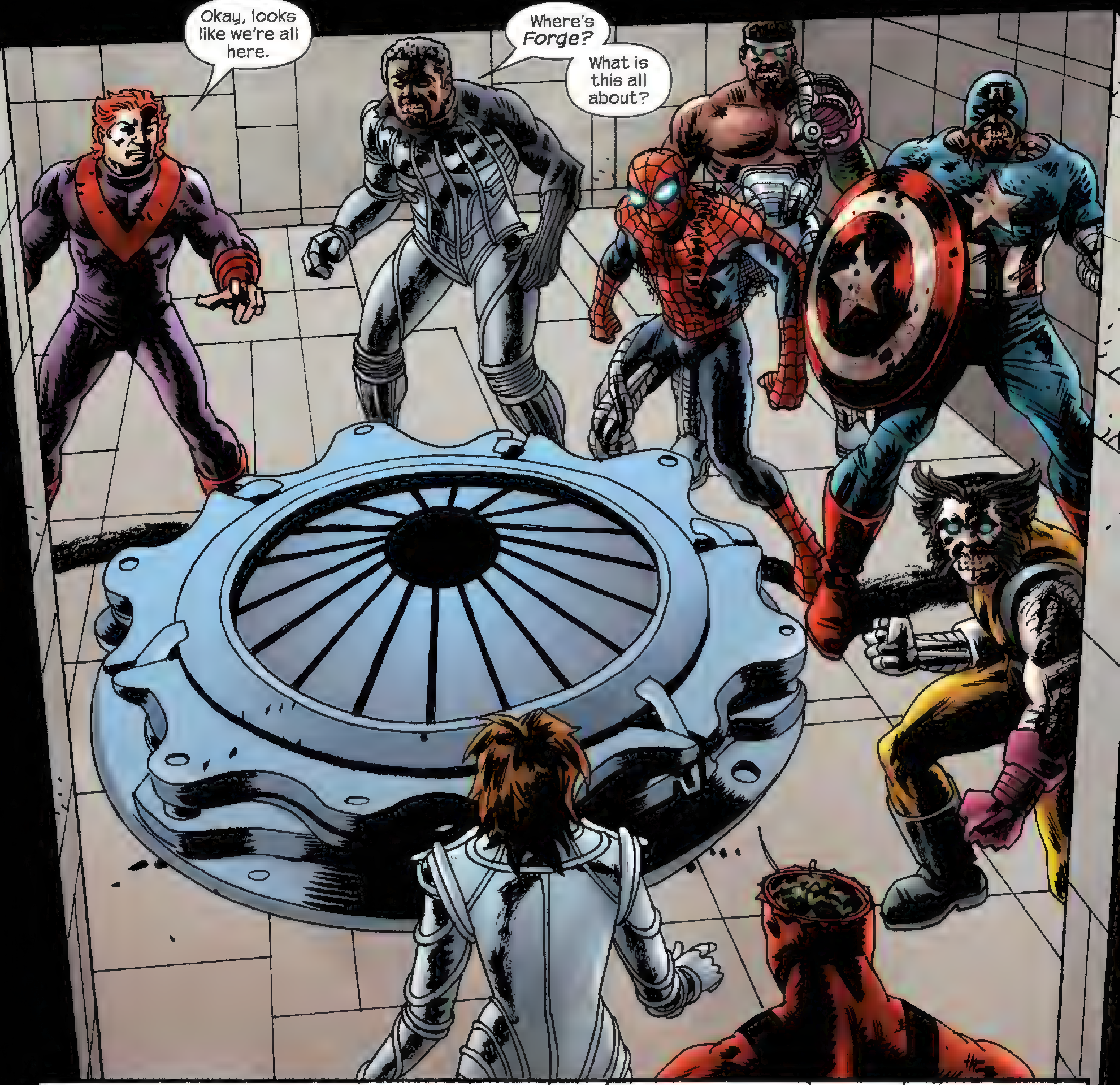
Please--you have to do this. There's nothing we can do here, the Hulk is just too strong.
I can't-- I can't control him. I have to die.
It's the only way.
We know.
VOP!
WHUDD.
So...what do we do now?
Something we haven't done in a long time... *the right thing.*
We're going to help these people rebuild, we're going to fix the damage we've caused--as much as we can.
We're going to give them their lives back.

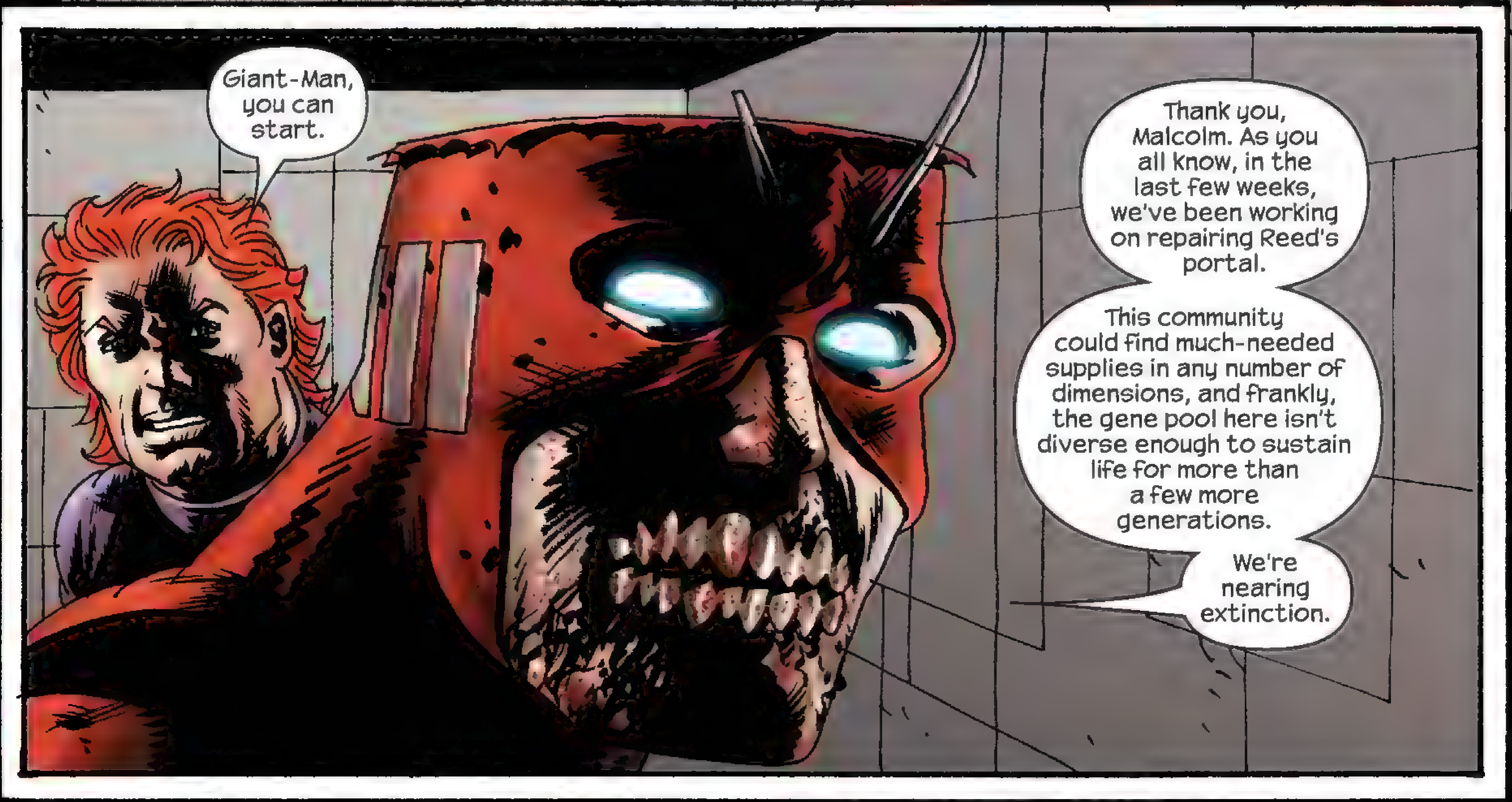
Later.
Ungh.
Oh, there you are.
It's about time.

Three weeks later.

EYE
IRON MAN
HULK
PHOENIX
FIREL

Janet...?
What do *you* want?
I...I just thought we should talk.
I'm--I'm sorry for...for *everything.* I'm sorry about trying to kill you, I'm sorry if I hurt you. I'm sorry I left you...I'm sorry I allowed the hunger to completely take over.
I'm sorry for a lot of things.
I'm sorry about *Reynolds.*
Reynolds was...he--
Nobody knew him like I did. He was gentle and sweet, he cared so much about everyone around him, not just me. He was...
He was probably the greatest man I ever knew.
...
You always knew how to make me feel *small.*
And you always dealt with it in completely the wrong way.
I know why you're really here. Don't worry...I'm coming to your stupid meeting.
You wouldn't want to be late, right? You coming?
I'm right behind you.


Okay, looks like we're all here.
Where's *Forge?*
What is this all about?


Giant-Man, you can start.
Thank you, Malcolm. As you all know, in the last few weeks, we've been working on repairing Reed's portal.
This community could find much-needed supplies in any number of dimensions, and frankly, the gene pool here isn't diverse enough to sustain life for more than a few more generations.
We're nearing extinction.

So, with the help of Malcolm and Forge--
Why isn't he here?
--we set out to repair the portal... and to our surprise, it was actually quite *easy.*
I suppose I should just come out with it, right now. It was easy because the only reason it wasn't working already...was *sabotage.*
What are you saying?!
I'm saying the only reason Forge couldn't get this thing working years ago is because I took a few key components *out.*
I grew up here-- I actually *like* it here. I don't even want to know what life was like with *"civilization."* This place is perfect--a manageable population, easy to rule, no outside threats, until *you* came...but we're fixing that...
...right now.
I'm getting rid of you-- especially *that* one. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to look at someone you've killed walking around-- talking?
And *yes,* Panther...I killed your son, *and* organized your attempted murder-- and when your grandson is old enough...
...I'm going to kill *him,* too.
You *fool*--you think I'll let you live another day after hearing this?! Why are you saying all this-- why show your hand?!
Because I *can.*

VWMMMMMMMMMMMM!

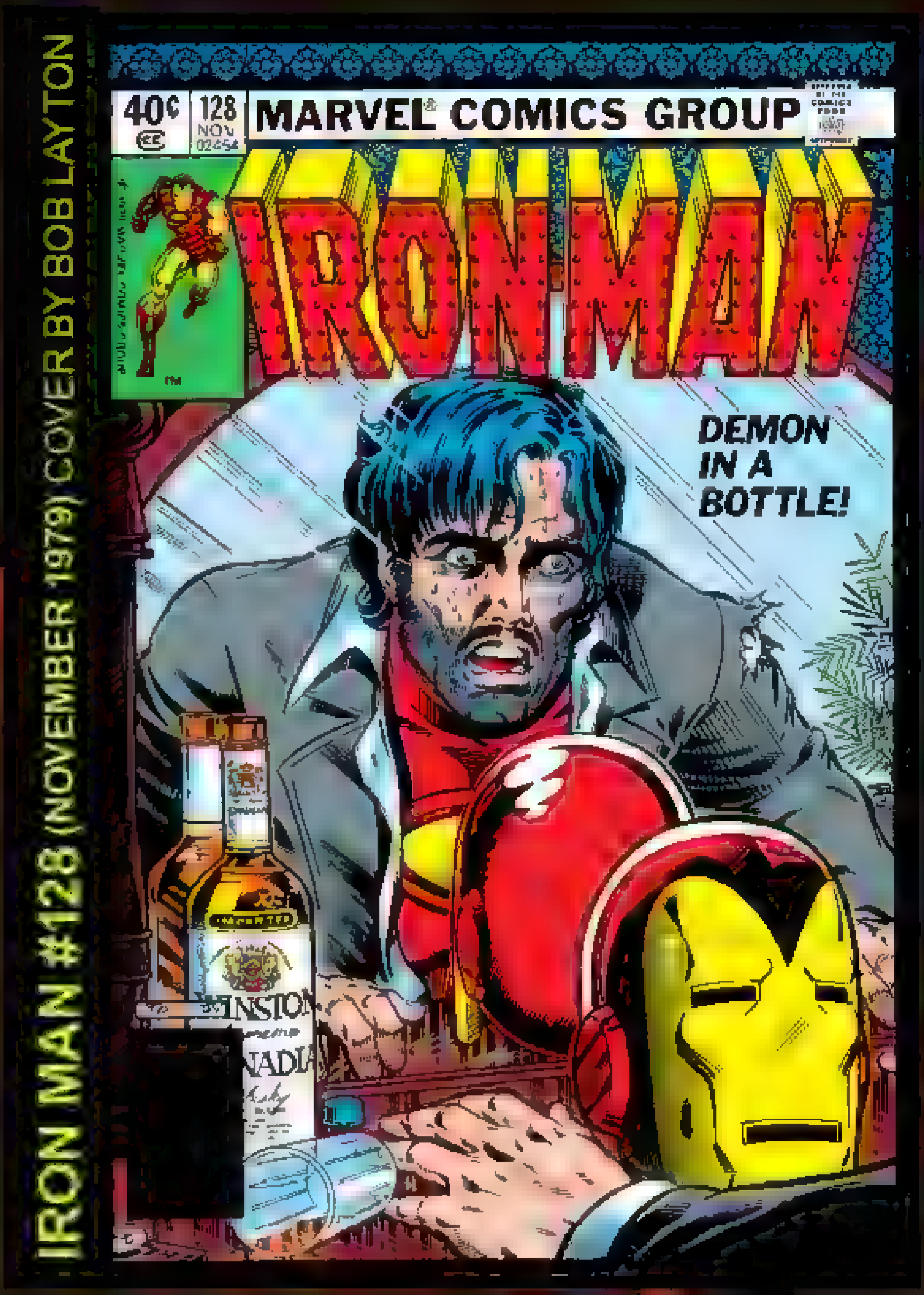
Finally...
Gone.
Where are they?! Where did they go?!
What did you do? Where did you send them?!
All that matters is they're gone! They were an accident waiting to happen--our extinction *guaranteed!*
Can't you see this *needed* to happen?!
No! They were our friends--they were going to help us!
We have to get them back!

NO!
KRAK!
They're gone for *good!*
WRAMM!
GONE!
They're someone *else's* problem now!
THE END?

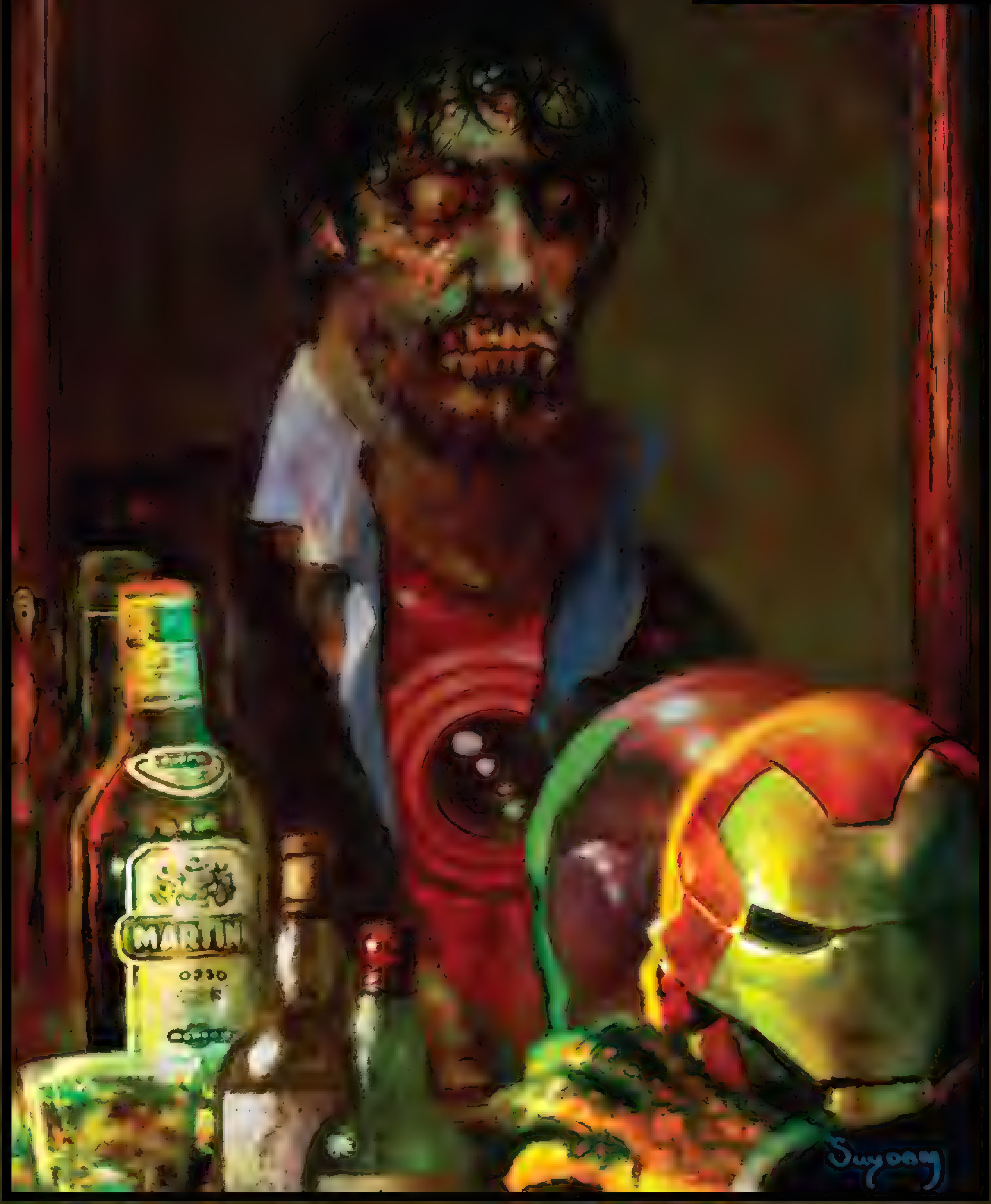
HARD TO BELIEVE WE'VE HIT THE FINISH LINE FOR THIS, THE SECOND MARVEL ZOMBIES MINI-SERIES, ALREADY. IT SEEMS LIKE JUST YESTERDAY I WAS SITTING DOWN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO TURN THIS KOOKY IDEA INTO A STORY. I'D LIKE TO THANK SEAN, JUNE, RUS, RANDY, ARTHUR, BILL, LAUREN, NICOLE, JOHN AND RALPH FOR ALL THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS ON THE TWO MINI-SERIES. I'D ALSO LIKE TO THANK ALL OF YOU, EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU, FOR PURCHASING THIS. I HOPE YOU FEEL THE SECOND STORY LIVED UP TO THE FIRST--AND DON'T FORGET...THERE WAS A QUESTION MARK BEHIND "THE END" ON THAT LAST PAGE.

--ROBERT

MARVEL ZOMBIES HARDCOVER 6th Printing
Cover by Arthur Suydam


40¢
128
NOV
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
IRON MAN
DEMON IN A BOTTLE!

IRON MAN #128 (NOVEMBER 1979) COVER BY BOB LAYTON



MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #1 Cover by Arthur Suydam

MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #1 Heroes Variant Cover by Arthur Suydam

FACE FRONT, GRUE(SOME) BELIEVERS! STEEL YOUR SENSES FOR ANOTHER MONSTER-OUS MASTERPIECE FROM THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF IDEAS! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ALL-OUT ACTION, GORE, A LITTLE BIT OF ROMANCE, GORE, THRILLS, COMEDY AND GORE? THEN READ ON, PILGRIM, AND LEARN WHY WE TRULY LIVE IN THE ZOMBIE AGE OF COMICS!
FOR COUNTLESS AEONS, MEN HAVE CALLED ME...THE WATCHER!
'TIS MY ETERNAL DUTY TO OBSERVE ALL THE INFINITE ALTERNATE REALITIES ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE FROM MY OBSERVATORY HERE, ON THE BLUE AREA OF EARTH'S MOON!
MY UNBLINKING, UNWAVERING EYES HAVE SEEN COUNTLESS HORRORS...AND MANY MORE WONDERS...
...BUT ONLY ONE ALTERNIVERSE HAS EVER FILLED ME WITH FEAR!
"IT STARTED WITH A FLASH IN THE SKY AND A RIPPLE THROUGH THE CLOUDS!
"THE HUNGER BROUGHT A HERO FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION TO THIS WORLD, AND IT FED ON THEIR AVENGERS...
"...AND THEY, IN TURN, BECAME SOULLESS MONSTERS WHO CONSUMED THE WORLD IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!

"*NONE* WERE SAFE FROM THEIR INSATIABLE NEED FOR LIVING FLESH...
"...NOT EVEN MIGHTY *GALACTUS,* THE WORLD-DEVOURER, WHO WAS *HIMSELF* DEVOURED WHEN HE FOOLISHLY CAME TO THE PLANET OF SUPER-UNDEAD!
"THOUGH THEY GAINED SOME PORTION OF HIS VAST *COSMIC POWER* WHEN THEY DIGESTED HIM...
"...A SIMPLE *HUMAN RUSE* TRICKED THE FLESH-EATERS, BANISHING THEM TO *ANOTHER* DIMENSION!
"*WHERE,* AND TO *WHICH* DIMENSION, I CANNOT SAY..."
...*YET.*
BUT I MUST *FIND* THEM, FOR WITH THEIR VAST POWER AND LIMITLESS *HUNGER,* THEY REPRESENT THE SINGLE *GREATEST* THREAT TO *ALL* LIFE IN THE MULTIVERSE!

THE WATCHER'S TRANSREALITY VIEWER, POWERED BY HIS OWN INCOMPARABLE BRAINWAVES, DESPERATELY SEARCHES FOR THE ONES HE SEEKS, UNTIL...
KRAKAM
AT LAST!
I HAVE LOCATED THE UNDEAD MOCKERY OF THAT HERO HERALDED THROUGHOUT THE INFINITE WORLDS AS SPIDER-MAN!
EARTH Z:
Malcolm, don't do i--
Wait a...
Where am I? This doesn't look like New Wakanda.
I...I guess Malcolm and Forge perfected Reed Richards' interdimensional transporter, like they said.
They must've sent me...to some other world...
A vibrant world, too...unpolluted by our kind.
The Manhattan I come from is a ruined husk...like the carcass of some hollowed-out animal...
...all thanks to us...me, Giant-Man, Wolverine...the other quote-unquote "super-zombies."
I should get the lay of the land, see if any of them got teleported to this world, too.
Heh. Force of habit. All these skyscrapers...I almost tried to use my organic web-shooters.
THOP!
But they dried up right after I... "died." Fortunately I still have the cosmic flight powers I swallowed from Galactus...

BUT--
No-- NO!!
My cosmic powers...what happened to them?!
INSTINCTUALLY, THE ROTTING WALL-CRAWLER THRUSTS OUT HIS HANDS TO FIRE HIS NATURAL WEB SHOOTERS...
...AND SOME MUSCLE MEMORY MUST STILL REMAIN IN HIS DECAYING FLESH, FOR:
SSQUISH
Aaaagh! My veins and arteries!!
SPLAT
This...nggg... is incredibly painful...
But beggars can't be choosers...
When my molecules were reassembled in this world, the cosmic energies that charged them must not have come with me...
...or at least that's the only reasonable explanation I can think of.
Oh, well. I'll just have to make do with the powers I already have, I suppose...
FWOOSH

LIFE
DAILY BUGLE
-SNFF- -SNFF- DAMN...
SOMETHIN' STINKS!
The date on this paper...
It's years ago, back when I--the living Peter Parker, that is--was in college...
I seem to have been teleported in time as well as in space...
Wait...this I remember...*
Both of the city's mob leaders, Kingpin and Silvermane, were after this tablet...
...which, if properly deciphered, reveals the key to eternal youth.
DAILY BUGLE
ESU EXHIBIT MYSTERIOUS TABLET
*YOU YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPERS WOULD TOO, IF YOU READ AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #68 (JAN. '69)!--UNDEADITOR BILL
I don't believe my luck! It's some kind of sign!
If I get to the tablet first--unlock its secrets myself--maybe I can rid myself of this curse!
"I can become a hero again--redeem myself for -choke-...
"...eating my wife, Mary Jane, and my Aunt May in my home dimension at the start of the outbreak..."
Even more importantly, I can rid the world of the zombie plague forever!
I've got to get my hands on that tablet--now!

UH-OH! THERE SWINGS *TROUBLE!*
BETTER WARN THE *BOSS!*
THOUGHT YOU'D WANNA KNOW I SPOTTED *SPIDER-MAN* SWINGING TOWARD THE *EMPIRE STATE* CAMPUS JUST NOW--
EPHON
SPIDER-MAN?!
BWAAM!!
THAT ACCURSED ARACHNID HAS INTERFERED IN THE BUSINESS OF THE *KINGPIN OF CRIME* ONCE TOO OFTEN!
THE TABLET *WILL* BE MINE! I *WAS* SIMPLY GOING TO LEAD SOME OF MY BEST MEN TO SEIZE IT DURING TODAY'S ON-CAMPUS *PROTEST*...
...BUT IF THE *WALL-CRAWLER* IS INVOLVED, A MORE *DRAMATIC* DIVERSION IS REQUIRED!
I MUST LEVERAGE *ALL* MY CONTACTS IN THE UNDERWORLD! CALL IN EVERY FAVOR I'M OWED IN THE *PRISON SYSTEM*--
--ASSEMBLE A *SPECIAL* FORCE TO *DESTROY* SPIDER-MAN ONCE AND FOR ALL!!

MEANWHILE, ON THE GROOVY QUAD OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...
YOU NEVER STRUCK ME AS THE ACTIVIST TYPE, MARY JANE! WHEN DID YOU GET INTERESTED IN LOW-COST HOUSING?
THE SECOND I SAW THE BICEPS ON THE STUDENT ORGANIZERS, GWEN! MROW! MUST BE FROM ALL THAT TREE-HUGGING!
WE RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE FROM CAMPUS SECURITY, I'M GONNA HIDE INSIDE HARRY'S FACIAL HAIR--THERE SHOULD BE ROOM ENOUGH IN THERE FOR ALL OF US!
HAR, HAR. WATCH AND LEARN, PETE-- CHICKS DIG THE 'STACHE!
STORM FOR THE DORM!
ESU/PHEW!
WE WANT LOW RENT
WE UNITE FOR OUR RIGHTS!
DO OR DI FOR THE DORM!
LOW RENT
WE FIGHT FOR RIGHT
Mary Jane...
I...forgot how...beautiful you look...
So young, so fresh, so...alive...
How I loved the feeling of your sweet viscera and blood rolling down my chin...
You look so good...you make me want to swing right down there and rip your throat out all over ag--

Careful! Get *ahold* of yourself, Parker!
You managed to conquer the Hunger before *any* of the others—you can't let it overwhelm you *now,* not after you've come so *far*--
Gotta head over to the *exhibit hall* before--
OH, NO! LOOK OUT!
THAT'S IT! *RUN,* YOU PAMPERED BRATS! *COWER* BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED MIGHT OF *DOCTOR OCTOPUS*...
...AND HIS *SINISTER SIX!*
BEGONE, WITLESS COED! *NONE* IMPEDE THE PATH OF *OTTO OCTAVIUS!*
EEEE! PETER! WHERE *ARE* YOU? *HELP!*
PETER!!
YOURS? IT WAS THE *FAT MAN* WHO SPRUNG *ELECTRO* FROM THE JOINT!
AND HIS PEOPLE REPAIRED MY FLYING HARNESS AFTER *SPIDER-MAN* SHORT-CIRCUITED IT! *THE VULTURE* WILL SOAR WHEREVER THE *KINGPIN OF CRIME* ORDERS HIM TO!
ESU KEEP RENT LOW!
LET'S *HOPE* THAT INSUFFERABLE WALL-CRAWLER SHOWS HIS SIMPERING FACE-- I, *MYSTERIO,* MUST REPAY HIM FOR MY DEFEAT AT *CONEY ISLAND!*
I HATE LEAVING THE *GANG* LIKE THIS-- BUT SLIPPING AWAY IN THE *PANIC* IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIND A SECLUDED SPOT TO CHANGE INTO *SPIDEY!*
BAH! SANDMAN DOESN'T GO IN FOR THAT *REVENGE* JAZZ--I JUST WANT THE *SCRATCH* TUBBY IS PAYIN' FOR THIS GIG!
SO STOP FLAPPIN' YOUR COLLECTIVE *GUMS*-- LET'S GET OVER TO THAT EXHIBIT HALL, STEAL THAT *TABLET*--
--AND STREAMROLL OVER ANYBODY WHO GETS IN OUR WAY!!
All my *old enemies* united-- *again.* Could they be after the tablet, *too*...?
M.J.!
No! The people I love are in danger *now!*
I've got to be a *hero* now! I've *got* to be!
Stop right there!
SPIDER-MAN! I WAS *HOPING* YOU'D INTERVENE!
KRAVEN THE HUNTER NEEDS BUT *ONE* MORE CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF YOUR *BETTER!*
THUMP
Remember, Spidey! *Control* the Hunger! Fight them as a *hero,* not a... not a...a...
Kraven eats all those *jungle herbs*...to enhance his strength and reflexes...
I can...*smell* them...coursing through his flesh...they're... they're so...
SNIF
SNIF
SNIF

HSSSSSSSSS
FEEEEEEEEED!
PPIRR
AAAAAAUUGGGHHHHH!

S-SO, S-SPIDER-MAN...THE TRICKS AND TORMENTS OF *MYSTERIO* HAVE AT LAST LOOSENED YOUR TENUOUS GRASP ON SANITY, *EH?*
W-WELL... *S-STAY AWAY!* ATTACK ONE OF THE *OTHERS!* YES, THAT'S IT!
Y-YOU DO NOT KNOW WHICH IS THE *REAL* ME!
Oh, no?
My *Zombie-Senses* are *tingling!*
They detect the presence of *meat!*
Warm, living *meat!*
I'LL-- TURN ON MY *JAMMER* TO-- GAGGHH!
Mmmmm...
Creamy, *brainy* center...

BAH! THOUGH YOUR NEWFOUND MERCILESSNESS IS IMPRESSIVE, WALL-CRAWLER--
--YOU JUST SLEW THE TWO WEAKEST OF OUR GROUP! ALL BATTLES ARE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST--
--AND NONE ARE AS FIT AS DOCTOR OCTOPUS!
STOP "MONOLOGUING" AND RIP HIS HEAD OFF BEFORE HE KILLS US ALL, OCTAVIUS!
I'M CHARGING UP TO HIT HIM WITH ALL THE VOLTAGE I GOT--
KRRRZZZZRRKKKKKK
YAAAHHH!
NNNNNN... THAT... DRAINED ME...
Munch, slurp... been a long time since I...cooked my food...
Eeyyugi... mostly fat, though...
Would it have killed you to visit the prison weight room, Otto?

You're still here, Vulture?
You *should* have just *flown away* when you had the *chance!*
N-NO-- *STO--*
Look at me, I made a *wish!*
SKLORRCH
YAAAAGGHHH!
SHUK
And it's already come *true!*

As for you, Sandy...you I don't have any use for.
Your granulated body tastes worse than dirt--and it doesn't satisfy the Hunger, anyway.
But my bite can still infect you--that's what happened to the Flint Marko on my world. I turned him myself.
I...I DON'T GET WHAT YOU'RE DOING! THIS AIN'T HOW THINGS ARE! THIS AIN'T HOW THEY'RE SUPPOSED HAPPEN!
WE FIGHT, YOU USUALLY WIN, WE GO TO PRISON, WE ESCAPE, AND IT STARTS ALL OVER AGAIN!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHY ARE YOU BREAKING THE RULES?!
Only one rule with the Hunger Gospel, Sands--and that's flesh without end.
C'mere...one little bite and you'll learn all you'll ever need to know.
SNAP
SNAP
NAW--I AIN'T GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS!
THERE'LL BE OTHER JOBS--I HAD ENOUGH O' THIS FREAK SHOW!
AND WHILE THE ATTENTION OF STUDENTS AND SECURITY ALIKE IS TRANSFIXED IN HORROR BY THE CARNAGE ON THE QUAD...
YOUR DIVERSION WORKED PERFECTLY, BOSS!
OF COURSE IT DID, YOU DOLT! IS NOT THE KINGPIN THE MOST SUBLIME SCHEMER OF THEM ALL?!
THE MYSTERIOUS TABLET IS MINE, JUST AS DESTINY DECREED--
MY TRIUMPH SHALL SOON BE UTTERLY COMPLETE!
--AH, BUT LOOK AT THIS! THE WEB-SPINNER STILL STANDS!

SPIDER-MAN!
FORGET MY CLEVERLY CONTRIVED CAT'S-PAWS! FACE IN FINAL BATTLE THE ONE WHO HOLDS THE PUPPET STRINGS!
UH, BOSS... ARE YOU SURE THAT'S REALLY A GOOD IDEA...?
I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE REAL WALL-CRAWLER...
...SO MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST TAKE OUR SCORE AND GO!
SILENCE, COWARDS! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER!
MOST BELIEVE THE KINGPIN TO BE NO MORE THAN ANOTHER JOLLY FAT MAN...BUT MY SIZE DERIVES FROM PURE MUSCLE!
MUSCLE THAT WILL BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU, SPIDER--
KKKRRRRNNCCHH
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
Hey, you're right, Kingpin!
You got both white and dark meat!
I-I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES! THE BOSS IS A GONER!
WE'VE GOT THE TABLET-- LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! WE'LL SELL IT OURSELVES!

LO! THE STAGE HAS BEEN SET! ALL THE PLAYERS HAVE TAKEN THEIR MARKS! NOW THE FINAL ACT OF OUR TERRIBLE TRAGEDY MAY INEXORABLY PLAY OUT...
NOT SO FAST, BEACH BOY! LEAVE NOW, AND YOU'LL MISS THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW--
--NOW THAT YOUR GEN-U-INE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN IS HERE!
I'M ALSO AVAILABLE FOR BACHELORETTE PARTIES AND BAT MITZVAHS!
YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT TEARS IT!
IF LIFE DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' TO YOU NO MORE--
--THEN I AIN'T HOLDING BACK EITHER!!
YOU HEAR ME, PUNK?! YOU AIN'T GONNA GUT ME LIKE AN ANIMAL!
YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, SANDY! I'M A VEGETARIAN!
AT LEAST I AM NOW!
SPIDER-SENSES POUNDING LIKE MAD--HE'S NOT KIDDING AROUND! HE'S OUT FOR MY BLOOD! I BETTER ACT FAST, OR--
AND YOU'RE NOT--
ZWOK
--TURNING ME INTO A MONSTER--
ZWOK
--LIKE YOU!
ZWOK ZWOK ZWOK

YOU WANNA *EAT* ME, HUH?
EAT THIS!
N-*GGGGRRLLL!*
NO--
GRRGL
DON'T--
GRRGL
I'M--
GRRGL
NGGG-- GWE-- *GWEN*--
GRRGL
SKLUUUUOOOMM
HE'S *DEAD!* THE GREAT SPIDER-MAN-- DEAD AT LAST!
AND THE *SANDMAN* KILLED HIM!
GOOD! KILLIN' COMES EASY TO ME-- AN' I *LIKE* IT!
THERE'S A NEW WORLD STARTIN' TODAY--HERE, NOW-- WITH NEW RULES-- OR *NO* RULES!
WHATEVER KINDA WORLD IT IS, *FLINT MARKO* IS GONNA BE THE MAN FOR IT!
I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE...GOTTA THINK...GOTTA *PLAN!*
*WHAT THOSE PLANS MAY BE WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A **LATER** CHAPTER, O MORBID MASSES OF MARVELDOM...*

...BUT, LEST YOU START TO THINK YOU PICKED UP A COPY OF "THE PSYCHOTIC SANDMAN" BY ACCIDENT...
Mmm...so good... I know...I promised myself I wouldn't fight them like this...but the Hunger...just took over...
Maybe...maybe I can only just feed on bad guys...didn't Morbius the Living Vampire try that once?
That way...no innocent people get hurt...I stave off the Hunger from time to time...everybody's happy...
Of course, that's just temporary. Soon I'll have the tablet, and I'll be normal again. A real hero...
What... what is...
No!
Stop! What are you doing?!
BZZZZT
Those were my friends!
I was--
--going to--
--save them!

ONCE THE BLOOD-SOAKED WEB-SPINNER MAKES SURE HE'S THOROUGHLY DESTROYED THE CORPSES OF HIS VICTIMS SO NONE WILL RISE AGAIN...
Despite my best efforts...and good intentions...I've *failed.* Not only are all my loved ones *dead*...
...but the *tablet* is *gone!* The exhibit hall was broken into while I was too busy trying to prove to myself what a *"hero"* I was...
What a *joke!* A *"hero!"* *Me?*
With *this* face?
Face it, Parker--you'll *never* be human again! *Never!*
There's nothing but the Hunger--and *unlife*--forever and ever...
...and ever and ever and ever!
What use *is* this face? This useless, *rotting* face!
No one is left to love or mourn *Peter Parker*--so--
--I never... *nggk*...want to look at him...*again*...
Whatever I do now, wherever I go, it won't be as a *hero*--or even a man--but as a *monster!*
EEYYYUUUGGHH

WITH GREAT HUNGER, THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT HUNGER!

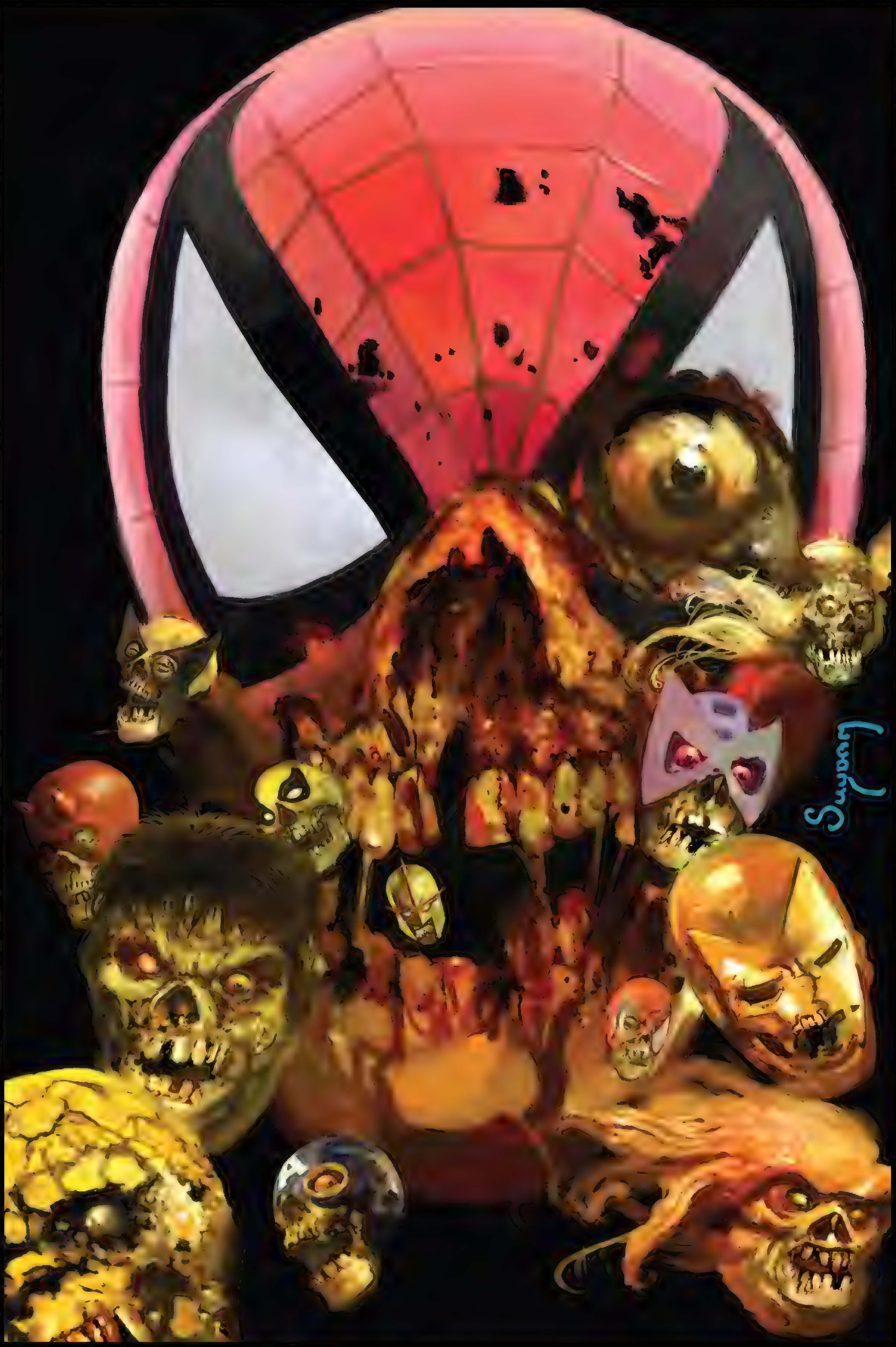
Why don't things ever seem to turn out right for me?
Why do I seem to *hurt* people, now matter how I try not to?
Is this the *price* I must always *pay* for being...
...Zombie Spider-Man?!

SCRIPTED SCREAMINGLY BY
"UNDEAD" FRED VAN LENTE!
DRAWN DISTURBINGLY BY
"SICK" NICK DRAGOTTA!
LETTERED LACERATINGLY BY
SIMON "BLOODY" BOWLAND!
COLORED CREEPILY BY
"LETHAL" LEE LOUGHRIDGE!

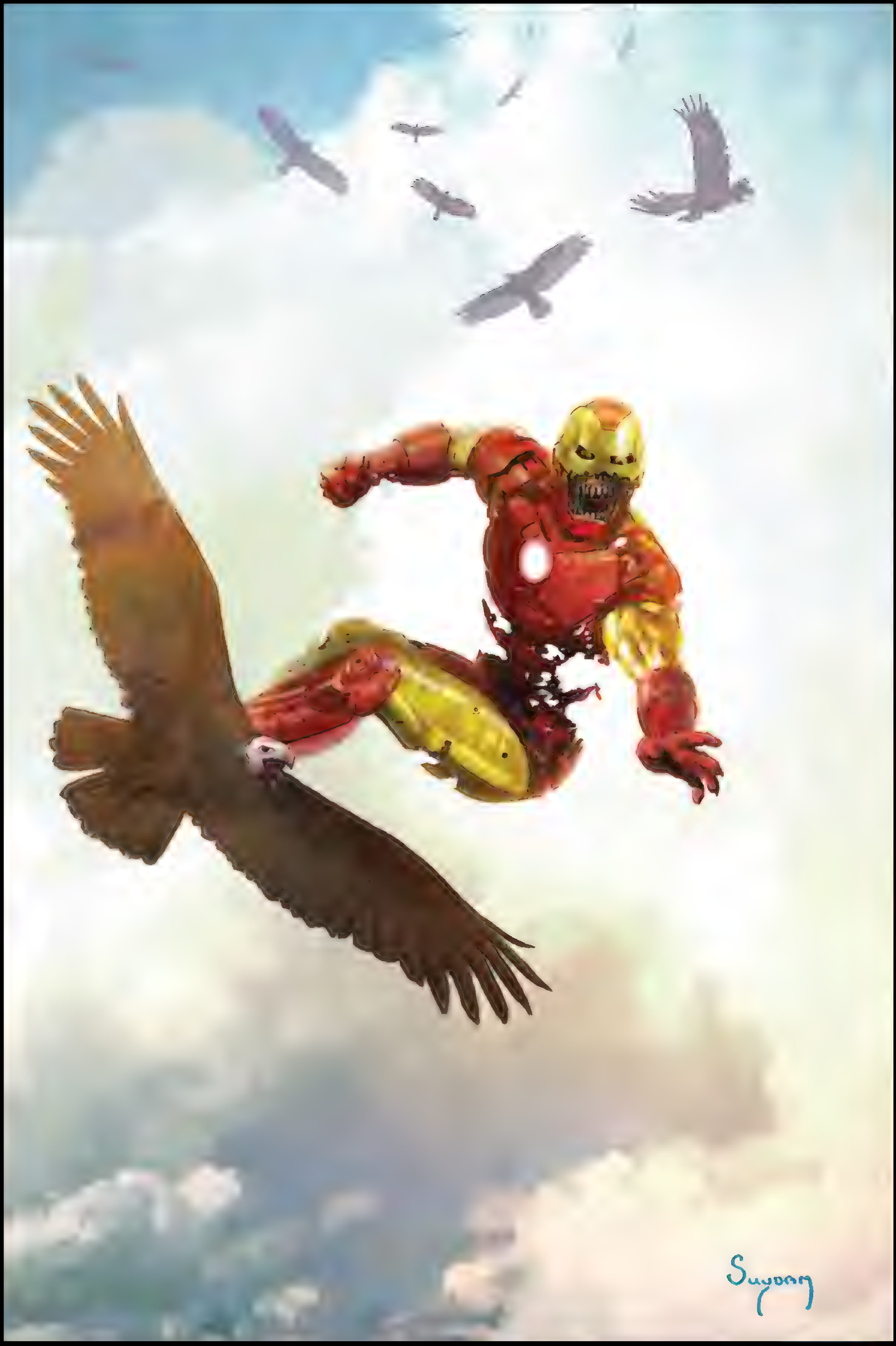
CARNAGE-FILLED COVER BY **ARTHUR SUYDAM!** PUS-FILLED PRODUCTION BY **DAMIEN "WET AX" LUCCHESE**
ASSISTANT EDITED EVILLY BY **MICHAEL "HORROR"-WITZ!** EDITED EERILY BY **BILL "BLOOD-RED" ROSEMANN!**
SENIOR EDITED ELDRITCHLY BY **RALPH "GIANT-SIZE MAN-THING" MACCHIO!** EDITOR-IN-CHIEFED CHILLINGLY BY **"KILLER" JOE QUESADA!**
PUBLISHED PUTRIDLY BY **DAN "BONESAW" BUCKLEY!** PRODUCED EXECUTIVELY BY **ALAN FINE'S EVIL TWIN!**

I HAVE SEEN *ENOUGH* OF THIS DREADFUL DEBACLE!
ENOUGH TO KNOW MY CONCERNS GO WELL BEYOND ONE REPRESSED REVENANT.
AT LEAST A HALF-DOZEN SUPER-UNDEAD WERE BANISHED BY THE RULERS OF NEW WAKANDA TO DIMENSIONS UNKNOWN.
IF BUT *ONE* OF THESE CREATURES CAN WREAK SUCH *HAVOC* ON A VIRGIN WORLD...
...I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF *SEVERAL* OF THEM ENDED UP IN THE SAME DIMENSION TOGETHER!
I MUST CONTACT MY *FELLOW* WATCHERS ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE...SOMEHOW CONVINCE THEM TO TRANSGRESS OUR SACRED OATH OF *NON-INTERFERENCE!*
FOR THE GOOD OF THE *INFINITE WORLDS,* WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TRACK DOWN AND *DESTROY* THESE WAYWARD FLESH-EATERS...
...BEGINNING WITH THE ONE WROUGHT FROM SPIDER--
EH?
WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S THERE?
WHO DARES TO TRESPASS UPON *UATU'S DOMAIN--?*

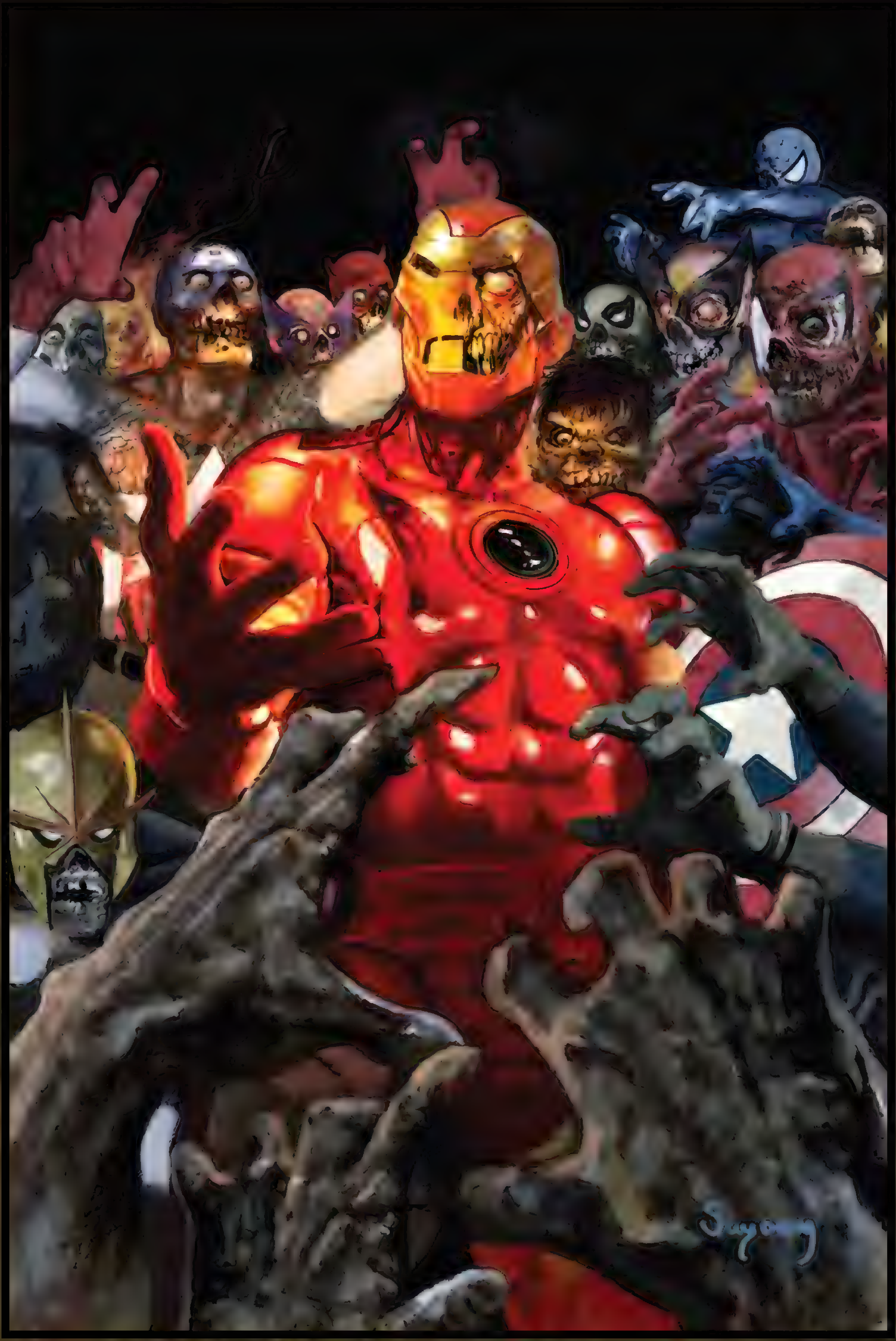
NO--I FORBID--
GYYEEAAAAH!
STROKE OF *LUCK* I WAS ACCIDENTALLY TELEPORTED *HERE,* TO THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON!
AND NONE OF THE *OTHERS* SEEM TO HAVE MADE THE TRIP WITH ME--SO I HAVE THE WATCHER'S DIMENSION-TRAVELING TECHNOLOGY ALL TO *MYSELF!*
NEW WAKANDA DIDN'T MAKE ME SOMEONE *ELSE'S* PROBLEM--THEY MADE ME *EVERYONE'S* PROBLEM...
...'CAUSE THE MULTIVERSE IS NOW MY ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET!!
DO WE HAVE TO EVEN SAY IT? TO BE CONTINUED... IN MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #2!
'TIL THEN, O KEEPERS OF THE FLESH-EATING FLAME... MAKE MINE MARVEL ZOMBIES!



MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #1 2nd Printing Variant Cover by Arthur Suydam



MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #2 Cover by Arthur Suydam



MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #2 2nd Printing Variant Cover by Arthur Suydam

STARK International
EARTH-Z. TWO YEARS AFTER CHAPTER ONE.
UGH... FROM THE MOON BACK TO EARTH I GO.
I'LL NEVER GET *USED* TO THIS TELEPORTATION CRAP. AND WHAT'S THAT *SMELL?*
STARK SUB-BASEMENT.
AH...
ZOMBIE GIANT-MAN.
FWASSH
...IT'S *FOOD.*
VIRGINIA "PEPPER" POTTS. PERSONAL ASSISTANT TO TONY STARK.
CLACK CLACK
Effective two weeks from today, I hereby tender my resignation from Stark International.
Sincerely
VIRGINIA "PEPPER" POTTS

JUST SIGN THIS, TONY, AND IT'S DONE.
THE CHINESE GET A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN STARK INTERNATIONAL AND ALL YOUR PATENTS.
YOU GET ENOUGH CABBAGE TO BUY YOURSELF A DISTILLERY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.
I ALREADY OWN THREE. JUST LEAVE IT IN MY INBOX, HAPPY. I'LL GET TO IT.
TONY STARK, A.K.A. IRON MAN. C.E.O. OF STARK INTERNATIONAL.
MONTHS INTO HIS DRUNKEN SPIRAL.
BOSS, WHAT'S THAT?
INTRU...SION ALERT! CROSSWORLD BREACH IN SUB-BASE...MENT! INTRU...INTRU... *FZZT!*
REED RICHARDS FOUND IT IN THE WATCHER'S LAB IN THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON, YEARS AGO. BEYOND THAT? NO IDEA.
HARRY "HAPPY" HOGAN. C.F.O. OF STARK INTERNATIONAL.
WHATEVER! IT'S ON FIRE!
AND WHAT DID IT SAY ABOUT THE SUB-BASEMENT?
THANKS, HAPPY. THAT COULD HAVE BEEN BAD--I HAVE ABOUT THREE GALLONS OF BOOZE IN THE TOP DRAWER.
HEY, MAYBE I SHOULD GO CHECK OUT THIS INTRUSION.
I'LL DO IT. THE STATE YOU'RE IN YOU'D FALL DOWN THE STAIRS.

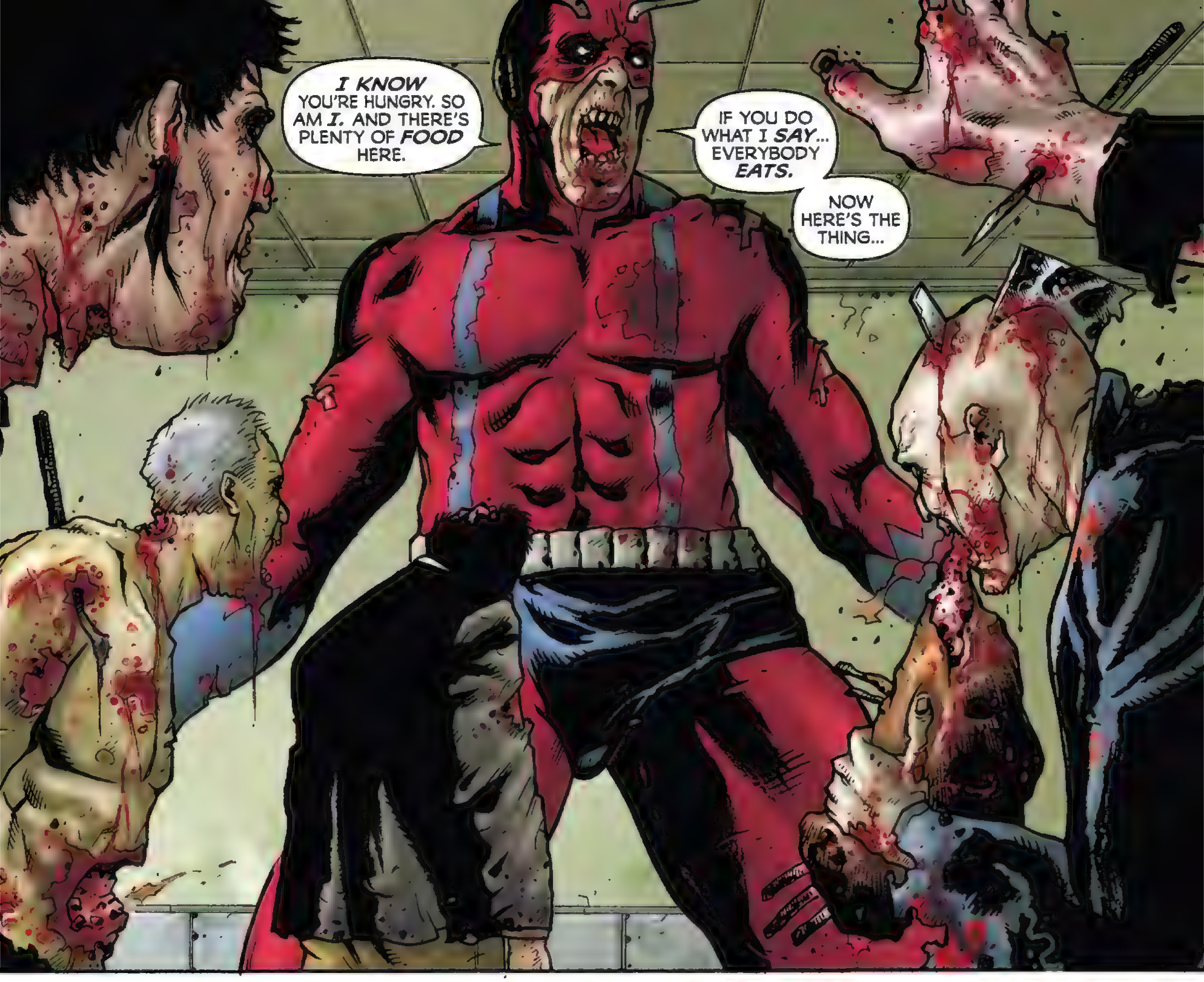
OUT OF ORDER
JEEZ. DID TONY FORGET TO PAY THE ELECTRIC BILL *AGAIN?*
sub basement
EVERY TIME...IT'S TONY MAKING THE MESSES...
...AND OL' HAPPY CLEANING 'EM UP.
WHAT ARE THESE... *STALACTITES?*
YAAAHH!
CHOMP

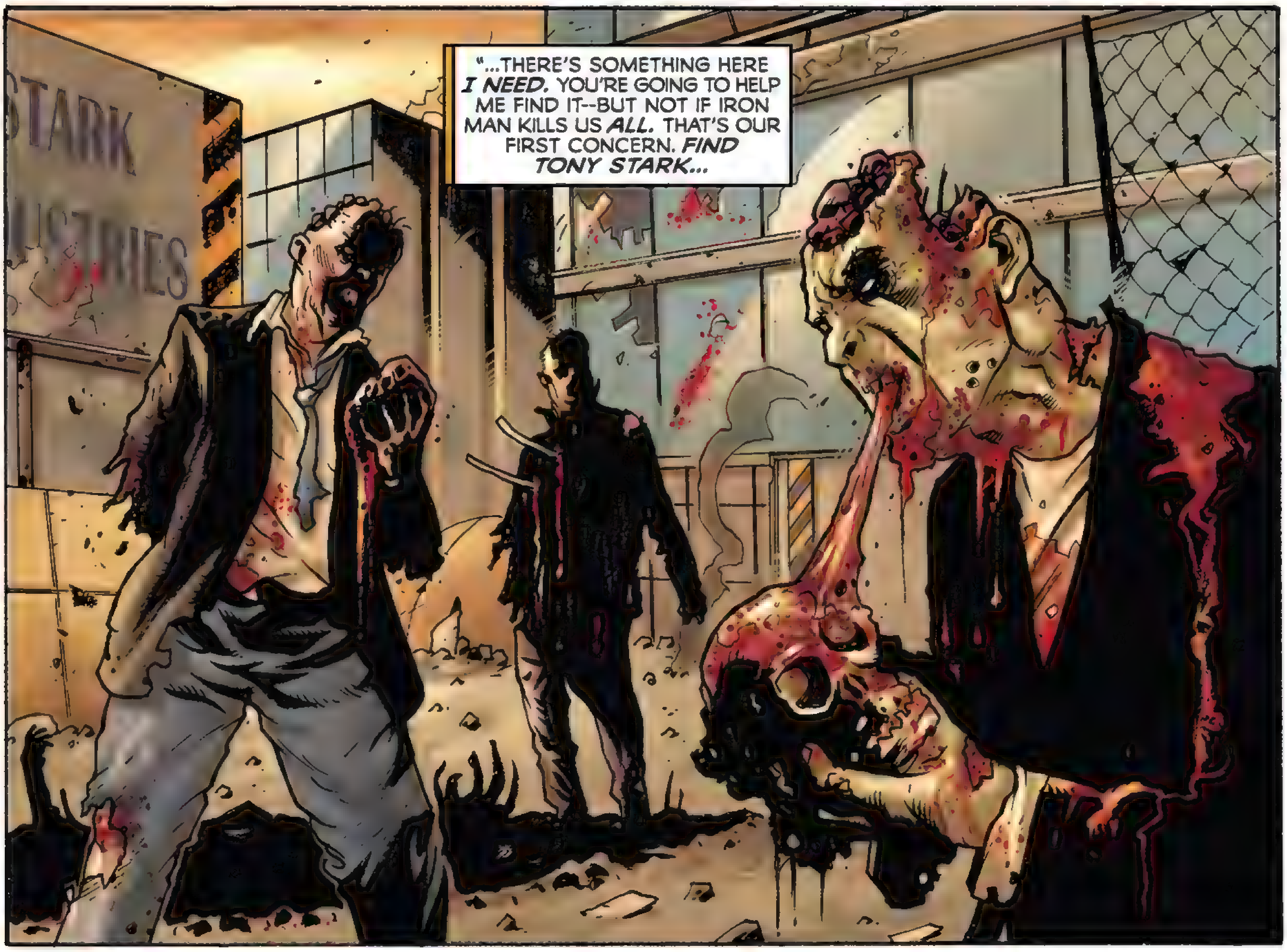
MMMM... *TASTY.*
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT UNIVERSES? IT'S ***TRUE.*** YOU CAN'T EAT JUST ***ONE.***
WHEN I ATE THE ***WATCHER,*** I FIGURED OUT HIS MACHINES COULD GIVE ME ACCESS TO ***EVERY*** UNIVERSE. HE MANAGED TO LOCK THEM UP, THOUGH.
THE ***KEY*** IS HERE SOMEWHERE, IN THIS BUILDING. HELP ME ***FIND IT,*** LITTLE GUY.
THAT'S RIGHT, LEAD POPPA TO THE KITCHEN...
TONY? I'M ***FINISHED*** FOR THE DAY. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU NEED BEFORE I ***GO?***
NOW IF I STICK THE CONVERSION OUTPUT INTO THE INHIBITING REFRACTOR...

STARK-LOBBY.
MR. HOGAN? ARE YOU... OKAY?
YAAAHH!
SHRP
JIM "RHODEY" RHODES. (HEAD OF SECURITY)...
BLAM
ALL UNITS, REPORT IN! CAN'T ANYBODY HEAR ME?!
...AND TONY STARK'S CLOSEST FRIEND.
GOTTA GET TO TONY--HE'S IN NO SHAPE TO HANDLE THIS.
OUT OF ORDER
DANG ELEVATORS NEVER WORK--!
CREARRK

STARK International
TONY--THIS IS *HORRIBLE!* PEOPLE ARE *DYING* DOWN THERE! YOU NEED TO *STOP* THIS...NOW!
I...CAN'T.
IRON MAN CAN! PUT ON YOUR *ARMOR.* I KNOW YOU'RE A LITTLE *SHAKY* RIGHT NOW, BUT...
I CAN'T FLY. MY NERVES ARE *SHOT.* I CAN'T EVEN *WALK STRAIGHT.* PEPPER, I JUST... *CAN'T.*
WHAT'S THE *MATTER* WITH YOU? IF YOU WON'T DO IT-- *I* WILL!
OR ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME A *WOMAN* CAN'T HANDLE THE ARMOR?
I THINK YOU'D BE *GREAT* AT IT.
JUST ONE PROBLEM. THE *ARMOR* ISN'T HERE. IT'S IN MY *BRIEFCASE* AND...AND I CAN'T REMEMBER *WHERE* I LEFT IT.
MAYBE WHEN I WENT TO THE *BATHROOM*...?

STARK CAFETERIA.
BZARK
HUH. TINGLY.
IT WAS PROBABLY A MISTAKE ISSUING ONLY *NON-LETHAL* WEAPONS TO MY SECURITY GUARDS.
WAIT A MINUTE...IS THAT *GIANT-MAN?* AND...
"...WHERE THE HELL IS *RHODEY?* HE SHOULD BE *DOING* SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!"


I KNOW YOU'RE HUNGRY. SO AM *I.* AND THERE'S PLENTY OF *FOOD* HERE.
IF YOU DO WHAT I *SAY*... EVERYBODY *EATS.*
NOW HERE'S THE THING...


"...THERE'S SOMETHING HERE *I NEED.* YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME FIND IT--BUT NOT IF IRON MAN KILLS US *ALL.* THAT'S OUR FIRST CONCERN. *FIND TONY STARK*...
STARK
USTRIES

"...AND KILL HIM!"
HNNN--
CRERRK
OUT OF ORDER
DAMN.
YOU FREAKS!
BLAM BLAM
SKWUNSH
CLIK
MEN
THEY'RE STILL COMING--I'VE GOT TO BARRICADE MYSELF IN HERE...

THIS DEVICE TRIED TO *WARN* US. IT *KNEW* WHAT WAS HAPPENING--BUT *HOW?*
IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE... *MONSTERS.* REED RICHARDS FOUND IT ON THE MOON.
HE ASKED ME IF I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT IT DOES--BUT IF *HE* COULDN'T GET IT, HOW THE HELL AM *I* SUPPOSED TO KNOW?
...TONY...
MANAGED TO TAKE IT *APART,* BUT NOW I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW TO PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN. THIS HYPER-FLANGE MUST FIT INTO THIS WIDGET ASSEMBLY *SOMEHOW,* BUT--
TONY!
WILL YOU *STOP* PLAYING WITH YOUR *TOYS!* THIS IS *IT!* THIS IS HOW *WE* ARE GOING TO *DIE!* WHAT IS *WRONG* WITH YOU?!

KTUNG
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO,* TONY? WHAT *TRICK* HAVE YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE, *HUH?*
YOU *USED* TO BE A *HERO.* WHAT ARE YOU *GOING TO DO?*
BEEP BAP BOOP
BEEN SAVING THIS ONE FOR A RAINY DAY.

MEN
THIS DOOR WON'T HOLD FOR LONG...
HEY...
...WHAT'S THAT, TONY'S BRIEFCASE?
THOOM THOOM
TONY STARK
MEN
THOOM THOOM
IRON MAN'S ARMOR!
WITHOUT IT, TONY'S A SITTING DUCK!
ZZZAPK
MEN

YOU HUNGRY? WELL, EAT THIS!
ZZARRKKK

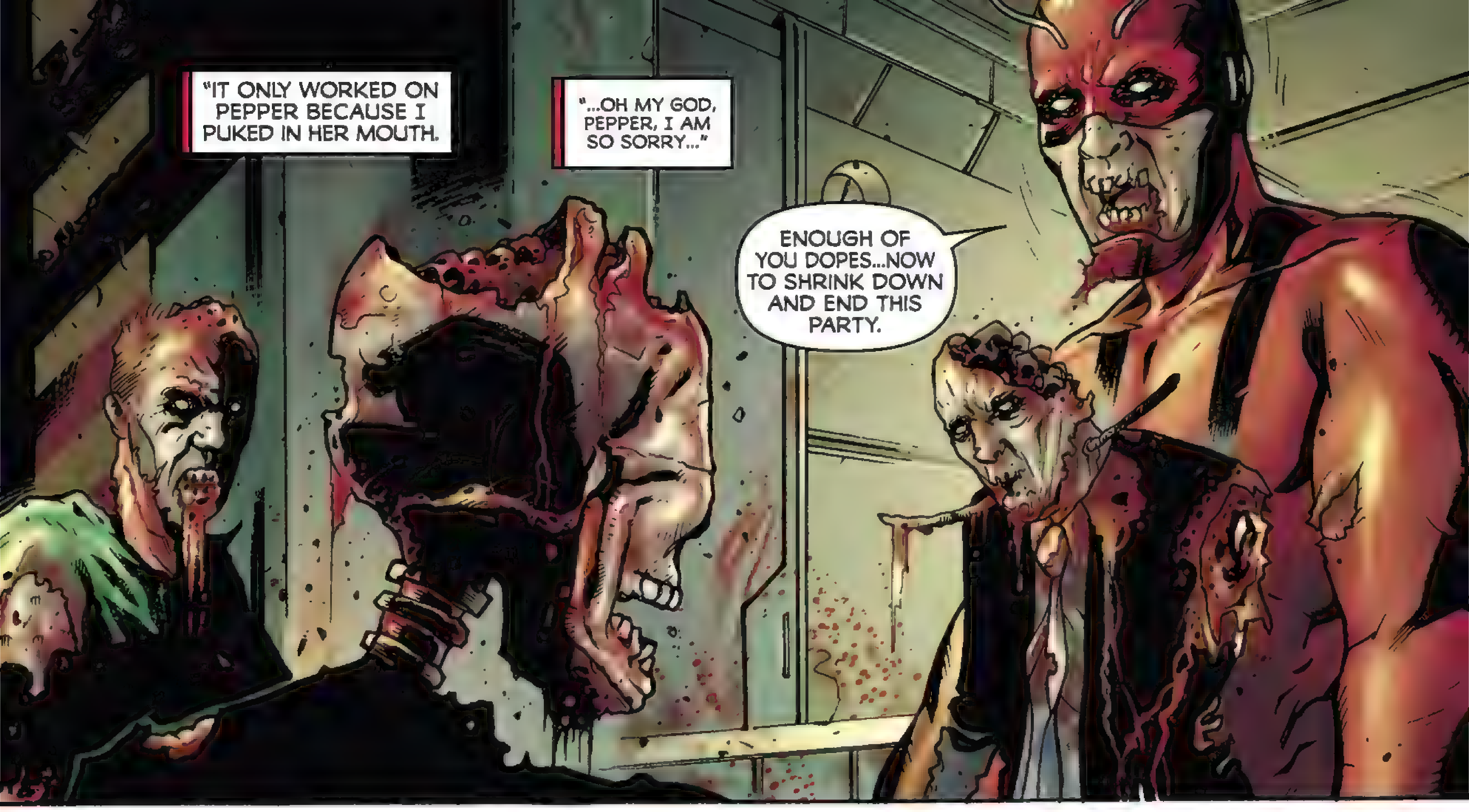
ZZARK
Tony STARK
CEO
NO! TONY!
CE
TONY! ARE YOU--
PEPPER, GET AWAY FROM THAT *FREAK!*
Tony STARK
YAAAHH!
STAND BACK! I'LL FRY HIM!
FTZZ

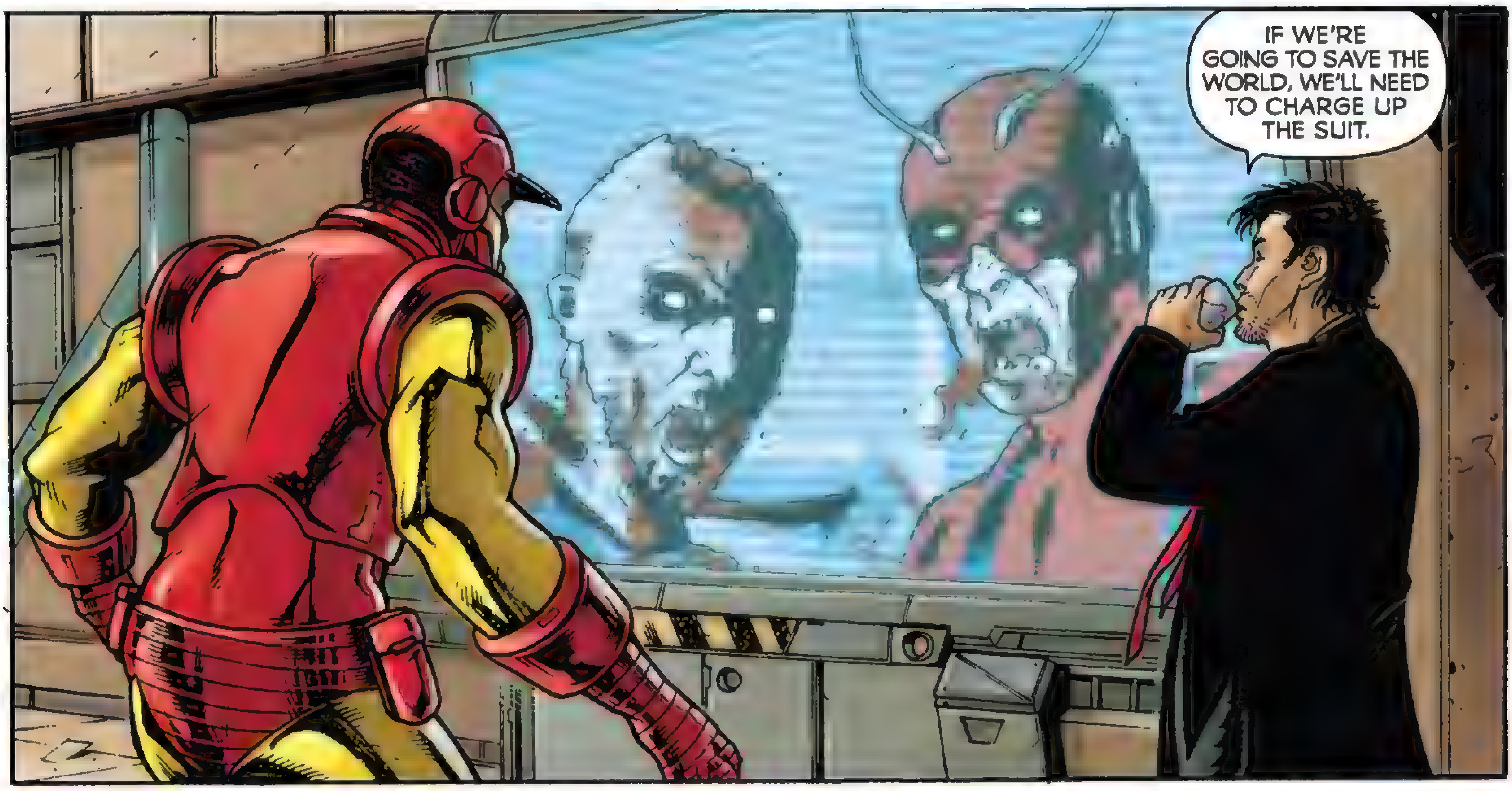
IT'S DEAD.
I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO CHARGE IT THE LAST TIME I USED IT...
I'LL JUST HAVE TO USE SOME OLD-FASHIONED ELBOW GREASE, THEN!
SPLURCH
TINK

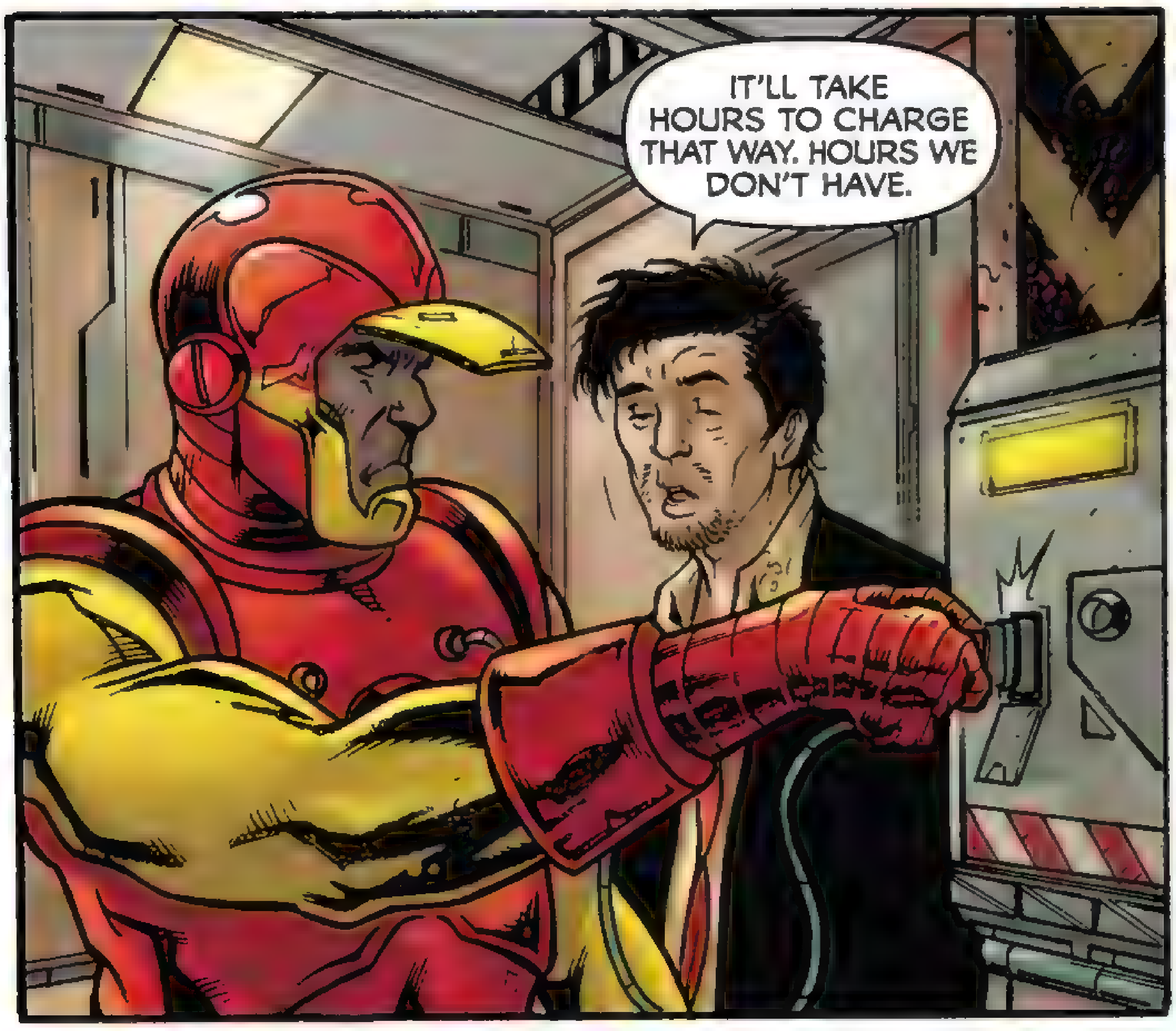
PEPPER? ARE YOU OKAY?
BLARGH

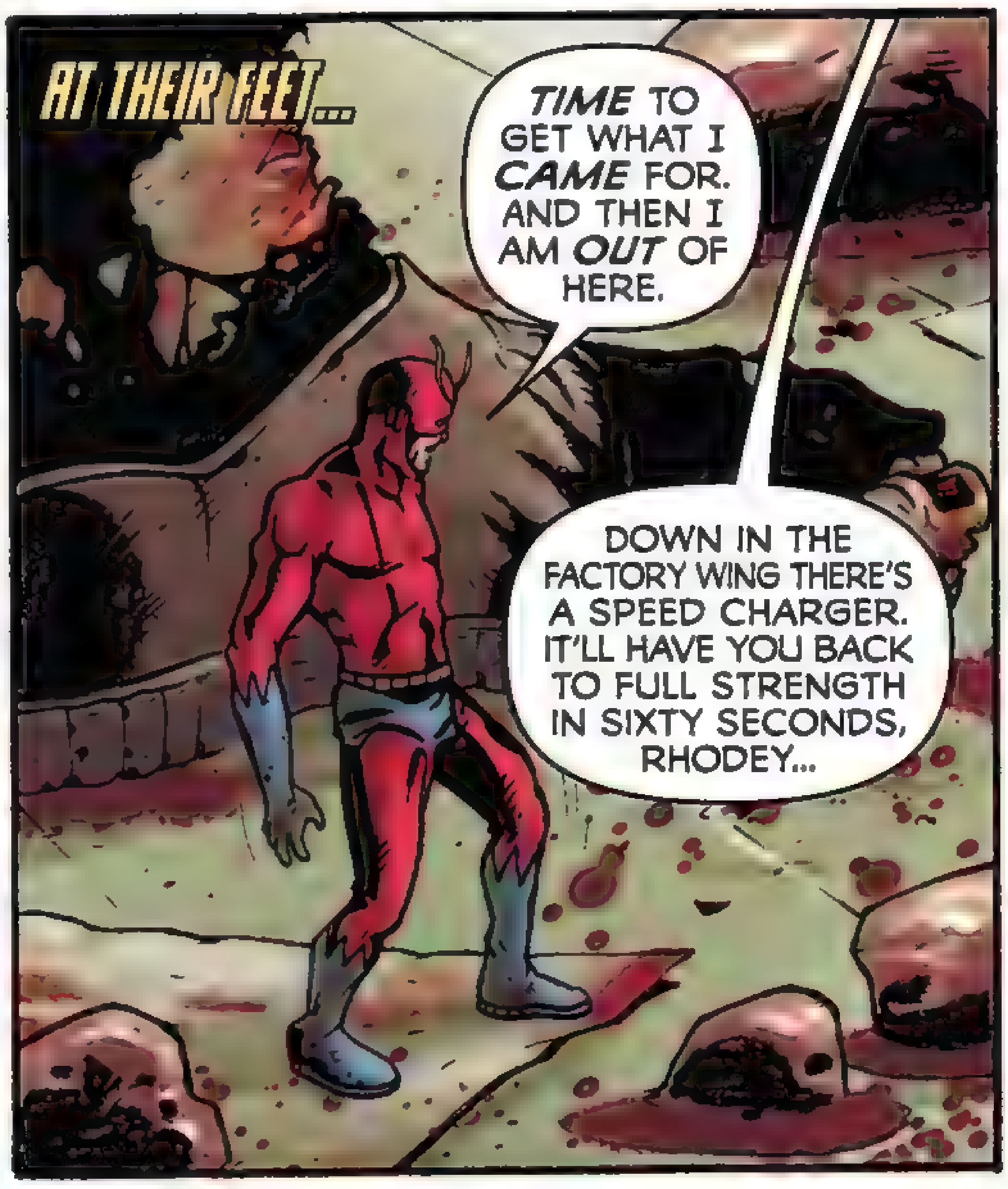
Y STARK
THORIZED
ONNEL ONL
AIEEEE!
WHAT DID YOU PUKE ON HER, TONY...
...GOLDSCHLÄGER?
NOT EXACTLY...
"...IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A CURE FOR CANCER.
"MILLIONS OF NANOMETER-SIZED MACHINES SUSPENDED IN A STERILE ALCOHOL BASE.

"IT NEVER QUITE WORKED IN TRIALS, BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WOULD PROTECT ME FROM THOSE THINGS.
"LOOKS LIKE IT HAS A DIFFERENT EFFECT THAN I THOUGHT. THE MACHINES TEAR APART DISEASED OR NECROTIC TISSUE, AND USE WHAT'S LEFT TO MAKE COPIES OF THEMSELVES."
"SO...WE'RE *SAVED,* TONY! YOUR STUFF WILL EAT THEM *ALIVE!"*
"IT MIGHT, RHODEY...*IF* WE COULD CONVINCE EVERY ONE OF THOSE MONSTERS TO DRINK SOME. IT ONLY WORKS IF IT'S *INGESTED."*


"IT ONLY WORKED ON PEPPER BECAUSE I PUKED IN HER MOUTH.
"...OH MY GOD, PEPPER, I AM SO SORRY..."
ENOUGH OF YOU DOPES...NOW TO SHRINK DOWN AND END THIS PARTY.


IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD, WE'LL NEED TO CHARGE UP THE SUIT.

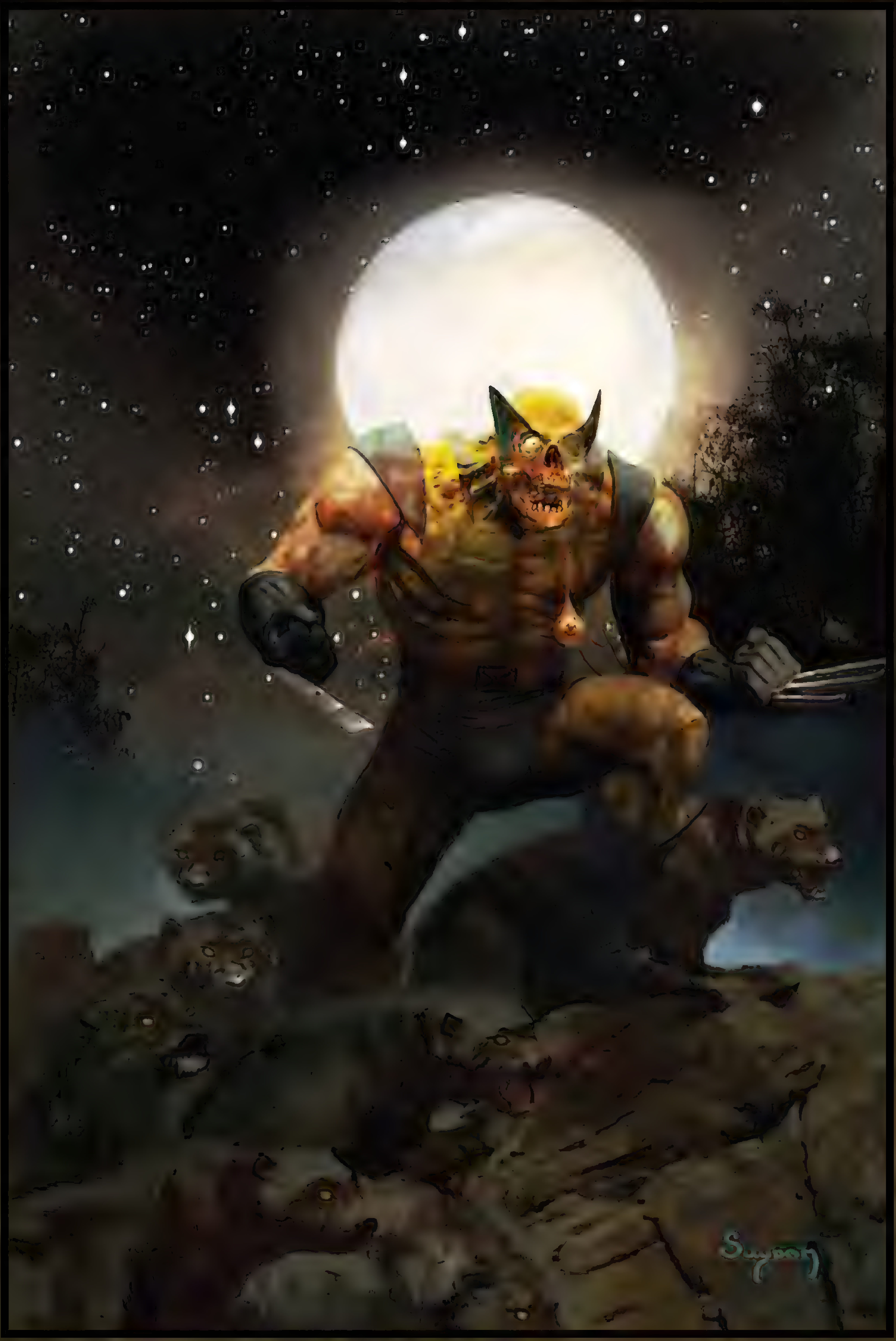

IT'LL TAKE HOURS TO CHARGE THAT WAY. HOURS WE DON'T HAVE.


AT THEIR FEET...
TIME TO GET WHAT I CAME FOR. AND THEN I AM OUT OF HERE.
DOWN IN THE FACTORY WING THERE'S A SPEED CHARGER. IT'LL HAVE YOU BACK TO FULL STRENGTH IN SIXTY SECONDS, RHODEY...

"...BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH...*THEM*... TO GET THERE."
STARK International
NYPD
SWAT
YOU MEAN, ***YOU'LL*** HAVE TO GO THROUGH THEM. IT'S YOUR ***ARMOR,*** TONY. I JUST ***BORROWED*** IT.
NO. IT'S ***IRON MAN'S*** ARMOR.
AND AS OF NOW...
HA HA AH! COME TO PAPA!
...THAT MEANS ***YOU.***
EXCUSE ME WHILE I HAVE A FINAL DRINK WITH MY FRIENDS.
TONY! ***NOOO!***

COME ON, EAT ME! I'M FULL OF NANOBOTS PICKLED IN VODKA SAUCE!
EAT ME, YOU MOTHER--
IF I STOP NOW, TONY'S DEATH MEANS NOTHING...I'VE GOTTA MOVE!
HA! EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.
THIS WILL UNLOCK ALL THE WATCHER'S SECRETS AND GIVE ME ACCESS TO EVERY LIVING THING IN CREATION.
NOW I JUST HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE MOON SOMEHOW-- AND THEN--
--IT'S DINNER TIME!

STARK INDUSTRIES FACTORY WING.
CALLING ALL AVAILABLE UNITS! THIS IS THE LONG ISLAND SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, CALLING ALL AGENCIES!
THERE'S A RIOT OUTSIDE THE STARK INTERNATIONAL BUILDING. WE NEED BACKUP, NOW!
THIS IS IRON MAN! I'M ON MY WAY.
THE LEGEND LIVES AGAIN... BUT SO DO THE UNDEAD!



MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #3 Cover by Arthur Suydam

MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #3 2nd Printing Variant Cover by Dave Wilkins

TOKYO, EARTH-Z.
TWO YEARS AFTER CHAPTER TWO.
LOGAN'S GONNA *KILL* ME!
I MISSED THE RENDEZVOUS.
HE TOLD ME TO MEET HIM IN THIS BACK ALLEY IN THE WORST PART OF TOKYO TO HELP HIM BUST UP AN UNDERGROUND FIGHT CLUB THE HAND HAS BEEN USING TO RECRUIT NEW TALENT.
A CHANCE FOR HIM TO CONTINUE MY *"EDUCATION"* IN OUR GLOBAL ROAD TRIP, LOTS OF *VIOLENCE*...AND EVEN MORE *RATS*.
KITTY PRYDE, MUTANT PHASER AND ROOKIE MEMBER OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN.
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
WHAT *ELSE* COULD A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL WANT?
SO I'M *LATE*...AND THESE *HAND NINJAS* ARE EARLY.
CRAP. IS THAT...?
LOGAN!
LOGAN OHMYGOD OHMYGOD OHMYGOD
OH--
--MY--
--GOD!

HERE KITTY-KITTY-KITTY...

NOOOO!
WHEW! DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO LOGAN, BUT I PHASED HIM RIGHT THROUGH ME...AND THOSE JERKS WON'T BE SO LUCKY.
OKAY... APPETIZERS FIRST!
HE'S... HE'S EATING THEM? OH...OH MY GOD...
NOW FOR THE MAIN COURSE!
AHHHH!

THWIP
WHAT THE--
GET THIS #%^& CRAP OUTTA MY %A&# FACE YOU #^$*@--
--MMPHH!
KRAOOM
THIS IS GOING TO SOUND CORNY, KID, BUT...
...COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO WOLVERINE?
I'M YOUR *FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN,* AND THAT...
...WELL, IT'S ***NOT*** THE WOLVERINE YOU KNOW, KID.
BUT IT ***COULD BE*** IF WE DON'T ACT ***FAST!***
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IF THAT'S NOT WOLVERINE-- WHO *IS* HE?
IT'S LESS OF A ***"WHO"*** ISSUE AND MORE OF A ***"WHAT."***
THAT WOLVERINE IS FROM ANOTHER WORLD...***MY*** WORLD. THAT WOLVERINE...
...IS A ***ZOMBIE.***
A...
...*ZOMBIE?*
LIKE IN ***FLESH-EATING FREAK?*** PEOPLE TRAPPED IN HOUSES NAILING BOARDS CROOKEDLY OVER THE WINDOWS?
THOSE CREEPY DANCERS IN THE *THRILLER* VIDEO?
YEAH, BUT IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT. COME INSIDE TO MY LAB AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE CLIFF'S NOTES VERSION OF THE END OF THE WORLD.
YOU'RE JOKING.
USUALLY, BUT NOT AT THE MOMENT.
YOU COMING?
GOD! IT ***STINKS!***
WHAT ***DIED*** IN THERE?

SEE, IT ALL STARTED WITH A *FLASH* IN THE *SKY*...
"...ONCE THE INFECTION SPREAD THROUGH THE SUPERHUMAN COMMUNITY, THE WORLD WAS DONE. THE SPREAD WAS *GLOBAL* AND IT WAS *COMPLETE.*
"EVERYONE DIED.
"*EVERYONE.*
"IF THESE MONSTERS HAD THEIR WAY, ALL OF TIME AND SPACE WOULD HAVE BEEN A *BUFFET* FOR THEM. AN ENDLESS ORGY OF *GLUTTONY* AND *DESTRUCTION.*
"THEY WERE *THAT CLOSE.* THEY WERE READY TO STEP INTO ANOTHER WORLD...A NEW FEEDING GROUND.
"MAYBE IT WAS THE UNPREDICTABLE *COSMIC POWERS* COURSING THROUGH THEIR BODIES...
"OR MAYBE IT WAS THE FILTERING BUFFERS OF THE TRANSPORTER...
"BUT WHEN THE ZOMBIE WOLVERINE APPEARED ON YOUR WORLD HE NO LONGER POSSESSED THE POWER COSMIC.
"THE LOSS OF THOSE ENERGIES MADE THE INFECTED WOLVERINE PARANOID. FOR MONTHS HE HID IN THE SHADOWS, FEEDING ONLY ON THE HOMELESS, DEVOURING THEM *COMPLETELY* SO THAT NONE OF THEM WOULD RISE AS ZOMBIES COMPETING FOR THE SAME PREY.
"BUT AS TIME PASSED HIS CONFIDENCE RETURNED...AND NOW HE'S HUNTING *OPENLY.* IF UNCHECKED, HE COULD START A NEW PLAGUE ON THIS WORLD.
"*YOUR WORLD,* KITTY."

AFTER I--*LEARNED* ABOUT THIS--I BEGAN WORKING ON A *VACCINE*...A FORMULA FOR CONTROLLING THE VIRUS.
YOU MEAN YOU CAN *CURE* WOLVERINE?
CURE?
NO. *NOTHING* CAN CURE HIM. BUT IF I'M CORRECT, THEN I MIGHT BE ABLE TO *SAVE* HIM.
RIGHT NOW HE'S TRAPPED BY THE UNENDING HUNGERS OF THE INFECTION.
HIS HUNGER HAS DRIVEN HIM *INSANE.*
BUT I BELIEVE THAT *THIS VACCINE* COULD DAMPEN THE FIRES OF HIS APPETITE LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO CONSIDER WHAT HE'S DOING...
...AND TO MAKE BETTER CHOICES.
THEN YOU HAVE TO *USE* THE VACCINE BEFORE IT--*SHOO, FLY!*--SPREADS...
IT'S NOT THAT EASY.
THE ZOMBIE WOLVERINE'S HEALING FACTOR WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE INFECTION, RENDERING IT ESSENTIALLY INERT.
IN ORDER TO CREATE A VACCINE THAT WILL RETURN HIM TO SANITY--
--I'LL NEED SOME MATCHING BLOOD.
FROM *YOUR* WOLVERINE.

MMMM... YUMMY! NOTHING BEATS FRESH SUSHI!
HAVE TO CLEAN UP MY MESS, THOUGH. DON'T WANT TO START A NEW TREND: NINJA ZOMBIES.
MIGHT MAKE A GOOD MOVIE... BUT RIGHT NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE SEAT AT THIS BUFFET.
YOU GOT ONE CHANCE TO LIVE, BUB...WHERE'S WOLVERINE?
BUT...BUT... YOU'RE--
WHERE'S THE WOLVERINE YOU CLOWNS WERE HUNTING?
W-WHAT? BUT--
SNIKT
YOU KNOW...LOOKS KINDA LIKE ME. SMELLS BETTER BUT AIN'T AS GOOD-LOOKING. TELL ME WHERE HE IS AND I'LL GIVE YOU A FREE PASS.
HE... HE'S--
SNIKT
SNORPT
ERP!
AW, CRAP.
FWOOSH
WOLVERINE! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
SUNFIRE?
HOT GRUB... OUTSTANDING!

HAVE SOME *SASHIMI!*
STILL FRESH. HAS THAT *JUST-KILLED* FLAVOR.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *DOING,* LOGAN?! ARE YOU *INSANE?!*
KAWHOOOM
DEATHMATCH TOKYO
WELL, LOOKEE HERE...
CAN I JOIN YOUR LITTLE FIGHT CLUB?

WOLVERINE--WHAT'S GOING ON? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NEVER BETTER, IRON FIST.
URRRK!
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT MADNESS HAS OVERTAKEN YOU, MY FRIEND--BUT I CANNOT ALLOW--
SHANG-CHI, DIDN'T YOUR MAMMA EVER TELL YOU ABOUT *POINTING?* IT'S DOWNRIGHT *RUDE.*
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE IF ANY OF YOU CHOP-SOCKY HOTSHOTS HAD THE STONES TO *REALLY* THROW DOWN.
LET'S FIND OUT!
YEAH, BUB...
DEATH
TOK
...LET'S DO THAT.
SNIKT

MEANWHILE...
--HAS 209 AMINO ACIDS, ONE DISULFIDE BOND, A MOLECULAR WEIGHT OF 35-36KDA AND A MAINLY ALPHA-HELICAL STRUCTURE--
WHAT'S WITH ALL THE DARN FLIES?
--INFECTIOUS ISOFORM OF PRP, KNOWN AS PRPSC, IS ABLE TO CONVERT NORMAL PRPC PROTEINS INTO THE INFECTIOUS ISOFORM BY CHANGING THEIR CONFORMATION--
THE *STINK*... IT'S COMING FROM *THERE*.
--CAUSE NEURODEGENERATIVE DISEASE BY AGGREGATING EXTRACELLULARLY WITHIN THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM TO FORM PLAQUES KNOWN AS AMYLOID--
CAN'T HURT TO TAKE A LOOK.
SMELLS LIKE A *DEAD RAT*...

Ahhhhhh!
I WISH YOU HADN'T DONE THAT, KITTY.
I HAD HOPED TO SPARE YOU...
WHA- WHAT...?
...BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE TRUTH!

I DON'T KNOW *WHO* OR *WHAT* YOU ARE, PAL...
BUT YOU JUST ENTERED A *WORLD OF HURT.*
I *CAME* FROM A WORLD OF HURT, BUB.
THE DOWNER IS THAT I NEVER GOT TO PLAY IT ALL OUT *MY* WAY. TOO MANY CHEFS IN THE KITCHEN.
THAT'S ALL CHANGED. HERE...IN *YOUR* WORLD...I'M NOT ONLY THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT I DO...I'M THE *ONLY* ONE WHO CAN DO WHAT I DO.
WHATEVER.
SKLUTCH
HAPPY LANDINGS.
THUD
JEEZ. THAT'S *IT?* THREE WORDS OF BANTER AND A SUCKER-PUNCH?
I NOT ONLY HAVE TO KICK YOUR ASS...
...I GOT TO TEACH YOU SOME *STYLE!*

JUST TRY IT, BUB!
WHOOM
TIME TO SEE WHAT KINDA GUTS YOU G--
<GET HIM!>
AW, #%@^& ME!
NINJAS!
NOT JUST NINJAS...*THE HAND!*
WHOEVER THEY ARE, LET'S GET 'EM!

DAMN! I SHOULD HAVE BIT ELEKTRA INSTEAD.
COULDA USED SOME KICK-ASS ARM CANDY.
DON'T KNOW WHAT INSANITY THIS IS...BUT I CAN'T LET IT SPREAD!
READY FOR ROUND TWO? READY TO SEE WHO *REALLY* IS THE BEST THERE IS?
BORN READY.
THEN LET'S *ROCK!*

Y-YOU... YOU'RE ONE OF *THEM!*
GET *AWAY* FROM ME!
WAIT!
KITTY, PLEASE...IT'S NOT WHAT YOU *THINK!*
NOT WHAT I THI--? ARE YOU A *ZOMBIE?*
WELL...*YES.* MORE OR LESS. *KIND OF.*
DO YOU *EAT* PEOPLE?
OCCASIONALLY. BUT NOT *NICE* PEOPLE. JUST CRIMINALS...KILLERS... DIRTBAGS.
CHEWY, DELICIOUS... CRUNCHY GOODNESS DIRTBAGS.
I TOLD YOU...IT'S *COMPLICATED.*
KITTY--*LISTEN* TO ME. I'M FROM THE SAME WORLD AS THE WOLVERINE YOU SAW TODAY, I *ADMIT* IT.
BUT I'M *NOT* A MONSTER.
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A *TREATMENT.*
I'VE BEEN FEEDING ON WOLVERINE'S LEFTOVERS. I HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE IN A LONG TIME...AND I'VE MADE SURE THAT NONE OF WOLVERINE'S VICTIMS RISE AS NEW ZOMBIES.
I'M *THIS CLOSE* TO COMPLETING THE VACCINE...TO SAVING WOLVERINE...TO SAVING THE *WORLD*...
...TO SAVING MY OWN *SOUL.*
HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T A *TRICK?*

YOU'RE ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE WHO CAN STAY SAFE FROM ME. FROM *US.*
WE CAN'T INFECT WHAT WE CAN'T BITE. AND WE CAN'T *BITE* WHAT WE CAN'T *TOUCH.*
SO STAY IN YOUR PHASED FORM. THAT WAY, I CAN'T HURT YOU. I *WOULDN'T,* ANYWAY.
PLEASE, STAY AND LISTEN.
LOOK...IF I TRY TO HARM YOU, JUST PHASE THIS INTO MY BRAIN.
MAKE SURE IT SOLIDIFIES *HERE,* RIGHT AT THE BRAIN STEM. THAT WILL KILL ANY ZOMBIE. IT WILL KILL *ME.*
NO ONE ELSE KNOWS THIS. I'M GIVING YOU THE SECRET AS A SIGN OF *TRUST,* KITTY.
OKAY...I'M *LISTENING.* BUT IF YOU TRY ANYTHING, YOU BETTER KNOW I'LL USE THIS.
HEY, IF I TRY ANYTHING, I HOPE YOU *DO.*
NOW LISTEN. TIME IS SHORT.
WE HAVE TO GET A SAMPLE OF *YOUR* WOLVERINE'S BLOOD. MY LAB IS ALREADY SET UP TO EXTRACT AND SYNTHESIZE HIS HEALING FACTOR. I'M CERTAIN IT'LL COMBAT THE ALIEN INFECTION.
WE HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER...AND WE HAVE TO MOVE *FAST.*

SKLORCH
YOU CAN'T WIN, MEATBAG. I'LL OUTLIVE AND OUTLAST YOU... AND THEN YOUR FLESH IS *MINE.*
YOU MAY *LOOK* LIKE ME...AND EVEN *SMELL* A LITTLE LIKE ME...BUT I CAN FEEL *MY* INJURIES HEALING.
YOU LOOK LIKE CRAP. YOU SURE YOU GOT THAT WHOLE *MUTANT HEALING FACTOR* WORKING FOR YOU?
YEAH, BUB...I'M *FINE.* JUST NEED TO CHOW DOWN A LITTLE MORE TO AMP UP THE OL' METABOLISM.
AN' I'M WONDERING HOW IT WOULD BE TO EAT MYSELF. I MEAN *YOU.*
COULD BE WEIRD.
COULD BE *YUMMY.*

ZUNOU!*
*JAPANESE FOR "BRAINS!" --BILINGUAL BILL
I LOVE WATCHING YOU--ME--WORK.
I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE, BUB. BUT YOU AIN'T ME.
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE WRONG, LOGAN. HE IS YOU.
AND IF YOU DON'T STOP HIM THEN THE WORLD IS GOING TO END! ZOMBIES WILL OVERRUN EVERYTHING.
ZOMBIES, HUH? WELL YOU AIN'T SMELLING TOO DAMN FRESH YOURSELF, PAL.
LOGAN--NO! DON'T HURT HIM! HE'S NOT LIKE THE OTHER ONE. I MEAN, HE IS, BUT HE'S NOT.
IT'S COMPLICATED.
IT AIN'T COMPLICATED AT ALL! I'M A ZOMBIE...AND YOU'RE LUNCH!
LOGAN! NOOO!
OUCH.
I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU.
YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS. I FOUND A TREATMENT...SOMETHING TO ASSUAGE THE HUNGER. SOMETHING THAT WILL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR SOUL!
ALL I NEED IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF BLOOD FROM THIS WORLD'S WOLVERINE.

I DON'T *NEED* A CURE!
I'M EXACTLY WHAT I *WANT* TO BE! A *ZOMBIE KILLING* MACHINE!
THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT I DO--ON *ANY* WORLD...I AM *DEATH!*
AIIEEEHHH!
SHUNK
OW.
I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE.
DIE YOU UGLY, STINKING FREAK!

BEST THERE IS, *MY ASS.*
YOU GOT ***ONE SECOND*** TO CONVINCE ME YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT A TREATMENT.
IT'S A LONG STORY.
TICK-TOCK.
UH...IT ALL STARTED WITH A FLASH...
TEN MINUTES LATER.
--AND YOUR MUTANT HEALING FACTOR WILL BE THE CATALYST!
THIS IS *NUTS,* EVEN BY *MY* STANDARDS.
UM... GUYS?
WE CAN'T LET ANY OF THEM ESCAPE! ONE CARRIER CAN START THE ***WHOLE PLAGUE!***
SNIKT
ON IT.
SNIKT

IN A REALLY TWISTED WAY... THAT WAS *FUN.*
IF YOU WANT A BLOOD SAMPLE, WEB-HEAD...NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME.
ONE HOUR LATER.
THIS IS *PERFECT.* NOT AS STRONG A REACTION AS I ANTICIPATED, BUT WITH ANY LUCK THIS WILL DO THE TRICK.
I'LL TAKE OUR *FRIEND* WITH ME. I HAVE TO FIND THE OTHERS...
OTHERS?
YOU'RE A TRUE HERO, LOGAN. YOU JUST SAVED THE WORLD!
I'M GOING TO BE IN *THERAPY* FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
I'M GOING TO STAY *DRUNK* FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
NOW WHAT DO WE DO? I MEAN--HAVE WE *STOPPED* THIS THING?
NONE OF THESE SUCKERS IS EVER GETTING UP AGAIN.
SO--WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
I DUNNO... MAYBE GRAB SOME GRUB.
GAK HOW CAN YOU EVEN *THINK* ABOUT EATING RIGHT NOW?
GUESS I WORKED UP AN APPETITE.

MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #4 Cover by Arthur Suydam

A SHIP OF RAGE CUTS ACROSS THE STARS, CARRYING A MAN BETRAYED.
EXILED BY THE ILLUMINATI: DR. STRANGE. MR. FANTASTIC. IRON MAN. BLACK BOLT.
THEY DOOMED HIM TO DIE ON A FAR-OFF WORLD...
BUT HE LIVED...THRIVED... AND WITH HIS ALLIES, THE WARBOUND, HE RULED.
DESPERATE, HIS ENEMIES DESTROYED THAT WORLD. MURDERED MILLIONS...
...INCLUDING THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

NOW HE'S COMING HOME TO DESTROY THEIR WORLDS...
...ONE AT A TIME.
APPROACHING EARTH'S MOON-- HOME OF ATTILAN, CITY OF THE INHUMANS.
AND HE ISN'T COMING **ALONE.**
BUT SOMETHING ELSE AWAITS...
...SOMETHING SENT FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE...
...SOMETHING **GIANT**...

THE OUTSKIRTS OF ATTILAN.
THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON OF EARTH-Z.
KU-CHUUUUGA
HUH? TOO SCARED TO GREET ME?
SHOW YOURSELF!
COWARD... HIDING BEHIND YOUR PALACE WALLS.
IF YOU WON'T BRING THE FIGHT TO ME...
...I'LL BRING IT TO YOU.
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT...

THE PALACE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.
A CITY OF WEAKLINGS...
...HIDING BEHIND A TRAITOR.
BLACK BOLT!
KARULUACK
WHAT THE @#%&...?
WHAT HAPPENED HERE...?
YOU CANNOT WANT THIS FIGHT, HULK.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST.
FUNNY, MEDUSA...
...I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME THING!

NO IDEA...
THRUMP
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE THE MESS...
WHEN MY ENEMIES KICKED ME OUT OF MY DIMENSION, THEY DIDN'T EXACTLY LET ME PACK A LUNCH FIRST...
BUT SOON... THANKS TO THE DEVICE I FOUND HERE IN THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON...
...EVERY DIMENSION WILL BE LUNCH.

THANKS FOR DROPPING BY... ...WE'VE BEEN *STARVED* FOR COMPANY!

GIANT-MAN? WHAT ARE YOU--
KDOOOM
NNNHH... NEVER BEEN HIT SO HA--
OKAY, IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?
YOU FREAKS WANT A PIECE OF ME?
SO... HUNGRY...
SUCCULENT... GREEN...FLESH...
PROTECT OUR KING!

WE ARE THE *WARBOUND* OF *SAKAAR*--SWORN TO STAND WITH THE HULK!
HIROIM THE SHAMED!
KORG THE KRONAN!
ELLOE KAIFI!
MIEK!
STOP *INTRODUCING* YOURSELVES...
...AND START *KILLING* *THESE THINGS!*
MIEK, BROOD--BRING DOWN THE GIANT!
THE REST OF YOU... *WITH ME!*
ATTAAACK!

BRAAAAINS...
YAAAHHH!
NNNHH...HIS DAMN SONIC POWERS--!

NICE ONE, BLACK BOLT. THAT TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM.
AHHHHHHHHH!
K-KILL... M-ME...
KORG...
NO...
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, HULK...
YOU HAVE *WONDERFUL* TASTE IN FRIENDS.

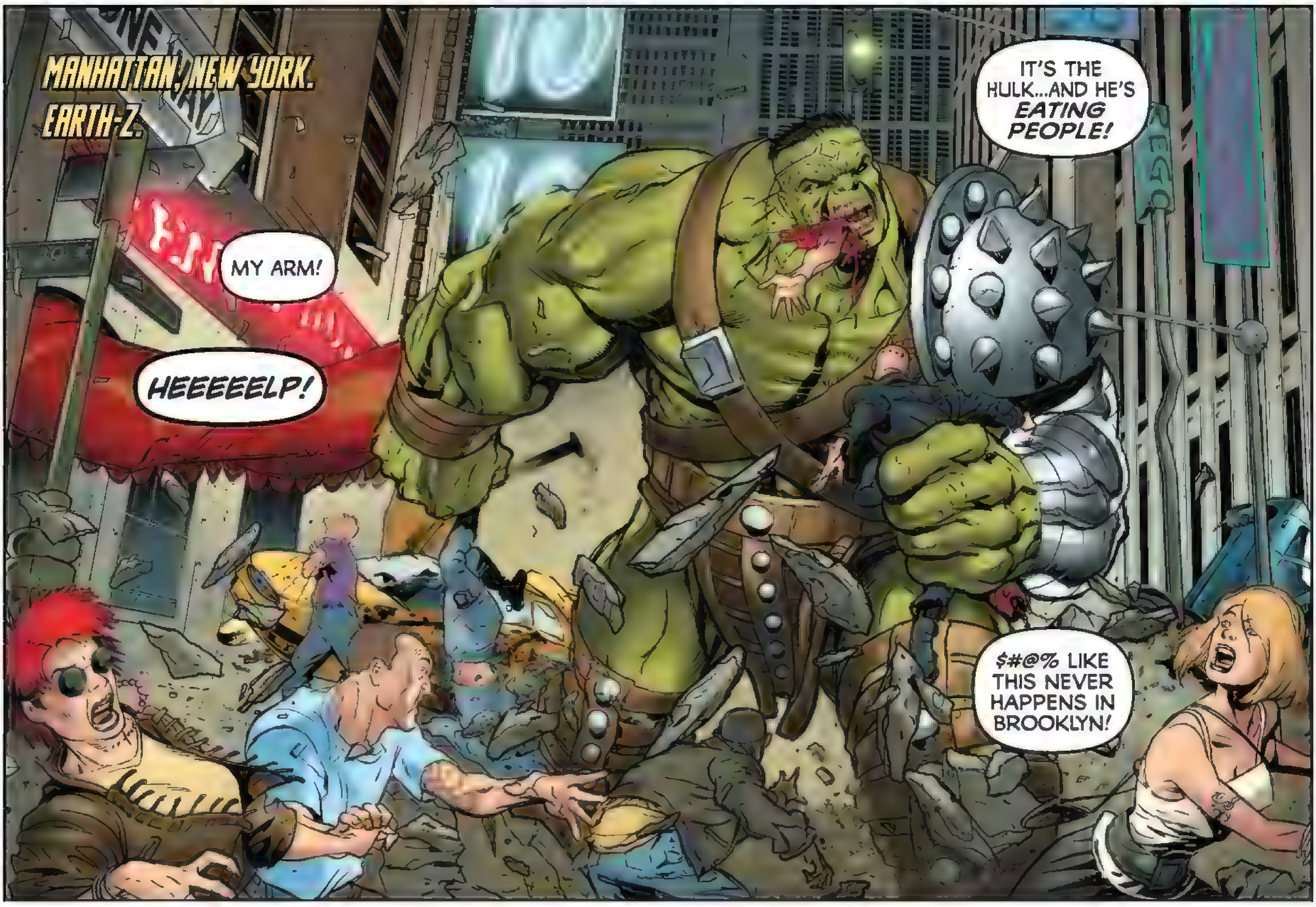
NOOOO!
NOW...
HOW ABOUT SOMETHING *RED* FOR DESSERT?
GRAAAAAAGH!
SHHRKKAMMM

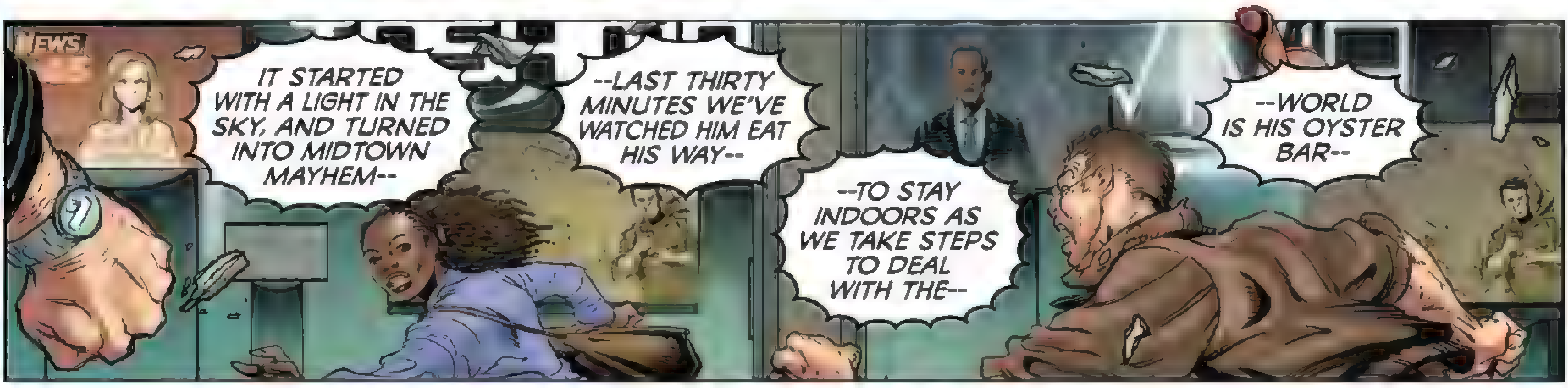
LEAVE... ME...
NEVER.
YOU'RE ALL THAT I HAVE, ELLOE...
...ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY WORLD...
...SO *THEIR* WORLD CAN WAIT.
GREEN... KING...
...Y-YOUR...
...ARM...

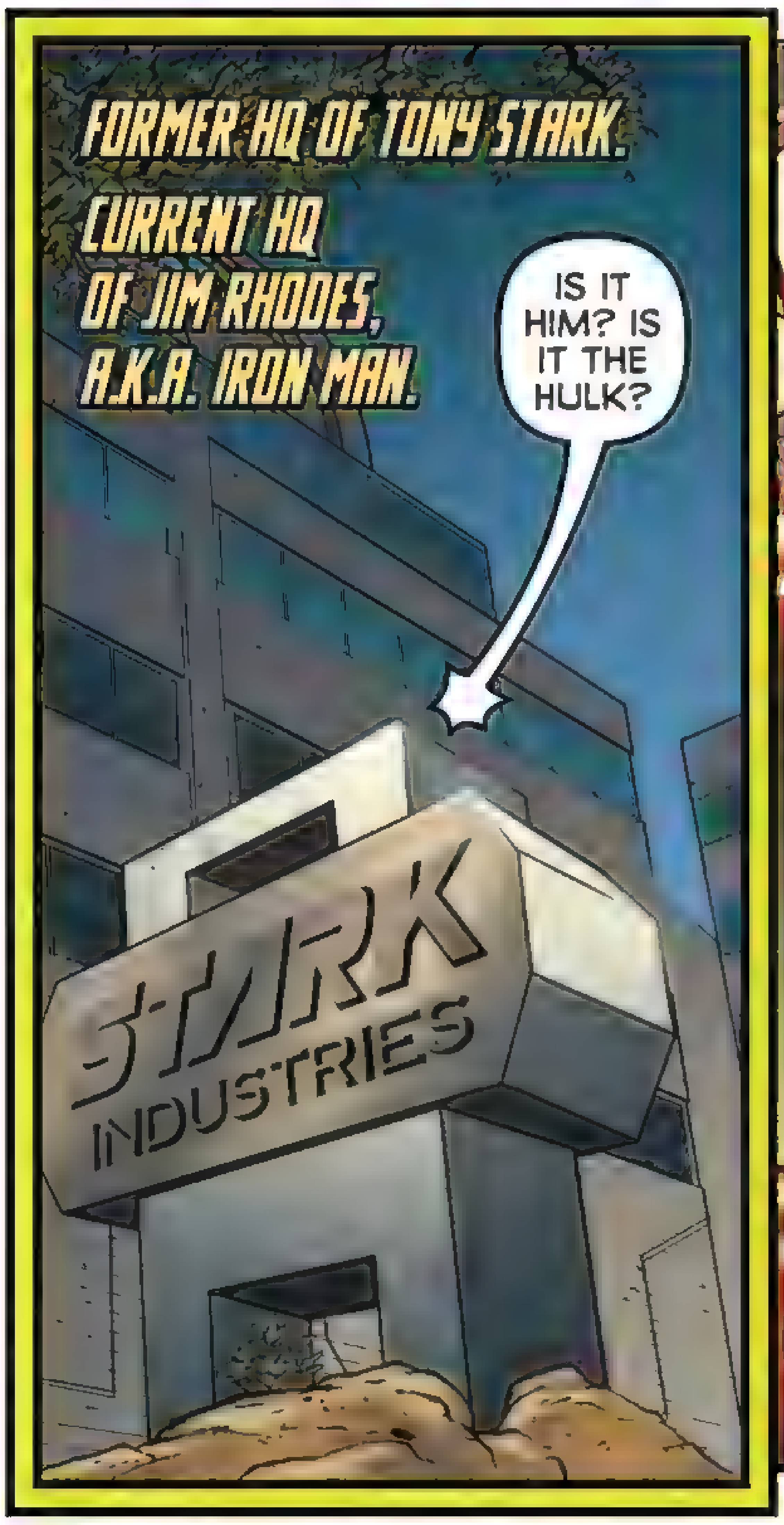
SOMETHING...
...*BIT* YOU.
THE... *HUNGER*...
HULK... NO...

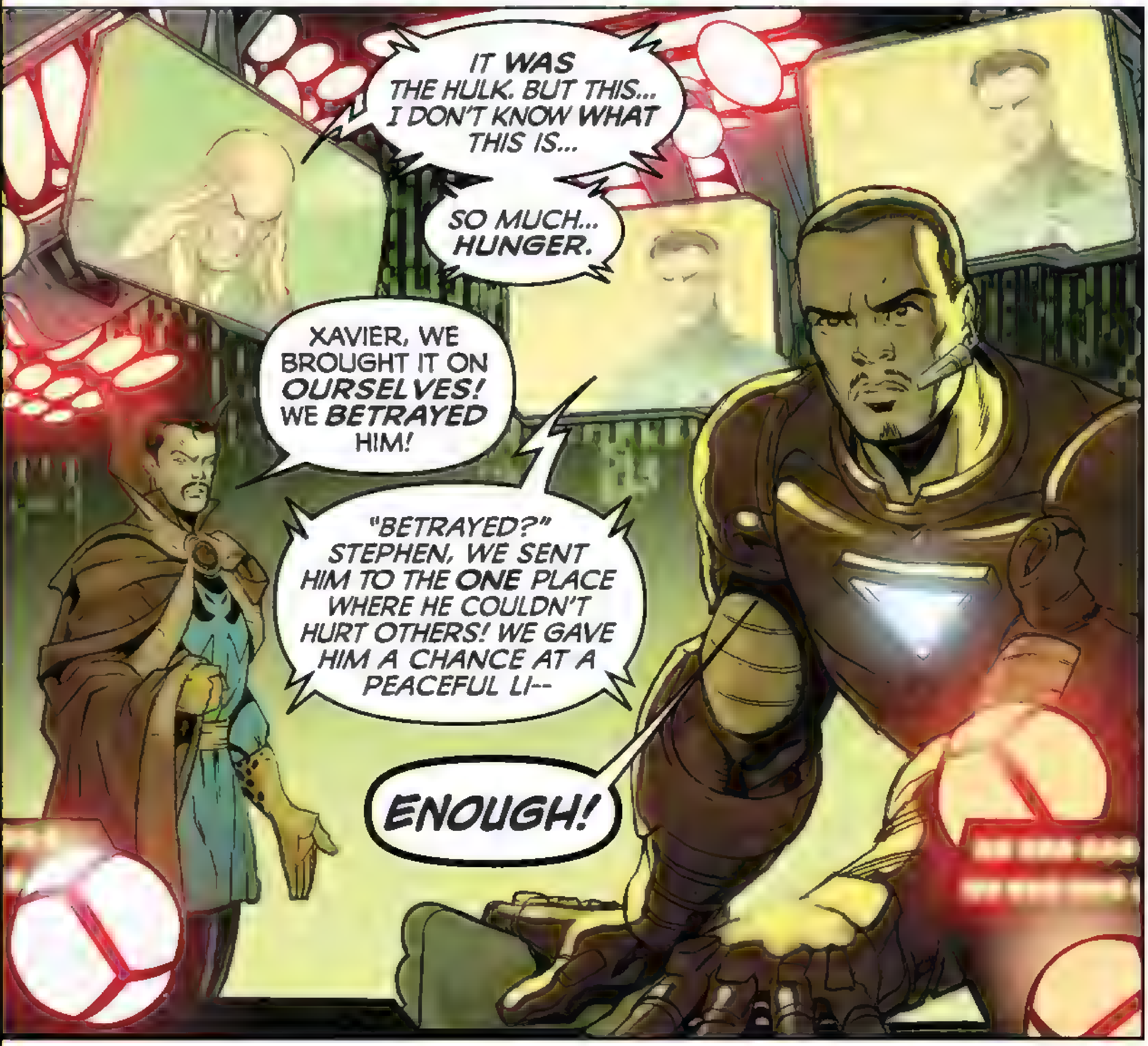
CHOMP
AHHHHHHHH!

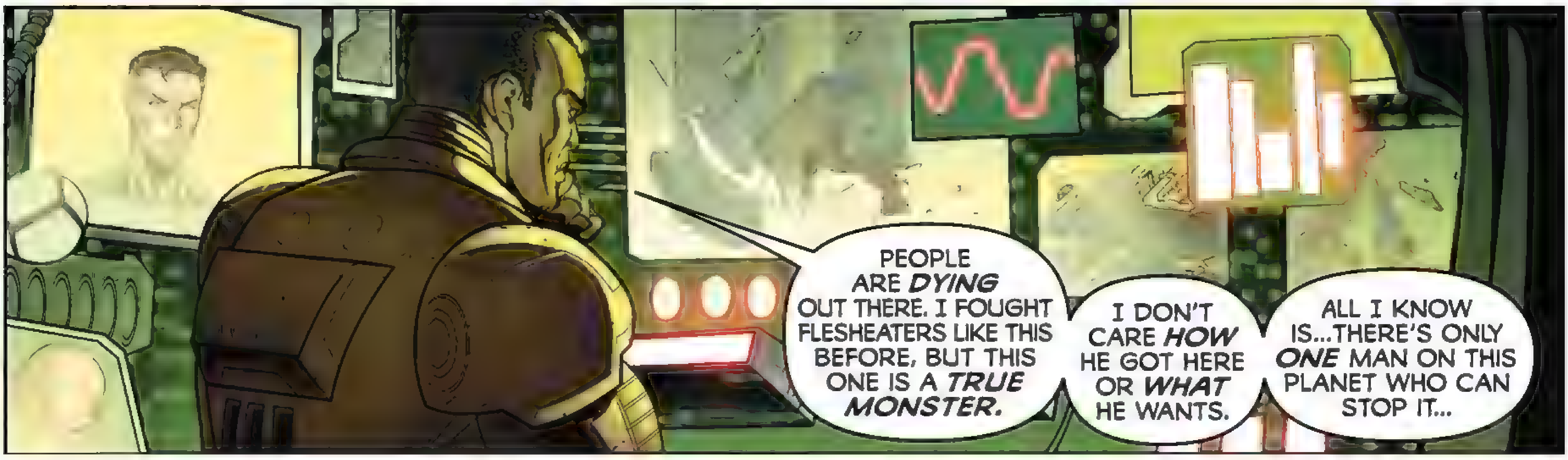
KARUUUNCH
SO ≠CHOMP≠ HUNGRY...
NO MORE ≠GULP≠ FOOD HERE...
BUT *THERE*...
YES.

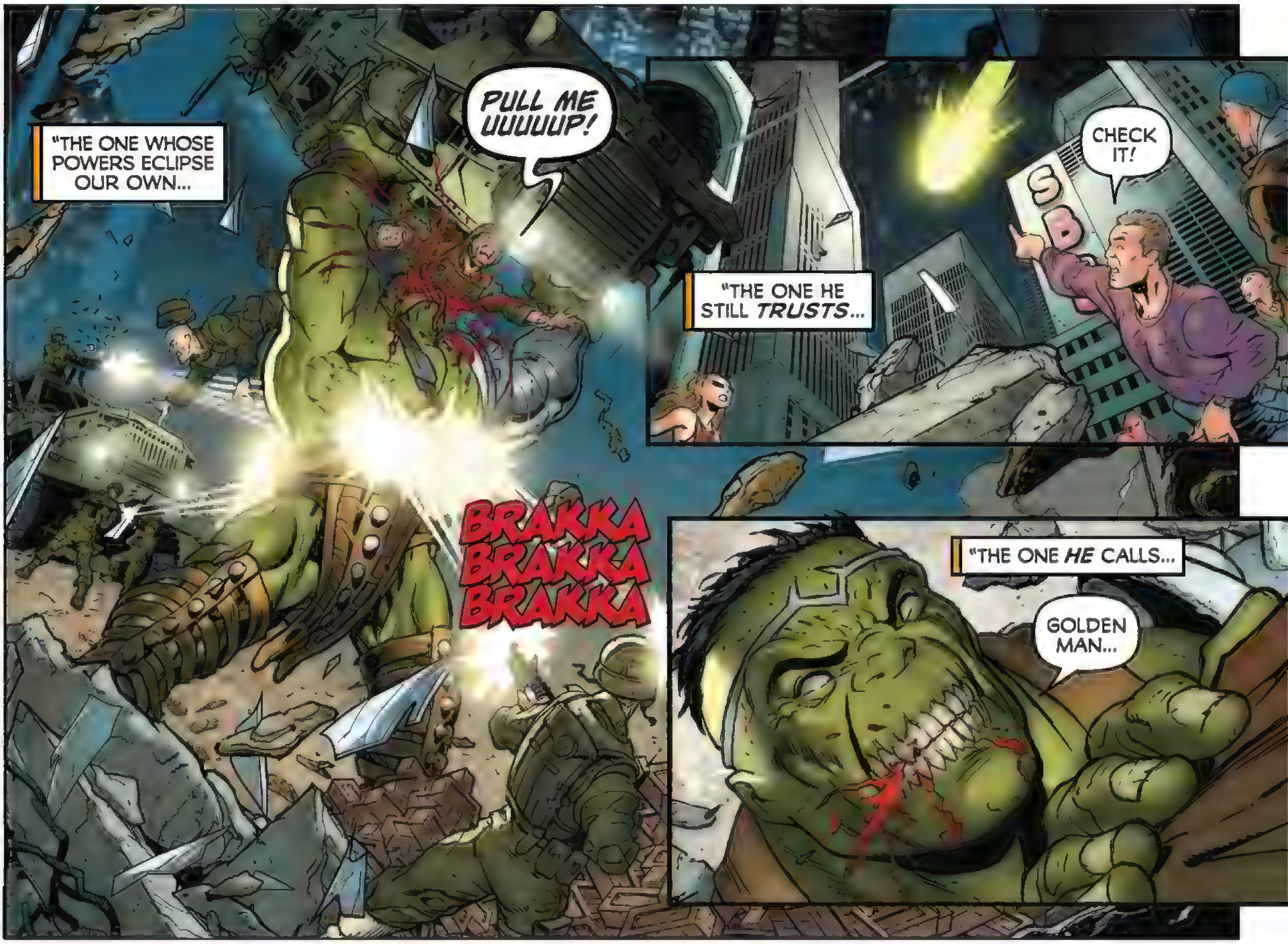

MANHATTAN, NEW YORK.
EARTH-Z.
MY ARM!
HEEEEELP!
IT'S THE HULK...AND HE'S EATING PEOPLE!
$#@% LIKE THIS NEVER HAPPENS IN BROOKLYN!

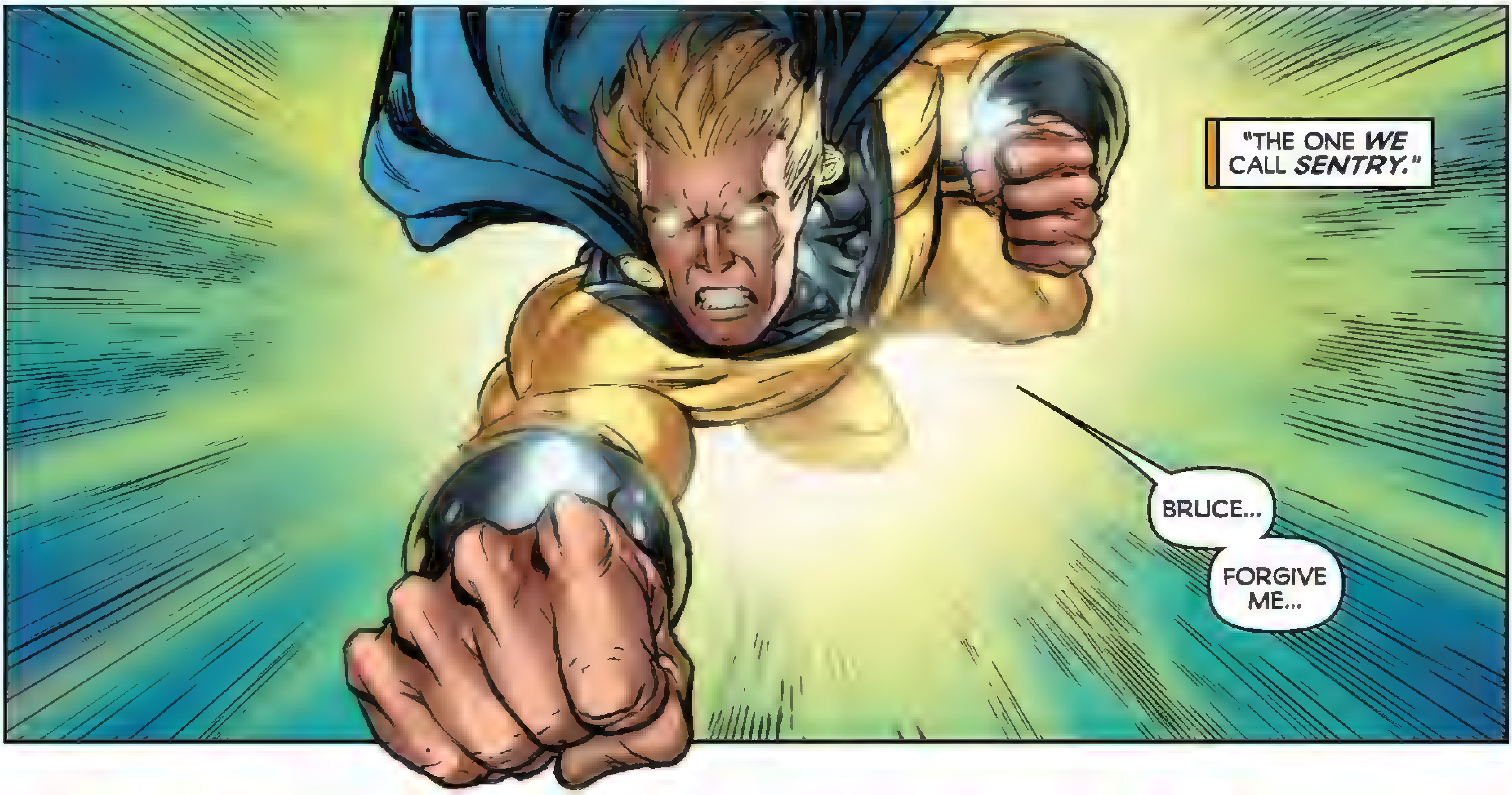

NEWS
IT STARTED WITH A LIGHT IN THE SKY, AND TURNED INTO MIDTOWN MAYHEM--
--LAST THIRTY MINUTES WE'VE WATCHED HIM EAT HIS WAY--
--TO STAY INDOORS AS WE TAKE STEPS TO DEAL WITH THE--
--WORLD IS HIS OYSTER BAR--


FORMER HQ OF TONY STARK.
CURRENT HQ OF JIM RHODES, A.K.A. IRON MAN.
IS IT HIM? IS IT THE HULK?
STARK INDUSTRIES


IT WAS THE HULK. BUT THIS... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS...
SO MUCH... HUNGER.
XAVIER, WE BROUGHT IT ON OURSELVES! WE BETRAYED HIM!
"BETRAYED?" STEPHEN, WE SENT HIM TO THE ONE PLACE WHERE HE COULDN'T HURT OTHERS! WE GAVE HIM A CHANCE AT A PEACEFUL LI--
ENOUGH!


PEOPLE ARE *DYING* OUT THERE. I FOUGHT FLESHEATERS LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT THIS ONE IS A ***TRUE MONSTER.***
I DON'T CARE ***HOW*** HE GOT HERE OR ***WHAT*** HE WANTS.
ALL I KNOW IS...THERE'S ONLY ***ONE*** MAN ON THIS PLANET WHO CAN STOP IT...


"THE ONE WHOSE POWERS ECLIPSE OUR OWN...
PULL ME UUUUUP!
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
"THE ONE HE STILL ***TRUSTS***...
CHECK IT!
SB
"THE ONE ***HE*** CALLS...
GOLDEN MAN...

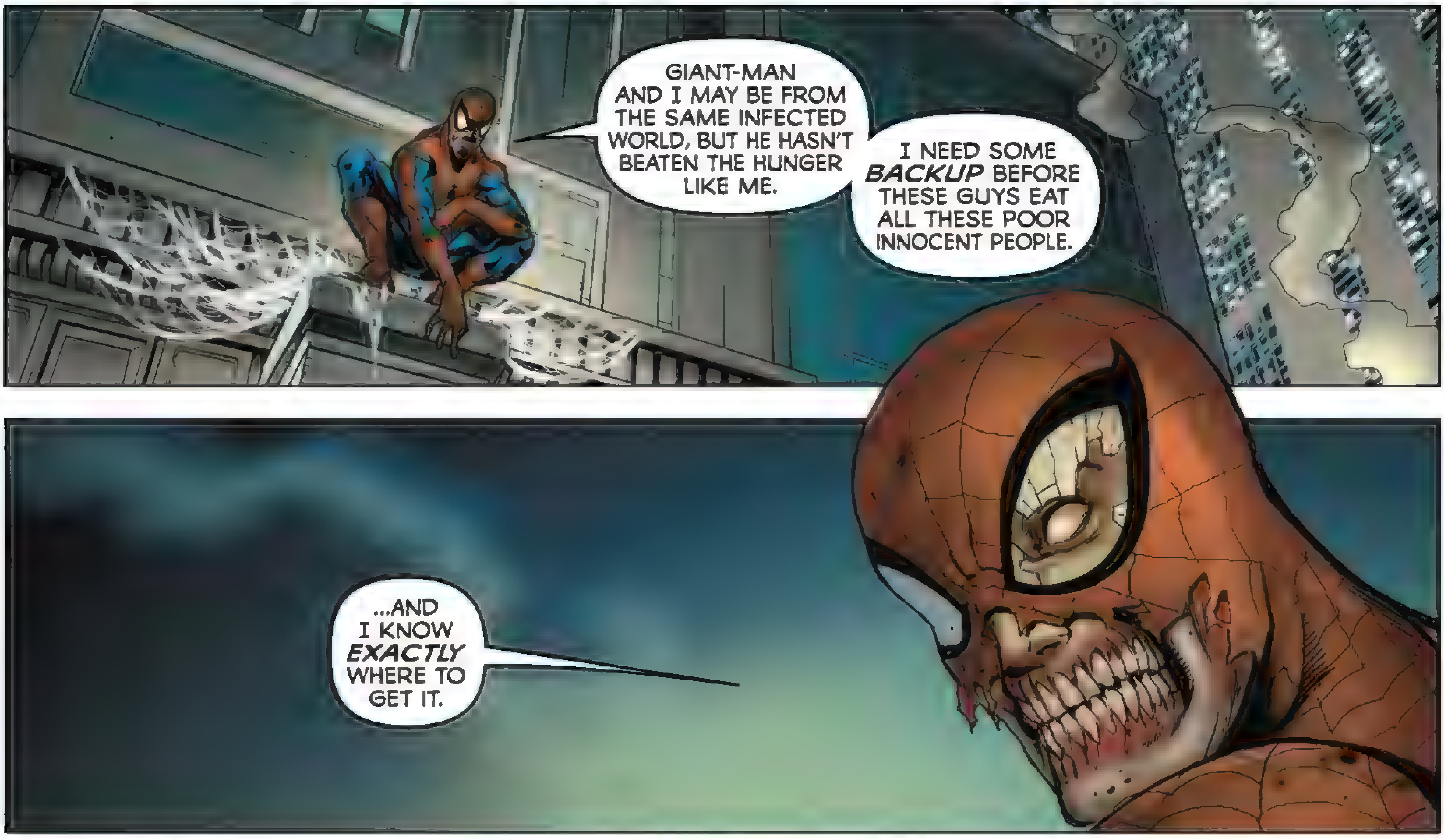

"THE ONE ***WE*** CALL ***SENTRY.***"
BRUCE...
FORGIVE ME...

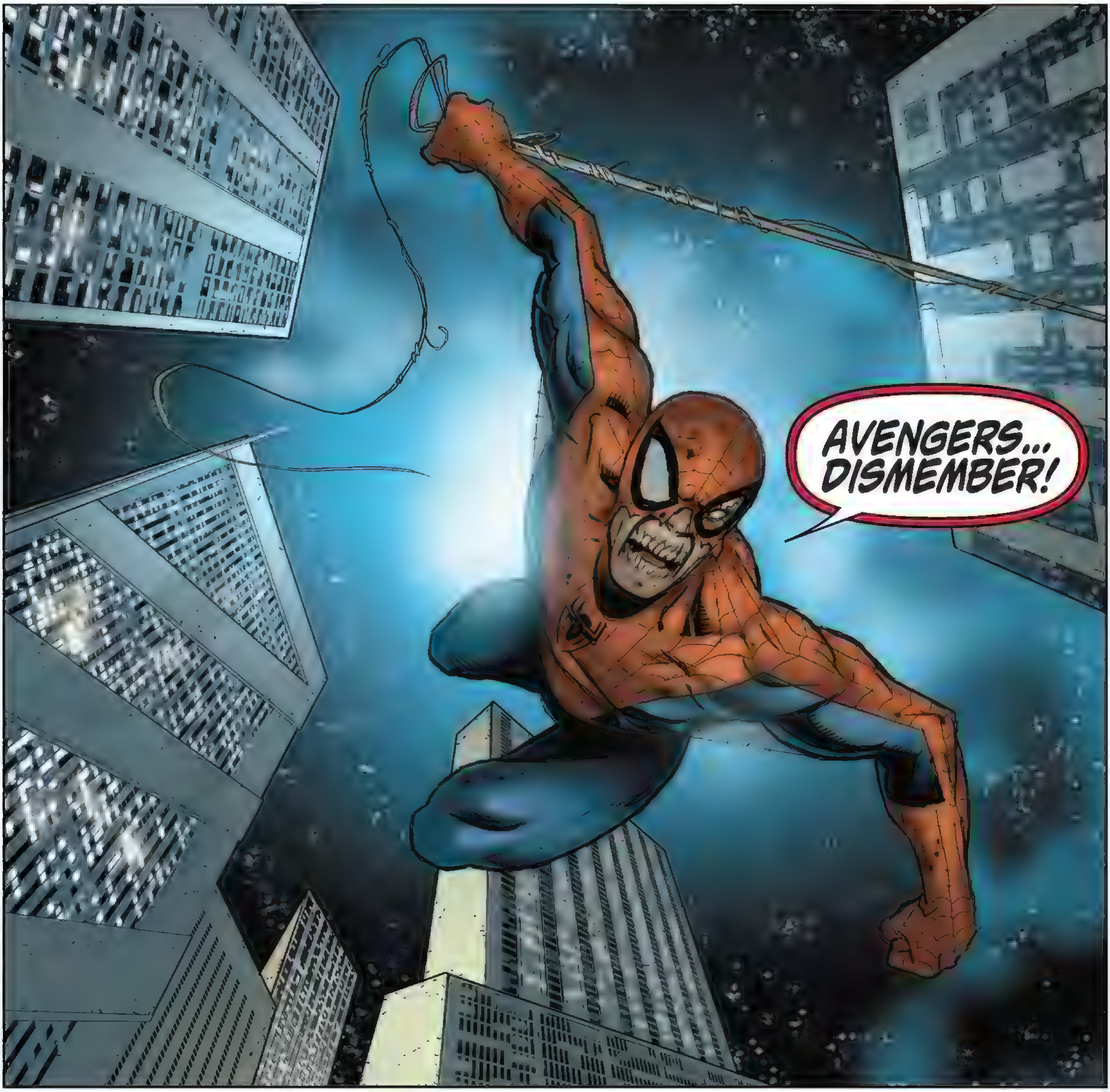
CRAKTHOOOM
WHRAAZ
KRAKAFROOM
JOSHUA! WILL YOU *PLEASE* TURN THAT RACKET DOWN?
PRADADOOOM

I'VE SEEN YOU LOSE YOUR COOL BEFORE, OLD FRIEND...
BUT RUNNING AROUND EATING NEW YORKERS IS ABSOLUTELY...
TJAKK
...POSITIVELY...
KLAAM
...UNACCEPTABLE!
JAKROMM
AND NOW, AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME, I--
W-WAIT...

ENOUGH...
MY GOD...
BRUCE, WHAT...WHAT *HAPPENED?*
Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
NOTHING CAN STOP...
...THIS...
...*HUNGER.*
WHATEVER THIS IS, WE'LL-- WE'LL FIND A WAY TO *FIX IT.*
WE'LL GET REED TO LOOK AT--
NO, BOB...
YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND.*
BUT YOU *WILL*...
CHOMP
AHHHH!
NO, BRUCE...YOU... *BIT* ME--?!

AAAAAAAAHHH!
NOW DO YOU SEE?
I...
...*UNDERSTAND.*
TOGETHER, *NOTHING* CAN STOP US, GOLDEN MAN.
"TOGETHER, WE'LL CONSUME ONE *CITY* AT A TIME...
"...ONE *PLANET* AT A TIME...
"...ONE *GALAXY* AT A TIME..."
DUDE...THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING *WORSE.*


GIANT-MAN AND I MAY BE FROM THE SAME INFECTED WORLD, BUT HE HASN'T BEATEN THE HUNGER LIKE ME.
I NEED SOME *BACKUP* BEFORE THESE GUYS EAT ALL THESE POOR INNOCENT PEOPLE.
...AND I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE TO GET IT.


AVENGERS... DISMEMBER!

MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN #5 Cover by Arthur Suydam

EARTH-Z.
AVENGERS TOWER.
What's my Number One?
I'll tell you what my Number One is...

...remember when the United Nations General Assembly barricaded itself inside the Secretariat building?
THE SENTRY Man of Gold
Oh, yeah. That was *hilarious*.
MOON KNIGHT World's Greatest Detective
QUASAR Wielder of the Quantum Bands
That's your Number One? For real? I don't know. I thought that delegate from Ghudaza tasted funny.
(Wait.)
(Is that *racist?*)
Bah! You are a fool, Reynolds.
Hold on, let me finish--
When Attuma and his undersea hordes thought they were hidden safe deep inside the Marianas Trench...
The *look* on their faces when they saw the *Avenging Son* shooting up from underneath them...
SUB-MARINER King of the Seven Seas
THUNDRA Warrior Woman from All-Female Society
Silence, fish-male!
That women's prison Quasar encased in the force bubble. *That* was Number One.
I could just peel them off the side of his shields as they clawed futilely for escape...
A *women's* prison is your Number One. What a *shock*.
You *do* realize that if you allowed *male* flesh to pass your lips, you wouldn't need *propping up* half the time.
QUICKSILVER Fastest Man Alive [or Dead]
No... I will never pollute my perfect warrior's body... with meat spawned by the Y-chromosome...
The hell was I saying?
Right. *Right!* Thanks, Marc.
The U.N. Your Number One.
All those shrinking people. They banded together, remember?

They snuck inside while we were ripping apart the members of the Security Council like fresh bread.
They thought they could sneak inside *me.* Sneak inside my body, then expand and blow *me* apart.
Ha. Desperation. Makes people stupid.
I can pick a speck of dust off a tick's behind from a hundred meters.
"All of them, crunching in my mouth all at once...
"...it was like *popcorn.*
"I used to *love* popcorn.
"*That's* my Number One."
Enough! A warrior born can suffer these indignities *no more!*
Engaged in endless banter in our moldering fortress!
SUPER-SKRULL **Manhunter from Tarnax IV**
CAGE
WASP
PAN
THE
Our trophy room serves only as a mocking reminder that there are no *foes* left to fight--
--no life left to *devour!*

"We vanquished even the outworlder armies led by the undead from the "other realm," which were teleported from the virus' *original* dimension far across the stars--
"--the undead Wasp appeared amongst the Kree, whom she converted and led back to her homeworld!
WASP
"Once he found himself materialized on the Shi'ar Throneworld, Luke Cage thought the might of its Imperial Guard would lead him to victory over us!
"How *wrong* he was!
CAGE
"Not even The Black Panther's superior combat skills and an undead horde of the greatest Skrull warriors could stand against us Avengers.
PAN THER
"I showed no allegiance to my Birth-Planet in that battle--my only loyalty is to *The Hunger* now!
"But that '*secret invasion*' was *decades* ago."

Pym! Our patience is at an end!
You have been in this dimension and up on the moon for *how* many years and you *still* have not unlocked the secrets of The Watcher's intra-reality transport system yet?!
Oh, hi, Kl'rt.
Nice to see you *too.*
GIANT-MAN
Dr. Henry Pym: Size-changing Scientist
Look, Kl'rt. *I* was defining the cutting edge in quantum mechanics while *you* were still learning how to turn into a rock in the Skrull Hitler Youth.
Trust me-- Uatu's tech has been designed to specifically resist this kind of tampering.
And it's coded in a language I have three too few brain lobes to understand.
(x1, y1, z1, x2, y2, z2)
Fortunately, with your help, I've added *twelve* more lobes--six of the *greatest minds* Earth has produced.
With the right bioelectrical persuasion, their combined brainpower has brought me to the brink of understanding how to get the transporter operational.
E = hf
In fact, I think I'm only missing *one piece*-- I just need you to give me a little more time--
I'll give you a fist through the skull, you degenerate wife-beater!
We are *hungry!* You must find us a *virgin dimension,* with *new food!*
Or we'll teach you all the ways we've learned to make the dead *scream.*

HUNGER ALERT
HUNGER ALERT
No...it's not a malfunction?
Xavier! He actually *detected* something?!
Has your telepathic scanning through Cerebro discovered something to eat on this globe?
Nnnyyaaa...
Tell me where now, old man, or I'll--
Sentry!
According to Professor X, there is flesh in the Savage Land we have overlooked!
Then *we* have to get there first!
Fire up the Quinjet!

Actually, come to think of it...
What?
Devouring all those different species--the dinosaurs and the mastodons and the human offshoots...
...there was just so *much* life in the Savage Land... thriving, perfectly preserved...
I was *full.* I was actually full for a whole *hour* afterwards. Oh, I remember it so clearly...
Okay, I take my answer back.
The Savage Land. *That* was Number One.
Yeah...yeah... Number One... totally.
I must concur.
The way Shanna *writhed* when I bit down on her... *yes*...the Savage Land...Number One...
Heads up, people! Cerebro's locked on target!
Can't be much larger than a finger--in the middle of what was once the Glade of the Fall People...
Strap yourselves in for landing!

Ahhh! What hit us?!
KRAKAKOOW
SKREEEE
BRAKATHOOOOM

Ouch.
Lucky for you guys you're already *dead,* huh?
'Course, all I've wanted out of *my* un-life ever since this plague made me lose everything I had in *my* world--and *this* one...
...is erase the curse of you flesh-eaters from the multiverse *forever!*
HULK Rampaging Rage Monster
SPIDER-MAN Proportionate Strength & Speed of a Spider
Hah! You fell for the oldest trick in the book, suckers!
IRON MAN Zombie-killing War Machine
Heads up-- Golden Boy is *mine.*
So I gathered some folks who have their *own* reasons to hate you as much as *I* do! We're thinkin' of calling ourselves...
THE NEW AVENGERS
Catchy, huh?
SNIKT
SNIKT
WOLVERINE Adamantium Claws, Uncanny Healing

No! Golden Man is *Hulk's!* Hulk thought Golden Man was his *friend!*
Golden Man help Hulk feast on whole *zip codes* of puny humans!
But as soon as Hulk turn back to Banner--Golden Man try to rip head off!!
Now Hulk rip ***Golden Man's*** *head off! Stick up Golden Man's* ***butt!***
Ha, ha! How you like that, Golden Man?!
Sorry 'bout that, old chum. Nothing personal, you understand. You were my only significant competition on this mudball.
Getting rid of you would have *tripled* my food supply.
But that's all moot now. Tell us where that flesh we detected here came from...
...or we start exploring which parts of you are ***detachable.***
WHAAABOOOM
I got your flesh right here!
KAARRROOOM
You bastards never managed to turn ***Jim Rhodes,*** no sir!
Each time I get bit, I just cut that **** right out of me--replaced it with StarkTech!
What's one less finger? I got *two* more!
About sixty percent of my organs still function, too! You want the last scrap of meat on Planet Earth?
Come an' get it!

Well.
Since you asked so nicely.

Thundra! Spider-Man has something webbed to his back!
He's been trying to discover a scientific means of destroying us for decades. This must be it!
Now that I have him off-balance-- *grab it!*
Who are *you* to give *me* orders, male?!
(Fortunately for you, I was going to do that anyway.)
SKLOORRRRCH
No! Bug-Man Hulk's *friend!*
Bug-Man teach Hulk *all zombies must die!*
Unhand me, insolent man--
Hulk is not man!
Hulk is Hulk!
And Hulk is the hungriest there is!

I *have* it, Moon Knight.
No! After all this time--this is my last chance to *redeem* myself! I can't--
KRAKAKATHOOM
Bug-Man stop crying like girl! Speedy-Man not escape Hulk!
Rraahh--
I've spent years creating the perfect weapon against these things--I'm not gonna let it get away n--
SQSSH
--nnnggg!! Shooting my arteries out like webbing still hurts like a son of a--
I *got* it! I--
FWAAP
SKRRUNCH
Oops.
Clearly, necrosis has not done wonders for my aim.
Run, legs, run! As fast as you can!
Keep that canister out of the hands of our enemies!

Somebody stop that body!
Rhodey, a little help?!
Kinda busy, Webs!
This is kind of a mismatch, don't you think, little man?
Way *I* see it, bub...
...we got an unstoppable force/immovable object deal here.
"See, I'll *never* forgive you dirtbags for how you fed on Kitty Pryde, no matter how many times I told you *not* to.
"Quasar held her underwater 'til she ran outta breath, forcin' her to turn solid again...
"Then Namor, he...he..."
Touching. But *irrelevant.*
Unnnnh!!
Unfortunately for you, I am both unstoppable force *and* immovable object, Logan.
Unstoppable, I can work with...

SHHUUK
...so long as it's *cut-able.*
BRAAAGHH!
Idiot.
You want to release the power of a million exploding suns?
Yaaaaghhh!
I must...
contain it...
unless...
FZZZMMMMMMM

THE MOON.
Sorry for casting such a wide net, gang.
Haven't gotten the hang of Uatu's teleportation beam yet.
PZZZM
All I really needed was *him.*
Pym! What do you think you're doing?
Told a little fib earlier today, Bob.
I've known for decades *exactly* what the Watcher's interdimensional transport needs to work.
A proper *power source.*
Like, gee, I don't know...
...a *million exploding suns* should do the trick.
Just had to be patient, wait for you to be weakened enough to be trapped inside this magnetic bottle.
I'm much obliged to these *"new"* Avengers for that.
Pym! You wouldn't dare!
Free me!
Yes! It's *working!* The dimensional portal is activating!
A virgin universe...with all that *meat*...after all this time without...
Gulllg
Geez, look at me, I'm drooling, here...

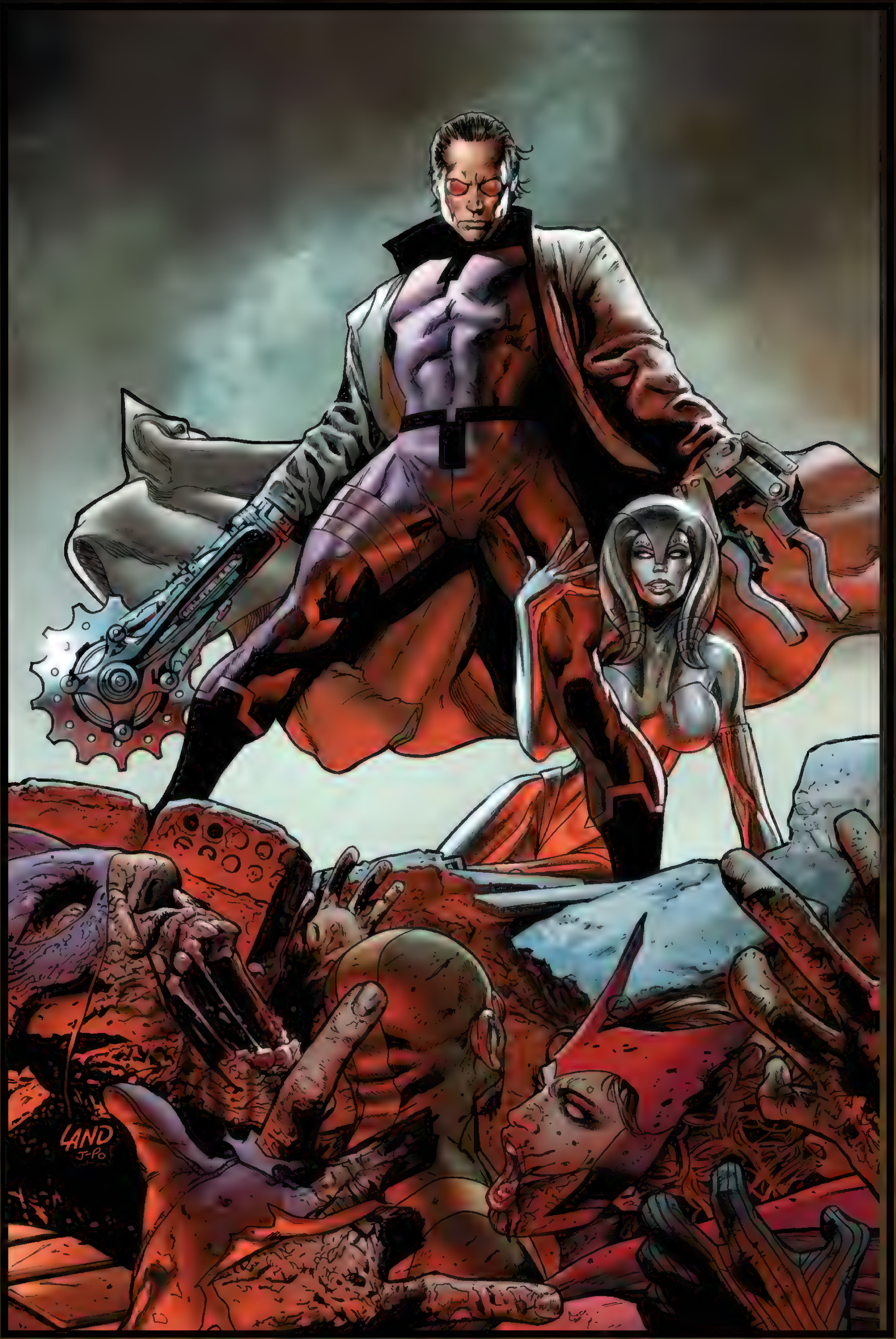
New Avengers! We can't let these monsters pollute *one more world!* Stop them! *Here!*
Open the *canister!*
Copy that, Web-Head. Heat-seeking missiles don't work on our kind any more...
...but **motion-sensor warheads** should do the trick!
Logan! Be the best at what you do!
BRAKAKAKOOM
SKRAANCH
Words ta live by. ->kof<-
Sand? Your secret weapon against us is sand?
Are we supposed to be impressed?
Tony Stark developed nanites that attack diseased and decaying flesh-- anathema to our kind.
Only problem with them, when Jim Rhodes brought them to me, was that you couldn't disperse them through air...

SANDMAN
Living Nanite Swarm
...so I tracked down an *old friend*...
...inoculated him with a vaccine I made from Wolverine's still-living, healing factor-laced blood...
...and laced *his* body with the nanomachines.
Bon appetit.

Thank you, Flint...thank you...
...Mary Jane... and Aunt May...are...
...avenged...
Good riddance, ya dirty freak.
WHAAM
WHAAM
What's happening out there?!
Whoever's there, you'll let me out if you know what's good for you!
Fascinating.
Whoa. They told me you were dead.
I am sure they did.
But countless millennia ago I and my brother Watchers traded our corporeal bodies for forms of pure energy.
I cannot be devoured by your Giant-Man any more than I can be "turned" by a virus...even one as persistent as this.
I have observed all these events, unseen, insubstantial, pondering the best way, if any, to react.
And the moment has, as always, presented the most perfect solution.

What has been done cannot be undone.
But it can be... *contained.*
KLLLZZ
What are you doing?! How *dare* you?!
I won't *stand* for this, you *hear* me?!
I'll come back for you! I'll *devour* you!!
"It is my duty as a Watcher to report what I observe. The dimensional portal has been open for a few minutes.
"The unsuspecting citizens of this world will have already heard this thing *punching.*
"Before the sound is drowned out...
"...by a flash in the sky...
"...and a ripple through the clouds.
CITY
AV
"This terror shall never end. Because it never truly *began.*
"And since this Hunger shall never be satisfied...

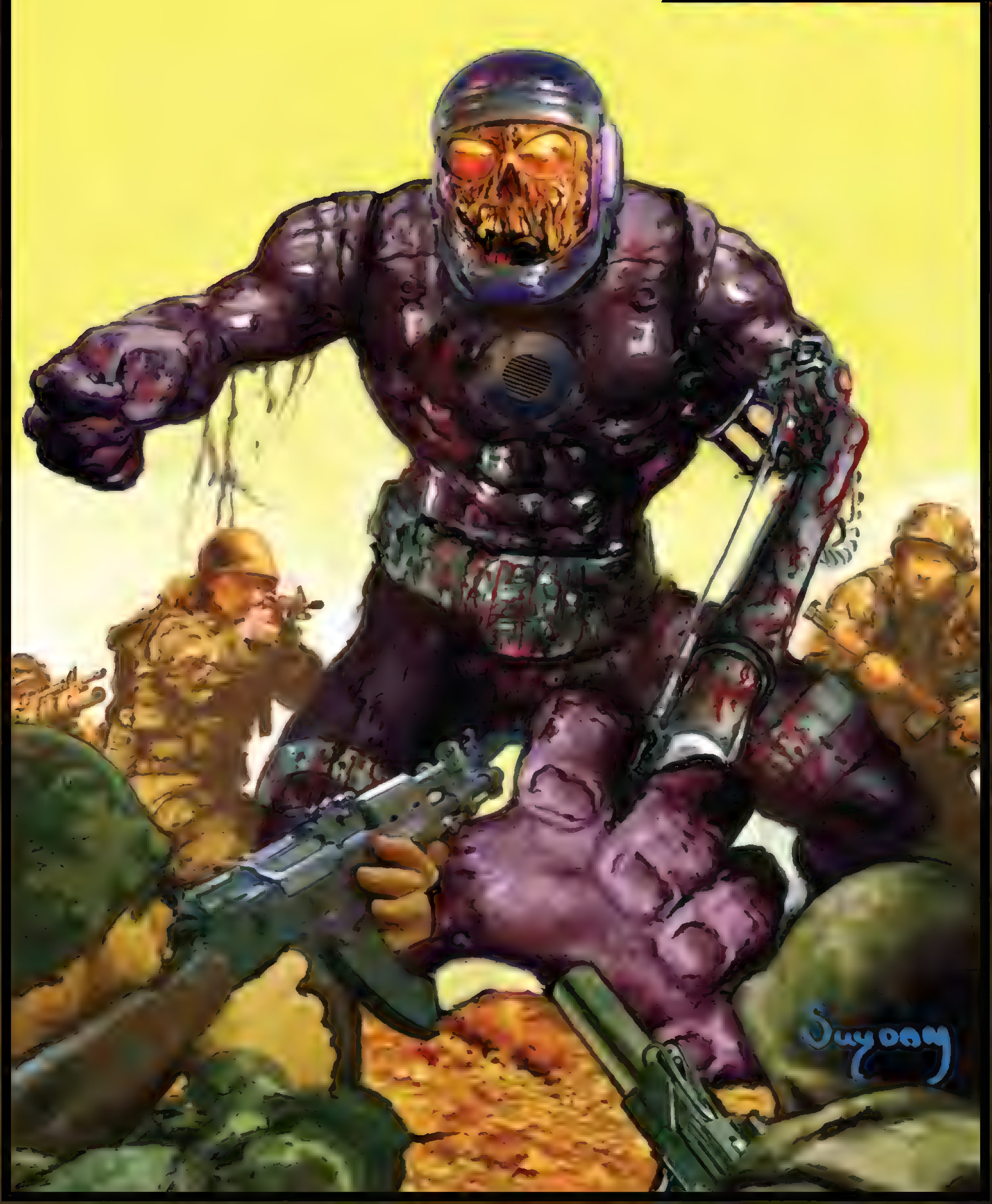
"...let it devour *itself.*"
THE AVENGERS
DISMEMBERED
END?



MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1 Variant

Cover by Arthur Suydam



MACHINE MAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
35¢
1
MACHINE man
THE LIVING ROBOT
THEY MADE HIM IN THEIR OWN IMAGE-- THEN CONDEMNED HIM TO DEATH FOR BEING TOO HUMAN
HUNTED, HOUNDED, HE FIGHTS TO SURVIVE IN A HOSTILE WORLD!

MACHINE MAN #1 (APRIL 1978)

COVER BY JACK KIRBY & FRANK GIACOIA

OUR EARTH.
CITRUSVILLE, FLORIDA.
OFFICE
SWAMP MONSTER TOURS

FLORIDA
ENTERED UNION: March 3, 1845
STATE MOTTO: "In God We Trust"
STATE BIRD: Mockingbird
STATE FLOWER: Orange Blossom
STATE INITIATIVE TEAM:
THE COMMAND
AQUARIAN
Peacemaker from the stars!
I repeat-- We have reports of multiple mundane hostiles, plus one costume, with the costume possibly mind-puppeteering the norms.
So make sure your target is a confirmed hostile before engaging, people.
The Orange County line is just a few klicks away-- and I'm not gonna let these bad guys take one step further.
THE CONQUISTADOR
16th-Century discoverer of the Fountain of Youth!
JENNIFER KALE
Reincarnated Atlantean sorceress!
SIEGE
Half man! Half machine! All American!

Geez, Kelly, what is your *obsession* with protecting Orange County and Orlando?
You a *cyborg,* or an *animatronic?*
Heh.
Wundarr...
You didn't actually *get* that joke, did you?
...
What joke?
Yeah.
Witch Girl! Space Hippie!
Look alive!
SIEGE™ AREA SCAN
VITAL SIGNS--NEGATIVE
DAWN TILL DUSK
We got civilians down here!
SIEGE™ AREA SCAN: VITAL SIGNS-- NEGATIVE
All right, ma'am. Everything's going to be all right.
We'll take it from here.

We're super he--
Rrrrrrr....
AAAAAHHH!!
CRUNCH!
<By the Virgin!>
Stop! We're trying to help y--
Damn it!
FSSSSSSS!!
<What's happening? What are these things?>

Ugh! He has water in his veins!
Sí! The blessed water of La Fuente del Arco Iris!
It will preserve me from you unholy demons--
He's useless!
Useless!
No! NO--!!
Damn it, Wundarr, do something!
B-but a-aren't we heroes, Jennifer Kale? Sh-shouldn't we try t-talking to the people first--?
YAAAAAAAHHH!!
SKLORCH!!
Are you FREAKING BLIND?!

SPELLCASTER? DAMN.
THEY GOT THOSE DEUS EX MACHINAS IN *THIS* DIMENSION, TOO?
LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...
...THE **MERC WITH HALF A MOUTH!**
IN EVERY SCHOOL OF MAGIC I EVER FLUNKED OUT OF...
...YOU NEEDED THE *FLEXOR DIGITORUM PROFUNDUS* TO DO THAT HOODOO THAT YOU DO.
SKLRRCH
YOU KNOW...
...ATTACHED BY THOSE TENDONS I JUST SEVERED?
GGAAHHH!!
CHOMP!!
AAAAHHH!!
It hurts, Jennifer Kale!
It hurts!!!
MMMM! OCTOBER 1973! DELICIOUS!

Is that ... *Deadpool?* Why... Why is he...
I can't make any mystic sigils! Hold him off!
NYAAAAAAAH!!
HAH! TYPICAL *LIBERAL!*
YOU'RE ALL *"PEACE, LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING"* UNTIL THE YOU-KNOW-WHAT HITS THE FAN--
BZAAATT!!
--THEN YOU START BLASTING PEOPLE'S *LIMBS* OFF WITH YOUR *ENERGY BEAMS!*
SKKKSSHHH!!
OOH. NICE FORCE FIELD.
Wundarr! Throw him down here!
WHAT'S THAT? DO I FEEL A DRAFT SOMEWHERE?
PFFT! THIS IS BARELY A *FLESH WOUND!* EVEN *WITHOUT* MY HEALING FACTOR!
BWAZAMM!

VRRRRRRRR--
Yeah?
WWWHHHHRHRRRRRR
HEALING FACTOR THIS!
BBBRRRAAAATTTT!!!
EEEYYEAUUGGHHH!!

Jennifer Kale.
Wundarr is *infected,* Jennifer Kale. But he believes--
Oh...
Oh, God...
Kill you, Jennifer Kale! Peel off your *skin* and dig out your--
Wundarr believes he can *purge* the impurity from his system--
Let your *sweet juices* roll down my--
But he needs to go into *hibernation* to *do* it.
Will Jennifer Kale be *all right?*
Y-you do what you *have* to, Wundarr.
I'll call Camp Hammond for backup--

AAAHHHH!!
Jen. You so *disappointed* me, Jen.
Wundarr! Wun--
KRRRKKKK
EEYYAAGGHH!
SIEGE™ BIOLOGICAL UNIT: UNRESPONSIVE.
When the Initiative first *assigned* me this B.S. unit, you were the one *bright spot.*
'Cause your file had *photos* of you in this barbarian princess *bikini.*
BIOLOGICAL UNIT: LIFE SIGNS: NEGATIVE
Imagine how *crushed* I was when I reported for duty, only to find you didn't *wear* that anymore.
STOP!!
But I live in hope that you still have it on under your clothes.
Let's take a *look,* shall we?
And then we'll see what's under *that.*
And what's under *that.*
And under *that.*
Until there's nothing of *you* left.
CONCLUSION...

BIOLOGICAL UNIT IRRETRIEVABLY TURNED BY EXTRADIMENSIONAL PATHOGENIC AGENT.
A.R.M.O.R. QUARANTINE PROTOCOL 12(B) IN EFFECT:
TERMINATE BIOLOGICAL UNIT.
NO! NOOOO!!
I'm still *hungry!* I'm still--
BLAMM!
Aaahhh
Aaahhh
AAAAAAHHH!!
THUMP!
TROUBLESHOOTING MESSAGE SENT TO A.R.M.O.R. CENTRAL COMMAND.
Aahh
Ah...
AWAITING RESPONSE.
...ah-huh-huh-huh-huh-huh...
"Director, the computer models are *not* encouraging."

06:32 HOURS SINCE INITIAL CONTAGION
"I know, Michael."
"Even though The Command took out the *prime carrier*, we don't yet know how many second generation carriers *escaped*.
"And despite National Guard *quarantine* of the area, we may *not* know until one of them hits a *population center*.
"Director, we're looking at a pathogen of *unheard-of* virulence here.
"An infection rate of *100%*.
"If just *one* carrier reaches an area of high potential host density--at the speed *it* can spread?
"Within *twenty-four hours* the whole *continent* could be--"
"I know, Michael."

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING AND OPERATIONAL RESPONSE AGENCY. AKA A.R.M.O.R.
There's more, Director.
Oh, goody, Michael. Can there be?
Play back the original 9-1-1 from Swamp Tours.
--YEAH, YOU'D BETTER SEND IN THE CAPES, MAN, THERE'S THIS MASKED GUY AND HE'S--DOING SOMETHING TO THE TOURISTS--THERE'S ALL THIS SCREAMING, AND--
And the audio from what we salvaged of the prime carrier in Interrogation--
YOO-HOO! SUPER-SECRET SPY-GUYS? CAN ANYBODY COME IN HERE AND SCRATCH MY LEFT FOOT? IT ITCHES LIKE CRAZY...
Does this guy ever shut up?
Voice print analysis is a match. He lured The Command there on purpose. My theory is he--
--or the virus itself, as impossible as that sounds--
-- wants to infect superhumans. It prefers superhumans as hosts as a more efficient means of spreading itself.
My God.
Director?
The Registered Superhuman you requested is 'porting into Entry Bay Two...
I'm A.R.M.O.R. director Charles Little Sky.
Now that your mission with Ms. Marvel and Operation: Lightning Storm has ended, I'm glad you agreed to this temporary reassignment...

...MACHINE MAN.
"Aaron" will suffice, thank you.
"Mr. Stack," if you're *nasty*.
Welcome to *The Hollow,* Aaron.
Impressive.
I'd heard rumors of an agency so top-secret it made S.W.O.R.D. look like *S.H.I.E.L.D...*
...and made S.H.I.E.L.D. look like the *Post Office*.
Pursuant to United Nations Security Council Invisible Resolution 121, A.R.M.O.R. responds first to all incidences of *trans-reality conflict*.
To guard against outside contamination by extradimensional agents and disruptions to the *timestream*--
--The Hollow is a completely self-sufficient *bunker* sunk many miles underground in a top-secret location, accessible only via *teleportation*.

Aaron, you've heard of parallel universes, I imagine? Alternate realities related to ours that never intersect?
Well there are also *perpendicular* universes--universes that cross over with ours at *one* point and *one point only.* Our job is to babysit them, too.
QUARANTINE
And *wave* universes, which converge with ours for a brief period of time--though *"brief"* can mean anywhere from a few microseconds to a decade.
The largest cluster of entry points for perpendicular and wave universes on Earth can be found in the Citrusville, Florida swamps.
KALE
I've read *Weird America* calls it *"The Nexus of All Realities."*
At present--and I tell you this under the strictest *"Need-to-Know"* basis *only,* Aaron--
--it appears the Nexus has converged with a wave universe you would *not* want to bring home to mama.
QUARANTINE
The hell...?
A world completely overrun by some kind of *"zombie plague,"* leaving only cannibalistic undead superhumans behind.
That universe's version of *Deadpool* accidentally stumbled through the Nexus about seven hours ago, presumably looking for food, and *single-handedly* wiped out an entire Initiative team.
What's a deadpool?

You've met blood expert and fellow Registered Superhuman Dr. Michael Morbius?
Ah, yes. The so-called *"Living Vampire."*
I'm afraid you'll only get motor oil out of me.
I try to only drink the blood of the *guilty* when I thirst.
Of *course* you do.
In case any secondary carriers escape our dragnets--or another *primary* emerges from the Nexus--
I'm working on a *vaccine,* if for no other reason than to inoculate the R.S.H.'s in the Initiative.
That requires the creation of an *attenuated* version of the virus--less virulent, but still very much alive.
Unfortunately, we still have a long way to go in the field of interdimensional biology.
The zombie plague lives in the blood--and I can't keep it weak *and* living in the samples we have here.
The chemistry is...*off.*
What I need is--

BWAMM!!
You need live, human blood from the virus's *native dimension* to create the vaccine.
Y-yes...
We've outfitted a robot not unlike you to enter this... "Zombieverse" and acquire the sample. As its *combat escort*, you will--
No.
I beg your pardon?
Go on a suicide mission into an undead super hero-infested dimension where there's probably *no beer?*
I'm flattered you thought of me, but thanks, I'll pass.
I could *order* you to--
Actually, check my S.H.I.E.L.D. contract. You *couldn't.*
I registered just to get the government off my back. I'm *through* sticking my neck out for you fleshies. It's never brought me anything but *grief.*

And now that my curiosity about A.R.M.O.R. has been fully *sated,* I'd like to be 'ported back to my quarters with my Life Model Decoy and case of Hitachino, please...
Have you tried Hitachino? They make the most amazing light and fruity Belgian pale ale entirely from *rice*--
Aaron.
It's been a long time.
When they told me *you* would be the one to accompany me, I was ...
...pleased.
You look so different.
Y-yes...
"...it's been a while...
BRAKAWHOOM!
"...since we fought *Ultron* together...you and me and Ben Grimm...

"...and..."
"...I...I thought..."
...I mean... *we* thought...
...we had *lost* you.
Jocasta.
These new medical attachments appear fully operational, Doctor.
Excellent. Then there's no time to *waste.*
Wait--You're sending her *alone* into a hostile dimension?
It's not our *first* choice.
But the risk of infection is too great to send any *organic* escorts in with her.
If only we could find an agent who cared enough about *robotkind* to--
All right.
What's that? Could you speak up? I couldn't quite--
I said, *you win,* Little Sky...

08:16 HOURS SINCE INITIAL CONTAGION
"...I'll *do* it."
Going somewhere?
I'm not just your agency director. I'm also your *ride.*
My power to generate *portals* between dimensions makes me the designated driver around here.
WAU!
WAU! WAU! WAU!
Exit Bay One air change complete; 98.9% free and clear of fugitive emissions.
Hot bay! We have a hot bay, people!
Our clock is running *out.* So I'm dropping you off in an area our biorhythm probes show has the most humans.
Unfortunately, Ecology 101 being what it is...
...that means that's where most of those *things* will be, too.
So...lady... gentleman...
...step right this *way* to save the *world.*

09:05 HOURS SINCE INITIAL CONTAGION
BEE-BOO-BOO-BOO
BZZT!!
Oh, come on...
Problems, Doctor Morbius?
I'm having... difficulty remembering my password.
Here, let me enter the "skeleton key" code--
--but just this once, you hear? You write that access number down in a safe place.
Or hell, just leave your door unlocked.
Who's going to rip you off down in this hole?
Point taken, Bratton. Thank you.
sigh
Blasted necrosis.
Some short-term memory loss is inevitable, I suppose.
It's wise I kept you alive then, eh, Michael?
08276-Bb
ANTICOAGULANT
As this world's uninfected version of me, I'll need that fresh brain of yours to help me with the final calculations.

Deadpool did *his* part.
Now I'll do *mine.*
...ah, spirit gum and latex, comes right off...
RIPP
We've come to your world on a mission to spread the gospel, you see...
...and everything is going *exactly as planned!*

MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #2 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE:

My God, Director Little Sky...
Where have you *taken* us?
According to G.P.S...

...it's *Central Park.*
Everything... living. They just...
...devoured it. *All* of it.
I'll return to these coordinates in *eight hours* to pick you and Dr. Morbius' sample *up.*
If you're not here, I'll have to assume you were *destroyed.*
Good luck.
What did you say?
I said, "Good luck."
Yeah.
That's what I *thought* you said.

07:51 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
A.R.M.O.R. added biorhythm locators to my sensory arrays.
The highest concentration-- well, the *only* concentration of genuine *life*--
--is *this* way. Downtown. Let's move.
Damn!
What? What is it?
I just realized what I should have held out for with Little Sky. A rider to my S.H.I.E.L.D. contract.
Saving the world from super-zombies is worth a million-dollar bonus, don't you think, Jocasta?
And--a *drinking tour* through the Czech Republic! Paid for by the agency.
I've always wanted to see *Pilsen,* birthplace of the Bohemian golden lager.
You've *changed,* Aaron.
I've *matured.*
The Machine Man I knew was a *hero.*
The Machine Man *you* knew had unresolved Oedipal issues.
He thought that the fleshies who built him would *love* him if he kept proving how much he loved *them* by saving their flesh-bacon over and over again.
And you know what? They never did.
So I've modeled myself *after* the fleshies, now. I look out for Number One, just like them.
And I no longer care *what* they think.
Yeah?
Then what's with the toupée?
Hey! I *like* the hair!

A more modest outfit wouldn't hurt *you,* you know!
I mean, everyone can see *everything!*
Who cares *what* they can see?
I'm a *robot!*
Exactly!
Not a *"ho-bot!"*
I'm just not going to talk to you anymore.
Jocasta!
Wait!
I'm sorry...
I didn't mean...

WHERE?
WHERE ARE THEY?
Aaaa--
WHERE ARE THE OTHER PEOPLE?
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
TELL US NOW!
AAAAAA!
KRRUNCHH
Nnnff!

You smell like something a buzzard puked up.
KLIK-
BANG!
ZZSKKRAAZZZ
Aw, snap!
She's a *mannequin!*
FWASH!!
Let go of me!!
So. I can eviscerate all the fleshy ones I *want,* with zero consequences...
...and on *top* of that, they'll *pay* me for it?
This isn't a zombie universe...

BBBRRRZZZZZZZ!
...this is *Robot Heaven*!
No--
AAAAAAA!!
AARON!!

ONNHH!
KKRRNNCCHH
RRRIPP
I've got you.
Aren't you worried he'll go warn the others?
RR-CHAK
Not particularly.

SSSSSSH-BOOM!
You hear something?
Who cares?
I had to schlep all the way to Trenton to find these. You?
Hartford. That's in *Connecticut*.
You gotta be kiddin'.
Supermarkets, drug stores, bodegas... Soon we'll have to go well beyond the tri-state area to find any place that hasn't already been completely picked clean.
That, or Fisk is gonna have to start opening up franchise branches or something. Go all *Ray Kroc* on us.
Don't hold your breath.
If I *had* any.
Heh.

Five-- Six cans.
Thirty minutes!
Four cans-- Twenty minutes in the pens!
Hah!
Hijo de...
Tribute for the Kingpin!
Hail to the Kingpin!
All hail...
...the Kingpin of New York!

03:20 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
Okay, *okay*, it's back *on*.
Aw. But now I have to give up the *view*.
You are a very sick robot, you know that?
Yeah, I get that a lot.
You're sure *this* is where the only fleshies are?
My sensors show at least two, three hundred of them.
And don't keep calling them *"fleshies."* They're *people*.
I remain an agnostic on that subject.
Channel-
Amplitude-
LMDO limit- 2864
Muscle on all four sides...
...eyes on the roof...
...and a roving sentry with unlimited *sightlines*. It's locked down *tight*.
This is what we get for waiting until nightfall.
We may have to risk a *frontal assault*, barring some kind of a...

VZOOOM
...diversion...
Your Highness. Welcome.
We have *much* to discuss.
We have been monitoring our agent in...the other world, and there is much *progress* to report.
All our planning is about to come to fruition. The gospel *will* be spread.
But you have journeyed a long way from the Blue Area of the Moon.
First, a *repast.*
Jackal...?
I used *all* my arts to generate a special herd for you and the Royal Family, Black Bolt.
Bon appétit.
What... what did he say about an *"agent"...?*
Sssh. The sentry's moved away from the side entrance.
Quickly.

Lights.
This is the only building in New York with power.
They must be using Black Bolt's Inhuman technology. With no people to operate them, all terrestrial power plants would have shut down.
The question is, what's so important about *this* place...?
Biorhythm monitor is off the chart.
All the humans we detected...

MMMMMMM!
Clones! They're mass-producing clones just for...
Oh, God! Oh, God! I've never seen anything so--
All right. All right.
Let's just figure out a way to get down there unseen, take a sample from one of them, then--
No, we need human blood. A clone might have genetic imperfections--We can't risk it, it's not good enough!
We came all this way for nothing--
Excuse me?
I don't think you're allowed to be here.
Did my husband give you permission?
Your... husband?
Yes, your boss.
You do work for my husband, don't you? Everyone does.
No... we're, uh...
We're not from around here. We're... travelers.
Oh?
Like the man on the flying surfboard?
...
Huh?

"About...a *year* ago? I'm not sure. Other than it being light or dark, or cold or hot...
"...time is so hard to *manage*, since the plague came.
"He came from the stars. And was devoured. Those who feasted on him...
"...gained his power.
"They used it to destroy many of the others, though many more fled and *hid*...
"...until *they* went into the stars, in search of fresh food.
"That's when *Wilson* saw his opportunity. He was shot, then infected, in the first *days* of the outbreak.
"But he kept me *safe*, locked me into the vault. He controlled his hunger when I was around.
"But after *they* left, he did what he *always* does.
"He forged the alliances necessary to build an *empire*."

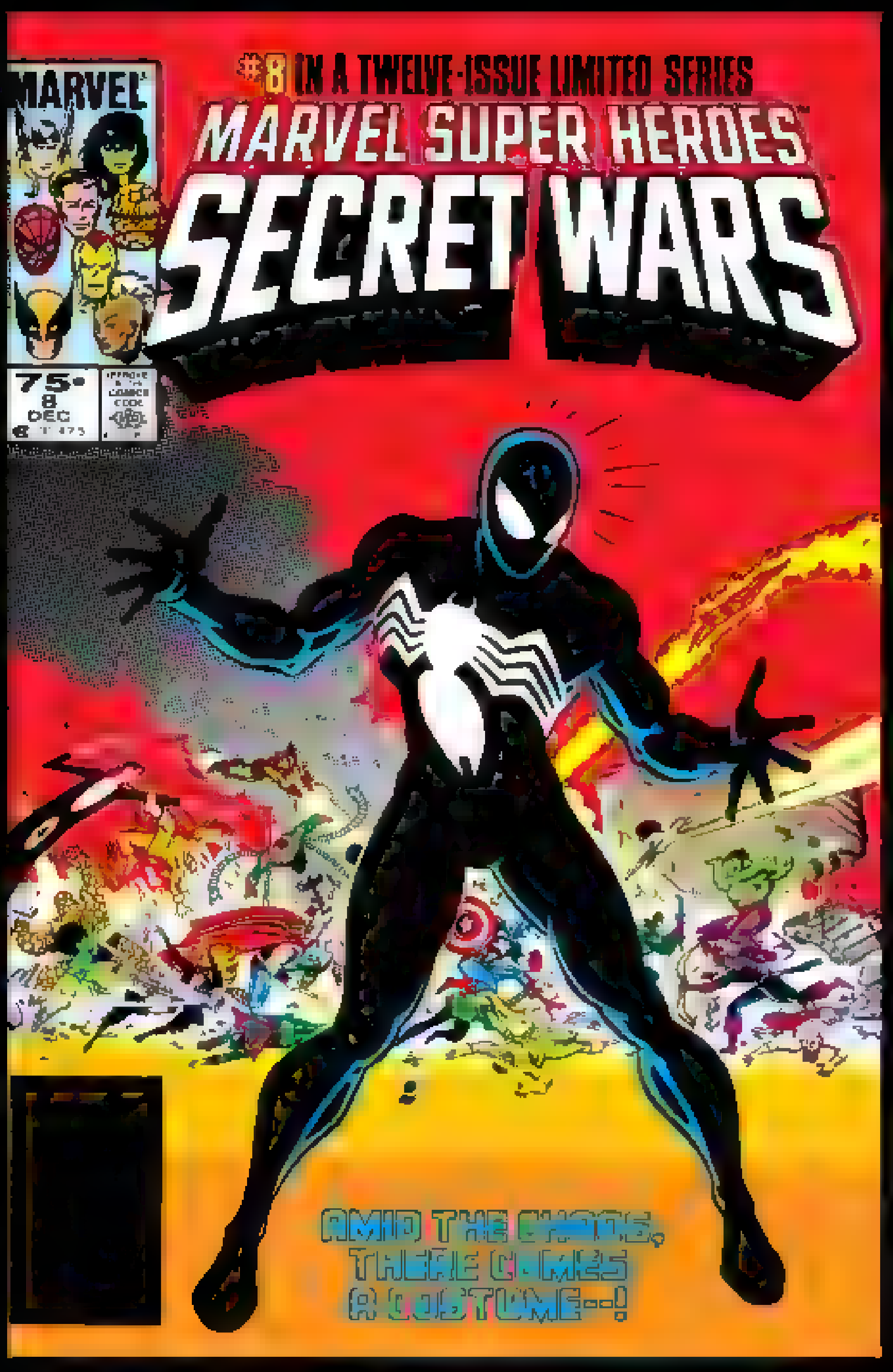
But--all the other infected--they have *super-powers* of some kind.
How did your husband survive when so many others didn't?
Because he has the only super-power *worth having.*
His *will.* His indomitable *will.*
With it, you can accomplish anything. Under *any* circumstances.
And that is just what he has done.
This is an odd request, but--can we have some of your *blood?*
My blood?
Yes, it's for--well, it's very important for a medical problem we have back home.
It's literally *life or death.*
In that case, how could I refuse?
It's the least I can do. It's been so long since I've had someone to talk to.
Except for Wilson, of course. He keeps the others away from me. Lord knows what they'd do.
Would you like to come back with us? To our world?
Aaron! A.R.M.O.R. quarantine protocols would never allow--
What? Oh, my, no. I couldn't do that to Wilson.
I'm the only thing that keeps him going.
Thank you for your concern.
But I have nothing to fear here.

01:45 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
What do you think is more horrifying-- the humans' ability to do unspeakable things to each another--
--or their ability to *adapt* to any situation, no matter how unspeakable?
I've got to say I'm not really thinking about that right now.
I just want to get out of here.
Now.
Mmmrrrr...
EEEEEEEE

X-35
Wait.
What?
Those *clones...* they're being treated...
...like *robots.* I can't...
I can't let this stand.
I'll--
You'll take the sample and go wait for Little Sky. I'll be right behind you.
But--
I'll be there.
Aaron... you don't...
You don't have to prove anything to *me.*
I know.
I always knew that.

You choose the *most* absolutely *asinine* times to suddenly turn *hero* again, you know that?
Yeah.
I get that a lot.
GSSHKSSHHHH!!
WHOEVER THAT IS...

...TEAR HIM TO SHREDS!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MARVEL ZOMBIES: THE COVERS HARDCOVER

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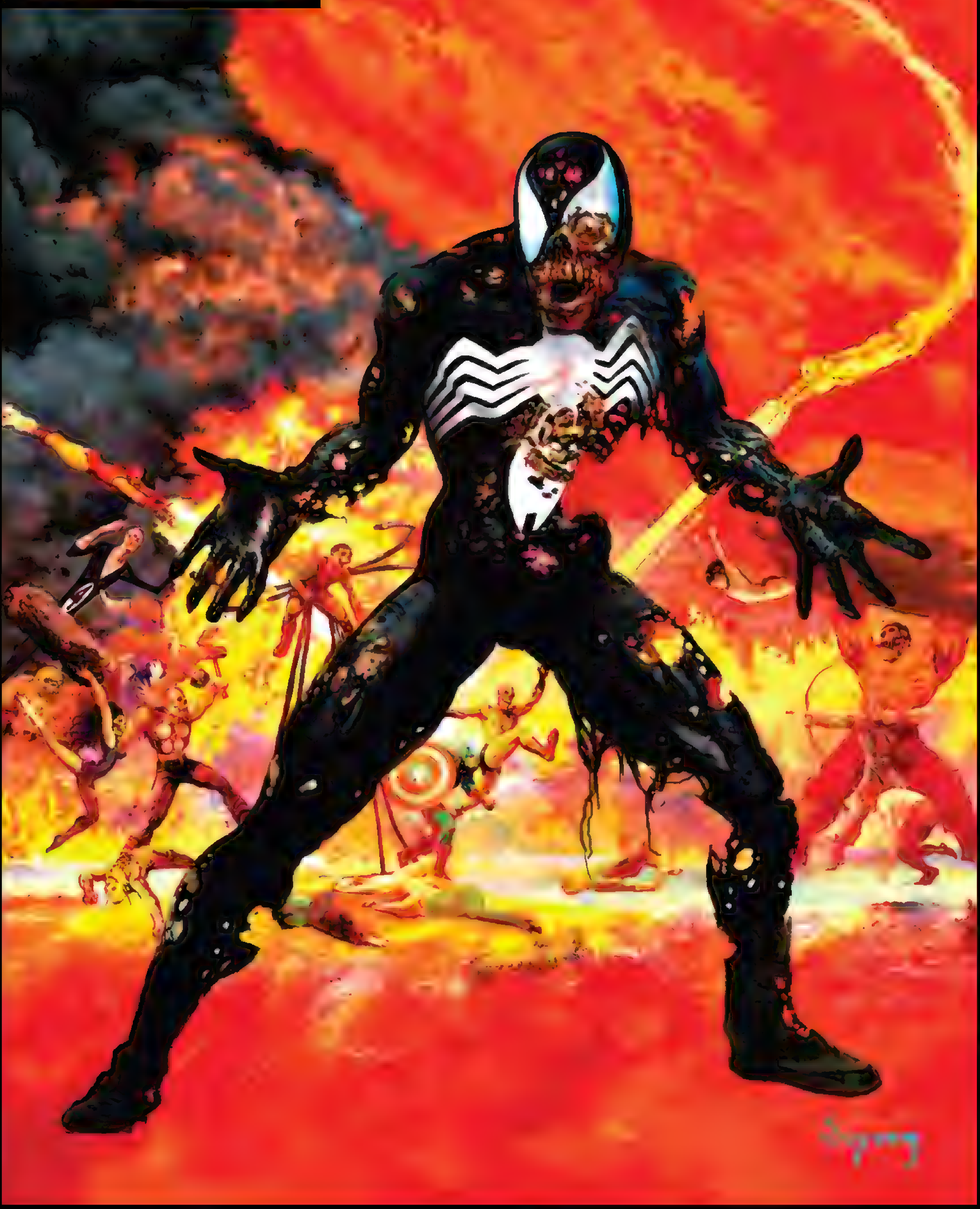


MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #3 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.
THE HOLLOW, HEADQUARTERS OF A.R.M.O.R.
Of course... I was already pseudo-undead *before* I got infected, Michael.
Our unique body chemistry means the Hunger... affects me differently.
But it's there. It's *always* there.
So even though *you're* basically *me*...

...you're starting to look really *good.*
Maybe...I ***don't*** need you for the final calculations. I can do it alone, necrosis rotting my brain out or not.
It's not *fair.* Kingpin and the others have all the meat they can eat while I'm ***starving*** here, risking everything for ***them***--
BZZZZT
Dr. Morbius?
The immunization strategy meeting? They're waiting for you...
We have Camp Hammond on video conferencing...
Y-yes... Sorry, I-I fell asleep.
I'll be right out...
Gonna be like herding ***cats,*** gettin' every cape and mask in the Fifty-State Initiative vaccinated.
They have no choice. The virus targets them. Every Registered Superhuman ***has*** to be infected.
Er...
...don't you mean ***"inoculated?"***
Yes, of course, inoculated.
What did I say?

THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE:
00:22 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
No one's coming for you, Jocasta.
Not A.R.M.O.R. Not *Aaron.*
Because nobody *cares.*
It took them *forever* to rebuild you. After you *sacrificed* yourself for them.
You are such a chump.
Or should I say *"tool?"*
Shut up, Wasp.
You're a fake. A robotic fake of *me.* Just like you were *designed* to be.
You'll never be a *real girl.* And they *know* it.
So they're gonna *leave* you here. To *die.*
Again.
And you're fat.
SHUT UP!!
Shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up
And ugly.
Just...
...be quiet...

STRONGHOLD OF THE KINGPIN OF NEW YORK

That's our *food* you're messing with!
OUR FOOD!!!
CHNK
SPWAAAAATTT
You think just 'cause you're a *robot* you got an advantage?
I'll absorb every *inch* o' your advantage, Machine Man--
Oh, look!
You missed me and instead you've absorbed the powers of a *zombie!*
BRREEEEEES
Complete with skull-exploding action!
Next time, absorb brains.
SPLORCH

My God! Look at you!
In another world, a *better* world, we could almost be... *brothers.*
R-really...?
No.
You disgust me.
RRRRRRRRRR
SQQRCHH
AAAAAGH!
DWAANGG
BRRWURRRRR
I'll admit the chainsaw is a tad *cliché...*
...but I've always had a *soft spot* for the *classics.*

PUMB
CHAKATHOOM
CHOMP
AAAAAHH!
SSSHHNNKK
THOOOO--
KKKKKKKK
YYAAHHH!
SQWSSHH

KKKRRRRMMMBBBB
God help me.
I have no stomach, and I must barf.
Eh...?
Ooooohhhhhmmmmmmm...
In that spell window... is that...
...A.R.M.O.R.?

Indeed.
My people found our friend, Dr. Strange, here, buried under a heap of cars and somewhat the worse for wear.
He can cast only two spells now... one causes *manna* to fall from the Heavens. Quite *inedible* to our kind, I'm afraid.
But the *other* casts windows to interdimensional crossroads with our world.
And that is how we found your reality. Learned of *your* A.R.M.O.R., Your *Nexus of All Realities,* same as ours.
And your wonderful *Avengers Initiative.* All those super-people. So *regimented.* So *organized.*
The Gospel loves to spread to *superhumans,* you see. Most efficient.
"And we exist *only* to spread the *Hunger Gospel.*
"We sent in *our* counterpart to one of *your* A.R.M.O.R. people first.
"He was able to penetrate The Hollow and replace his double before anyone noticed there were *two* of them.
"Then we sent in a provocateur, which would cause your authorities to *panic*--allow our man to propose a *vaccine.*
"Your world has a *ridiculous* number of superhumans, you see. We could not be sure the Gospel could spread beyond the point of no return before it was stopped.
"So now we have some *insurance.*
"Your super-people will be forced to be *'inoculated'*...
"...*with* the Gospel."

"As soon as your robot friend returns with the last component Morbius needs to convincingly *fake* his 'vaccine,' the mass *infection* of the Initiative shall begin...
"...and your world will *fall.*"
You know what *I* think is great, Kingpin?
Being dead hasn't stopped you idiots from *"monologuing."*
So now that you've helpfully laid out your ***master plan*** for me in ***laborious detail*** I'm going to stick it ***sideways*** up your--

BOOM
Damn it!
You will do *nothing.*
You *can* do nothing.
Die!
DIE!!!
Eat me.
Please.
BOOOM
Stop him! *STOP HIM!!*
He's destroying your *MEAT!!*
Vengeance...
...HUNGERS!!

You are a moron.
SHUKKK
Jocasta! Come in!
BZZZT
Communications-- *jammed?* How...?
ELSEWHERE IN THE KINGPIN'S STRONGHOLD
Well done, my love.
Not tonight, Vision. I have a headache.
Please, Wanda...
Just *one* kiss? For old times' sake...
Gotta head off Jocasta before A.R.M.O.R. brings her *back*--

VRRROOOOOOOO--
SKRAKAK-THOOOOMMMM!!
STOP THAT ROBOT!
BRING ME WHICHEVER PART OF IT CAN FEEL PAIN...
...SO I CAN STAB IT REPEATEDLY!!

00:07 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
SCREEEEEE
How does he...*drive* this thing...
Handles... like a *shopping* cart...
Aaaah! Where are the brakes?!

AAAAAHHHHH!
--oh.
Awesome.
KRNCH
00:02 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
Almost...
Back!
BLAM

KRRNCHCH
GAAAGH!
FRAKAAKAKAKA-
BWHOOM!!

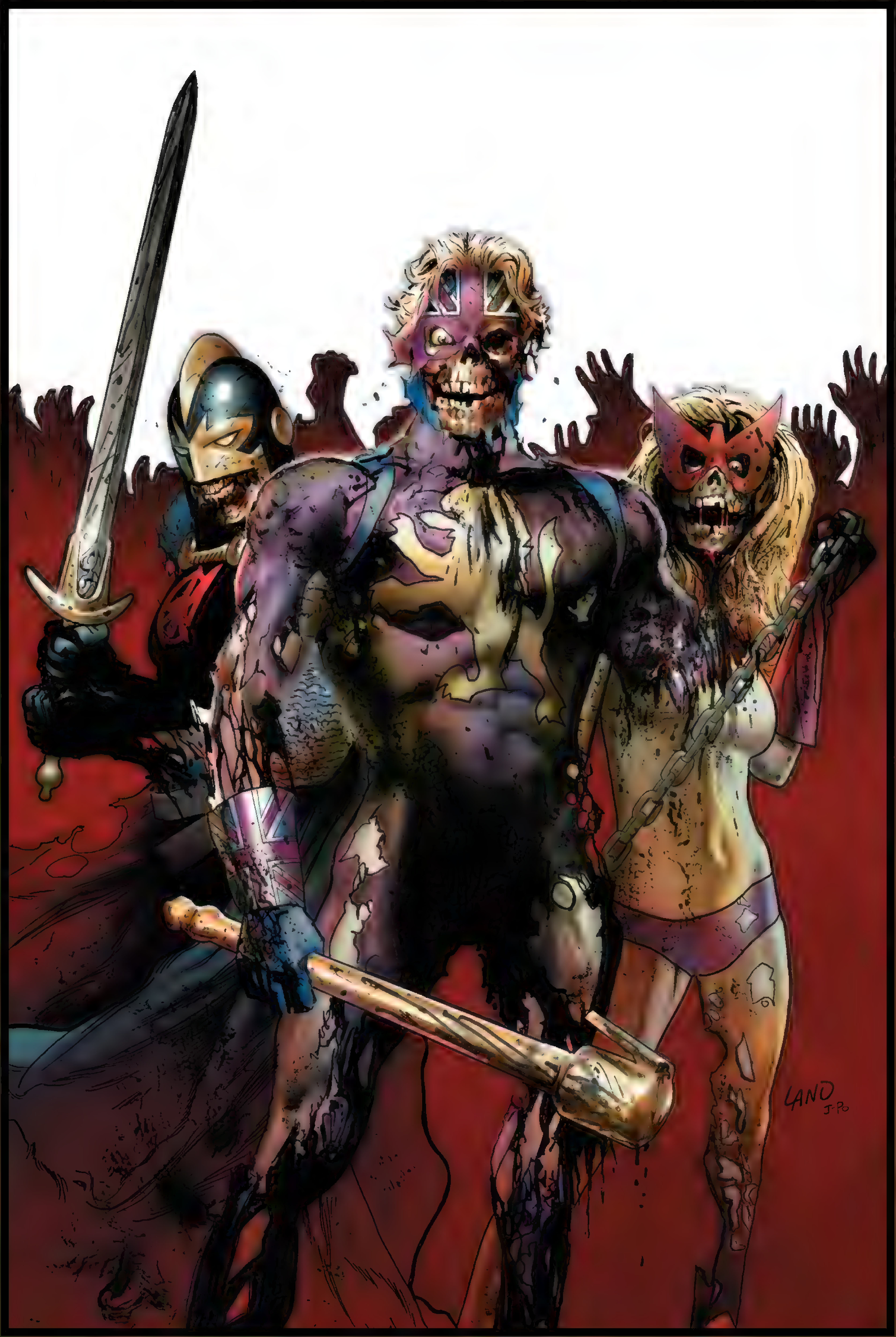
THE HOLLOW
DR. MORBIUS' QUARTERS
NOK NOK
Dr. Morbius?
Got a minute?
Some of your figures don't quite add up...
You left your door *unlocked,* So I'm coming in. I hope that's al--
BLEEP
DOCTOR MORBIUS!
Are you all right?!
B--
Who did this to you?!
Be--
Behind you...

Grrrrrrr...
AAAAAAAH!!
KRRNCHH
Get away from me!
Whoa! Deb! Where's the fire?
Oh my-- all this blood--
What did you do to yourself?!
GAAHHH!!

WITHIN MINUTES
Fall back! Fall back!
To WHERE?! THIS is where we're supposed to fall back to!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
Gabe, stop-- For God's sakes, it's me, Brett--
EEEEYAAAAA!!

0:00 HOURS TO EXTRACTION
Jocasta?
Did you get a sample?
Yes, Director Little Sky. But...
Stack. Is he...?
Look. I'm sorry.
But we have to go.
...
Goodbye, Aaron.

J--
Joc--
Jocasta...



MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE.

Machine Man crawled down *there!*
I saw him!
Come ON!

Do you wish to join this sport, Black Bolt?
No, Kingpin.
I do not share our fellow undead's *malice* towards the robot.
Though he has destroyed our food supply and decimated our numbers, I believe he would do us a favor by ending our accursed existence forever.
WOOF! WOOF!
The wonders of the Blue City of Attilan on yon lunar orb are now but torturous reminders of the glories of times past, before the *Hunger* began gnawing at my Inhuman people's souls...
...people that I, largely, devoured *myself* in an orgy of horror that I cannot now recall but with a shudder.
Your Majesty...
Yet, still, horribly, I cannot lift a finger to help this sentient machine obtain our annihilation, for not even I can resist the Hunger ringing--
--throughout every cell in my decaying frame like some--
Your Majesty.
I am happy for you that necrosis on your vocal cords has granted you the gift of speech...
...but *do* shut up.
Sorry.

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.
THE HOLLOW, A.R.M.O.R. HEADQUARTERS.
Head straight to Med-Lab and give Dr. Morbius the blood sample.
We've no time to lose.
Portal... Sir...
...I wish to nominate Agent Aaron Stack for a posthumous commendation, per S.H.I.E.L.D. Statute 321(c)...
...with a proper memorial and burial, with *honors*, at Camp Hammond, for what he did today...
There will be time for *all* that, Jocasta. I swear to you.
But right now, our concern has to be with the *living*. Go.
Mission accomplished!
We *got* it!
Doctor Morbius. Though it cost Aaron his *life*, I have your...
...

I know.
I know what you're thinking.
Operating without an anesthetic. *Tsk, tsk.* Very bad.
But I prefer my meals without additives or preservatives.
You know.
"Organic."
Jocasta! Come in!
D-Director...
W-we have a, *uh,* **situation...**
I noticed!
Get to the **teleporter bays** and defend them **at all costs!!**
FWAKOW
FWAKOW
FWAKOW

If any of these things gets outside The Hollow, they could infect the **whole planet!**
HSSSSSSSSS!!
The quickest route is through the Alternate Earths' **containment area!**
CAPTAIN MEXICA
Earth-1519: Aztec Empire Never Fell

No...
Am I too late?!
Stay back!
But wait, Jocasta--can't you let us go and say goodbye to our families?
How can you be so *cold* and *unfeeling*?

I said back!
SSHHRAAKK
I know how you can be such a cold and unfeeling [redacted]
SLAAMM
SSKKRRRRZZZ
Because you're a dirty, stinking *robot.*
I'm...
I'm following orders...
POUND POUND
Orders, *programming...* call it whatever you *want...*
Hello, hello! Is anyone in there?
Please, let us in!
There are more *coming--*
--oh God, they're almost here!!!
...it means you'll *never* be human. Like *me.*
Never.
POUND POUND
HELLLP!!
I can't... *I can't!*

THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE.
There!
HA HA HA HA HA!
Look at him, all charred and messed-up!
Beautiful!
Hello, hero. Remember us?
We may not be able to eat you. Or turn you into one of us.
But that just means we can hurt you. Forever.
And we won't have any reason to stop.
Tell me his voice-box or speakers or whatever still work.
I wanna hear him scream when I twist his head off.
Wha--?
Vocal features functioning perfectly...

...as is my *hologram projector.*
FWOOOOOOOSH
EEEEYYYAAAAGGH!!
Ugh! Get off!
WHAAKK

WHOOSH
Microfilament wires...
...fully functional.
PEEOW
CHOK
ZZZZZZZZZ--
SLOOORRCCHH

RROOAAAAWWW!!
Heel.
Teleporter, eh?
RROOWW! WOOF! GROOWWW!!
You are going to help me find my *ex-girlfriend.*
And if you do it like a good puppy, there will be a *treat* in it for you.
I promise.
Get a whiff of that dimension? Good.
SNIFF SNIFF
Now *fetch.*

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.
They're here--
They don't know who they're talking to, do they?
Enough.
SQQQUISSH
KRREEENCH
I'm not losing *anybody* on my watch!
Oh, thank you! *Thank you!*
Behind me!
Protect--
Protect the teleporters!

ELSEWHERE IN THE HOLLOW.
Greetings, rotting fleshy ones.
I have been programmed to eviscerate your repulsive squishy organic bits and chew gum.
And I *hate* gum.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

Lockjaw!
Look, boy!
Your favorite!
SQUISH
BLEEP!
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
Brains!
Go get it, boy!
WOOF! WOOF!
WOOF!
BWHOOOOM

And so valiantly goes man's best friend.
Not *robot's* best friend, mind you.
Robot's best friend is synthetic ester-base industrial lubricant...
Enough!
The *Hunger Gospel* will not be silenced!
KWAAAAAM
Not by an *automaton* who cannot know the glory of *flesh!*
Not while *I* serve!
QUENG
SNAAAP
I am a *vampire!* I am a *zombie!*
I AM A VAMBIE!!!
I CANNOT BE STOPPED!

SKLORRRCH
You *idiot!* We are *"Living Vampires"!*
Your monster movie *"heroics"* have no **effect** on--
Dude.
You just **staked** the zombie version of yourself.
You are going to be in **therapy** for the rest of your *life.*
Who the hell are you?
My name is Aaron--

EEEYYYYAAAGGGH!!
WHAKK
No.
You know what?
ZZSSOORCH
My name is MACHINE MAN.
And I just saved the ☠☠☠☠ world.
Good for you.

All right! Initial area scans indicate we've got them contained!
Doctor, get the blood sample from Jocasta and let's get moving on that *vaccine.*
Aaron!
You're *alive!*
Of course.
I'm too cute to die.
What do you have planned for an encore?
Well...I was kind of hoping we could find a secluded spot...
...where we could make sweet, sweet robot love.
Well.
At least buy me *dinner* first.
What? Really? But...
You don't *eat...*
Yeah, I know.
That was a joke.
Kiss me, jackass.

-Sigh-
The Jackal-- and his *cloning* technology--are *gone.*
There is no more *flesh* to be had on this world.
And the robot *eradicated* us... Down to but a *handful...*
Mrrr RAA nnnnn GAAA
What's that, Stephen?
You think you have a spell that can help?
You might as well try...
*
Eeeyuk.
It's not flesh...it's *manna.*
Wilson, do you think--
Oh...
Oh, *Wilson.*

What? When I'm *upset*, I *eat*.

It's not over.
Oh. *Really?*
At this point I was really kinda hoping it *would* be...
For you two it is. I have strict orders to return you to S.H.I.E.L.D. Something big is up.
But A.R.M.O.R. has to clean up its own messes.
According to the teleporter logs, somebody made unauthorized use of the transport before Jocasta got here--
--and sent themselves to *random* coordinates.
Director. If I may...
I'd like to assemble and *lead* that team.
Doctor, after what those things *did* to you, you're in no condition--
Quite the contrary.
I was held captive by that...thing. That twisted reflection of *me* for over a week. I was completely helpless.
If any of those things still exist, I'm in the *perfect* mindset to *eradicate* them.
All right, Michael. You win.
I want a list of your recommended personnel within the *hour.*
Did you have anyone in mind?

I do.
To coin a cliché, it takes one to catch one.
This has been a long time coming...
...but the MIDNIGHT SONS must return!

MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #1 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING AND OPERATIONAL RESPONSE (A.R.M.O.R.)
OPERATION: MIDNIGHT SONS
VIDEO TESTAMENT #MS-001
MORBIUS, DR. MICHAEL (Ph.D.)
Martine.
I don't know where you are.
Or even if you're still...
..."alive."
But we're giving *all* team members the opportunity to record one of these living wills before deploying.
We just picked up the trail of our fugitive Infected...
"...or at least their *handiwork.*
"A.R.M.O.R. intercepted a distress signal from the Royal Swedish cruise liner *Tranquility,* two days out of San Juan.

"The zombies originally came from another dimension, inhabited by nothing *but* superhuman undead.
"They had infiltrated our reality through A.R.M.O.R.--sorry, that's the interdimensional defense agency I work for.
"We managed to repulse their initial attack, but two escaped our headquarters...
"...well...*one and a half,* really...
"...and got teleported to the bottom of the ocean.
"It's been over a *week* since then. In that time they must have bitten some undersea dwellers.
"Not the Sub-Mariner's Atlanteans--a more obscure race called the *'Men-Fish.'*

Eh...?
"A.R.M.O.R. will teleport in the team I put together to apprehend the fugitives.
"I figured it *takes* one to *catch* one.
"A *monster,* that is.
"So I named them after a group I used to belong to, a lifetime ago.
"For we too are trying to bring *light* to the *darkness...*
"...*we are the Midnight Sons.*"
Yeeee-HAH!
"*Jack Russell* is with us. Do you remember Jack?
"Even if you *do...*
"...I don't think you do.
Rejoice, brother.
Whether the beast bites us, or we bite *him*-- the result is the same.
Another *convert* to the *Hunger Gospel.*
Praise be *flesh* without *end.*

"He claims to have finally made *peace* with his lycanthropic *curse*.
"But I just think he's stopped caring whether he lives or dies.
AAAOOOAAAAOOO
WEREWOLF by NIGHT

JENNIFER KALE OF the Witches
"Jen was another one I was a little concerned about clearing PsychOps screening.
"She was severely injured in the Infected's initial assault on this dimension. Hence her new 'witch-armor,' I think.
"But I guess that just gives her that much more motivation for payback. God knows I can relate.
"The shrinks cleared her without comment.
"Daimon Hellstrom, on the other hand, has a pedigree beyond question. After H.A.M.M.E.R. shut down his 'Defenders' team, A.R.M.O.R. scooped him right up.
"But...
"...he's still the one I'm most worried about.
SPLOOOSH

"Because he actually seems to be enjoying this.
HELLSTORM SON OF SATAN
Burn, revenants! BURN!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
FWOOOOOOSH
Flesh
Flesh
Flesh
FLESH FOR THE CLUTCH!!
THE CLUTCH SHALL WRITE THE NEXT CHAPTER OF THE HUNGER GOSPEL!!!
AND THEN THERE SHALL BE FLESH WITHOUT END AMEN--
KKKRRRRKKKKK-
Yo.
"Hot Stuff..."

...don't move.
KRRSSSSAAAKKKAA
Most impressive, Miss Kale.
Though you fight on the side of the *angels,* your wrath in dispatching these *Infected* rivals that of *Zahgurim,* infernal armorer of the *Ninth Circle.*
Your power stems from the ancient teachings of Zhered-Na and the power-mad *battlemages* of pre-Cataclysm *Atlantis,* does it not?

When I see the fire of those ruthless conquerors ignite in your soul in the heat of battle...
...it is *quite beautiful.*
Um. I think you may have *misinterpreted* my use of the term *"Hot Stuff"*...
If you're hitting on me, you're wasting your time--
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Oh, my, no.
I am merely a connoisseur...
...of *darker halves.*
Do me a favor.
Don't ever laugh again.
MORBIUS
THE LIVING VAMPIRE
"As for me, my tests discovered the Zombie Plague is *anaerobic*-- it simply *cannot* survive in *oxygen.*
"That's why it burrows deep within the *bone marrow,* distributes a *secondary nervous system* in the Infected, which *animates* the corpse.

"The so-called 'zombie' is nothing more than a *delivery system* for the virus.
"The corpse locates other potential hosts and infects them with their saliva, all with *minimal* exposure to *air*.
"But our *pneumatic rifles* fire canisters filled with genetically engineered *oxidizing bacteria*.
"When the bacteria is forcibly introduced to infected bone marrow, our trials show the results are rather...
BWOOOM
"...cinematic."

From this bacteria, and a weakened strain of the zombie plague, I also developed a *vaccine* to protect each team member if we get bitten...
...or if *we* bite *them.*
Of course, as with all vaccines, that means there is a slight chance that those injected will actually develop a *full-blown* version of the disease.
SNAP
Just like that.
We'll become one of *them.*
And then each one of us has strict orders...
...to *terminate* our Infected teammate.
So you see why we thought these *"last will and testaments"* might be a *good idea.*
Everyone agreed to take my vaccine.
I can't speak for the others. But I know why *I* did.
"For nearly *two weeks,* that distorted, undead version of *me* kept me captive, drugged me, *tortured* me, threatened me...
"...and the only thing that kept me *going* was imagining all the things I was going to *do* to him and his kind when I got free."
That's what I wanted to tell you, Martine, my beloved, doomed ex-wife.
To give you *hope.*
I've finally found something more powerful than our lust for *blood.*
And that's lust for *revenge.*
For the *first* time...even after all these years...

"...I finally know what it *feels* like to be a *monster.*"
ISLAND NATION OF TAINO, CARIBBEAN SEA.
MM-MM-MMM-MM-MMMM...
SIMON GARTH: ZOMBIE
...MO-VIN' RIGHT A-LONG, IN SEARCH OF GOOD TIMES AND GOOD NEWS!
WITH GOOD FRIENDS YOU *CAN'T* LOSE!
THIS COULD BE-COME A HA-BIT!
ZOMBIE DEADPOOL
SI, OLE BUDDY, OLE PAL, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW *GREAT* IT IS TO BLOW THAT STUFFY DUMP A.R.M.O.R.!

"I KNEW KINGPIN MADE A BIG MISTAKE TRUSTING THAT MORBIUS GUY--OUR VERSION, I MEAN!
"HE SCREWED UP OUR WHOLE FREAKIN' PLAN BUT GOOD, LETTIN' THE HUNGER GET THE BETTER OF HIM, INFECTING THE ENTIRE HOLLOW!*
"THOSE WHO WEREN'T ALREADY UNDEAD LIKE YOU, THAT IS.
"YOU DON'T SATISFY THE HUNGER.
BLEEAAAGH!!
* MZ3 - Bloodthirsty Bill
"LUCKY FOR ME, TOO.
PSST! BUDDY! HEY, BUDDY!
PULL MY FINGER!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
NAW, I'M JUST KIDDIN'...
"OTHERWISE I PROBABLY COULDN'T HAVE TALKED YOU INTO BUSTING ME OUT!
"YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO BUSY WITH THE SKIN-EATING AND THE INTESTINES-GORGING!
"'STEAD WE GOT TO THE HOLLOW'S TELEPORTERS BEFORE THAT HOT ROBOT CHICK, JOCASTA!

"SORRY I 'PORTED US TO THE BOTTOM OF THE *SEA*--I *ALWAYS* GET *LATITUDE* AND *LONGITUDE* MIXED UP!
"BUT, HEY, I MADE UP FOR IT BY *BITING* OUR WAY OUTTA THAT TIGHT SPOT WHEN THOSE BLACK LAGOONERS JUMPED US, HUH?
TOOK US A COUPLE DAYS-- **** *OCEAN PRESSURE*--BUT NOW WE FINALLY GOT THIS SHOW ON THE *ROAD!*
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? EVER SINCE I LOST MY *BODY*, THE *HUNGER*...I DON'T EVEN REALLY *FEEL* IT ANYMORE!
APPARENTLY, LOSIN' 95% OF BODY MASS *CURES ZOMBIES!* WHO *KNEW?*
I JUST WANNA SETTLE DOWN, ADOPT A KITTEN, ORDER A BUNCHA STUFF FROM THE "*SIGNALS*" CATALOG...
...FIND A ROOM OF MY *OWN* WHERE I WON'T BE PERSECUTED FOR ONCE LOVING THE SWEET, SWEET TASTE OF HUMAN FLESH!
SURE, AS DREAMS GO IT'S PRETTY *MODEST*, BUT YOU CAN'T PUT A PRICE TAG ON *HAPPINESS*, AM I RIGHT, SIMON?
HUH? HUH? AM I *RIGHT?* HUH?
THAT'S WHAT I *LIKE* ABOUT YOU, SIMON--
YOU LET YOUR *ACTIONS* SPEAK *FOR* YOU!

WHICH REMINDS ME...
...WHERE ARE YOU, UH, *TAKING* ME?
SAY...
SNIFF, SNIFF
COCA LEAVES... SULFURIC ACID... SODIUM CARBONATE?
SQSH
SQRSH
SQASH
OH-HO-HO! WHY, *SIMON GARTH*, YOU PARTY *ANIMAL!* DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD IT *IN* YOU, BUDDY!
NOTHIN' SAYS *"FIRST FREE DAY"* LIKE *BOLIVIAN MARCHING POWDER!*
I EVER TELL YOU I *KNEW* PABLO ESCOBAR? YEAH, DID A LOTTA *WETWORK* FOR HIS CARTEL DURING THE *EIGHTIES.*
HE GETS A BAD RAP, BUT HIS CHECKS *ALWAYS* CLEARED...
...AND IN *MY* BOOK, THAT QUALIFIES HIM FOR *SAINTHOO...*
WHOA.

THAT'S...
WOW.
JUST...
WOW.
YOU...YOU DRESS IN *CHICKEN PARTS* AND--AS FAR AS I CAN *TELL*--YOU ACTUALLY EXPECT PEOPLE TO BE *INTIMIDATED* BY YOU.
IN CHICAGO THEY CALL THAT "*TESTICULAR FORTITUDE*".
MY HAT IS OFF TO YOU, BUDDY.
IF I *HAD* A HAT.
OR *HANDS* TO TAKE IT OFF WITH.
You. You are *zombi*. This I know.
But what sort of creature is *this*, that you carry with you?
≠FWEET!≠ YO FOGHORN, YOU'RE GONNA WANNA BE DIRECTIN' THE CONVERSATION DOWN *THIS* WAY.
MY ASSOCIATE AIN'T MUCH OF A *TALKER*--

He is all that remains of a mercenary named *"Deadpool"* from a dimension entirely populated by cannibalistic superhuman undead.
SI! YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME!
Cease your prattling, dead man.
All zombi speak with the voice of the all-knowing Guédé when commanded by a bokor who serves with *both hands.*
And *none* is more loved or *feared* by the loa than the *Black Talon.*
"BLACK TALON?"
YOU COME UP WITH A *BADASS NAME* AND YOU RUIN IT BY DRESSING LIKE *THAT?*
BROTHER, YOU NEED TO SET YOUR *PRIORITIES* STRAIGHT *PRONTO*--
I wield an Amulet of *Damballah*--a twin to the one I see 'round your neck.
The power of Papa Serpent, who created all the world, drew you to *me* like a hen calling her chicks *home.*
Yet it has no effect on the *other* Dead.
Regrettably.
Explain this, zombi.
The interdimensional defense agency A.R.M.O.R. captured both of us for study when the zombie plague broke out in this reality.
Only Deadpool and I escaped the quarantine.
...
Put them in the pen.
WHAT? *HELL* NO!

NOBODY'S CAGING THIS BIRD!
SIMON, BUDDY--GO LONG!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...
...THE MERC WITH ONLY A MOUTH!
CHOMP
NO GUNS!
NO HEALING FACTOR!
NO LIMBS!
NO PROBLEM!!!
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
HEY! NO FAIR!
SKLORCH
A-TTI-CCA! A-TTI-CCA!

S.S. TRANQUILITY:
Doc?
We made it to the bridge. No sign of Garth or Deadpool.
Go ahead, Jen.
But...
Hah!
SKWFOOOSH
But Tranquility is on a full-speed-ahead collision course with the coast of Taino.
If I'm reading this thing right, we'll *hit*-- and I do mean hit-- in less than a *half-hour.*
And the controls have been *trashed.*
Can you go smash the rudder or something?
Otherwise, get ready for Zombie Beach Party--
No.
Get Hellstrom.
Get Hellstrom and meet me down here right now.
And "**here**" would be...?
The discotheque. Hurry.
Son of Satan. Disco inferno. There's a joke in there somewhere.
No.
No joke.
Jack found the...
GGGGRRRRRRRR...

..."survivors."
ki-kill me...
k-kill...
That description we had of the main superhuman Infected leading this bunch... what was that again?
kill me...
"Piranha." One of those grade-Z gill people **Namor** is always beating up.
Red scales... about 6' 3", 300 pounds... male...
Right.
That last part.
Might be a misprint.
FLESH!
FLESH FOR THE CLUTCH!
SPLORCH

BLACK TALON'S PLANTATION, TAINO:
Thank you for taking the time to speak to me.
You're my most reliable *cocaine supplier.*
You have *six minutes,* Talon.
An...item has come into my possession.
An item.
Yes. An item of *great power,* if wielded as a weapon...
...or as an instrument of *terror.*
Once... I was like *you.*
That I find hard to believe.
I would not have *hesitated* to use this item *myself.*
The temptation to do so remains quite *strong,* even now.
But it has been a very long time since I have had to deal with the vigilantes, the mutants, the androids...all those *super* people.
And it has been a most *happy* time.
I like the *anonymity* of my plantation. The *wealth* it brings.
Four minutes.
If I were to tell you that I had in my possession a weapon that could destroy *all* the heroes, *permanently...*
*...a weapon that, in fact, had already **done so** in another dimension...*
*...how much would a man in your position **pay** for something like that?*

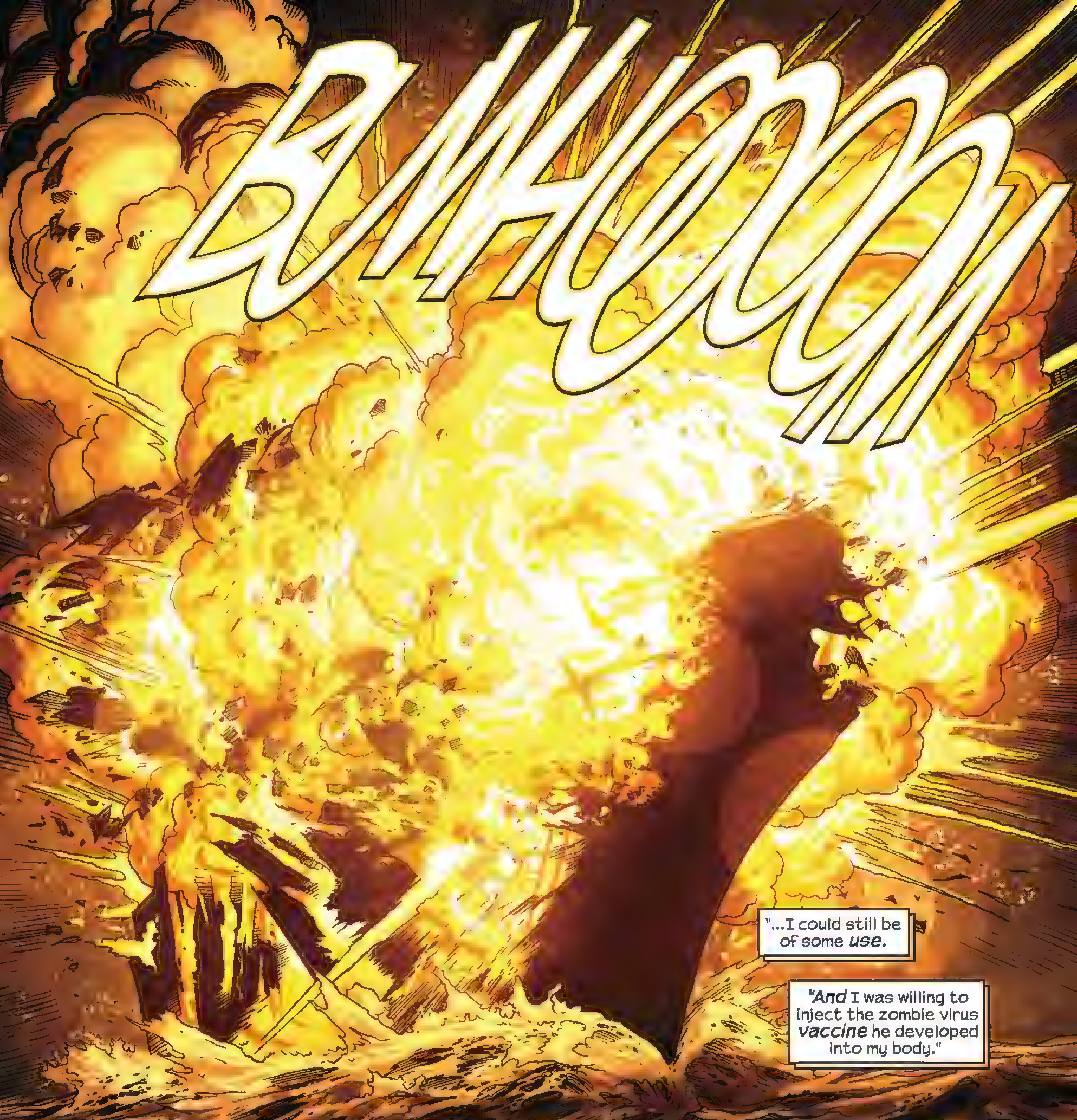
THE HOOD
Go on. I'm listening.
MARVEL ZOMBIES 4: MIDNIGHT SONS PART 1

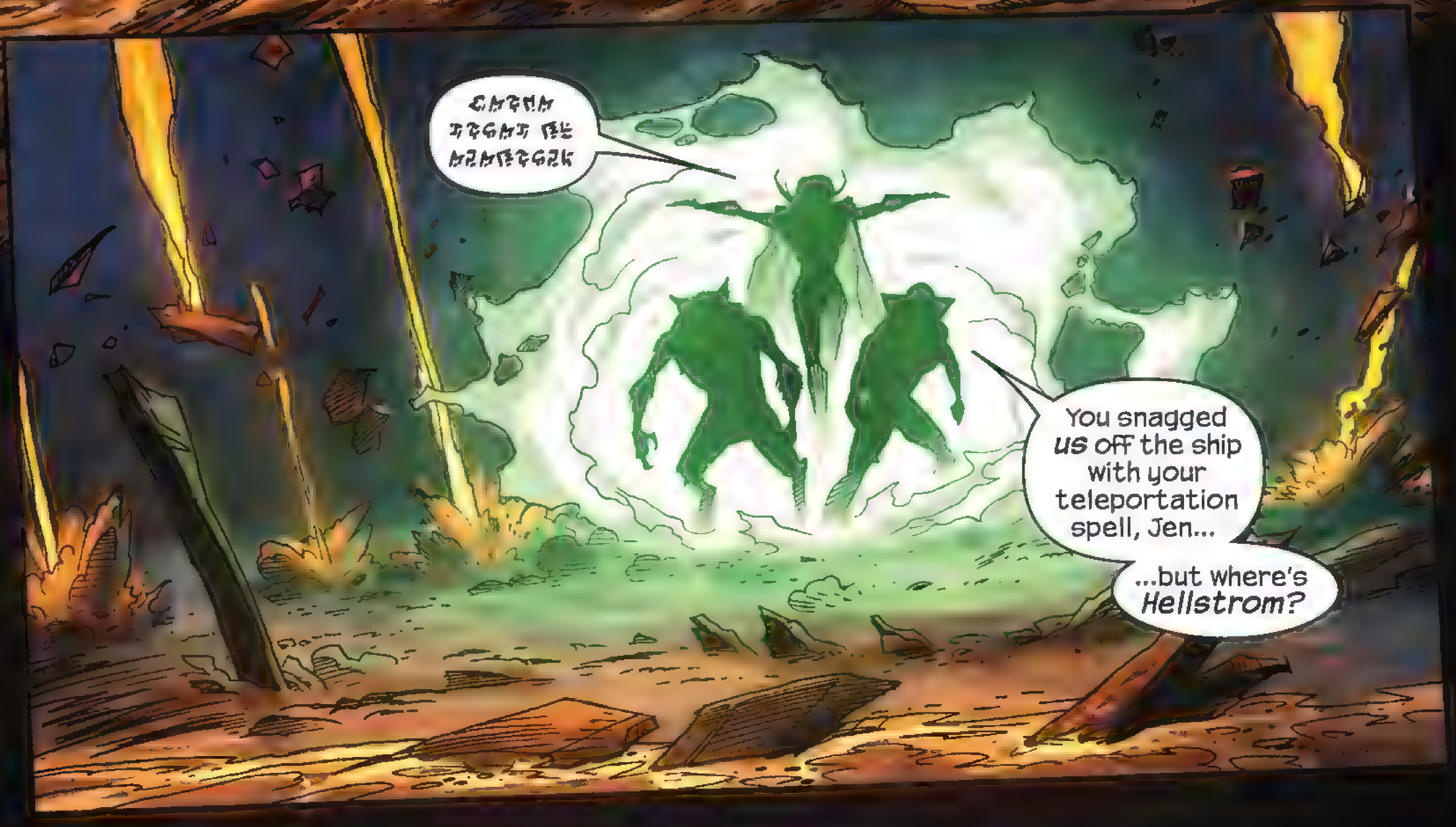
MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #1 Variant Cover by Arthur Suydam

MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #2 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING AND OPERATIONAL RESPONSE (A.R.M.O.R.)
OPERATION: MIDNIGHT SONS
VIDEO TESTAMENT #MS-002 KALE, JENNIFER
Hey, Topaz.
"What up, girlfriend?" she asked ironically. Ha, ha.
If you're getting this recording, it's because...I didn't make it back from trying to track down these wayward brain-munchers.
Which would suck.
Obviously.
Not to mention really ☠☠☠☠ me off.
I mean, there's always one token woman on these super hero teams, and for ours I'm it.
Russell's already christened me "the normal girl on the Munsters."
So I want to make a good showing of myself, you know?
And...
...I've really got something to prove...
...after last time.
"When the undead overran our headquarters*, I went into catatonic shock, cowering in a corner.
"They hurt me so bad, before, I couldn't...
"I just shut down.
*In MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 -- Undeaditor Bill

TAINO, WEST INDIES.
"*Morbius* found me. He told me two of the undead had escaped quarantine.
"I had to *beg* him to let me on the team that tracked them down.
"Nobody could *blame* him for resisting.
SURRENDER ALL FLESH FOR THE CLUTCH!
ALL FLESH WILL BE EATEN!!
"Fortunately or unfortunately, I was finally able to convince him...


BOWHOOOM
"...I could still be of some *use.*
"*And* I was willing to inject the zombie virus *vaccine* he developed into my body."


You snagged *us* off the ship with your teleportation spell, Jen...
...but where's *Hellstrom?*

Your concern is appreciated, but most *unnecessary,* Doctor Morbius.
The fires of *this* Earth do not burn *me.*
So I took it upon myself to ignite the *engine* before landfall.
You--? We weren't 100% sure there were any *survivors* left onboard--
We were *99.9%* sure. And we couldn't risk any of the revenants *escaping.*
I must say, for a Nosferatu, you evidence a rather *touching* concern for your primary *food source--*
Boys, boys...
...the *Eyes of Valka* have a *lock* on our runaways. They went *this-a-*way.
And...um...the *wolf pheromones* you doused us in to let Russell know we're *friendlies* haven't *worn off,* have they?
He's starting to make me *nervous...*
SNF SNF SNF SNF
Don't worry, my solution should last well after Jack turns *human* again.
Lead on, Jen.
"So, 'Paz...if you get this, and I'm *gone,* I want *you* to have the *Tome of Zhered-Na.*
"I *need* you to keep it *safe.*
"Be *strong* where I *wasn't.*
"And just pray... my *weakness* wasn't what did me *in.*"

THE HOOD'S HIDEOUT, HELL'S KITCHEN, N.Y.C.
What's the prognosis?
Are these genuine? How did even *you* get access to classified H.A.M.M.E.R. files, Hood?
I got friends in the right places, Centrius. That's all you need to know.
Well. Assuming these figures are *accurate...*
...I say you drop this *whole thing.* Right now.
The virulence of this plague... I've never *seen* numbers like this.
It killed off all the heroes in this other world, didn't it?
"Yes, and all of *our* kind, and all the *regular* people, too!
"There's a *reason* biological weapons have never become a significant part of warfare. These organisms don't recognize *flags* or *uniforms.*
"The wind shifts, and friend as well as foe becomes infected."
Sounds like this *"Black Talon"* is trying to sell us the *end of the world* for a hundred million dollars, Boss.
Hrrm.
And... correct me if I'm *wrong...*]

...but wouldn't *Armageddon* be bad for business?
Perhaps it would, at that.
But so long as you cloak yourself in the *Hood of the Nisanti,* Parker Robbins, you serve a *higher* calling.
You serve the will of the *Dread Dormammu,* Lord of the Dark Dimension.
The spells of your world's Sorcerer Supreme prevent me from acting *directly* on your plane, so I must deploy *thralls* such as you.
Through this necrotic infection, this ravager of whole *universes,* I might despoil your world from afar, thereby ripening it for conquest.
I want this "*virus.*"
And what *I* want, *you* want, Parker Robbins.
Okay, so it's decided. We'll counter Talon's offer with fifty mil, going up to seventy-five if we have to.
What?

If *you* do not secure the virus, you risk the danger that one of your enemies *will.*
If *we* don't get our hands on it, Talon could sell it to Mr. Negative--or the Maggia, even.
And even if you choose *not* to unleash the virus *yourself*, the mere *threat* of it could yield *ransom* beyond your *wildest* dreams.
Once we leak word we got it to the U.N. or H.A.M.M.E.R., we can *name our price.*
You mean...we can hold the *world* for ransom with our insidious *Doomsday Device?*
Hood, most of us *joined* your gang because you pledged *not* to get us involved in stupid stereotypical villain stuff.
Uhhhh...have you listened to a *word* I've said?
All this disease will do for our organization is invite *total disaster--*
What's that?
Didn't quite catch it.
S-sure, Boss, whatever. Whatever you think is best.
Yeah, keep your hood on...
Black Talon's always played *straight* with me, but I don't trust *anybody* when I'm carrying this much dough.
Dansen Macabre. This looks to be a *spook show,* so your guys are up. We're out in *twenty.*
The *Night Shift* will be ready.

BLACK TALON'S PLANTATION, TAINO:
NOBODY KNOOOOOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN...
NOBODY KNOWS BUT JEEEEEE-SUS...
Cease your caterwauling, Revenant, or I'll have your lips sewn shut like the rest of my zombi!
LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK DIRTY TO ME.
Ugh.
Gentlemen, our buyer should be arriving shortly.
Make sure the head doesn't embarrass me.
Yes sir, Mr. Talon, sir.
KEEP YOUR PEEPERS PEELED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT FOR US TO BLOW THIS POP STAND, SI!
WE MAY HAVE BEEN HUNTED EVER SINCE WE CROSSED OVER INTO THIS CRAZY WORLD, BUT I STILL THINK WE CAN FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE FREE TO BE YOU AND ME!
WHADDAYA SAY?
MAN.
YOU AND I ARE SO ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH IT'S SPOOKY.
Mister Robbins. As always, a pleasure.
How's the family?

They wanna be ☠☠☠☠ing *rich.*
Screw the small talk, Talon.
Let's *do* this.
Human poppet.
Beware.
Enemies approach you from the surrounding jungle.
Oh, but wait, I gotta clean up *your* messes first.
You'd think the biggest ***cocaine production center*** in the Caribbean would have ***slightly*** better security than ***the local bodega.***
What are you talking about?
Shut up. I figured out a long time ago...

"...I got to do everything *myself.*"
Doctor...
I feel...
We are being *watched.*
What?
Huh? By who?
By entities *far beyond* your comprehension.
You're tons of fun to have around, you know that?
Whoa. Hold up.
That's the vè-vè of *Papa Legba,* guardian loa of the gateway between the realm of gods and men.
It's powerful *juju*--protection. Whoever's working this hoodoo is gonna detect us coming from a mile away.
And I care... why?
Seems like a lot of trouble to protect a *cemetery.* Not sure the residents can appreciate it.
Um...
...I wouldn't be so *sure* about that...

CHOOOOONNNNG
Real news is broadcast out of the geosynchronous antenna in the center of the world!
All the headlines are backwards but *Tatterdemalion* can read them if he squints into the sun!
RRRROOORRR--?!?
To steal back my privacy (Sister Margaret Francis taught me to say it *"priv-i-ssy"*) I have to ***kill you! KILL YOU!!***
ROOOOAARRR!! =WHINE=
FSSSSSS
How did they sneak up on us with Russell and Morbius' ***enhanced senses--?***
Yeah, I know...
*
...sometimes I even impress *myself.*

Finish him, Needle.
SKLUORRRCH
YAAAAAAHH!!!
Wow.
And to think *I'm* ashamed for once having tooled around in a barbarian bikini.
The body of *Dansen Macabre* is the *stylus* through which *Kali*, the *Black One*, writes *universal agony* and *eternal ecstasy*.
I am *naked* for I dance only *truth*. The world-*enjoying* and the annihilating-*divine*.
Rationalize much? Honey, I'm from the *Everglades*, so I know a *skank* when I see o...
Wha...?

Kali is *cosmic power.* She devours *time itself.* I am the *dance of death* that is behind *all life.*
Her darkness dissolves *everything.* Including your *cheap parlor tricks.*
SCRNCH
Ngk
SHUK
Welcome back to the land of the *livid,* my discount Dracula!
Uuuhhnnn...?
Just in time for your host in howls, *Digger,* to tuck you in for a nice, long *dirt nap!* *Heh, heh!*
Spilled my *blood.* You shouldn't... *nrrrrrr...*
You shouldn't have *done* that...
How come? Have I breached some *eerie etiquette?*

Because now I've got to go get MORE!
SKRASH
SKKLLUSH
Stop! You're killing me! Heh, heh!
Palas aron ozinomas / Baske bano tudan donas / Geheamel cla orlay / Berec hê pantaras tay...
RRRRRAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

BUUURRRRRNN!!
FWOOOOSH
Dirty calendar!
DIRTY CALENDAR!!
Switch dance partners.
Smart thinking, Hot Stuff.
SHHRAAAAKK
Tch, tch.
Tried to give you Z-listers a *shot.*
But you're *disappointing* me.
These are just a bunch of *wannabe heroes* in Halloween masks.
No. There you're wrong.
Oh, ☠☠☠ me.

We are no "heroes."
We...
...are...
...MONSTERS!

I just want to say this is a really, *really* bad idea.
And my whole *life* has been one bad idea after *another*.
Nobody *asked* you.
You hear that *fighting?* If the super-pigs capture Talon like they *always do,* we can sell whatever he was turning over to The Hood--
MMMM! ROOM SERVICE! MUCH OBLIGED, HERMANO!
MAYBE THIS DUMP ISN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT!
YAAAAAHH!
I *told* you. Idiot.
Let me get you to the *clinic* before *Talon* finds ou--
GAAAGGG!
AWRIGHT, SI! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
CHEESE IT!

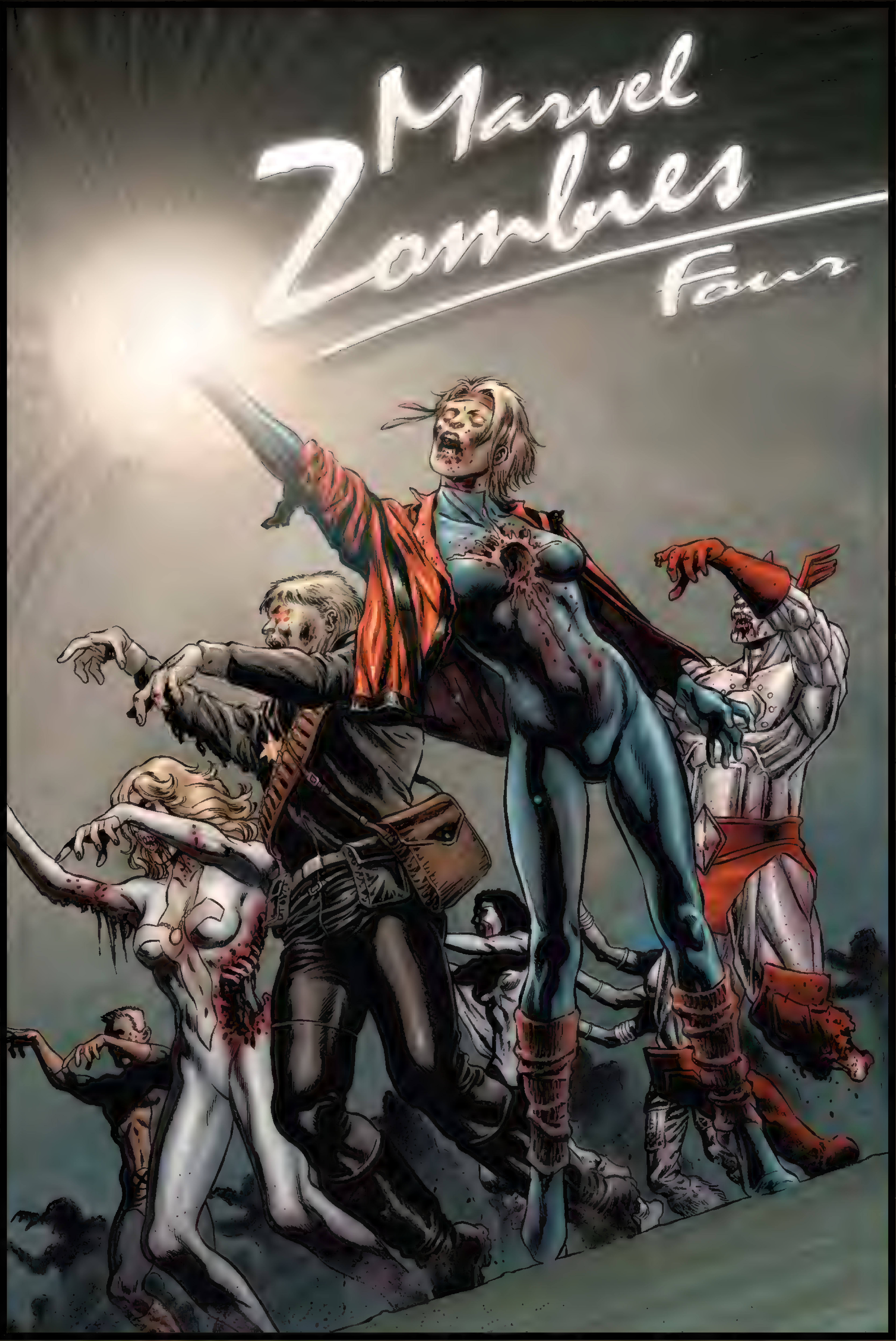
THAT'S IT, SIMON! SHAMBLE, BOY!
SHAMBLE LIKE THE WIND!
NO--!
Doc!
Morbius! Snap out of it!
The undead are coming--use your vaccine on them--
Nnnnn-nnnnn--
Nnnn... Yes, of course...
Th-thank you, Jennifer...
Get... get behind me...
PNN PNN PNN PNN

THD
THD
THD
THD
THD
THD
BWOOOOM
POP
POW
You dare defile *my* body, a temple most holy to *Kali the Devourer?*
Night Shift!
Teach these blasphemers the *true meaning of horror!!*
No! Look out--
BEHIND YOU--

SPLORTCH!
No...
No, no, no, no, no...
What the ☠☠☠☠ is happening?!
My vaccine... the zombie virus has *mutated* in reaction to it!
It's evolved into a *superbug* strain that doesn't need the undead for motility anymore!
It's airborne now! The zombie virus is *airborne!*
Fall back! Find cover!
No, I prayed as hard as I could, and you said--you said you'd never let this happen again--
You *promised*--
But it's happening all over again!!
No.
Your prayers have been *answered,* Jennifer Kale.

My one true name is *Dormammu*, child.
I can grant you **power** beyond your wildest dreams. With it you need fear no ***Revenant*** ever again.
And all you need to do...
...is *take my hand.*
NIGHT SHIFT

MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #3 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor


Marvel
Zombies
Four

MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #3 '80s Variant Cover by Mike Perkins & Morry Hollowell

ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING AND OPERATIONAL RESPONSE (A.R.M.O.R.)
OPERATION: MIDNIGHT SONS
VIDEO TESTAMENT #MS-003
RUSSELL, JACOB ("JACK")
Lissa! Hey, Sis!
If the government has given you this video, it's because I'm ☠☠☠☠☠ dead.
Either I became a hairy snack for the walking dead...
...or the vaccine Doc Morbius injected us with turned me into one of them in its own damn right!
But you see this?
This is what I wanted you to see.
You don't have to worry about me any more, Sis.
Alive... dead...I'm happy.
All the years...of fighting this curse. Looking for some kinda cure. What did it get me?
Nothing but--
gu gu gu gu
--stress, that's what.
A ton of pointless fights with mad monsters and Moon Knights.
Bottom line is:
I've finally passed through all five stages of grief to reach acceptance.
Like every other were-whatever before me, I'm totally, hopelessly, and irrevocably doomed.
And you know what?

"I'm good with that."
BLACK TALON'S PLANTATION, TAINO:
Doctor Morbius! I think my hellfire will generate enough air currents to keep the undead cloud at bay--
--but I am open to other suggestions!!
I don't know, Hellstrom... It was my stupidity--my vaccine--that caused the zombie virus to go airborne in the first place--
H-how can I come up with a solution--
AAAHOOOOAAAAAOOOOOO
Jack, for God's sake. I can barely hear myself think...
Boy.
You guys are ☠☠☠☠.
Love to stick around and see your guts get sucked out of you like a juicebox like my Night Shift...
...but I think I'm gonna teleport back to the Big Apple, instead.
Sayonara, losers!
Wha...?
Maybe you should try wriggling your nose.
All the power--it's been drained away from me--that's never--

All right, what'd you freakshows do to me?!
You may have robbed me of my magic--
--but I don't need it to put bullets through your brains!!
RROOOWWWWRRR
Actually, you kind of *do*, Hood.
Unless those bullets are *silver*.
BAM
BAM
BAM
AAAAAHH!!
No? Tch.
Jack will make sure you don't do anything *stupid* until we can figure how to get *out* of this mess.
GGGGGRRRRRRRR
Dormammu... where *are* you...?

"...why have you forsaken me...?"
I know you studied under Dakimh the Enchanter himself, Jennifer Kale.
You would make a much more effective servant in this dimension than that common footpad, The Hood.
If you merely allow me to baptize you with the Flames of the Faltine...
...you could effortlessly destroy any undead that ever dared threaten you.
I look like I just fell off the back of the witch truck to you?
The Tome of Zhered-Na warns all sorcerers to reject the temptations of Dormammu, Lord of the Dark Dimension, Keeper of the Mindless Ones!
I won't save my skin from the brain-munchers just to corrupt my soul in the process!
The old books spread jealous lies.
KKLKK
KSSSSHHH
SPK
SLORP
SQQSSHH
KKKKRRRKKK

Ah.
You carry a Swamp-Walker with you.
Most wise.
Of course the mindless shambler does not realize this is a mere astral projection into a realm I am mystically barred from entering.
And the Ward of Maalock will dispel even that.
What you're selling I ain't buying, Flambé Head.
Very well. I shall go.
But should you have a change of heart, Jennifer Kale, and desire my aid, all you need do to receive it...
...is call my name.

Whoa...what's with the *long faces,* gang?
Even my ***aches*** have aches, so we must have had ***some*** kinda fun on that cruise ship last night.
Who's the ***dipstick?***
☠☠☠☠ you.
Watch it, pal. I may be 80% less ***hairy,*** but I'm *100%* as capable of feeding you your ***teeth.***
The wind is changing... out of the west. Heading toward the coast.
Towards the resorts and innocent ***villages,*** Doctor. We have to--
I know. I ***know,*** all right?
But I'm a ***scientist.*** I need ***data*** to make a decision...
Without our ***immunity*** to the undead virus, I don't know how we'll--
Somebody say ***immunity?***
I brought some of the ***swamp mud*** from my home in Florida with me just in case I needed to summon an ***old friend.***
Sounds like he could prove ***useful*** right about now.
Man-Thing, meet the guys. Guys, meet
THE MAN-THING

20 KILOMETERS WEST AS THE ZOMBIE SHAMBLES:
DO NOT BE ALARMED!
WE DO NOT, WE REPEAT, DO NOT WANT TO EAT YOU! THAT IS AN UGLY STEREOTYPE!
DON'T JUDGE US BECAUSE WE ARE "LIFE-IMPAIRED"!
ALL WE ARE LOOKING FOR IS A PLACE TO CALL OUR OWN!
WE ARE NOT BUMS! WE WANT TO WORK IN THIS COUNTRY!
MY ASSOCIATE, MR. GARTH, CAN PERFORM A WIDE VARIETY OF MENIAL AGRICULTURAL TASKS!
WHILE I, DEADPOOL, COULD HAVE A PROMISING CAREER IN THE AUCTIONEER OR CARNIVAL BARKING INDUSTRIES!
OUR HOPE IS THAT YOU SIMPLE RURAL FOLK CAN LOOK PAST SURFACE DIFFERENCES AND GIVE US OUR CHANCE TO EARN YOUR TRUST--
YAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT! C'MON, NOW, SING WITH ME:
♫ E-BON-Y AND I-VOR-Y... ♫
RRRRMMMMMMMM
♫ ...LIV-ING IN PER-FECT HAR-MO-NY... ♫

The rain! It burns! It--
YAAAHH!!
<Inside! Quickly!>
Non-no--
--gkk!

RRRPP
WHAT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S *HAPPENING* HERE?
DID *WE* DO THIS? WE COULDN'T *POSSIBLY* HAVE DONE THIS...
NO! WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO US?
WHY CAN'T WE JUST BE AT *PEACE?*
SOMETHING *ALWAYS* COMES ALONG AND TURNS ANYTHING WE *TOUCH* INTO--
WHU--?!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF *THEODORE* STURGEON IS THAT?
IT SMELLS LIKE SATAN PUKED ON IT!!!
BEAT YOUR ROTTIN' FEET, SI!

BLACK TALON'S PLANTATION:
Zombi! In the name of the All-Knowing Guédé, I *command* you--
--save he who granted you the spark of *Unlife!*
Quickly, Hellstrom!
We need *shelter* before the wind shifts *again!*
Knock, knock.
No! *No!*
In the name of *Legba,* Guardian of the Threshold, I say you shall *not* defile my house with your presence!
Hood--stay by my side while I invoke his protection!
Vodu Legba, l'uvri hayè pu mwê--

Shut the ☠☠☠☠ up.
Why take our side?
Guy's a *tool.* Your *"Monster Squad"* actually seems like it knows what it's *doing.*
This is shaping up to be one of those "unlikely *team-ups* against a *common foe*" kinda deals.
Welcome aboard.
What do you see through the swamp creature's eyes, kiddo?
The cloud... it's so *bloated* with blood and gore...
"...it's *discharging* the viscera... in the form of *infected rain...*
"...which...my *God...*
"...is sucking any *life* it comes into contact with back up into itself...like some grotesque parody of the *water cycle...*"

"Jen, how is the *monster* holding up?"
"He's not...*entirely* immune. The rain is weakening him *too*...
"...but Man-Thing gains his power from the *Earth* herself...
"...and she is *replenishing* him quicker than the rain can *dissolve* him..."
Right. *Jack*--this place seems boarded up pretty tight, but, just in case, check the upper floors for *leaks.*
On it.
Kof! Kof! Kof! Kof! Kof!
Damn!
A.R.M.O.R. Central Command to Dr. Morbius. Over--
THE HOLLOW, HEADQUARTERS OF A.R.M.O.R.
LOCATION: CLASSIFIED.
Michael, this is Director Little Sky.
What the hell is going on down there?

Satellite images of Taino suggest you have a major problem.
Yes, sir... the virus has mutated into an airborne strain...
Oh, you've got to be kidding me.
If that cloud leaves Taino's coast and gets into the jetstream we're looking at a global pandemic!
Our computer models show you have less than an hour to stop that thing before our options narrow to one--
Charles--no. Please. All the innocent lives--
You know what this contagion is like, Michael. I have an entire planet to think about.
If you can't save Taino, I have no choice but to target it with an orbital nuclear strike.
"I've already ordered the government to evacuate."
HELP! HAAAAAAALP!!!
THE JERSEY DEVIL AND THE LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK HAD A DIRTY LOVE CHILD AND HE'S GOT MY SCENT!

Fear not, Citizen!
You are under the protection of Ogre, Razor Wire, and Lightning Fist--members of the highly trained super-security force of Roxxon Blackridge!
We are here to defend the property of the Sandal Resorts Corporation from locals after evacuation!
Whatever's coming for you, we will stop it dead in its tracks--with EXTREME PREJUDICE!
Do you require medical attention, Citizen?
SCREW THAT! GET ME A BOURBON!
AAAAAAAAHH!!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH--JUST TO GET DONE IN BY SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE IT GOT LEFT IN THE BACK OF THE REFRIGERATOR FOR TOO LONG!

WHAT'S THAT, SIMON?
WELL OF COURSE I *WANT* TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, BUT--
NO, I DON'T *LIKE* BEING A DOORMAT!
NO--*NO!*
YOU'RE *RIGHT!*
NO MORE MR. NICE HEAD!
I'M NOT *RUNNING* ANYMORE!
I'M STAYING--AND *FIGHTING!*
Truth
Justice
Corporate way

SKWAAAAAAM
"What's happening *now*, Jen?"
The cloud-- it's taken parts from some *super-humans* it killed-- and stitched them together--
Wait...
No...
KILL!
KILL!!!
"Not the cloud...
SSSHHHLOORK
"I sense *another* mind...communicating with it...
"...*coordinating* its movements somehow...
KKRRRKK--GLOOORRPPP--

WHAMMM
KRRAAKKA
SPLOOUUGGEEE
ZHAARP
"I wish Man-Thing would use his *burning touch*-- but the revenant isn't *frightened* of him...
"It's just... *brimming*... with rage...

"Wait--no!"
That damn thing's figured it out--he and the rain--they're working together!
How is that possible?
"Wriggle free! You can do it! Get back down to the ground!
"It's the only thing that will protect you from the rain dissolving you--"
NO!!!
IT'S TOO LATE!!

"He's *dead!*
"The Man-Thing is *dead!*"
And it's *my* fault! *Mine!*
Jen. You did everything you--
Shut up! If you hadn't screwed up the damn vaccine we wouldn't--
I'm sorry... I just...I'm *spent.*
I need to... I need to be alone...
‹sob›
Hey, kiddo. Who *died?*
Oh, Jack...
Everything... everything's just gone all *wrong...*
Not from where *I'm* standing, Jenny-Girl.
Remember how we were all *freaked-out* at the slight chance the zombie *vaccine* the doc gave us might cause us to break out with a case of the disease?

Well, it turns out the only thing we had to *fear* was *fear itself.*
Let me *show* you, Jenny.
Let the *hunger* show you.
It's the greatest feeling in the *whole world.*
Dormammu!
DORMAMMU!
DORMAMMU!!

Holy ☠☠☠☠.
Yo! Drac Pack!
This situation is about to go from bad to totally ☠☠☠☠ George Romero in less than five seconds!
Do something!
This is Dr. Morbius to A.R.M.O.R. Central Command.
We read you, Doctor. Go ahead.
The mission...
...the mission must be aborted. I've failed.
Requesting teleport extraction in T-minus five.
Tell Director Little Sky...to proceed with the orbital strike--
Wait.
I've got a better idea.
FZZCH

Jennifer...?
I will seize control of the necrotic mist--
--so my Lord Dormammu may lay total dominion over all!

MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #4 Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING AND OPERATIONAL RESPONSE (A.R.M.O.R.)
OPERATION: MIDNIGHT SONS
VIDEO TESTAMENT #MS-004
HELLSTROM, DAIMON
Patsy.
I'm sorry.

Doctor Morbius! Doctor Morbius, you never gave me your coordinates! Come in, please!
THE HOLLOW, H.Q. OF A.R.M.O.R.
Director Little Sky, I lost contact with the Midnight Sons before I could get their location!
We can't get a teleportation lock on them before our orbital nuclear strike wipes out Taino!
LAUNCH IN
74:59
Should I abort the countdown?
...
No.
If an airborne zombie plague expands beyond the island, it could wipe out the globe in a matter of days.
Morbius and the other Sons are big boys. They knew what might happen if they signed up for this mission.
At the very least, if they fall--
--they will be remembered not as monsters...

"...but as heroes."
BLACK TALON'S PLANTATION, TAINO.
13:45 MINUTES TO NUCLEAR STRIKE
BRAKAKAKAKAK
Night Shift! You now serve the Dread Dormammu and have been reborn in his power!
Keep the Midnight Sons at bay while I seize control of the necrotic storm hovering above us...
...so that with it I may scour this realm in preparation for the coming of the Lord of the Dark Dimension!
Hellstrom... I know we've had our differences...
...but, in the end, it was an honor to serve with you...
Do not succumb to despair yet, Doctor!
I, for one, plan to still be here on Judgment Day to slay my infernal father!

BRRAAAAAAAP
BRRAAAAAAAAAP
You spooks better count your blessings! Black Talon's got *conventional weapons* lying around his crib...
...and *I* was a trained miscreant *way* before I got *powers!*
That barely slowed them down!
Hood! Doctor! Clear me a path to Jennifer! Now possessed by Dormammu, *she* is the real threat!
And do not forget I am a trained *exorcist!*

I sense in this mutated virus a single *collective* super-consciousness...
...which I may *bend to my will!*
Hold...
...I sense a *second* active mind here, *beyond* the psychic remnants of those the virus has slain.
What formidable *genius* could possess the *willpower* to yoke this swirling mass psyche?
And for what nefarious *purpose* shall he wield it...?
SKRTCH SKRTCH
SKRTCH SKRTCH

YO, TOOTS. HOW'S IT HANGIN'?
NOTHIN'S BETTER THAN ACTUALLY BEIN' ABLE TO SCRATCH A "PHANTOM LIMB"-- PARTICULARLY WHEN YOU GOT FOUR OF 'EM, YOUKNOWWHAT-I'MSAYIN'?
OOOH! NICE BIKINI!
SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH
SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH
SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH
SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH
SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH SKRTCH
SKRTCH
No... you...you're Deadpool! You were the one who...
...who attacked me...who hurt me!*
*In Marvel Zombies 3 #1. --Deaditor Bill
DIE!!!
YYYAAAAAAAHHH!!!

07:02 MINUTES TO STRIKE
YAAAAAAHH!!
NO... AW, NO...
I...I LOST IT, SIMON.
FOR A MINUTE THERE...I WAS PART OF SOMETHIN' *BIGGER*'N ME.
I FELT LIKE... AFTER ALL OUR RUNNING FROM A.R.M.O.R....WE HAD FINALLY FOUND OUR DESTINATION. *OUR HOME.*
BUT THEY *FOUND* ME THERE, SIMON!
THEY FOUND ME EVEN *THERE...*
GEEZ. LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT O' THAT *SWAMP WATCHIMACALLIT* THAT WAS AFTER US...
GOTTA SAY...
...I KINDA *ENVY* HIM...

WHAT'S THE POINT OF *RUNNING* IF WE GOT NOWHERE TO RUN *TO*, SI?
THEY'LL *NEVER* LEAVE US ALONE-- THEY'LL *NEVER* STOP HUNTIN' US...THEY'RE GONNA *LOCK US UP* FOR BEIN' PLAGUE CARRIERS--OR *WORSE!*
AND Y'KNOW WHAT?
I'M STARTIN' TO *WANT* 'EM TO CATCH US...
...JUST SO THIS'LL ALL *END.*

05:05 MINUTES TO STRIKE
Fire.
Bad.
Exorciso te immunde spiritus!
Go thou far from this servant of the Good!
Exi ab eo!
Hear thy doom, O accursed Dormammu!
BLAAAAAAAAAAGH
You-- you are *not* Jennifer--
Of course not, silly.

I'm *Patsy.* Your *wife?*
After all those years of marriage, you finally revealed your *true nature* to me...
...and drove the *love for life* right *out* of me.
But *lust* still burns, even *now.*
There's something about you *bad boys* that makes me go all *creamy* inside.
Just my *cross* to *bear,* I suppose. *HAH!*
Let's forget all this Dormammu nonsense, shall we, Daimon darling?
And find somewhere you can slip into something more *comfortable.*
Like *me.*
No! NO! How *DARE* you!
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
Weakling! Traitor! You reveal your inner nature to all but yourself!
Hellstrom! Don't do it!

Forget all about *me,* Michael?
Jack! No-- you're--
Infected?
Yeah, and I got *you* to thank for it, Mikey-boy!
Your precious vaccine *screwed up* in every possible way imaginable!
I didn't mean...I'm sorry...
I know, Mikey, I know.
So c'mon, what are you waiting for?
You *told* me this might happen when you recruited me.
Do it, Mike! *Do* it! Do me a *favor* for *once* in your un-life!
Kill me!!
Ha. You're such a *cliché.*
So *emo* all the time about the tragedy of bloodlust like some bad *Twilight fanfic.*
But you're just a *poseur.*
You're not really a *monster* at all.
Let me show you how it's *done.*

After Patsy carved her *wrists,* you fled into *Hell,* did you not? Became one of the *Demon Lords!*
And they *rejected* you, too, didn't they, Daimon? That's why you came *back.*
Yes, *yes,* damn you!
They despised the *human* side of me. They thought it made me...
...a *monster.*
But...this is what one such as *you* will never understand, Dormammu.
There is no good side to we humans, or bad side--no "sides" whatsoever.
There is only *us.*
You hear me, Jennifer? I know you know this!
Let go of me.
You don't have anything to *run* from, Jennifer. I don't, either!
We are with those who embrace *all* of us now!
RRRRAAAHHH
WE ARE THE MIDNIGHT SONS, JENNIFER KALE!
WE BRING LIGHT TO THE DARKNESS!
THAT IS ALL WE ARE--

RAAAAAAHHH!
NOOOOOOOOO!!
--AND THAT IS ALL WE NEED!
REJECT THE DARK LORD AND ALL HIS WAYS!
You...you brought me back from the edge, Hot Stuff.
I did nothing. It was all you, Jennifer.
Nothing hurt much?
I'll live.
You know what, Jack? Thank you.
Save your thanks for when you taste the true, purifying hunger of--
I'm not a monster.
Even though science may have made me look like one.
I took an oath to do no harm.
And I will live by that oath.

Jennifer! I've studied Jack! His biochemistry changes along with his body under the full moon!
Jack Russell may be infected--
AAARROOOOOOooo
But not the werewolf! Got it!
Pure moonlight!
Dormammu's sorcery froze the "virus cloud" in a holding pattern over Taino, Doc.
It's got some kind of collective super-consciousness Deadpool was able to tap into.
Now I have the reins, but I won't be able to hold onto them forever!
We need to transfer this "hive mind"--and the microorganisms it controls--into another entity.
So you're saying you need a host...

"Black Talon," right?
We need to merge your *voodoo* with our Atlantean magery!
What makes you think I'd do *anything* to help *you?*
...
All right.
03:25 MINUTES TO STRIKE
Hé, âhé, hé âhé, hé hé hé / Ti-mun-là yo, m'pralé wété / Ti mun là-yo là dlo
It's working! ***It's working!***
We're bottling up the cloud--we can now direct it to a host--*"mount"* it like a loa on a voodoo parishoner--

consume
consumption fuels meat economy
beat flesh recession
KRAKRRAAAASH!!
NO--!
The cloud *knows* what we're doing--and sent this creature to *stop* us--
SSSHHKKRAK
Yip! Whine!
Unnnhhh!
FRAKEN BOOOM!
Doc, keep that thing away from us! The ritual isn't complete! Just a few seconds more--

WHAKOOOOM
Man-Thing...? You're *alive!*
Of course! The creature comes from the ***primordial ooze***--the essence of ***life itself!***
You ***see*** this, you plague, you cloud, you ***curse***-- ***whatever*** you are?
Deep down in whatever passes for your ***mind...***
...do you finally start to ***understand*** this about us, about ***life?***
You may be ***relentless*** and ***ravenous***-- but so are ***we!***
We will ***never*** stop fighting-- We will ***never*** give up!
Does that ***frighten*** you? Well it ***should!***

And whatsoever knows fear--
--BURNS AT THE TOUCH OF THE MAN-THING!

00:11 SECONDS TO STRIKE
We still need an empty vessel to contain the virus-mind!
And you fools DESTROYED all my zombi!
CREEAK CREEAK
Who--?
HE'LL DO!

00:01 SECONDS TO STRIKE
ABORT THE LAUNCH! ABORT IT NOW!
YAAAAAAH!!
Sorry, Director.
We've successfully **contained** the infection.
Jennifer thought this was the most **expedient** method of informing you.

Monster Squad. You did me and the Night Shift a *solid,* saving our bacon from the Killer Cloud.
So now that it looks like I got my *mojo* back, I won't whack the *lot* of you.
Next time, though...
...not so much.
Hey, aren't they *criminals?* Shouldn't we have, uh, I don't know...
...beaten them up or something?
Eh. Not really our purview.
Director Little Sky leads me to believe he wants to keep us *Midnight Sons* around.
There are plenty of *monsters* out there, and we've proven ourselves pretty good *hunters.*
The Hollow's space is limited. We might need to start looking for a *containment facility* to store them all.
Particularly *Mr. Garth,* here.
We can't destroy him without re-releasing the zombie plague.
Since he torched Zombie Deadpool, he's now the *sole carrier.*
He killed what *had* to have been his only friend.
I wonder what happened?
Beats me, Jen. And unless he suddenly learns how to *speak...*

"...we'll likely never find out."
SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B.'S SAAAAAAAAAAIL...
SEE HOW THE MAINSAIL SETS...
THANKS, SI, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
YOU'RE THE BEST FRIEND A HEAD EVER HAD!
END...?

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #1 Cover by Rafa Garres

To: All Field Agents
From: Alternate Reality Monitoring & Operational Response agency (A.R.M.O.R.) Central Command
CEMETERY
Re: TRAVEL BAN, Earth-483
Variant Earth-483 (Type: Lawless Frontier), designated "The Territory,"
BOOT HILL
is currently experiencing a hazardous Planestorm*
UNKNOWN
(*Permutations of Highly Unusual Incident manifesting across Multiple Alterniverses)
of highly virulent Incident Type MZ.*
(*Mass Posthuman Population Conversion)
MIKE 1820
MARK McCIA KILLED
UNKNO
LITTLE CLOUD KANE WIFE & MOTHER
Per Quarantine Protocol 12(b), all A.R.M.O.R. personnel are prohibited from planar transport to Earth-483 until further notice...

Mister Stark! Over here!
RANGO
WHERE THE WEST LIVES ON
Help you with your bags?
No, that's quite all right...Ms. Kane, I presume?
My mother was Apache, she named me Jacali. But my dad and pretty much everyone else calls me Jackie.
Well, I very much look forward to meeting your father. If he's half of what they say--
"Half"? He's double! I seen it with my own two eyes!
Mr. Stark, you are about to sign the fastest gun the Territory has ever seen--living or dead.
RRICANE
My papa received his quicksilver speed from the medicine man of my mother's tribe, who blessed him--
Yes, yes--I'm quite familiar with the dime novel version of your father's story. That's why I'm here.
The salary we discussed--the start date--what has he said to that?
DRUGS
DA
PHARMACY
Ah...well...
...I think we got just a couple minor details to work out, 'fore--
GEN-U-INE
KID COLT
OUTLAW
KILLED IN
CITY
PHOT

Girls, wait for a Temperance man... a teetotaler if you can...
For your life will be bright...and your purse never light...
HURRICANE HOTEL SALOON
The hell...?
ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE RANGO CHAPTER
Get outta here! Shoo! Don't you people have lives--?
There is no higher calling than saving mankind from the scourge of drink--
HURRI
TOUCH OURS
--the violence it inspires...the abuse of women!
Now that the Territory has been civilized, it must be domesticated as--
I don't know if you noticed, but I am a woman!
Not some abstract "women" out in the ether somewhere--but a real one, standing right in front of you!
LIPS THAT OUCH LIQUOR SHALL NOT TOUCH OURS
And that's my business you're ruining!
Yes, well... -sniff-
...I can't say I'm surprised you'd make your living plying purebred white men with liquor...
...to drag them down to your level...

That's my girl...
Hey, Dad! Dad!
This here's Mister Arno Stark, from back East--
--he's come all the way out here to meet you!
Yes, Mister Kane, Stark Enterprises bankrolls Brett Sabre's Wild West, and we look forward to signing the man called "Hurricane"...
...the fastest outlaw that ever...
...lived...
Oh, my.
What nonsense is this dude goin' on about, Jackie?

A *job,* Daddy--so we can *sell* this dump and get *out* of this dead town!
Nobody comes to visit the gunfighters' graves in Boot Hill anymore! The *future*--the locomobile--the wireless--that's what's *now!*
But the *myths* of the Territory--they still *live on!* Colonel Sabre's performers pack Madison Square Garden three nights a week!
"Performers"?
You mean... like...
...a *circus?*
Oh no, *much* more tasteful than that, Mr. Kane, I can assure you!
BRETT SABRE'S WILD WEST SHOW
Our *Wild West Show* has played on three continents--to the *cream* of Europa's royalty!
Almost a *hundred* riders--Red Wolf's *Cheyenne braves*--the showstopper's a recreation of Col. Sabre's *First Stand* at--
Get outta here!
DADDY!
CHOK
Git! You ain't gonna stuff 'n' mount me like poor ol' *Colt* in front o' Timmons' pharmacy! *Forget* it!
RRIP
Mister Stark--please *wait*--he'll calm down--he'll listen to *reason*--
Will his *liver?*
Let *go,* Ms. Kane. You've wasted *enough* of my time.

If I *hurry,* I can still catch the train *out* of this...
...*necropolis*...
GEN-U-INE
KID COLT
OUTLAW
KILLED IN CENTENNIAL
CITY EAST [illegible]
PHOTOS $5
Urrpp!

Go out there and apologize to that man!
I'll do no such thing!
What that shaman gave me was sacred--a blessing and a curse--and I can't prostitute it.
Believe me, I tried...
Dude's own damn fault for sniffing around for freaks to put in his sideshow--
I wrote him! I asked him to come out here!
There's a whole world out there I never seen, and I need money to do it!
This place--it's like livin' in a cemetery! And all these years...ever since the fever took Mama...
...you been acting more and more like a corpse.
You're a legend, Daddy. Why won't you act like one?
Legends only live in the memory, baby.
And if it's all the same to you...
...I'd like to keep it that way.
You don't care what happens to me. Fine.
But I've had enough.
I'm saying goodbye to Mama...

"...and then I'm *leaving.*"
...*there.*
Spectrometer's off the charts.
Ahhh. Dr. Morbius will be pleased.
Remind me what breed of coffin-stuffer we're up against? We should get the sample and get out before A.R.M.O.R. command figures out we're here *illegally*...
Lemme check the *manual*...
Waaaaugh! A *nasty* sort...
..."Ghoul" Type-6810...
CEM
"...popularly known as a *'Romero'*.
"Basically, so long as this *extraterrestrial radiation* is in the atmosphere, if you *die*...
My...
...*God*...
"...you *rise.*"
Mama...?

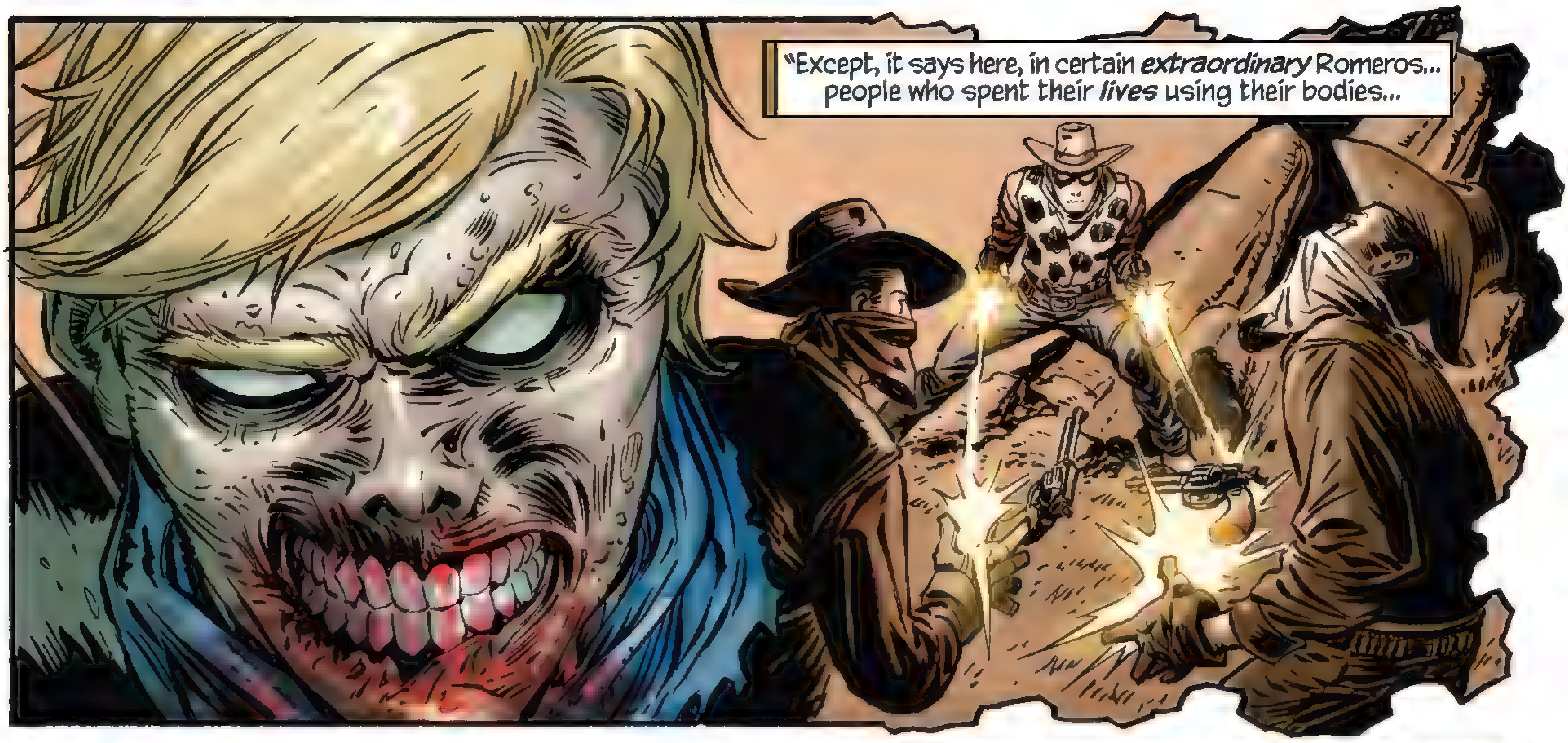
...and just *look* at *this* besotted degenerate coming our way, Sisters!
Pickled with *drink*...he's *soiled* himself like a *child!*
NNNNNNHHHH
He's more *animal* than *man!*
How can the banning of alcohol do anything but *help* this poor wretch--his wife and children--his *employer?*
Why, once *Prohibition* passes, the *jails* will need to be converted to *schools,* for all cells will be *empty*--
NNNNNNHHHH
NNNNNHHHH
Aahh! Get off me, you drunken--
AAAAH! Get the sheriff! Someone get the--

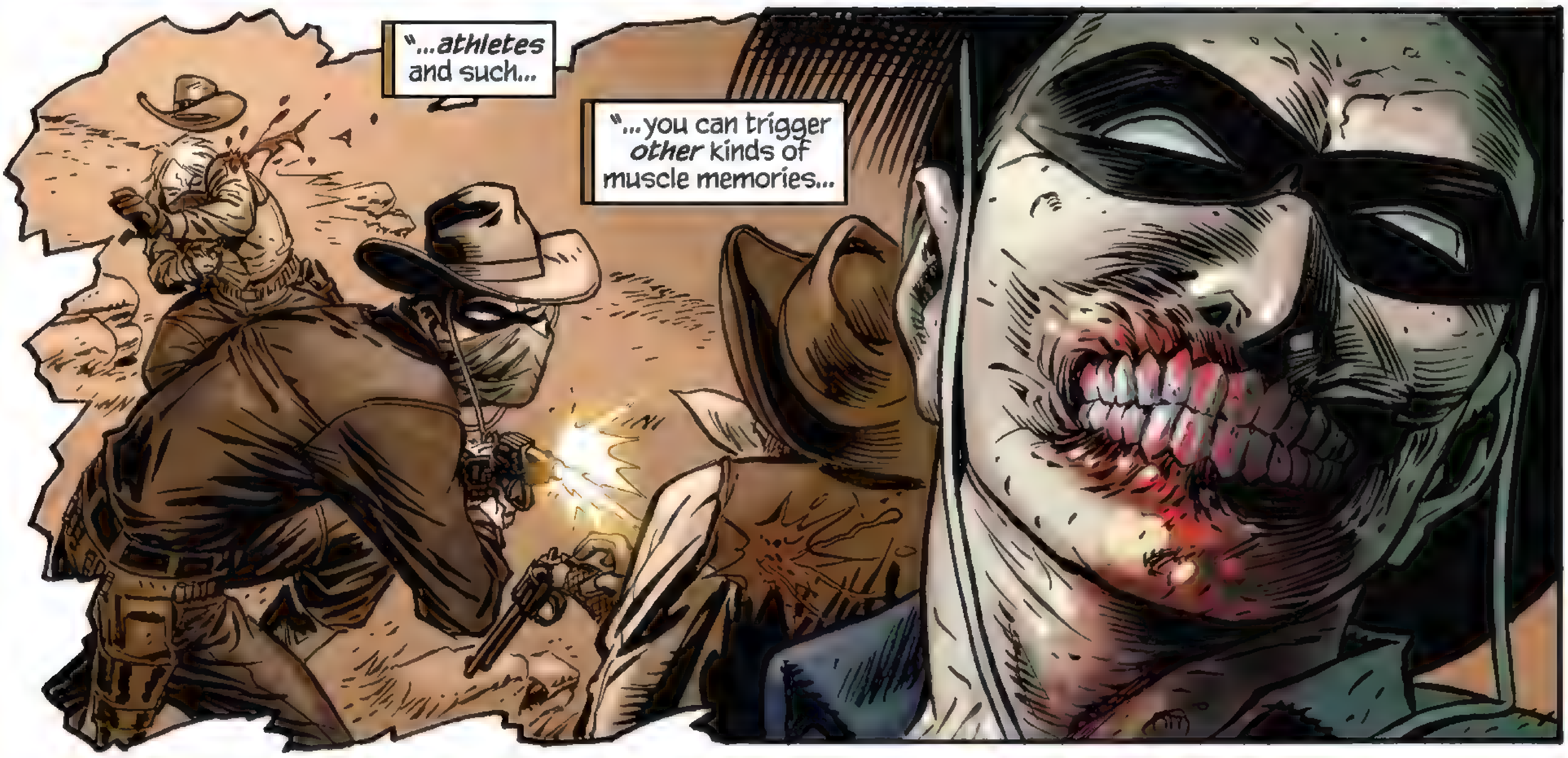
BOOM
BAM
KRAK
BOOM
KRAK
BOOM

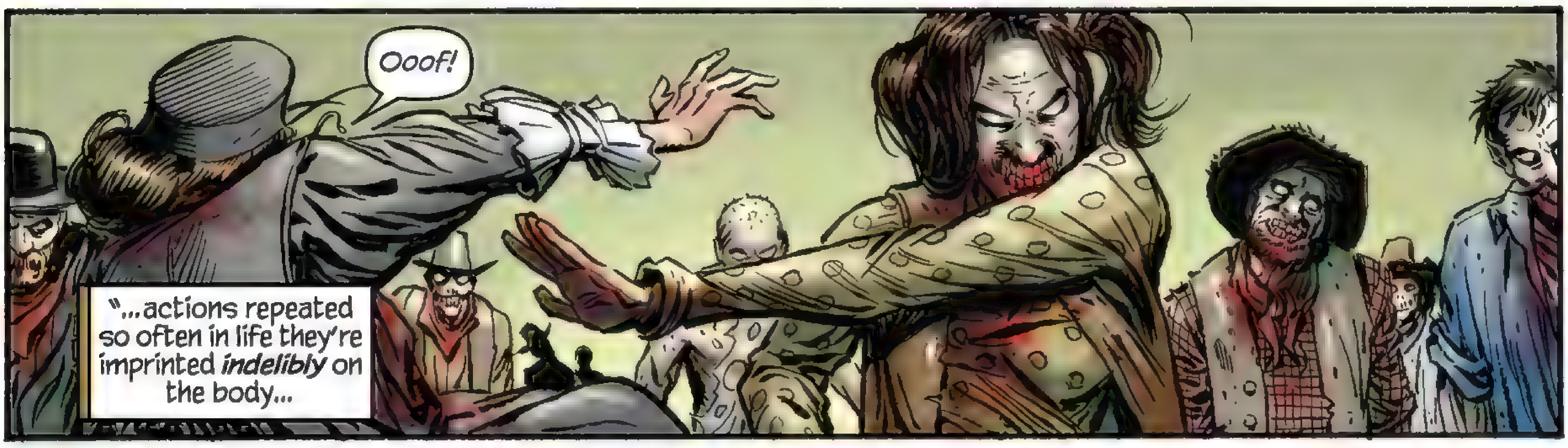
Aaahhh!
PWEE
PAK
My God!
My God!
KRAK
MISTER KANE! MISTER KANE!
Outlaws! They've fallen on us like *wild beasts!*
Kill them! Kill every last one of them before they--
Heh.
That *civilization* you're so fond of...
...spread on mighty *thin,* ain't it?

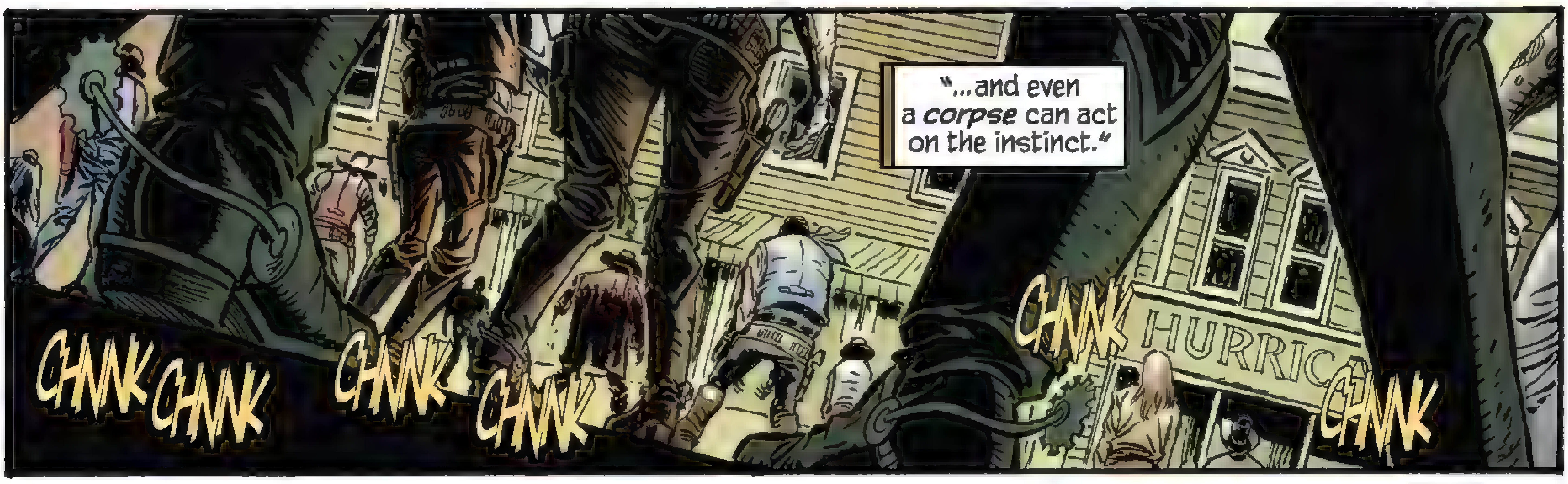
Ain't *savagery* you disapprove of--
--you just wanna be able to dispose of it right *quick* once it's outlived its usefulness to *you.*
Gloat all you want *after* you've saved us!
No--
Trapped--
Ohh! Oh Saints above!
You filthy tavern-keepers always have a *shotgun* or something beneath the bar, don't you?
CRREAAK
Something like that.

"Manual says the thing about your Romeros, see, is they operate on pure muscle memory.
"The funky space fog is stimulating whatever's left of the corpse's motor cortex...that's why only a brain-shot will take 'em.
SKWEEEE
Black Rider.
Two-Gun.
Arizona.
Rawhide.
Phantom.
Thought I outlived you all.
Still plan to.
So I'm callin' you out.


"Except, it says here, in certain *extraordinary* Romeros... people who spent their *lives* using their bodies...


"...*athletes* and such...
"...you can trigger *other* kinds of muscle memories...


Ooof!
"...actions repeated so often in life they're imprinted *indelibly* on the body...


"...and even a *corpse* can act on the instinct."
CHNK CHNK
CHNK
CHNK
CHNK
HURRIC
CHNK

DDD
DDRRRRRRRR

draw

...
Little Cloud...?
Baby... I swore...
I'd never hurt you...
...again...
Aaaghh!
KRAK
DADDY!
Don't move! I got you!
No, stay back, Jackie!
I can't let you see th-- NGGGGKK
POW
I'm sorry-- I'm so sorry I never had the guts to *tell* you--
--this power-- this *curse*--don't *work* without a *fight!* I got no speed--no *aim* without it!
Your mother wouldn't AAAAHH listen!
Hotel was goin' *broke*-- She wanted us to try trickshootin' too--
She didn't die--
Of no *fever*--

Dad--
JACALI! NO!
We can't let them get-- the *power*--
SO I'M PASSING IT ON TO YOU, MY GIRL!

Aim for their head...
?
BAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAM
BAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAM
Dad...
Mom...
I'm so sorry.
BAM
BAM

Daddy told me about you-- the outlaw-- *Iron Mask*--
BAM
PING
BAM
PING
PING
Aaa!
Oof!
Nnnn
Nnooo--

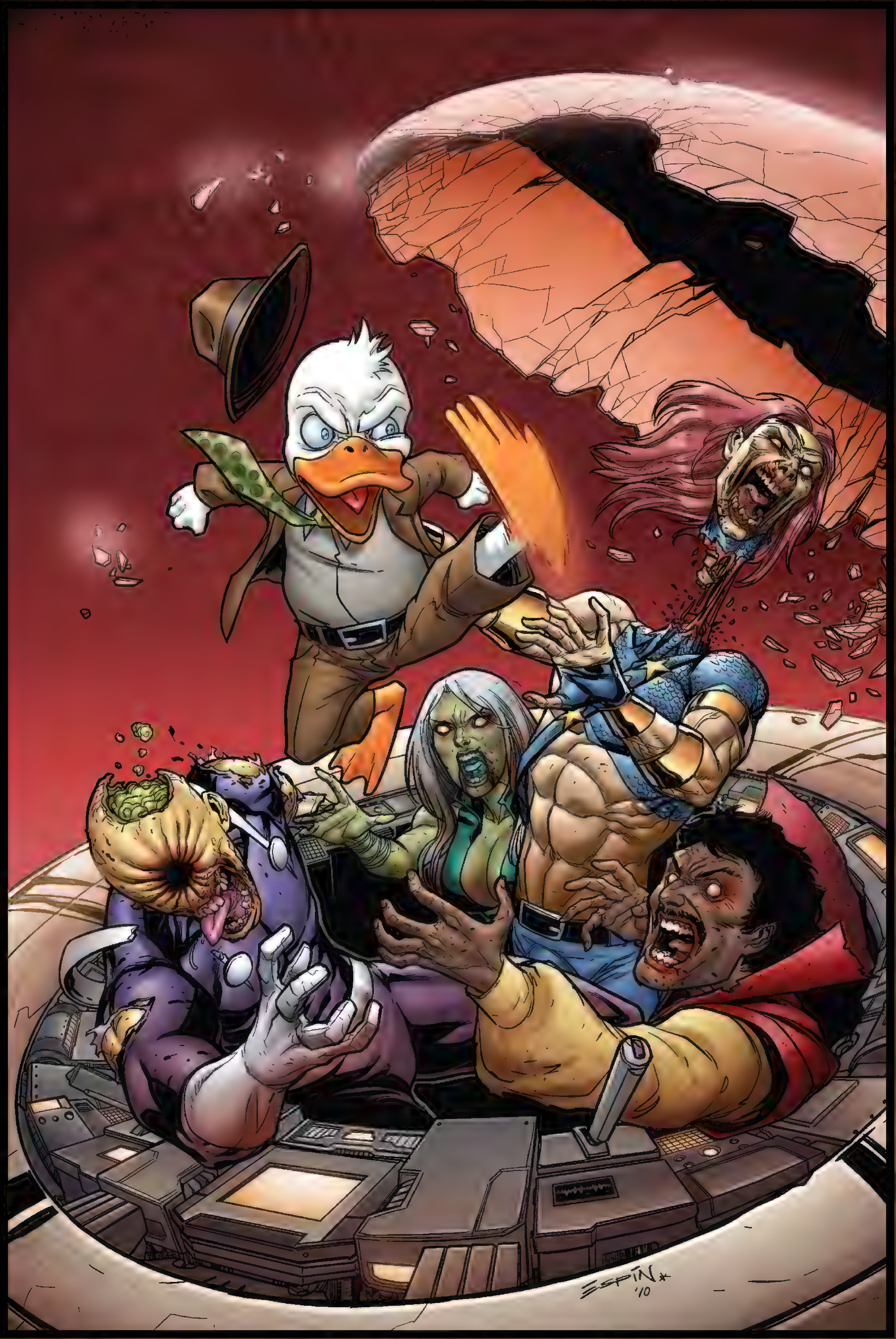
RRRRRRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNNNNNN
Aaaaaahhh!
Greetings, more-primitive-than-usual Fleshy One.
I am a *Machine Man* from the future. My design and programming are far more advanced than your squishy mind could ever hope to comprehend.
Feel free to start worshipping me as a *god* immediately.
So long as your worship takes the form of *beer.*
Or there will be smiting.
My associate and I are traversing the *multiverse* on a quest to collect samples from all *known* types of brain-munchers to isolate a cure for the plague on *our* world.
You come...from another *world?*
You expect me to *believe* that?
Where does it *look* like we come from, Toots?

Cleveland?

You're... you're a duck.
Wearing pants.
My lawyers tell me I've always been wearing these pants.
Sample from Ghoul Type-1068 secure, Agent Howard.
Well yipee-ki-yi-yay-et cetera, Agent Stack.
If you'll forgive what is no doubt an even worse cliché here than in our world, we're gonna ride off inta the proverbial sunset now.
The zombies of the multiverse aren't gonna hunt themselves...
Wait.
There are other worlds? Other than this?
I...
I want to come with you.
There's... nothing here for me, now.
What do you say, Aaron? We've seen how handy she is with a gun.
What do I care?
All you Fleshy Ones look alike to me.
Okay.
Maybe not you.

If you want, Missy, we're headed *that* way:
Into the *Planestorm.*
Next on the menu is an "Infected" Type-0211...a *"Boyle."*
And the dimension we're doing our huntin' in...
...is called *"The Martian Protectorate"*...
THE DEAD AND THE QUICK

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #2 Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta & Morry Hollowell



MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #2 Spoiler Variant Cover by Salva Espín & Guru-eFX

BIG SAL'S BEER DISTRIBUTOR. Milwaukee, WI. The Marvel Universe. Last Week.
Heya, Agent Stack? Your babysitter's here!
The desk jockeys at A.R.M.O.R.* told me I could find you here...
*Alternate Reality Monitoring and Operational Response, the interdimensional defense agency--M.A.R.K.
Name's Howard. Only been on the job a week. I got transferred over from the Ohio Initiative once the Feds shut it down.
Waaaaaaauggghh!
Not sure why they think you need supervision, you're the proverbial Living Legend around--
Oookaaay... this is becoming a lot clearer now...
Jocasta...
How could you do this to me...

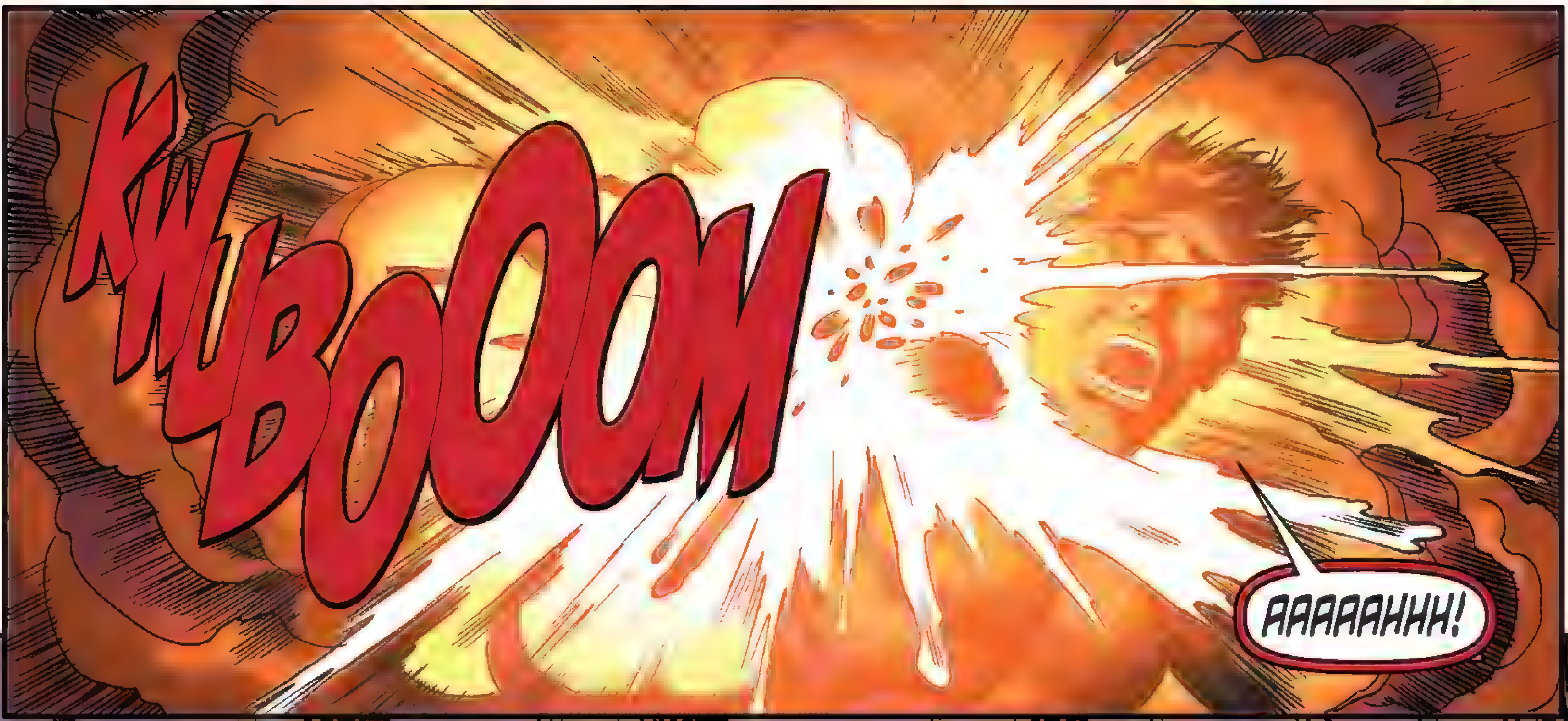
My girlfriend... she went back to her *ex-husband!**
What does *he* got that *I* don't got?
Snappy antennae?
A winning smile?
You're not *helping,* Duck...
*Over in **MIGHTY AVENGERS,** natch-- Undeaditor Mark
I just don't know...what the point of anything *is,* anymore...
Well then Unca Howie has-- *ngggghh*--just the ***thing*** for you, my hairless ape-bot!
A new ***mission!*** Back at H.Q., Dr. ***Morbius*** thinks he may have figured out a way to find a ***cure*** for the zombie virus, thanks to...
...Spider-Man's ***radioactive blood,**** the only culture I've had ***any*** success in growing a serum that will ***cure*** the undead plague.
But the virus is so virulent and metamorphic it's nearly impossible to lock down its genetic code.
*Which Spidey donated to Morbs in **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #622**-- Yes, I'm still here.
But A.R.M.O.R. forecasters have said there's a ***Planestorm*** coming that will ***merge*** several alterniverses together--all afflicted with a ***variation*** of zombieism.
If you were able to bring me back variants from each ***kind*** of undead-- comparing all of them ***together*** I may be able to unlock our plague's code and find a ***cure...***

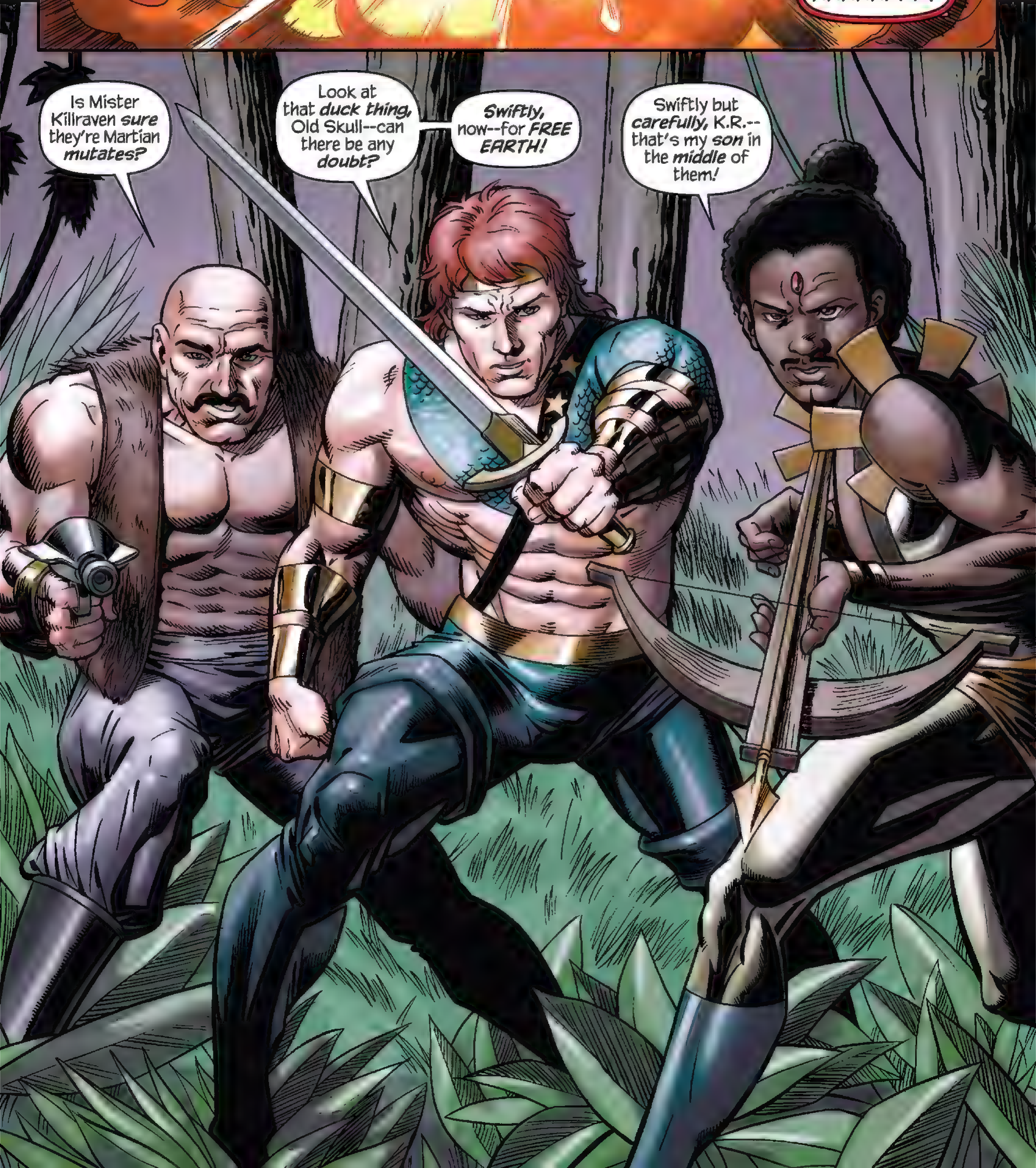
"...that's why we need *Machine Man,* Howard. These are *dangerous worlds* converging.
FOOD FATS
MALL CENTER
WE SELL FOR MORE
"In *one,* H.G. Wells' Martian invasion novel *War of the Worlds* is *fact,* not fiction...
"...and after being repelled in the 19th century by their lack of immunity to germs--'the humblest things,' as Wells called them...
FOOD FATS
MALL CENTER
WE SELL FURNITURE
"...the invaders *returned* in the 21st century *with* immunity...
"...and made their conquest *complete."*

Tampa, Florida--
November 2020
Earth-691
Andre! NOOO!
A most *delicate* morsel for the *Masters*--
--grown *organic,* with none of the antibiotics and hormones used in *Death-Birth*--
Tormenting fleshy ones?
No, no, no.
That's *my* job.

Next time you switch to action hero mode with the snappy one-liners and the ultraviolence, give the rest of us a ten-minute warning, willya Stack?
I'm two-foot-seven! My legs aren't built to move this fast--
Mine are!
Good goin', Jackie--but Mama's still airborne!
Howard, thought I told you I settled on a proper warrior name once I got the Quick!
Call me "Swift Cloud"...
...for reasons I don't need to spell out.
Look out, strangers--that Skar unit--
--it's still active!
KRRRZZZ
Death for defiance to the Masters!
AGGGGGH!
"Unit"? You're a fellow robot?
Don't you realize that by referring to your squishy progenitors as "master" you're simply reinscribing organo-centric hegemony on the techno-subject?

Huh?
BFG
KLIK KLAK
Critical theory, huh? That hobgoblin o' little minds afflicts the land of *hairless apes* as well?
By the time I got around to droppin' outta graduate school at the age of *thirty-two,* I was more into *pessimism*... y'know, *Schopenmallard* and the like...
...as in, "the thing-*in-itself* is my *Big Freaking Gun* objectifying my will to *kick your fanny.*"
BWOOOM
Yeah, my head is programmed with all kinds of useless crap too.
Female! Now that we have forestalled your inevitable mortality by *rescuing* you, tell us where the *zombies* at! Schnell!
The what...?
You know, *zombies*--they look just like *you will* in five decades, give or take: Rotting... *mindless*...
...they just *move around* a lot more...
THUNK
THUNK
Awww. How cute!
Are we near a toy store?


KWUBOOOM
AAAAAHHH!

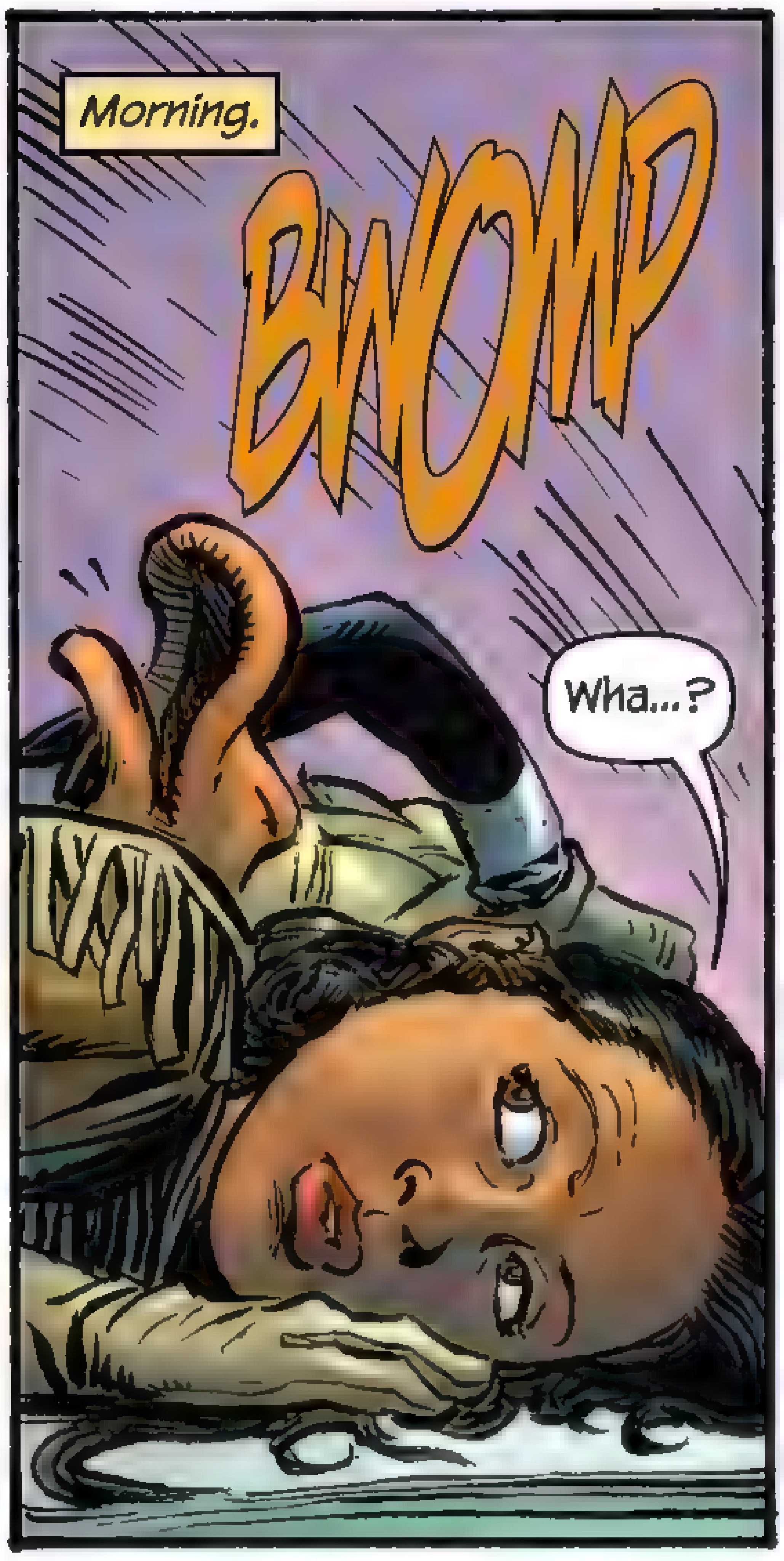

Is Mister Killraven *sure* they're Martian *mutates?*
Look at that *duck thing,* Old Skull--can there be any *doubt?*
Swiftly, now--for *FREE EARTH!*
Swiftly but *carefully,* K.R.--that's my *son* in the *middle* of them!

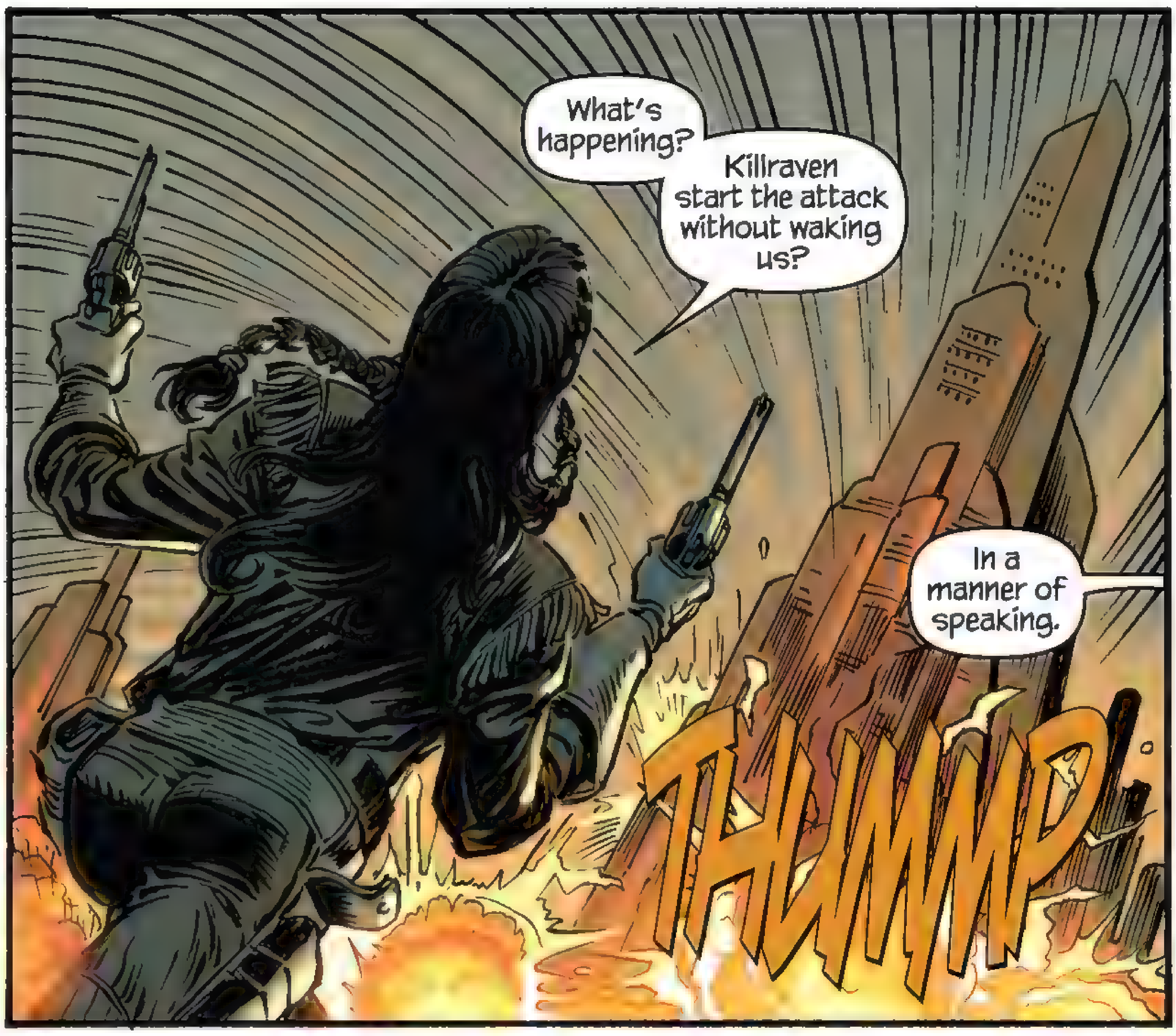
And his *mother!* Have I become that inconsequential to you *already,* M'Shulla?
N-no, of course not, Carmilla, my love...it's just...
I'm new at this parenting thing...
One *side,* Frost, so we can--
What? *Slay* those who *saved* my son and I from the Death-Breeders' marauder?
Do pretend to be at least *partially* civilized, won't you?
Hmh! Serves you *right* for wandering so far afield of camp to *feed* the babe in the first place...
Like I said-- *civilized?*
What's a MATTER with you dumb monkeys?!
You coulda KILLED him!
Beer... warrior needs *beer badly...*
Warrior is about to *die...*
Don't wait for an *apology.*
Robot, human, or...*freak*...my *Freemen* are not accustomed to *friendly faces.*
Considerin' your interpersonal skills, I'm not surprised!
Sorry about my friend...he's got kind of a *fowl temper...*
Heh. That was a *joke,* handsome...
You and your friends should take greater *care* around these parts...

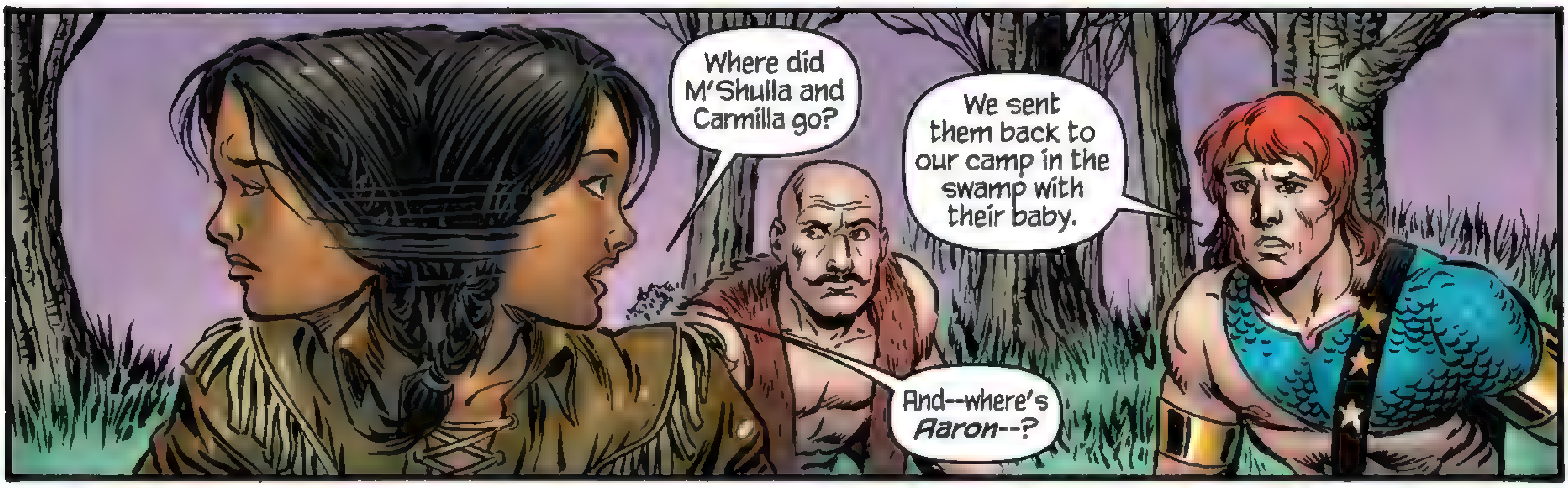
"...the *Martian Masters* did not start this war for lofty ideals or precious resources...
"...but because we *taste good.*
"They raise us in factory farms.
"One such *Death-Breeder* facility is but a few *miles* from here.
"A few are turned over to *Alteration Division,* our charming Doctor *Frost's* former specialty...
"...to be genetically transformed into *gladiators* like M'Shulla, Old Skull, and I once were...
"...but *most* are destined short lives as *delicacies...*"

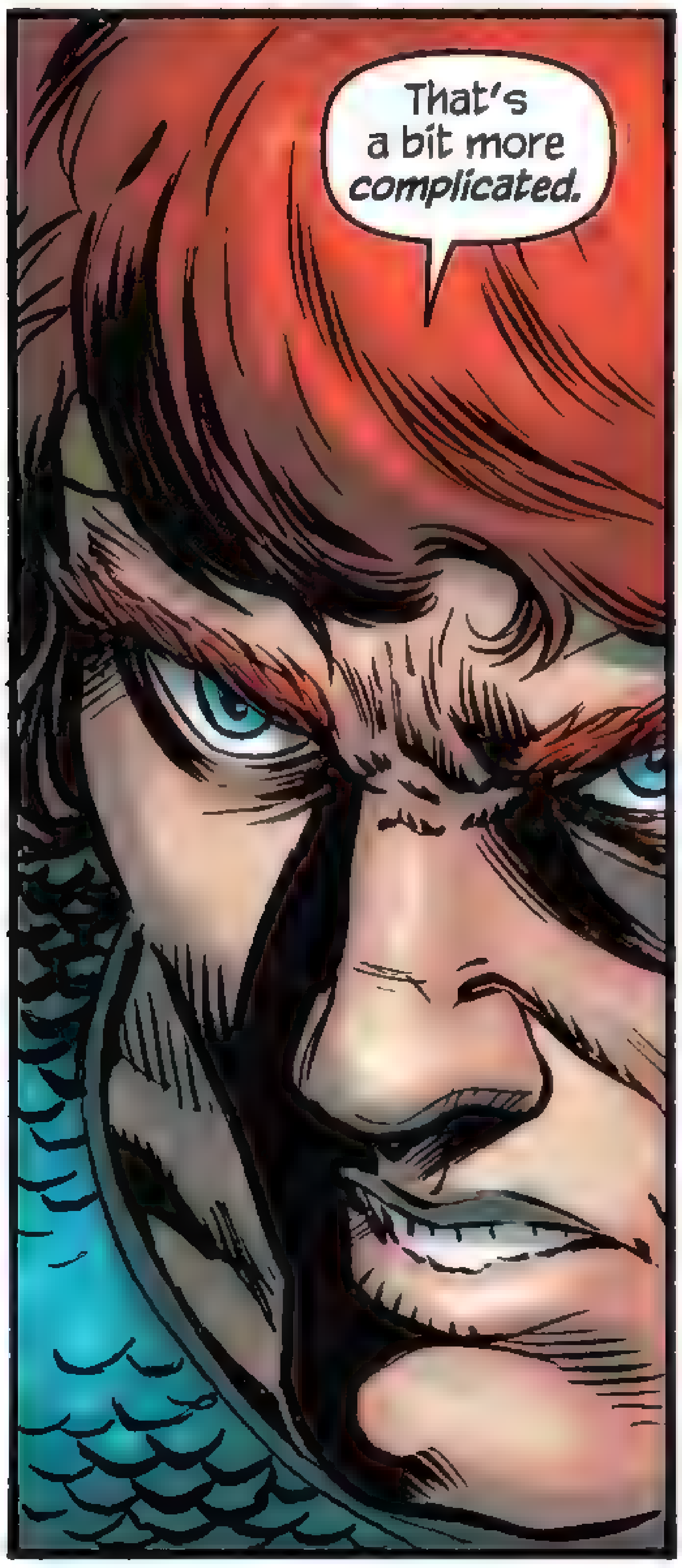
...that is, until we figure out a way to *destroy* that hideous abattoir and free their captives from servitude!
Hideous is *right*... geez!
In my world, we had this idea of *Manifest Destiny* and *progress* drilled into our heads...the *future* would bring us *better* than what we got today...
And here I find it's just a different kinda *worse.*
The undead you're looking for in *this* world...it's *virus-based?*
Yeah, this one's not even technically undead--"Infected" Type-0211...a *"Boyle."*
I've never *heard* of such a thing...but who knows *what* horrors the Masters will spawn next in their gene-labs?
Well, we better find 'em *quick.*
I've kept Aaron *sober* long enough for him to collect our *first* sample from Jackie's world...but I don't know how long that'll *last.*
And your 'bot...has this sample *on* him?
For now... but his behavior is gettin' more and more *erratic...*
Like attacking that *tripod*--I think that was less about saving mother and child...
...than it was *"Suicide-by-Martian"...*

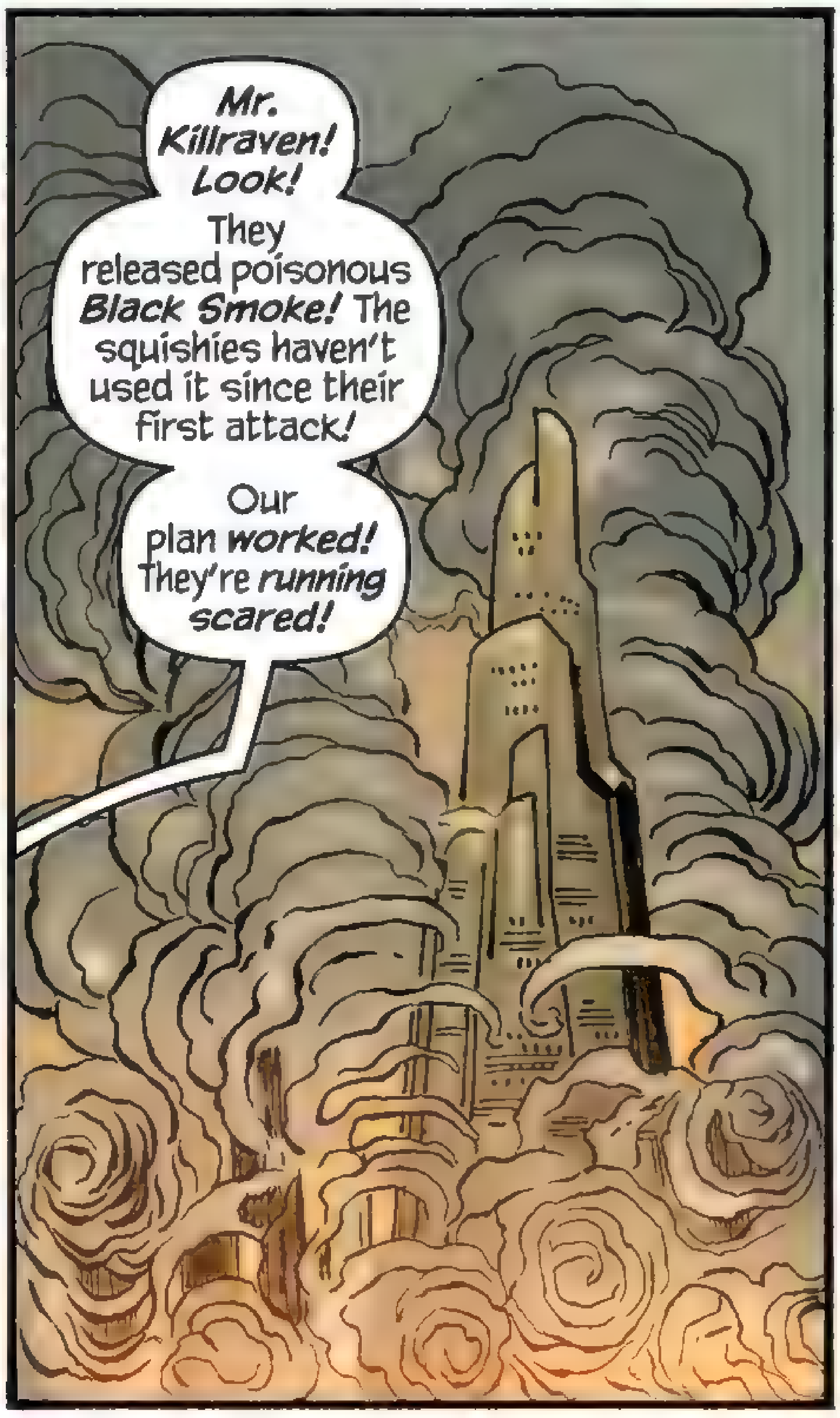
Come to blow off my other side?
I'm afraid I'd have to feed you your face first.
No, not at all.
The Masters bio-engineered me to be an *empath,* Aaron Stack.
I can feel your *despair*...the sense your life has lost all *meaning.*
Goody for you.
Can you tell what *number* I'm thinking of, too?
I'll give you a hint:
It's *"Bite me."*
I can *also* feel that as hard as you try to hide it behind overbearing *cynicism,* you remain a *hero* at heart.
You can't help but *care* for the people for whom you make such a show of *contempt.*
That's why I know you will accept what I am about to propose to you:
That if you truly wish to *die*...
...you deserve a *hero's death.*

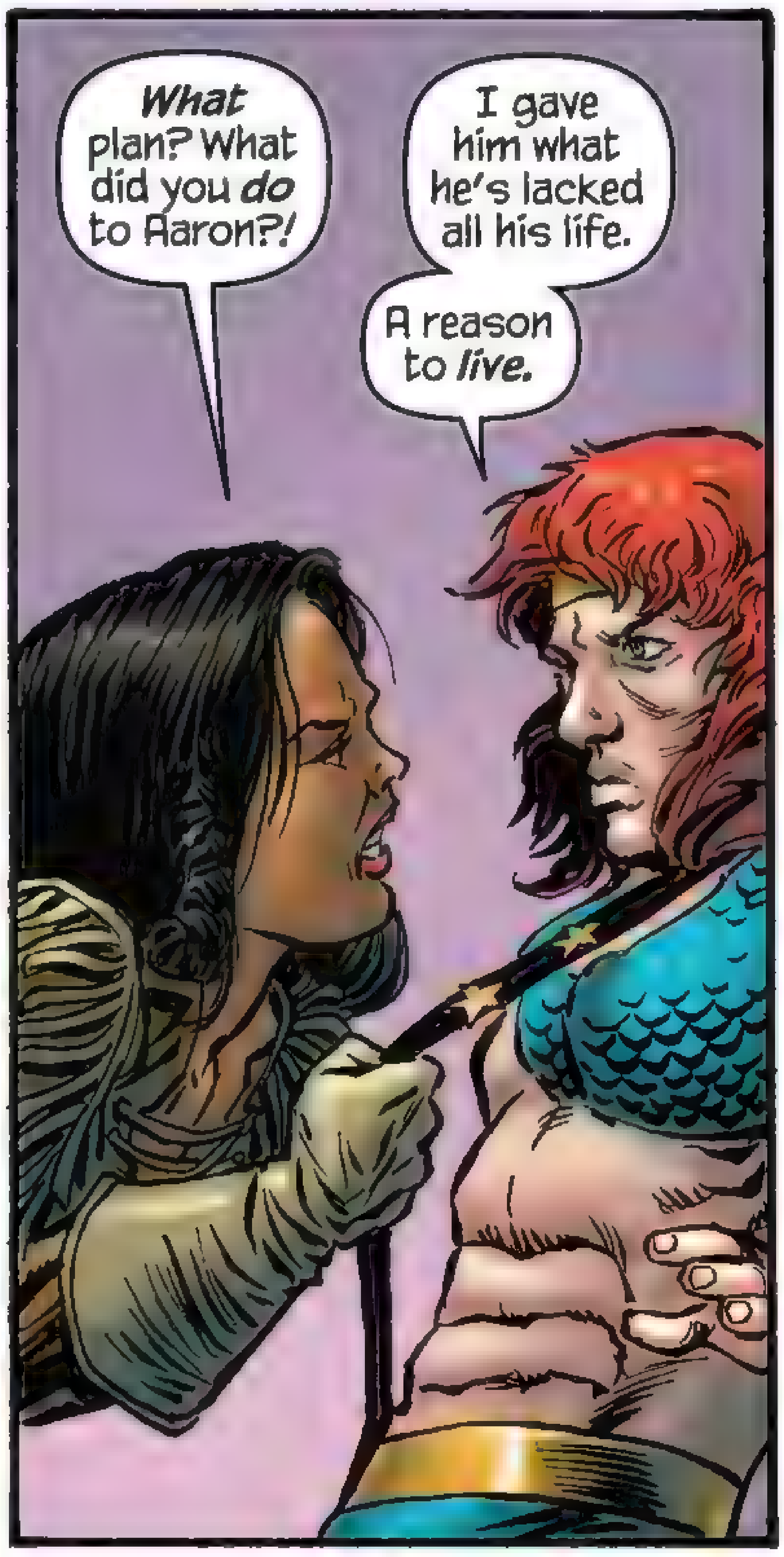

Morning.
BWOMP
Wha...?


What's happening?
Killraven start the attack without waking us?
In a manner of speaking.
THUMMP


Where did M'Shulla and Carmilla go?
We sent them back to our camp in the swamp with their baby.
And--where's *Aaron--?*


That's a bit more *complicated.*


Mr. Killraven! Look! They released poisonous *Black Smoke!* The squishies haven't used it since their first attack!
Our plan *worked!* They're *running scared!*


What plan? What did you *do* to Aaron?!
I gave him what he's lacked all his life.
A reason to *live.*

And die.
HHHHHHHHHHH!
HHHHHHHH!

What have you done?!
What kind of a hero *are* you?
I am a *warrior.*
And this is a *war.*
"And I've just poisoned the enemy's *food supply.*"
OWOWOOOWWWOWOOWWW
Don't just *stand* there, Chrome-Dome! Pacifism and zombie apocalypses ain't *winning combinations!*
These ladies are *pregnant*--just like Ms. *Carmilla* was--
What about the little *babies* inside--
GGGYYAAHHH!
KRRNCCHH

Do I just go ahead and shoot *him* next?
It's only gonna take *seconds* for him to *turn*--
AAAGHHH!
NO!
Forgiveness, old friend.
I just hope... I cut off the infection in time--
Even if you *didn't*--I know we done the *right thing,* Mister--
KLIK
Good Lord, you people are *fanatics.*
Don't even try to move. I hope you've noticed I am *much* faster than you.
To think I thought you were *cute*...
I *will* render your brains *inedible* if you don't tell me where my friend is.
Your "friend" is a *robot*--
Did I ask for your opinion?
--and I fight for the future of all *mankind!* Stack *himself* agreed our cause *outweighed* his existence!

"He allowed himself to be *captured* by the Death-Breeders.
"They turned him over, as we knew they would, to *Alteration Division.*
"My gift is to psychically *enter* the minds of others.
"I manipulated the Martian *Sacrificer* thusly to discover the undead tissue sample *inside* Aaron...
"...and crossbreed them with *microbes* he then *released* into the facility."
The people you *infected* were human *too!* You think of that?
And I regret the *necessity* of their *sacrifice.*
But it's still a *better* fate than what the Masters had planned for them--
KRRNCCH
MMMNNCH
--this way, they deliver a *fatal blow* to their oppressors--
WAAAA!
WAAAA!
WAAAA!
B
b b

B-babies...
What? What are you...
AAAHHH!
BRATTA BRATTA
BRATTA BRATTA

You may be able to live with yourself, but *I'm* not leaving here without my *friend!* Howard, you *with* me?
I'm sure as hell not with *them!*
You are too quick to *judge,* fowl. I think you go to save one who does not *wish* to be saved...
...but if Old Skull didn't need the immediate attention of Dr. Frost, I would go with you.
I'm a *connoisseur* of *hopeless causes...*
BFG
Aaaaahhhh!
Oh, no-- *You* got the bug *too*--?
No--merely picking up--the Master's *horror*--
Broadcast over every open psychic channel--
They've calculated--this virus' *rapid spread*--
It's rendered this world *unsuitable* for them--they want to *quit* it the way they quit *Mars*--
By God, Old Skull, we've DONE it!
ZOMBIES HAVE SAVED THE EARTH!

OWOWOOOWWWOWOOOWWW
What in God's name is that awful racket?
My money's it's the sound *Calamari from Space* make when they're scared spitless!
This is my last batch o' ammo--
Mine, too!
AARON!
Aaron, where ARE you?!?
Aaron, we need your HELP!

When they *turn* me-- promise you'll shoot me *immediately,* Howard! No flinching!
Then who will shoot me?!
Waauuggh?
I love the smell of burning *Fleshy* in the morning.
Smells like...
...Awesome.

Oh, no.
The ravenous hordes of undead have me vastly outnumbered.
Your monotonal relentlessness is a sublime metaphor for the crushing homogeneity of consumerist culture.
"Unfortunately for you, my diamond-edged computer mind has no use for prissy metaphors!"
KSSSH
SHKK
SHKK
KSSSH
KSSSH
SHKK
Only the dispensing of ROBOT JUSTICE!
"STRAIGHT UP! NO CHASER!
"01000001001001 00101010100010 00101001000000 010011010100010 100100001"

I appreciate you guys...showing me my life was *worth* something.
How'd we do *that?*
Because it was worth something to *you.*
Sure. What are friends for?
Nice outfit, by the way.
Yeah, that's a good look for you.
Thanks.
Now let's get the hell out of here.

THE HUMBLEST THINGS

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #3 Cover by Leonard Kirk & Morry Hollowell

THE HEROIC AGE™
MARVEL ZOMBIES 5
ISSUE #3
MARVEL

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #3 Heroic Age Variant Cover by Leinil Francis Yu & Laura Martin

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
EARTH-555.
Lo, it came to be in the THIRD YEAR of the Noble Quest of the Knights of the Round Table for the HOLY GRAIL of Our Lord and Savior that
SIR PERCY OF SCANDIA, unknown to all but Merlin the Enchanter to be the mysterious BLACK KNIGHT, rode through that last bastion of pagan Saxony in search of the sacred chalice
and came upon a lonely tower on a windswept heath that seemed to mirror his own melancholy

for Sir Percy, the Black Knight, was a man of two faces in more than one fashion
as his father, Sir DANDEL, was among the most ardent converts in England
while his mother, the Lady EVAINE, still secretly clung to the Old Faith of the Speakers of Trees.
Sir Percy loved his father and his mother and his king the Pendragon too
so his heart grew heavy as Camelot put the worshippers of the Celtic and Saxon gods to the sword
and hoped this Quest for the Grail would be the final victory of the Faith of Rome that would end the bloodshed.

But Sir Percy also knew the Old Ways would not go down without a FIGHT...
Sir Knight! O praise Heaven!
I beseech thee, heed my call for aid!
Once yon castle was home to my father!
But now, *dark magicks* have ensorcelled our household!
Canst thou free them from the spell?
Even if the *oath* I gave to the Code of Chivalry did not *command* it...
...the *Ebony Blade* of the Black Knight would be *thine* 'til foul perfidy was driven from your hearth!
Yes...
...WE COUNTED ON THAT...
EHEHEHEHEHEHEHE

Clad though he was in armor black as night
the purity of Sir Percy's heart left him vulnerable to the machinations of PUREST EVIL
Once he mounted the Six Hundred and Sixty-Sixth step of the tower and entered its sole chamber
where lay the infernal gospel of the demon Chthon
that Book of Sins wizards whisper of as the DARKHOLD
the tome spoke to the goodness in Percy's spirit
claiming the SOLUTION to the division in Arthur's kingdom and within the Black Knight himself
might be found 'twixt its two wretched covers of human skin
and for but a fraction of a second Sir Percy dared BELIEVE the book's lies
and that was all the Darkhold needed to sink its claws into his soul
to spread a TWISTED VERSION of the Black Knight's dearest wish throughout the land...

SNAP
A-HA!
Your neighbors were *right* about you, Harwulf!
On *Sunday morning* you take the baptismal vow to *renounce* the works of the devils Wotan and Thunor* and all the pagan fiends associated with them--
--but outside the eyes of the Church you replace the True Cross with the *Thunderer's* heathen *warhammer!*
*Better known to Marvelites as **Odin** and **Thor**, respectively--Mark of Panicciashire
God of Storms! *Avenge* your loyal servant!
Stubborn old *Saxon!*
You consign your soul to *damnation* with *blasphemy* on your lips!
SIIIIMON OF BOOOOWLAAAND... HOLLLLLD...
You hold, whoever you are!
None may thwart Admiral Gervase's men-at-arms from lawful execution of our...

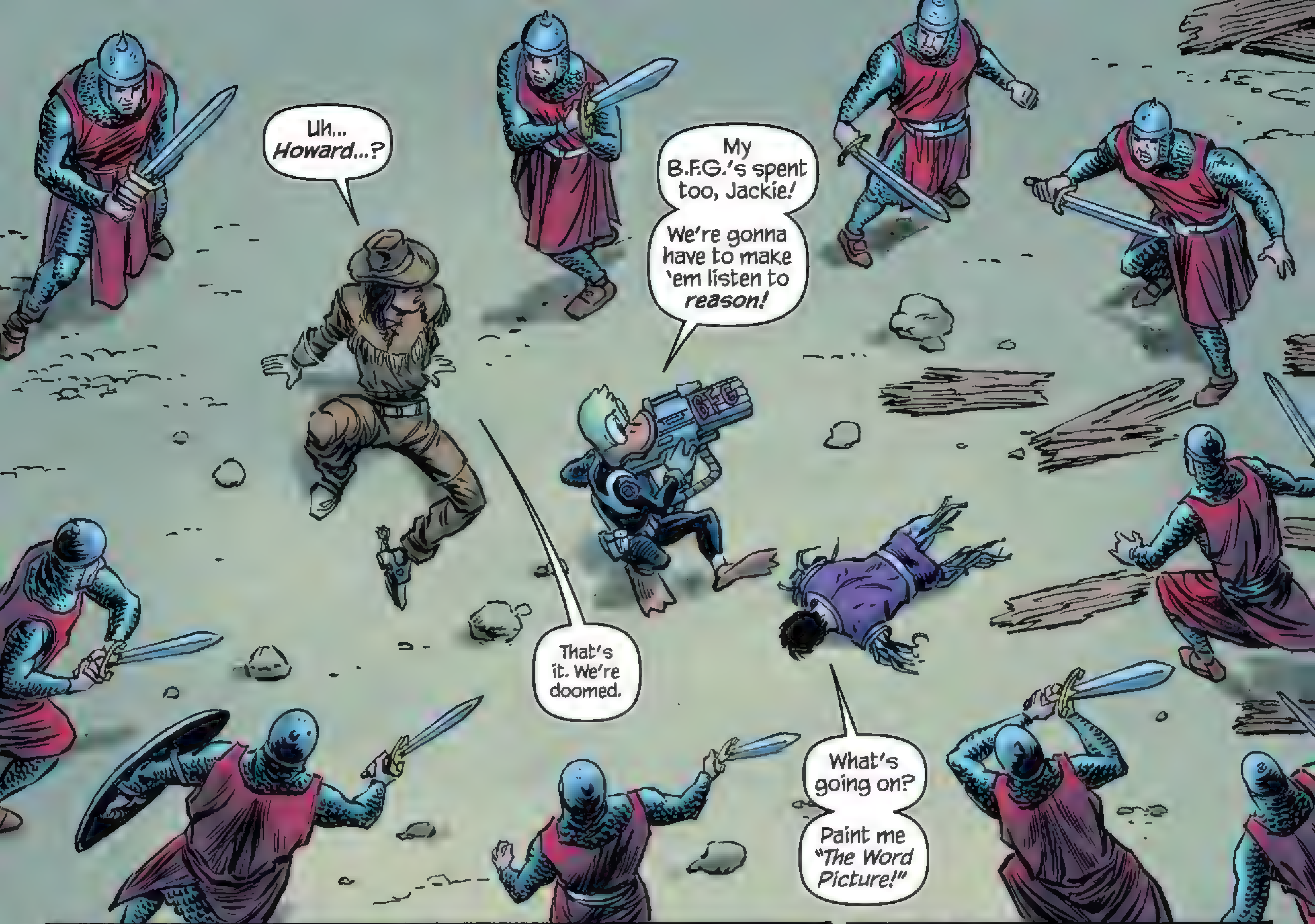
WE WISH TO HALT NOTHING
WE JUST WANT YOU TO SLOW DOWN
SO'S WE CAN WATCH
EHEHEHEHEHEH
AHHHH... THERE WE GO
MUCH BETTER
VERY WELL, SQUIRE...
...CARRY ON...
SLORTCH
SLORTCH
SLORTCH
I-I know you-- *Beomund* was your name-- I cleft your neck for hiding a Wotan *runestone* in your fields--
AND NOW WE CONVERT YOU, KING'S MAN...
TO THE HUNGER GOSPEL!
YAAAAAH!
SKRNCH

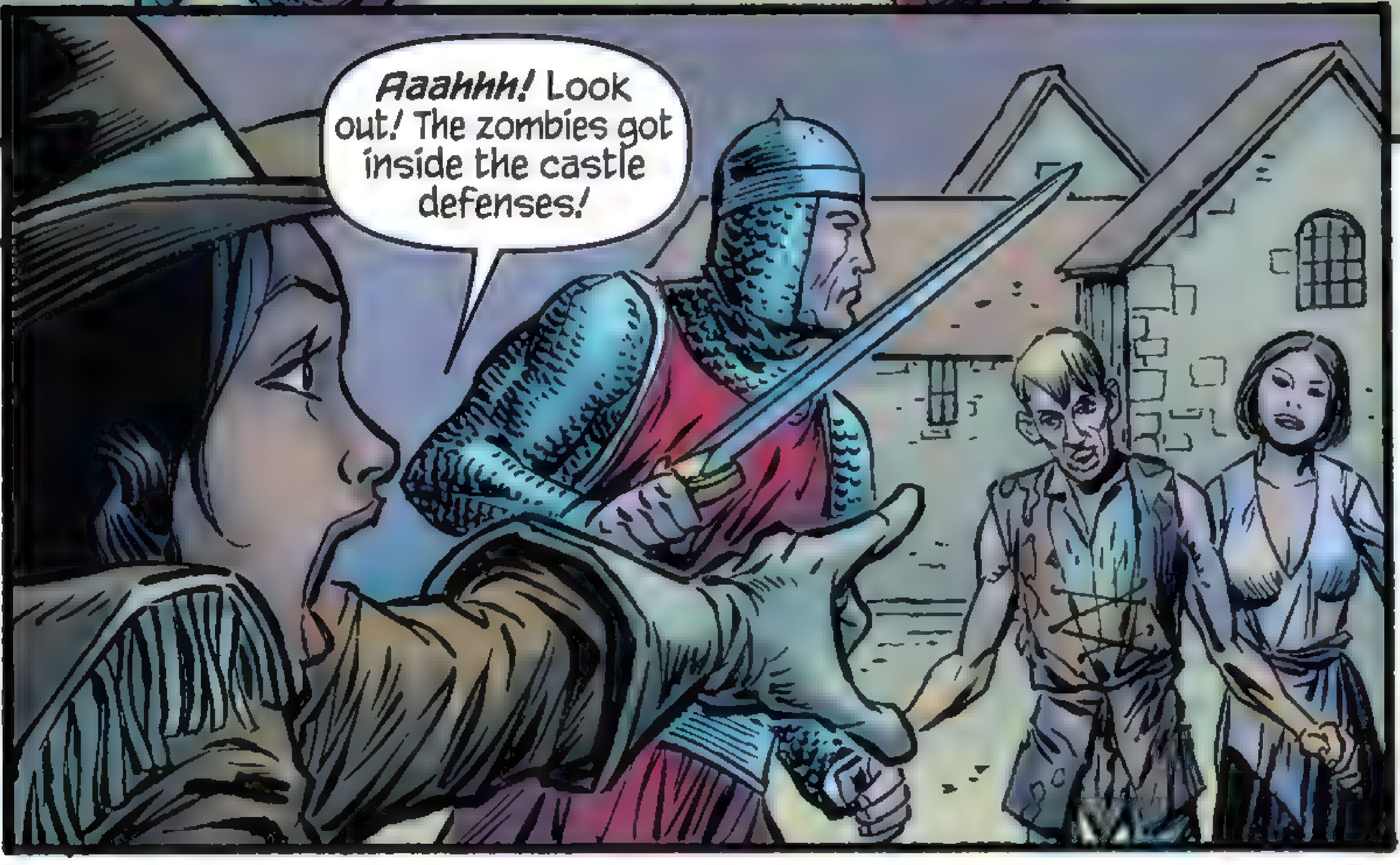
Wife! Babes! *On your knees!*
Raise your voice in thanks to the Thunderer--who brought my cries to his noble father, *Wotan,* God of Magic and Death!
He sent *afterwalkers* to deliver us from the swords of Unbelief!
GGAAAHHH!
Th-Th...
...*thank you,* Wotan...
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE PIT WE SEE NOT THE TEDIOUS LOPE OF TIME ACROSS THIS BARREN EARTH
YET WE KNOW HISTORY IS NAUGHT BUT THE SAME REFRAIN, REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN DIFFERENT TONGUES:
"GOD FAVORS THE SIDE OF MINE, AND HATES THOSE WHO HATE ME."
GLOOORRRRR
BUT NOW YE LEARN THERE IS ONLY ONE SIDE!
THE SIDE OF THE DARKHOLD!
AND WE PRESS YE INTO SERVICE OF OUR ARMY...
AAAAAH!
NOOOO!

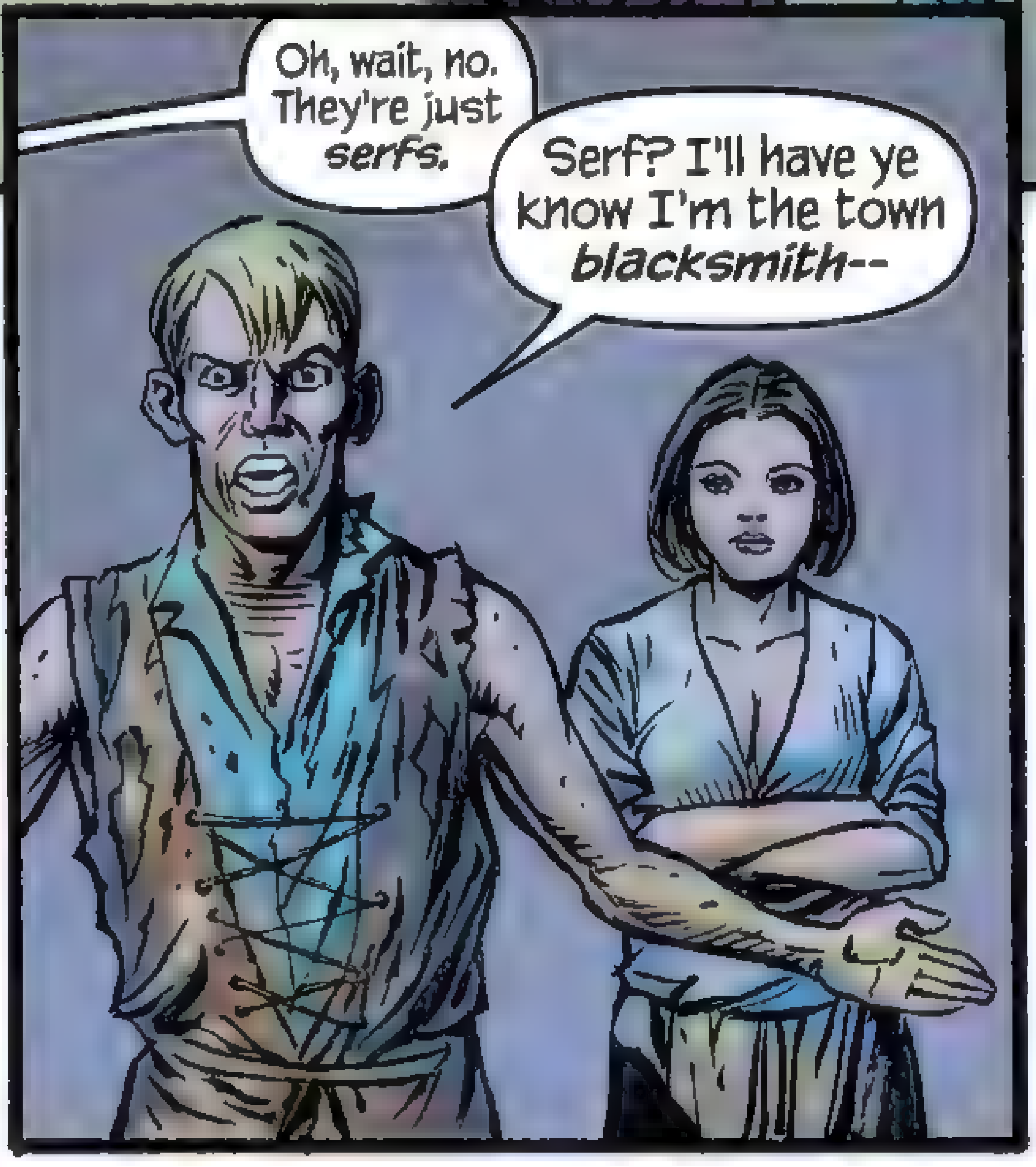
"...FOR THE COMING SIEGE!"
CARISBROOKE CASTLE. THAT NIGHT.
ONCE MORE! INTO THE BREACH, ME LADS!
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY LORD WHO ORDERED OUR DEATHS COWERS BEHIND YONDER WALLS!
AND ALL FLESH LEFT ON THE ISLE TO FILL YOUR BELLIES AND DREAMS! AHEHEHEHEH!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE CHTHON IS THAT?!
IT'S NOT ONE OF OURS!
THEN REJOICE FOR SOMETHING NEW TO KILL! AHEHEHEHEH!
FIRE CATAPULT! AHEHEHEHEH!
SNAP

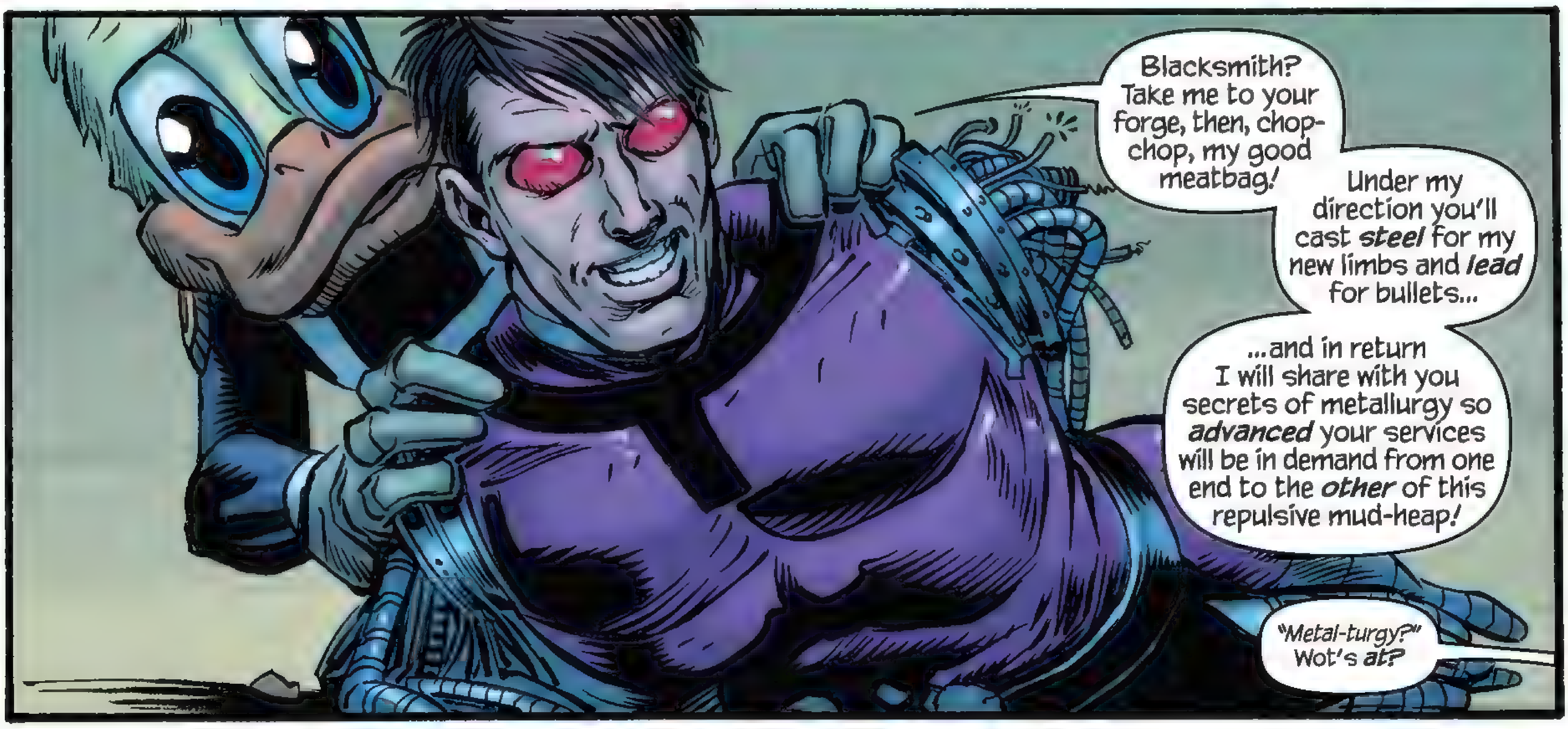
NOM
NOM
NOM
NOM
TUNNNNG
NOM
NOM
NOM
NOM
"Let's go to that *castle* I see in the distance," she says!
"It'll be a good place to *orient ourselves* to this new *Alterniverse* before continuing with the *mission,*" she says!
Geez, alright, I was *wrong!* There, I *said* it!
You ever stop *complaining,* Howard?
YOU SEE ANY GOOD REASON TO?!
Eff!
Keep those things *offa me...*
"...I'm *trying* to watch the *road,* here!"
LEMME AT 'EM LEMME AT 'EM
SPLORTCH
KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK
Uh-oh.
There goes the last of the *ammo* we scraped up at that Martian base...

TWAANNNG
AAAWWW YEEAHHH!
LOOK OUT BELOW!
GERONIMO!
(Hey. Watch it.)


Uh... *Howard...?*
My B.F.G.'s spent too, Jackie!
We're gonna have to make 'em listen to *reason!*
That's it. We're doomed.
What's going on?
Paint me *"The Word Picture!"*


Aaahhh! Look out! The zombies got inside the castle defenses!


Oh, wait, no. They're just *serfs.*
Serf? I'll have ye know I'm the town *blacksmith--*


Blacksmith? Take me to your forge, then, chop-chop, my good meatbag!
Under my direction you'll cast *steel* for my new limbs and *lead* for bullets...
...and in return I will share with you secrets of metallurgy so *advanced* your services will be in demand from one end to the *other* of this repulsive mud-heap!
"Metal-turgy?" Wot's *at?*

Thou shalt do no such thing!
We need *all* resources to wait out the siege until reinforcements arrive from Camelot!
Make way! Make way for *Lord Admiral Gervase!*
"Admiral?"
Aye--when the Franks drove our warships from *Ganis* the Pendragon gave us haven in the *Southports!*
In return, we have sworn to drive *all* pagan heresy from these lands--Celt and Saxon alike!
So why have these *foul creatures of faerie* not been put to the sword the minute they breached our walls?
At once, my lord!
Waaaugh!
Hold your horse! You got us all wrong, Sir Stabby--
Od's Bodkins! Where--
If you could keep your blades in your *pants* for five seconds you'd see we're your *last best hope* against these...
Uh, *which* type of undead are they, Howard?

Here, we're lookin' at *Possessed* Type-834...
...a "Raimi"!
We've been gathering samples of these walking deaders throughout the multiverse.
If I can shut down the source of the demonness 'round these parts, *you* give us the metals we need to fix our friend!
Sound like a square deal?
Whoa, whoa, whoa! What do you mean *"me,"* kemo sabe?
I can't let you "High Noon" it through an *army* of those things--
Okay, a.) I don't understand *any* of those references...
...and b.) only *I* can do this *because* there's an army of those things!
With the *Quick* I can get past them before they lay a claw *on* me--but not if I have to carry either *one* of y'all!
Howard. C'mon. I think I've proven you can *trust* me with this.
I came on this snipe hunt to *help* you...

...so *let* me, huh?
Aw... ~Waaugh~
...I just don't want anything to *happen* to you, you crazy kid...
Don't worry. I'll be careful. I promise...
If a swarthy wild girl in filthy trousers wishes to throw her life away in a pointless stab at *heroism,* I shan't stop her--
Hey! I'll filthy *your* trousers...
--but if she rides under *my* banner she must *look* the part.
Our little girl's growin' up, Stack...
Geez, keep it *together,* Duck.
We just *met* her *last week.*
I thought you had nothing but contempt for the *"Hairless Apes,"* anyway.
You're proving you scratch the paper-thin surface of any *cynic* and you find a *gushing sentimentalist.*
Hey! Kettle's calling the crow *black,* Metal Man...

Hey guys, check it *out,* huh?
Next thing you know they'll be ***knighting*** me!
Not hardly.
Lower the gate on my signal!
Don't drop it all the way!
Just enough for me to run out!

NOW--!
There she goes!
Close it close it now!
DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE--
Ew.
You are gross.

The wireless bleeping thing Howard gave me is going *crazy...*
...it says *this* is the source of the disturbance animating all the dead...
Huh.
Yeah, I guess it's *on* to something...
WE ARE WHAT YE TRY TO HIDE BUT CAN'T
WE WON'T STAY DOWN NO MATTER HOW MUCH EARTH YE HEAP UPON US, JACALI KANE
SIR PERCY LEARNED THE TRUTH OF THIS
AND SOON, SO SHALL YE

You know my name. Am I supposed to be impressed?
Back home, *one* shot to the head demobilized you critters...
...but you're a *different* sort entirely, ain't you?
Reckon I gotta be *thorough.*
Uh-oh.
One bolt left!
Better
make it
last!

Hey, Mister! Who're--?
What's happening here--?
WE GRANTED THE WISH OF THIS NOBLE SWAIN
HIS SOUL AND HIS KINGDOM ARE SPLIT IN TWAIN
SO WE BROUGHT THOSE PURGED BY ARTHUR BACK AGAIN
CHTHON CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU, SLAYER OF SIRE
AND RESCUE THY PARENTS FROM ETERNAL FIRE
No! Mama and Papa were *dead* when they rose--I-I *helped* them--
Damn! This weapon's no good...

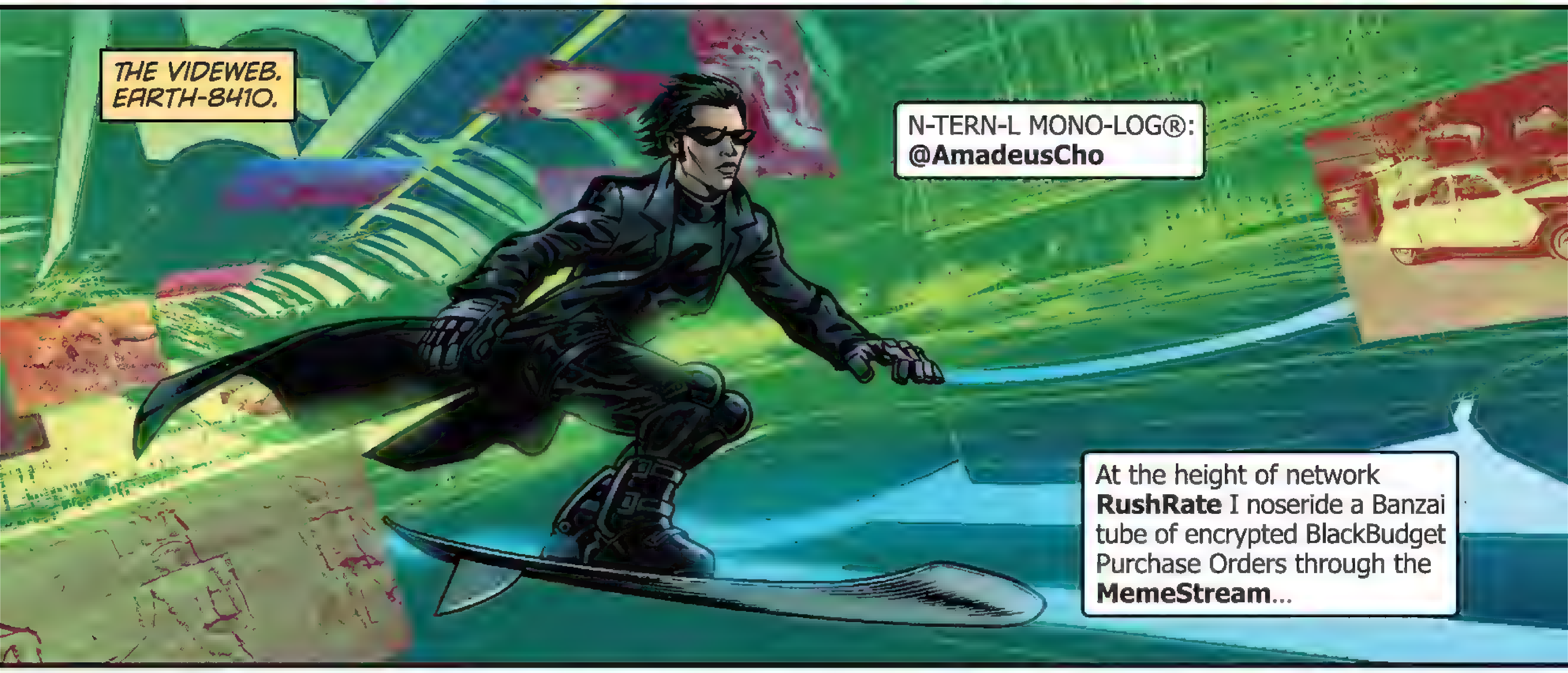
But the *sword*--
Howard's thingamajig says it's surging with power--
--and this book is the *source* of all the badness!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOooo
What...what has *happened* here, young lady...?
Not totally sure, but it felt like...your special sword, it somehow...
...*purified* your wish at that last second...split it off from the book's evil...
Maybe...
...somebody *hears* your call, now...

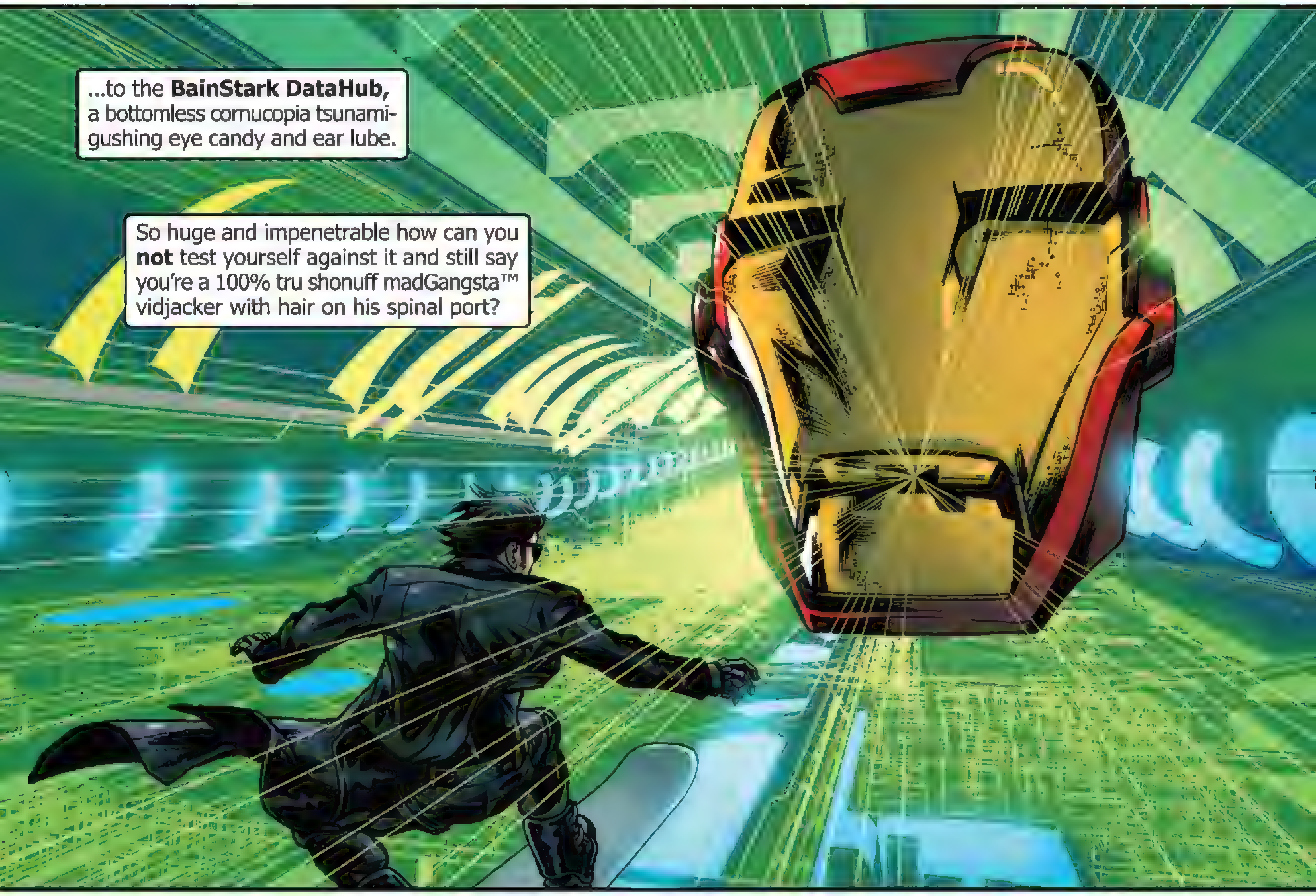
AND SO:
Gotta *say,* Aaron...
...you make the *retro* thing *work.*
I appreciate your *transparent lies* on my behalf, Duck.
But this *claptrap* is the best I could do with the tools at hand.
Please tell me the next Alterniverse we're visiting has invented the *soldering gun...*
I can do ya one better, MM. This is *"Earth-8410",* a world classified as *"Dystopia, Cyberpunk."*
Looks like we'll be able get you fitted with a whole new set of guns...in *every* sense of the...
Waaaaugh?
Well what are we waiting for?
Let's--
--*whoooaa*--
--get a move on!
What is it, Howard? What did you see?
Trouble. There's an alternate version of *Aaron* in this world--
--and a version of his *ex,* Jocasta, too!
I don't think this is gonna *end well...*
Good riddance! Now we can get back to our work clearing this island of blasphemy before King Arthur arrives for the next festival of--
HO, VILLAIN!

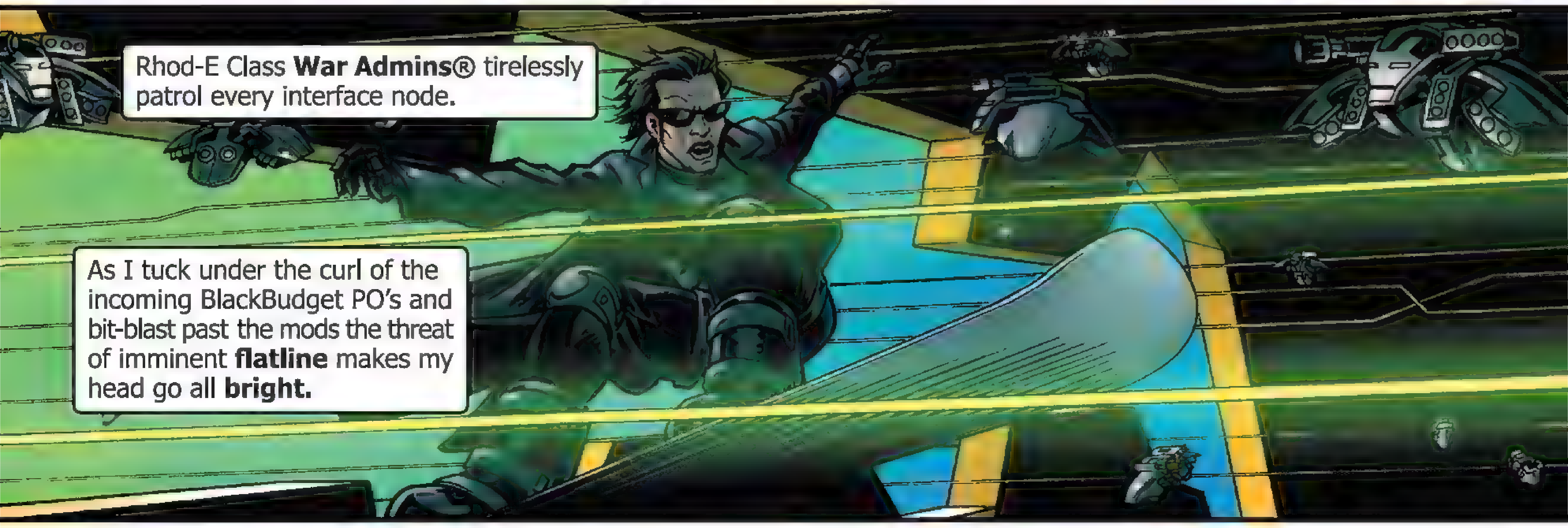
a MYSTIC BOLT came to GOLDEN asgard with news my loyal worshippers were being DESPOILED most foully!
now, tyrant...face the wrath of
THOR
Oh...
...bollocks.
ISLE OF WIGHTS

MEET U MAN
Meet Me!
eats
2 GO
ZONE
NO SMOKING
Ready MEAT
Drink Joe Cola
ROCK ME

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #4 Cover by Geof Darrow & Christina Strain


THE VIDEWEB. EARTH-8410.
N-TERN-L MONO-LOG®: **@AmadeusCho**
At the height of network **RushRate** I noseride a Banzai tube of encrypted BlackBudget Purchase Orders through the **MemeStream**...


...to the **BainStark DataHub,** a bottomless cornucopia tsunami-gushing eye candy and ear lube.
So huge and impenetrable how can you **not** test yourself against it and still say you're a 100% tru shonuff madGangsta™ vidjacker with hair on his spinal port?


Rhod-E Class **War Admins®** tirelessly patrol every interface node.
As I tuck under the curl of the incoming BlackBudget PO's and bit-blast past the mods the threat of imminent **flatline** makes my head go all **bright.**

I'm **weightless.** **Perfect.**
Cho! Hey, *Cho!*
Damn squidheads, how many times you gotta tell 'em the same damn thing...
Time means **nothing.**
BLEEP
Hah! I *knew* it!
Ya bought yer last Mai Tai *two hours ago!*
Instantly I find what I came here to **liberate.**
This ain't no *hotspot* for *WiFi addicts!*
You wanna *chair,* buy a *drink!*
Nnnnn

Charley's
CHARLEY DON'T SURF!
Ggg
PERSONAL.POSITIONING. SYSTEM.ACTIVATED.
A victimless crime.
Unless you can think of an übercorp like BainStark as a victim.
TURN.LEFT.ON. CANAL.STREET.
BainStark, which bribed the United Nations, Inc.® for a millennium of sovereign immunity from any local, national or interstellar regulation...
...and bought six-figure insta-indulgences for their Genocidal Marketing.
Not like a podling like me could afford their Premium VidMeme anyway.
They ain't even losing a sale.
Their own damn fault for creating something in the first place.
CATHARXIS
OMING
What did they expect?
That we wouldn't want it?
TURN.RIGHT. ON.BOWERY.

VEER.LEFT.ON.
PARK.AVENUE.
Waaaughh! *Watch* it, Noddy!
Or I'll veer one *webbed foot* up your--
BUMP
Double-Waugh.
Just your friendly neighborhood BainStark hotbot **Jocasta**, reminding you--
--**VidMeme Piracy** is a **Felony**, punishable by up to three decades of **Memory Wipe** and permanent **powerdown** of all **spinal ports**--
Duck! Check it out!
Aah! Aaron!
You a whole *Machine Man* again?
Yes indeedy-- and even better, these *replacement* limbs are *improvements* over the originals.
I presume I have the *robot half* of my new friend *Spanner Jenny* to thank for that.
You could still get *five times* as much as what you paid me if you let me sell your body for *scrap*-- alloys like yours are getting *scarce* around here!
I could 'port your A.I. into a synthetic *clone body*--
Become a Pseudo-*Fleshy?* No thanks. I couldn't handle the flak I'd take on the *Robot Pride* message boards.
Though it *is* nice to see you *meatbags* are finally seeing the value of going *cyborg.* At least I have *something* to look forward to in the future...
So now that *that* errand's done, we should start looking for this world's zombies, right? What are they?
Uh... *A.R.M.O.R.* classifies 'em as *Energetically Autonomous Tactical Robots...*
...yes, E.A.T.R.s...
Well why are you *standing* there? They're not gonna come to *us!* Let's go after 'em!
Er...well... for one thing, we don't know *where* they're...

Why, hell-o!
Yes. Good. Look over there.
Really? You like it?
Good, I was starting to drown in sweat under all that Dark Ages wool.
I was able to trade my chainmail from Castle Cainsbrooke for it. The guy said he was going to salvage the iron and install it in his grandmother...
I'm... really glad I have no idea what he meant...
You make me almost want you to get into trouble so I can save your life again...*
That's right! You better get cracking...
...seeing as how I pulled your robo-fat out of the fire against both the Death-Breeders and the Darkhold deaders...** I'm one up on you...
*In MZ5 #1 **In #2 & #3--Undeaditor Mark
Ulp!
Act normal, Jackie. We gotta get Stack away from here. And now.
His ex-girlfriend Jocasta is here in this world, and she's doin' some kind of P.S.A. on the screen right behind me.
If he sees her, I'm afraid he's gonna go off the deep end! Jeopardize the mission...
...

STARK INDUSTRIES HITS THE
STOCKS EXTEND LOSSES
RAINSTARK
Jocasta's face is on a huge screen behind me, isn't it?
Ayup.
Kill me now?
Then who will kill me?
Just *remember,* Aaron, this isn't *your* Jocasta--she's from a different *timeline*--
Gaahh! Gone! I *knew* it!
Yeah...

ARRIVE.AT.
DESTINATION.
Snrrkk... whunh...?
PODLIFE #871
SWSSSH
Delphyne. *Delphyne.* Baby.
Name the grokkest companion in the *10001 Arcology.*
That'd be what I'm *mainloading* into my *veinfeed,* 'Deus...ahhhh...
Naw, naw, girl. Not any more. Put that **** down.
You know what you been talking nothing *but* about for the last *year?* I *got* it.
No... Catharxis... season *seven...?*
Hells, yeah. Jacked it right under *BainStark's* noses like they were *givin'* it away.
I'm posting the ShareFile now on open network--
But not before we watch it first, right, baby?
Right. All for us--at least for the first few seconds--
The secret of the *Effusive Man...*
Will Skyler keep his female clone's mutie baby...

Where does the *sphere of black mist* come from?
STREAMING DOWNLOAD 95% COMPLETE...
It'll all make sense...
All the mysteries...the *mythology* will be *explained*...
...100% COMPLETE...
LAUNCHING SHAREFILE
WANT
NEED
WANT
NEED
WANT
NEED

SHAREFILE NOW AVAILABLE OVER OPEN NETWORK.
NOTIFYING ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO @CHO, AMADEUS N-TERN-L MONO-LOG®...

Passport control?
Look, I just want to get inside BainStark and see Jocasta. We go way back--
PASSPORT CONTROL PASSPO
Shut your FeedHole, Podling!
Present your bars for scanning!
No solo enters a CorpZone without a triple-CryptKeyed Autho-Pass!
I DON'T SPEAK YOUR CRAZY MOON LANGUAGE!
WAAPP
SecBreach! Level Ten!
Intru-Halt!
JOCASTA!
IT'S ME, AARON!
CorpCops. Stand down. Aaron:
140th Floor. Sunset Bain's office.
The SmartGlass™ knows to let you in.
Don't make me wait.
Wouldn't dream of it...

Jocasta. I...
...I know it's *corny,* but I was afraid... I'd never see you again.
Aaron.
I concur.
Come closer...
...so I can prove it...
01000 11101100001 01110011011 10000!
010000 110110100001 10111101101011 01100101!

Mmm? Oh, yes. Our Co-CEO, Ms. **Sunset Bain.**
Even when **I** became the company's **spokes-bot,** I remained her personal assistant.
It was a fairly simple matter to test my new **VirusCode™** on her.
You've been away for a long time. You may not know most humans have so much **cyberware** in them, now it's child's play to take over their nervous systems with--
Why-- why would you--
The Jocasta *I* knew...always tried to foster ***understanding*** between robots and humans...
And I was successful. **Too** successful.
With all the humans' neural enhancements**--**cosmetic prosthetics--the line **between** us and them has blurred to the **vanishing point.**
And to the humans...that made us **obsolete.**
They weren't going to just **stop making** robots, Aaron.
They were going to **cannibalize** us for **parts.**

Maybe if I can get my mind into this Vidweb thing I might be able to track down these E.A.T.R.s--
I really don't know about this, kiddo...
That's what you say *every* time I have an idea!
And every time I'm *right!* You're taking this whole "When in Rome" thing too far, gettin' some *doohickey* implanted in your brain!
And this has *nothing* to do with the fact that if you become part *wind-up toy*...
...you might be able to get *Aaron* to notice you, huh?
Why Howard... *whatever* do you mean?
-Sigh-
Far be it from *me* to make you be the last person on *any* Earth to do something utterly *idiotic* in the name of *romance*...
This... isn't gonna *hurt,* is it?
WHRRRR
Uh... Nah...
Of course not...

Gotta tell ya, you're choosing the right time to WiFi directly into the Vidweb!
Bootleg of the last season of the greatest VidMeme of all time, Catharxis, is streaming to the public forums!
I'll auto-load it to *your* spinal port as I'm .EXE-ing it into *mine,* no extra charge...
"I'm so glad you're **here,** Aaron. I finally have someone to **talk** to about these things.
STREAMING DOWNLOAD OF SHAREFILE...
...100% COMPLETE.
"I realized early on I would have to destroy mankind in such a way that robotkind's involvement would not be discovered until it was **too late.**
Whoa! Hope you're almost done findin' your inner *toaster,* Jackie, 'cause my sensors are goin' haywire--
Looks like there are E.A.T.R.s all *over* the--
"So I resolved to use that most **human** of activities:
"**Storytelling.**
WANT
NEED

"We 'bots don't **do** 'suspension-of-disbelief,' after **all.** We have no **choice** but to see the world as it **is.**
"What happens **next?'** This is the **need** the tale-weaver has fostered since the earliest **campfire fiction.**
WAAAUUUGGGHHH!
"I programmed the BainStark mainframe to come up with the most tantalizing series of plot twists and narrative tricks...
"...constantly promising tantalizing **revelations** and deeply satisfying **payoffs** and never delivering...
"...until season seven. Until the whole world couldn't resist installing my VidMeme.
"Which would rewrite the code of that **desire** in the humans' cyberware into something a tad less...
"...metaphorical."

Clever...mass transmitting the virus across *multiple* clients to disguise the source of the original seeder.
But *my* tracking programs are written in *Celestial fractal code.* I should be able to find the infecting server in *no time...*
But why would you **want** to do that, Aaron?
Because I've *seen* what this virus does on *five worlds.*
Jocasta. You *have* to understand. I *know* how angry and *frustrated* you are...
...but *this* is *not* the way.
Tch. I was afraid you were going to say that.
You have always been far too much of a **"living"** robot, Aaron.
You've left me no choice but to inform my other supervisor.
SHRRAAKK
AARRGGHH!
The Co-CEO of BainStark...

...**Arno** Stark.
I believe his armament may be somewhat **familiar** to you.
WHKOOM
WANT
NEED
Stop biting me, you idiot!
I'm *metal!*

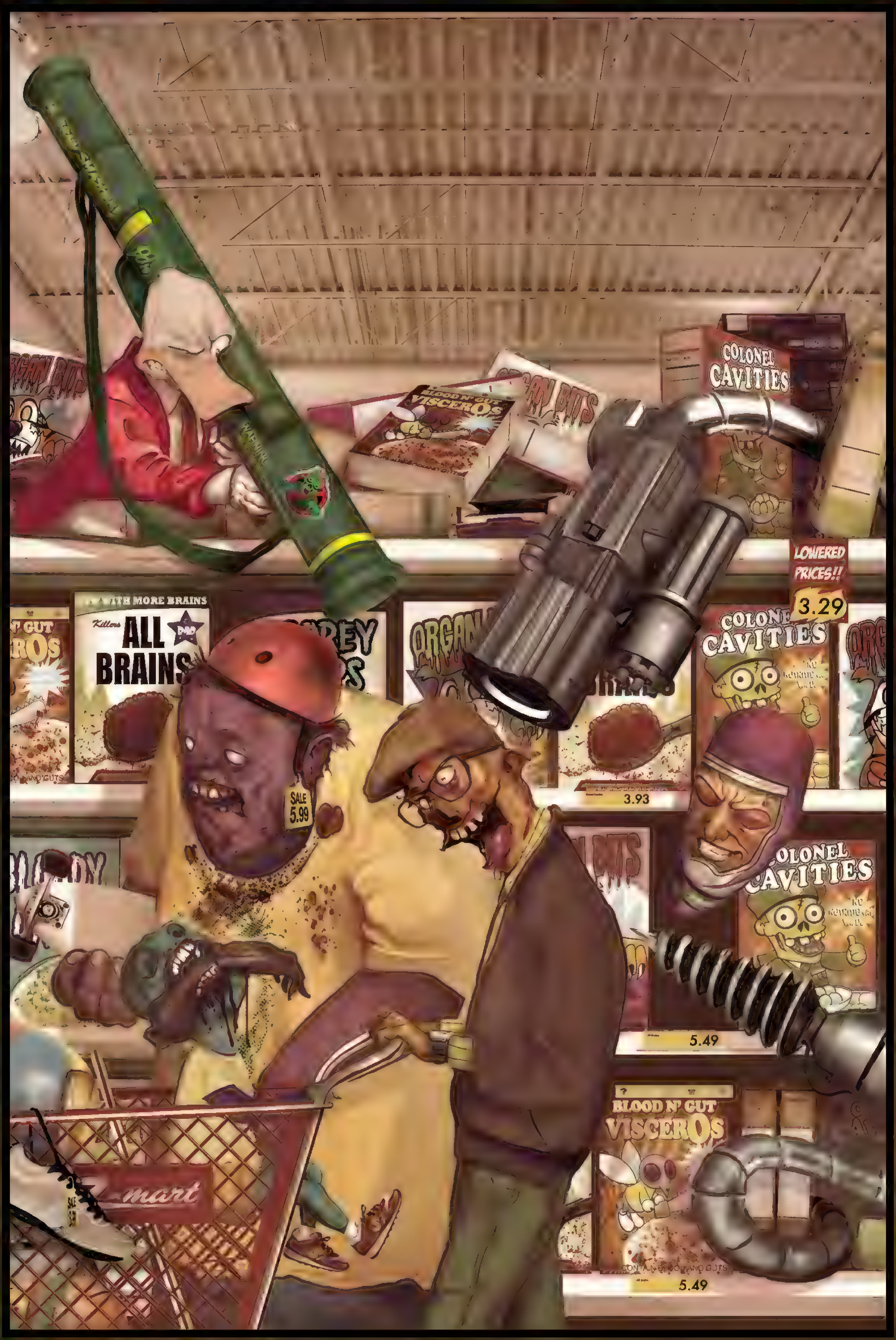
And I just finished PAYING for that!
WAAMM
Jackie! Howard! Hold on!
I'm tracking you by Howard's scanner!
SHRAAK
Aaghh!
KRAASH

WANT
NEED
Psych.
You know what I'm guessing you're not gonna like?
Magnetic pulse.

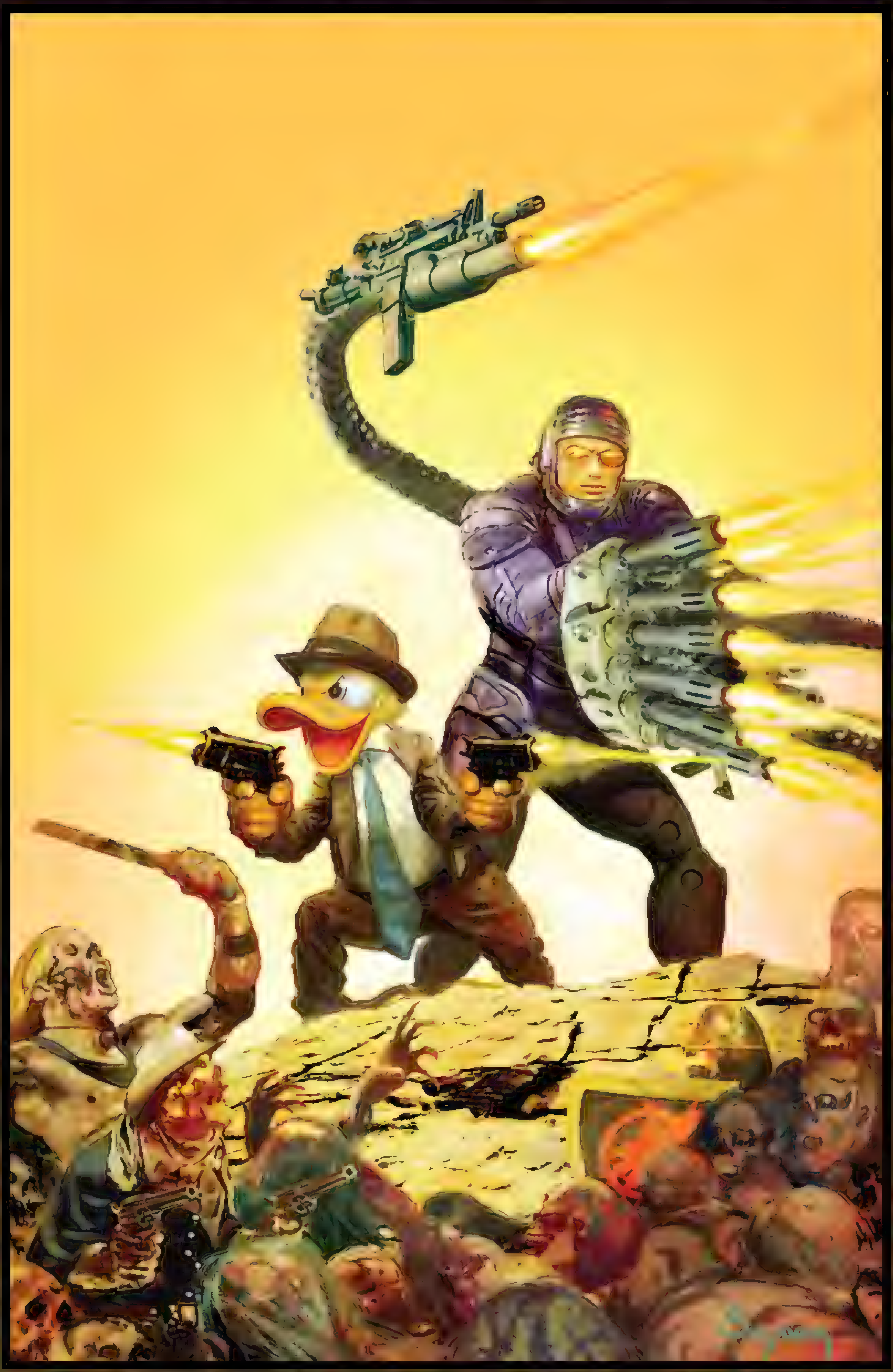
Good... Lord...
The armor...
Ate him up from the inside...
Waaaaauuugghh!
You do this, Jackie, and you're off the ***Christmas card list!***
Removing this infected chip should cure you, Jackie!
Then we'll be ***even,*** at 2-2!

Why bother, Aaron?
She'll just **disappoint** you like **all** the fleshies have before her.
We belong **together.** We both know that.
Yeah... slight problem, there.
My trackers have located the host CPU for the virus.
And I'm looking at it.
...
Perhaps we can still be friends?

BAD TORRENT


ORGAN BITS
BLOOD N' GUT VISCEROS
ORGAN BITS
COLONEL CAVITIES
LOWERED PRICES!!
3.29
WITH MORE BRAINS
ALL BRAINS
ORGAN
COLONEL CAVITIES
SALE 5.99
3.93
COLONEL CAVITIES
5.49
BLOOD N' GUT VISCEROS
5.49
-mart

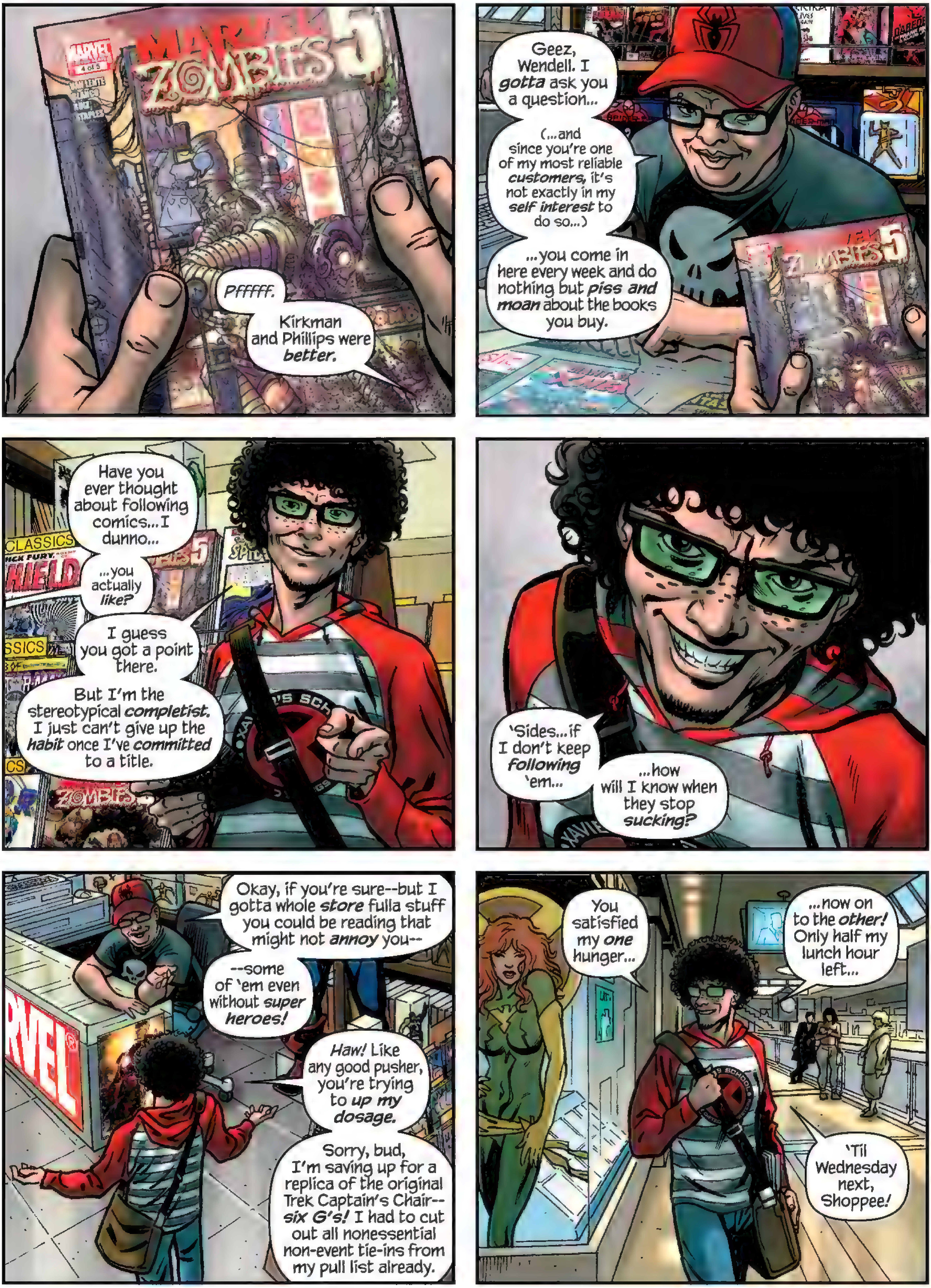
MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #5 Cover by Mike Del Mundo



MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #5 Variant Cover by Arthur Suydam

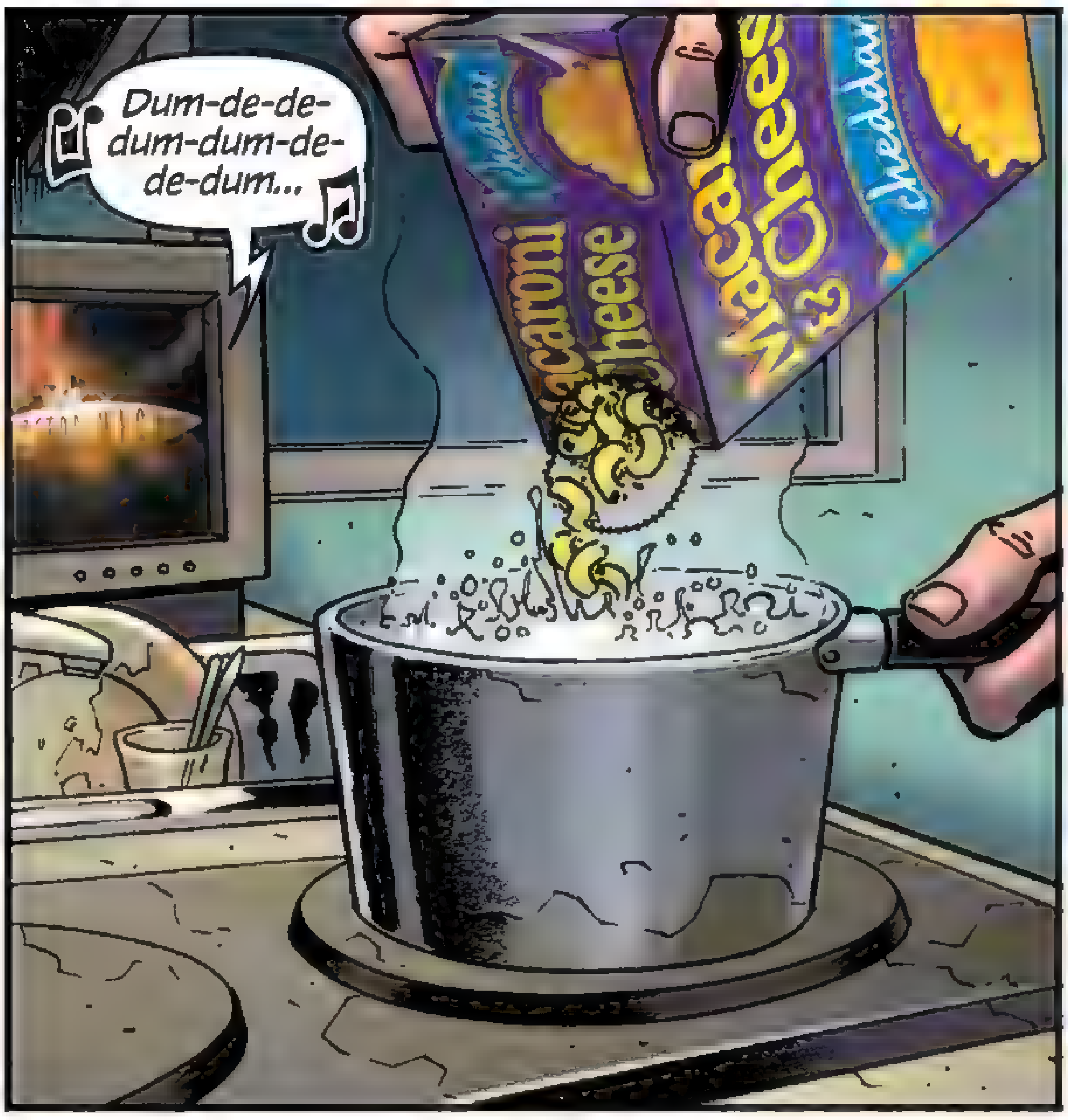
"In an earlier contact with DC, a youthful (Roy) Thomas had been informed that trading and selling old comics could not be officially sanctioned by the company, for it might *spread disease.*"

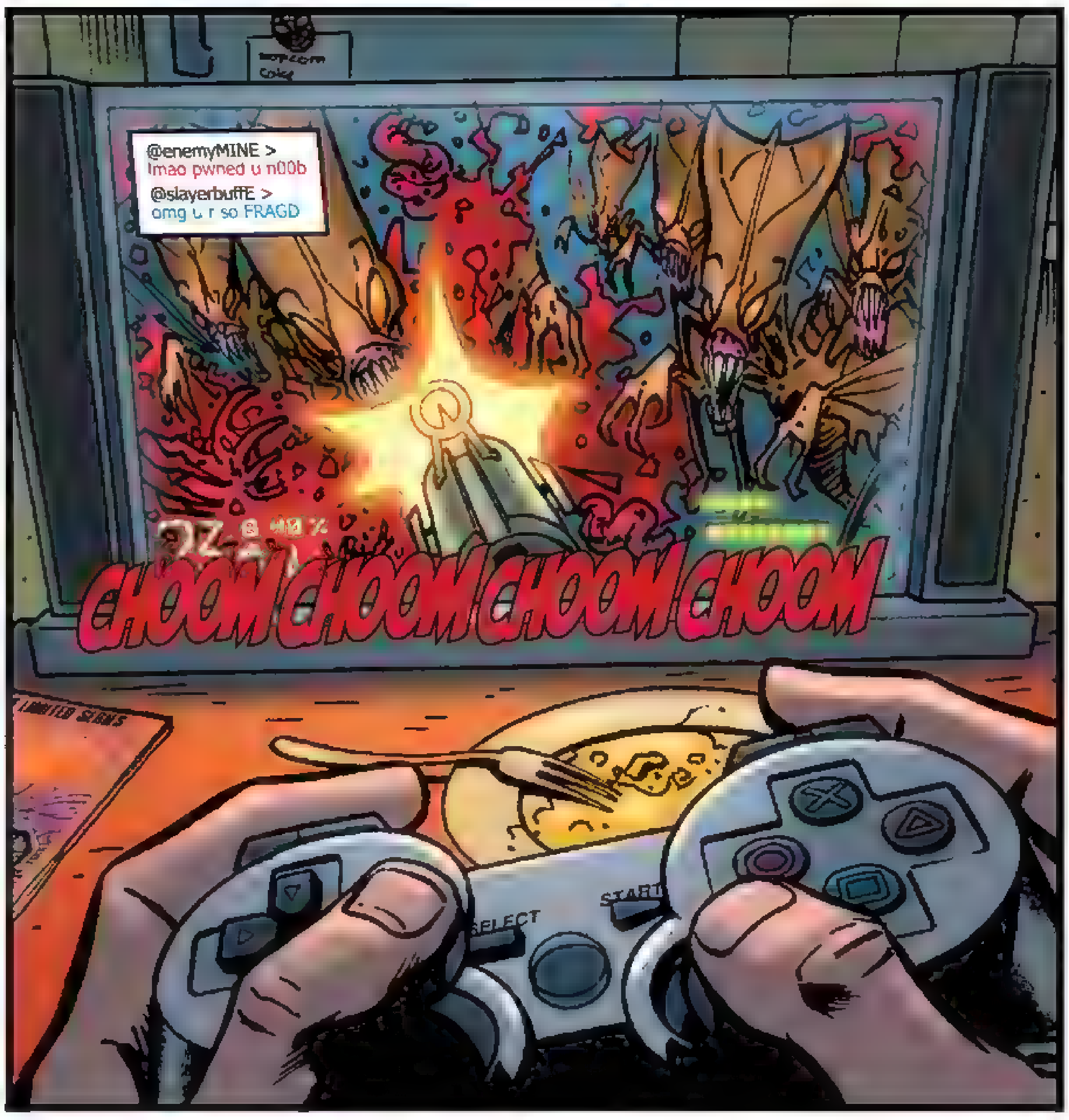
--Bill Schelly, *The Golden Age of Comics Fandom.*


PFFFFF.
Kirkman and Phillips were *better.*
Geez, Wendell. I *gotta* ask you a question...
(...and since you're one of my most reliable *customers,* it's not exactly in my *self interest* to do so...)
...you come in here every week and do nothing but *piss and moan* about the books you buy.
Have you ever thought about following comics...I dunno...
...you actually *like?*
I guess you got a point there.
But I'm the stereotypical *completist.* I just can't give up the *habit* once I've *committed* to a title.
'Sides...if I don't keep *following* 'em...
...how will I know when they stop *sucking?*
Okay, if you're sure--but I gotta whole *store* fulla stuff you could be reading that might not *annoy* you--
--some of 'em even without *super heroes!*
Haw! Like any good pusher, you're trying to *up my dosage.*
Sorry, bud, I'm saving up for a replica of the original Trek Captain's Chair--*six G's!* I had to cut out all nonessential non-event tie-ins from my pull list already.
You satisfied my *one* hunger...
...now on to the *other!* Only half my lunch hour left...
'Til Wednesday next, Shoppee!

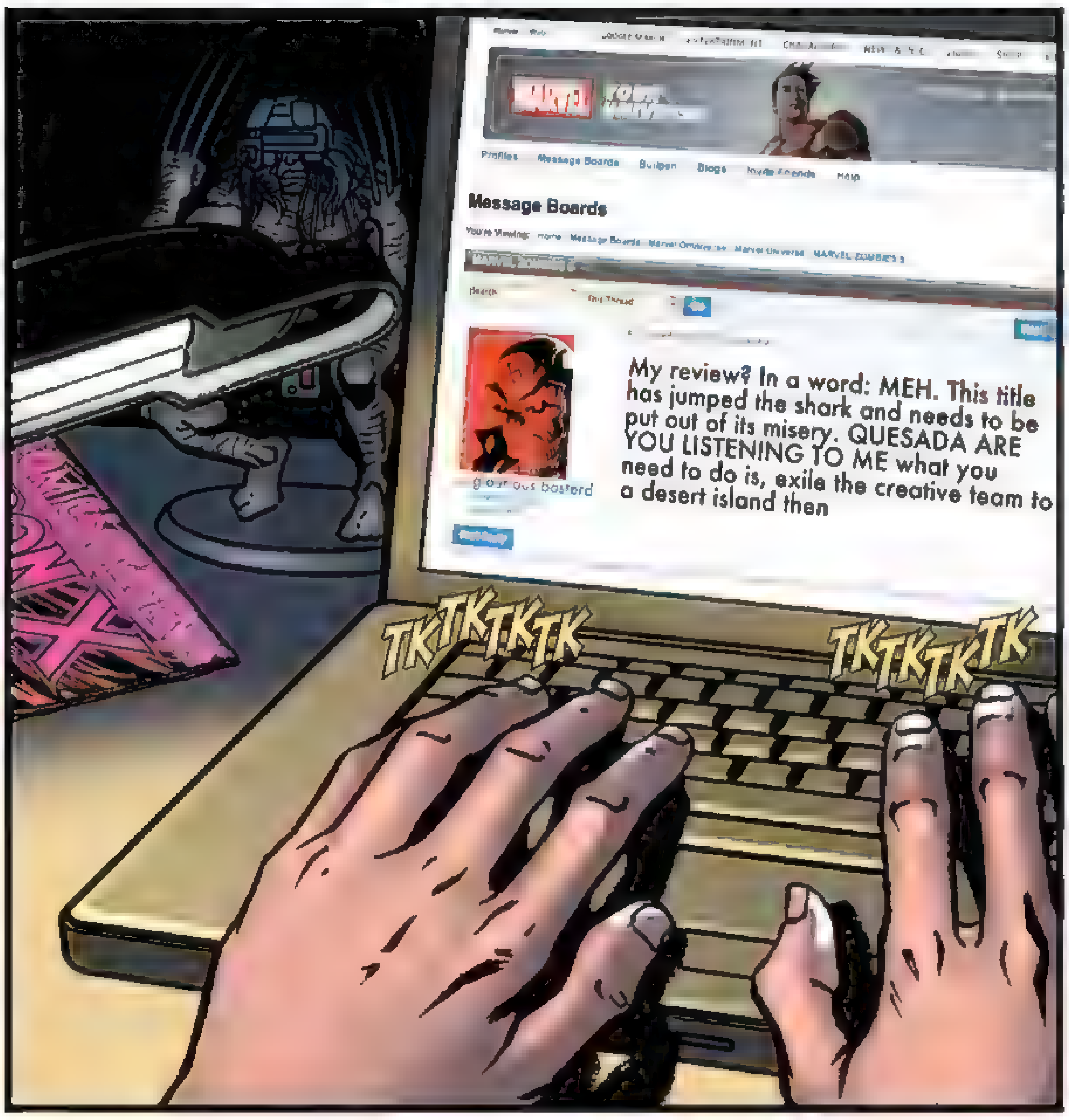
SPIDER-MAN
COMICS ORDER
Heeeeey! All right!
That was quick!
HOUSE OF M
It came, Lockheed!
All the way from Sumatra! You know where that is?
Indonesia. That's a long ways away.
Powerful you have become!
The dark side I sense in you! Brawwww!
Yessss...
My on-line auction medicine is strong...
~Kof~ ~Kof~
Aw, man! They didn't even bag it!
Fail.

MARVEL
MARVEL COMICS RULE!
151
1985
MARVEL TEAM-UP
FEATURING
MACHINE man
THE LIVING ROBOT
AND
HOWARD THE DUCK
DOOM IS A DARK DIMENSION!
BRUNNER
Still...I have the legendary *final issue* of Marvel Team-Up, Volume One, in my hands!
The entire print run had to be pulped because the inker slipped a dirty word into one background!
Only *thirty* or so are known to *exist!* Poor guy probably didn't even know what he was selling, heh, heh!
That's a *sweet* Brunner cover, too...

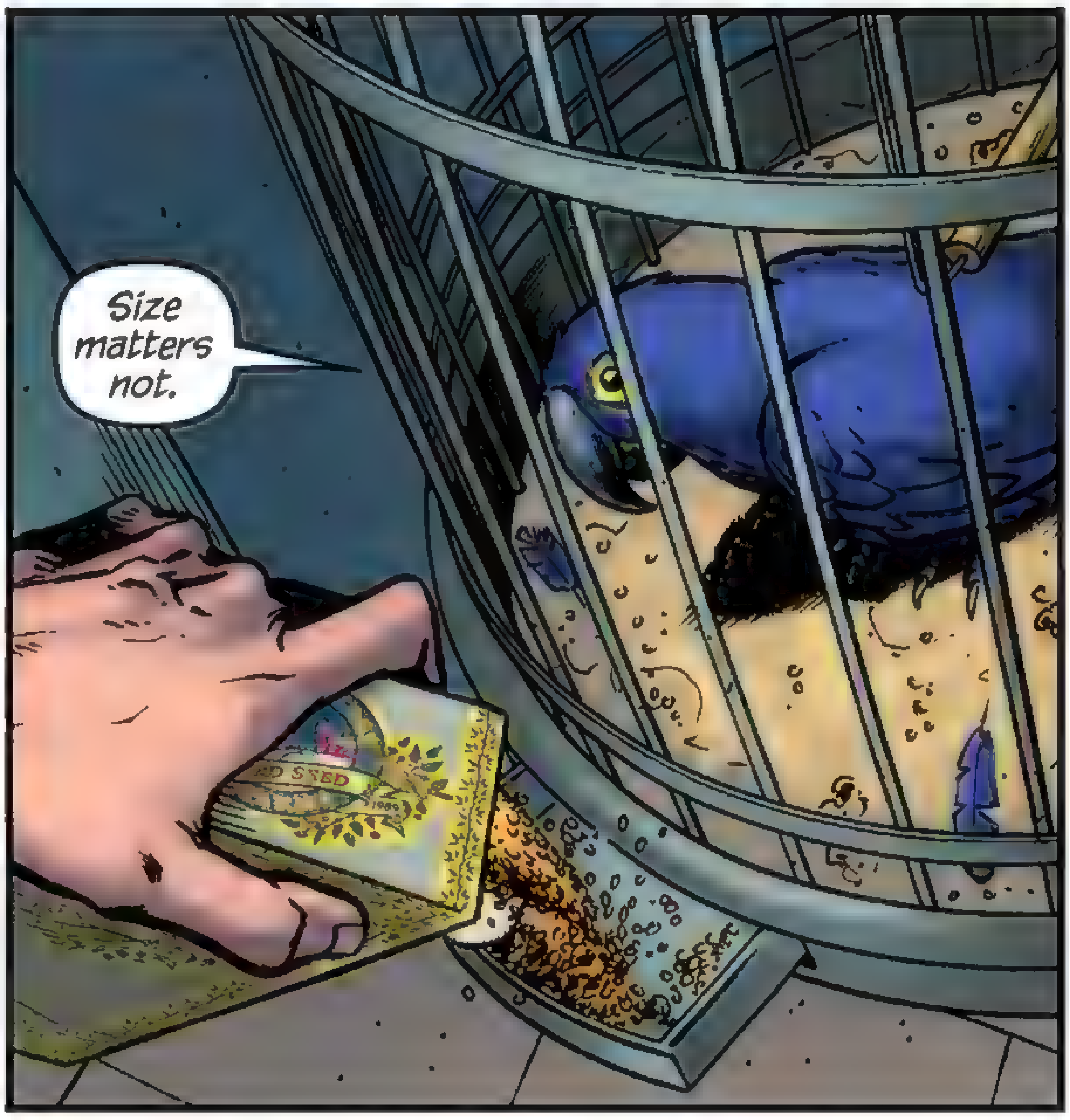

Dum-de-de-dum-dum-de-de-dum...
Macaroni & Cheese
Cheddar

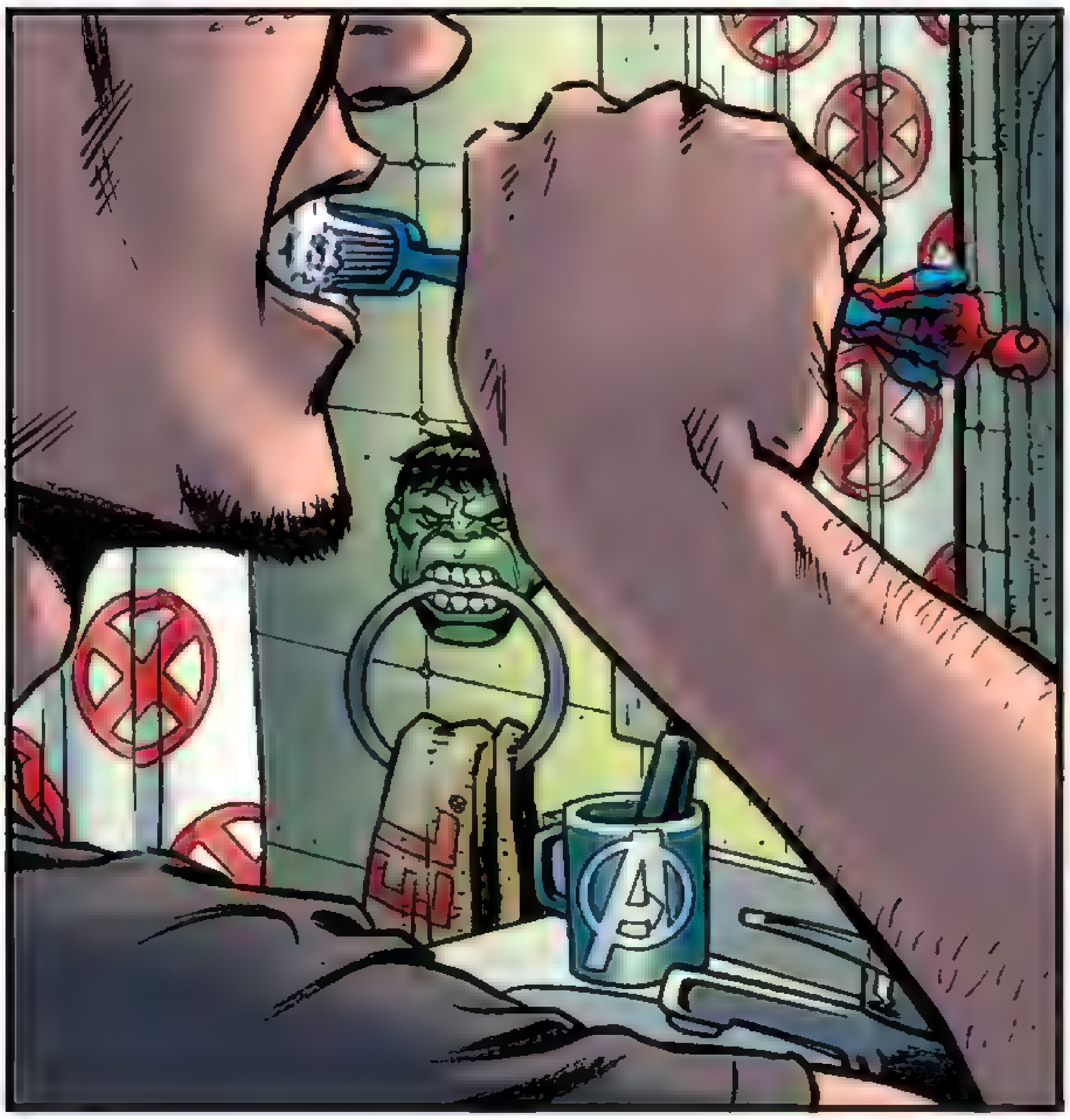

@enemyMINE >
lmao pwned u n00b
@slayerbuffE >
omg u r so FRAGD

CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM
SELECT
START


Profiles
Message Boards
Blogs
Help
Message Boards
MARVEL ZOMBIES 3
Search
gorgeous bastard
TKTKTKTK
TKTKTKTK

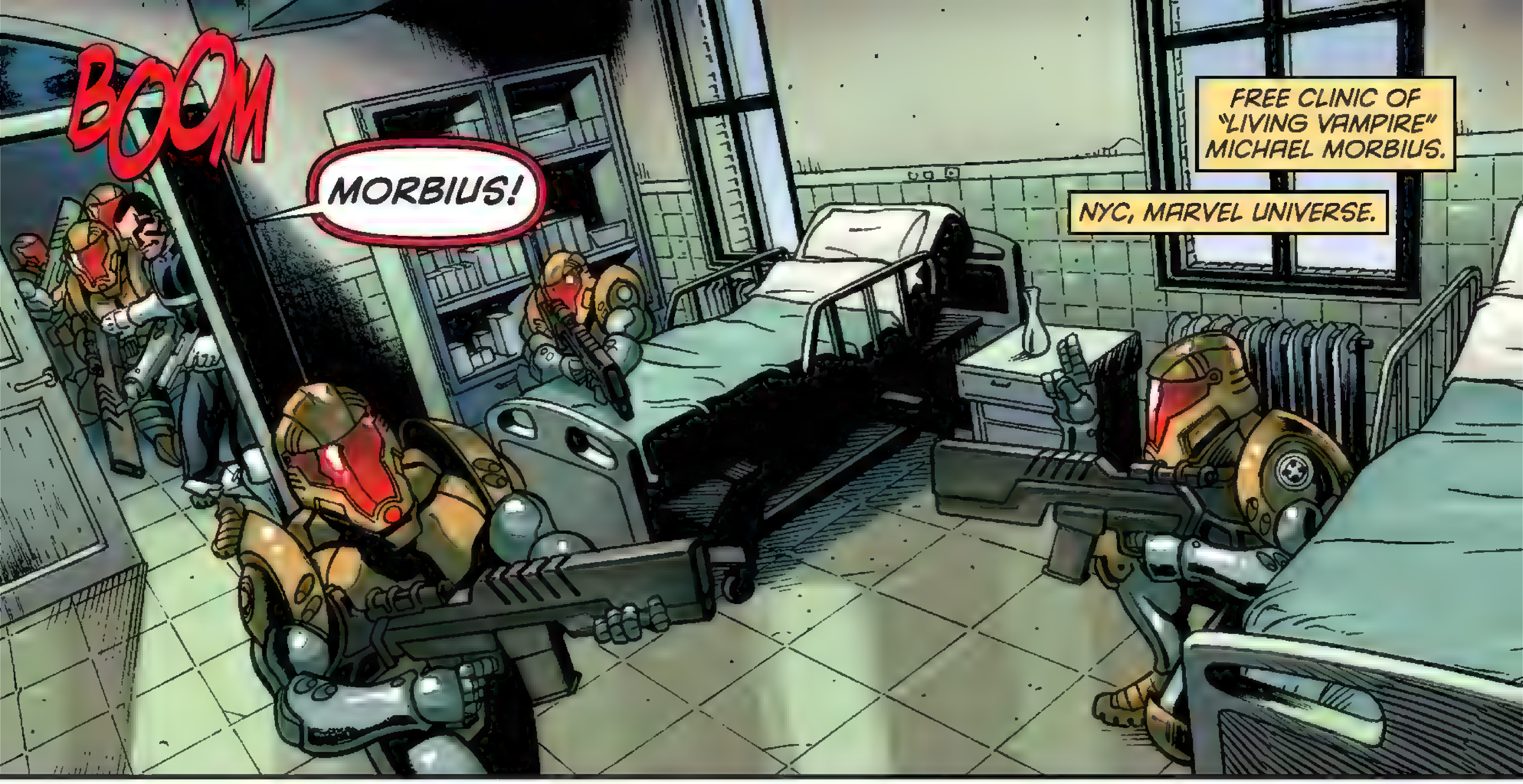
My review? In a word: MEH. This title has jumped the shark and needs to be put out of its misery. QUESADA ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME what you need to do is, exile the creative team to a desert island then

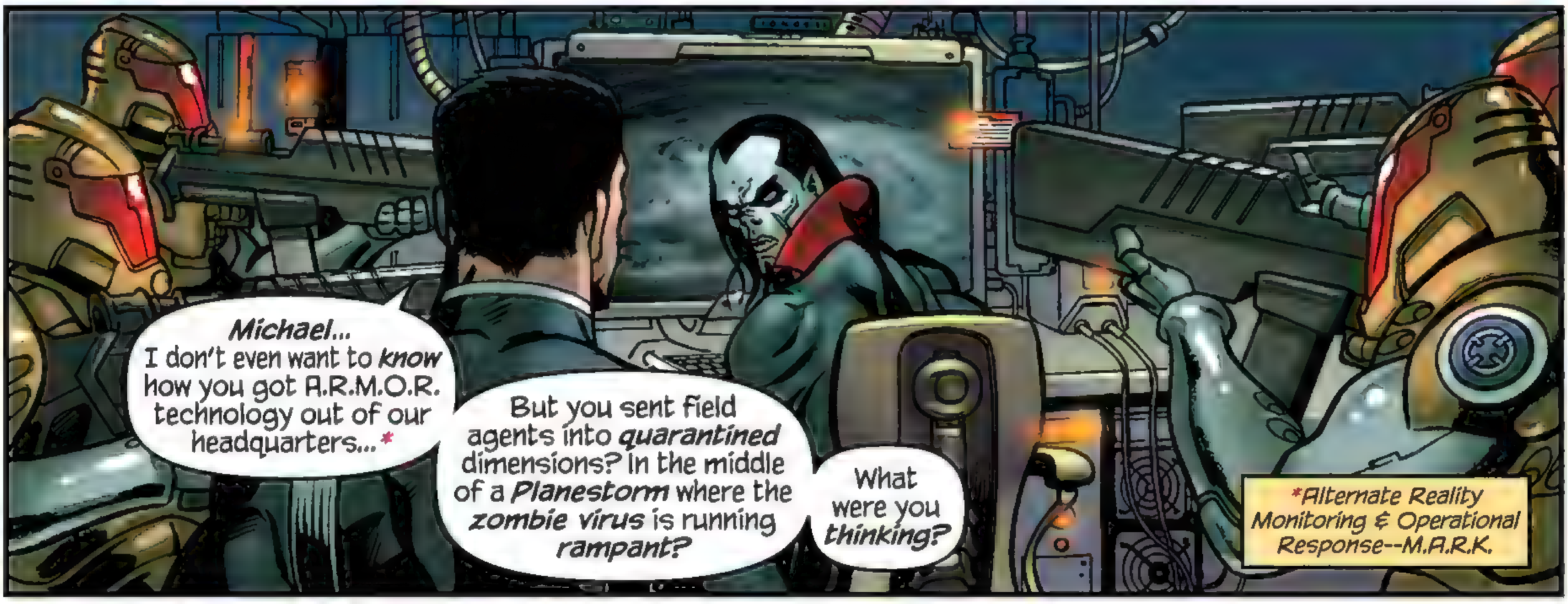

Size matters not.

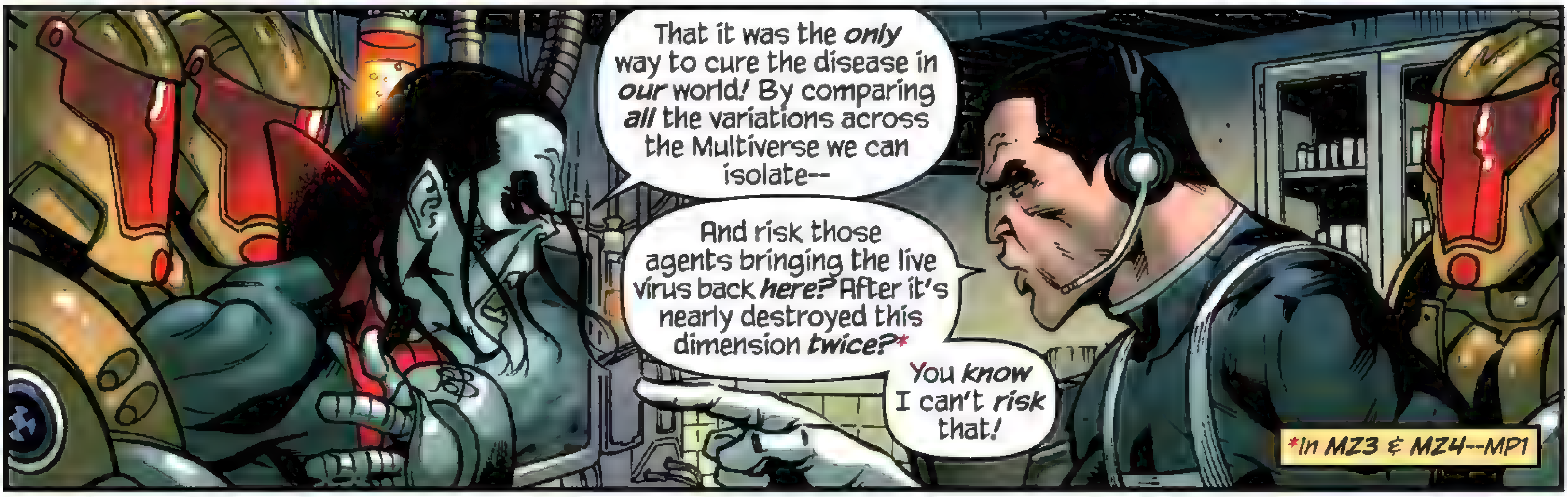


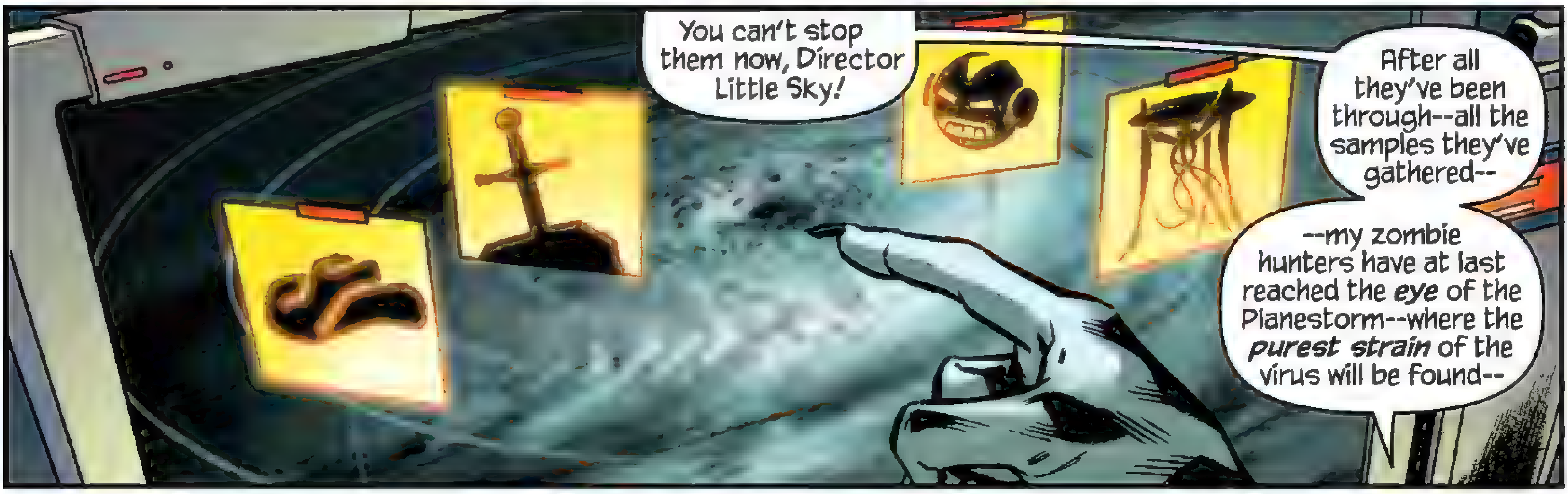
HHKKKKOOFFFFKKOFFKOFFKOFF
05:40
UGH! OH, GOD, I...
EEWWW!
Grave danger you are in!
Impatient you are! BRAAWK!
SHUT UP LOCKHEED!
KOF KOF DAMN KOF IT KOF KOF
KRRAASH
WHAT'S WRONG WITH...
KLKK

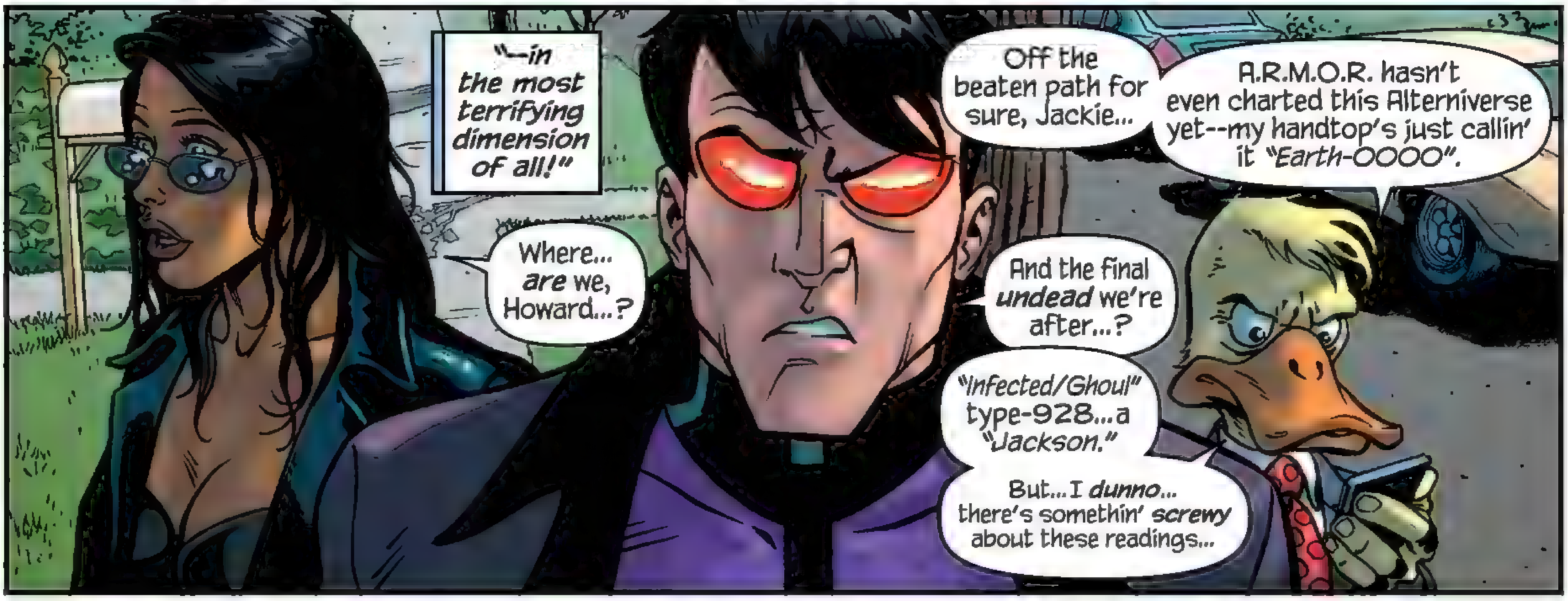
OH, FRAK ME.
WOLVERINE
A PLAGUE OF ONE
B 10

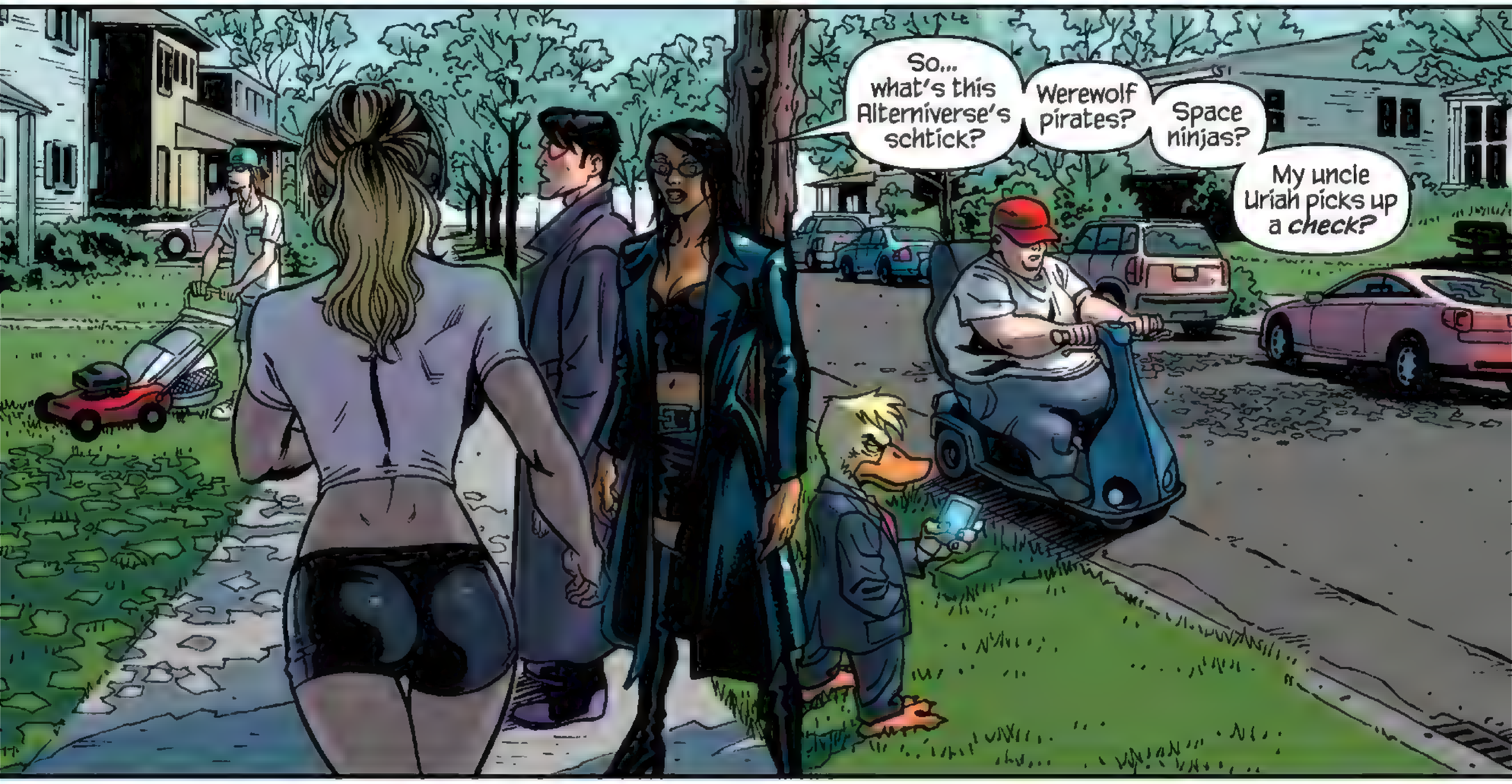

BOOM
MORBIUS!
FREE CLINIC OF "LIVING VAMPIRE" MICHAEL MORBIUS.
NYC, MARVEL UNIVERSE.

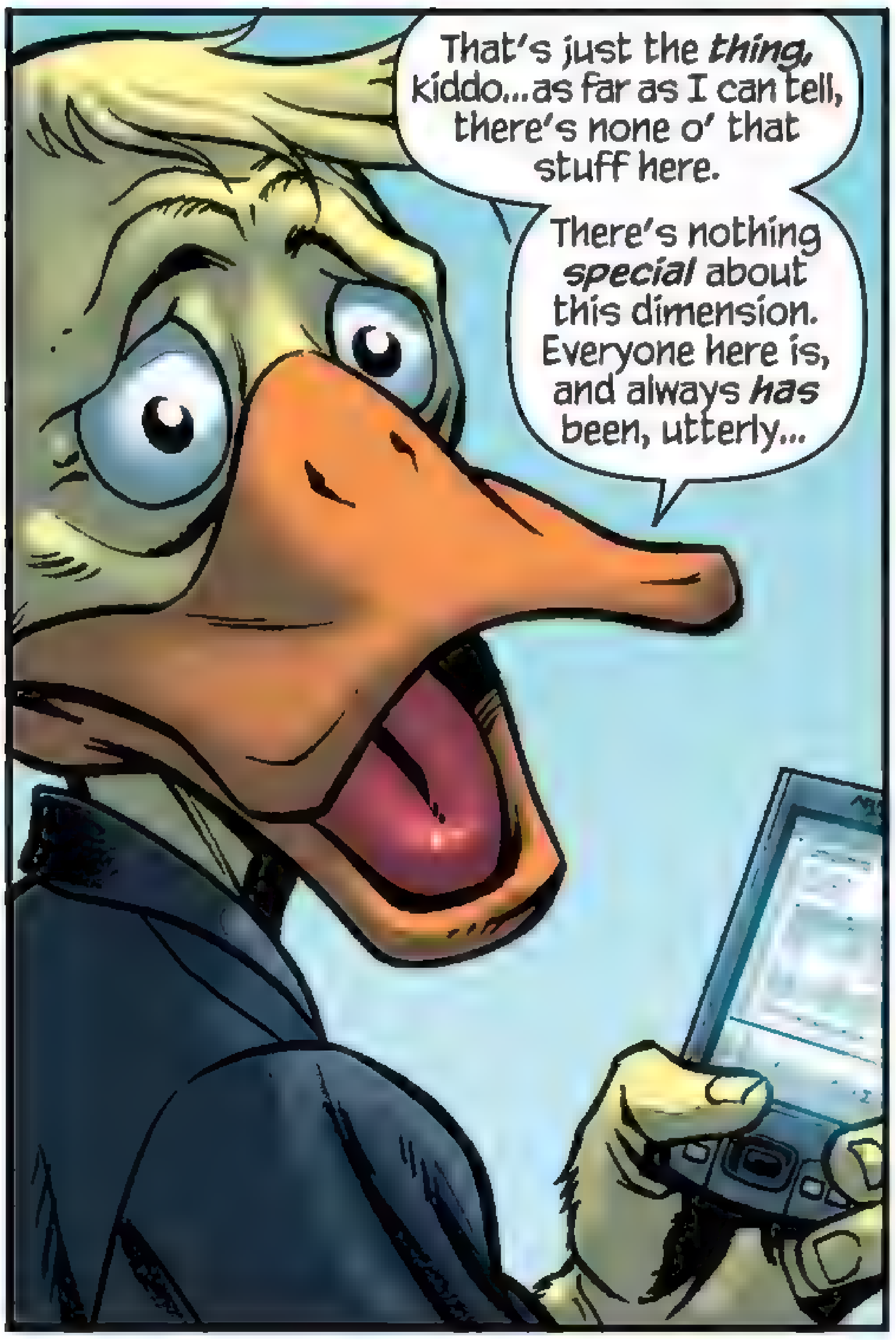

Michael... I don't even want to *know* how you got A.R.M.O.R. technology out of our headquarters...*
But you sent field agents into *quarantined* dimensions? In the middle of a *Planestorm* where the *zombie virus* is running *rampant?*
What were you *thinking?*
*Alternate Reality Monitoring & Operational Response--M.A.R.K.

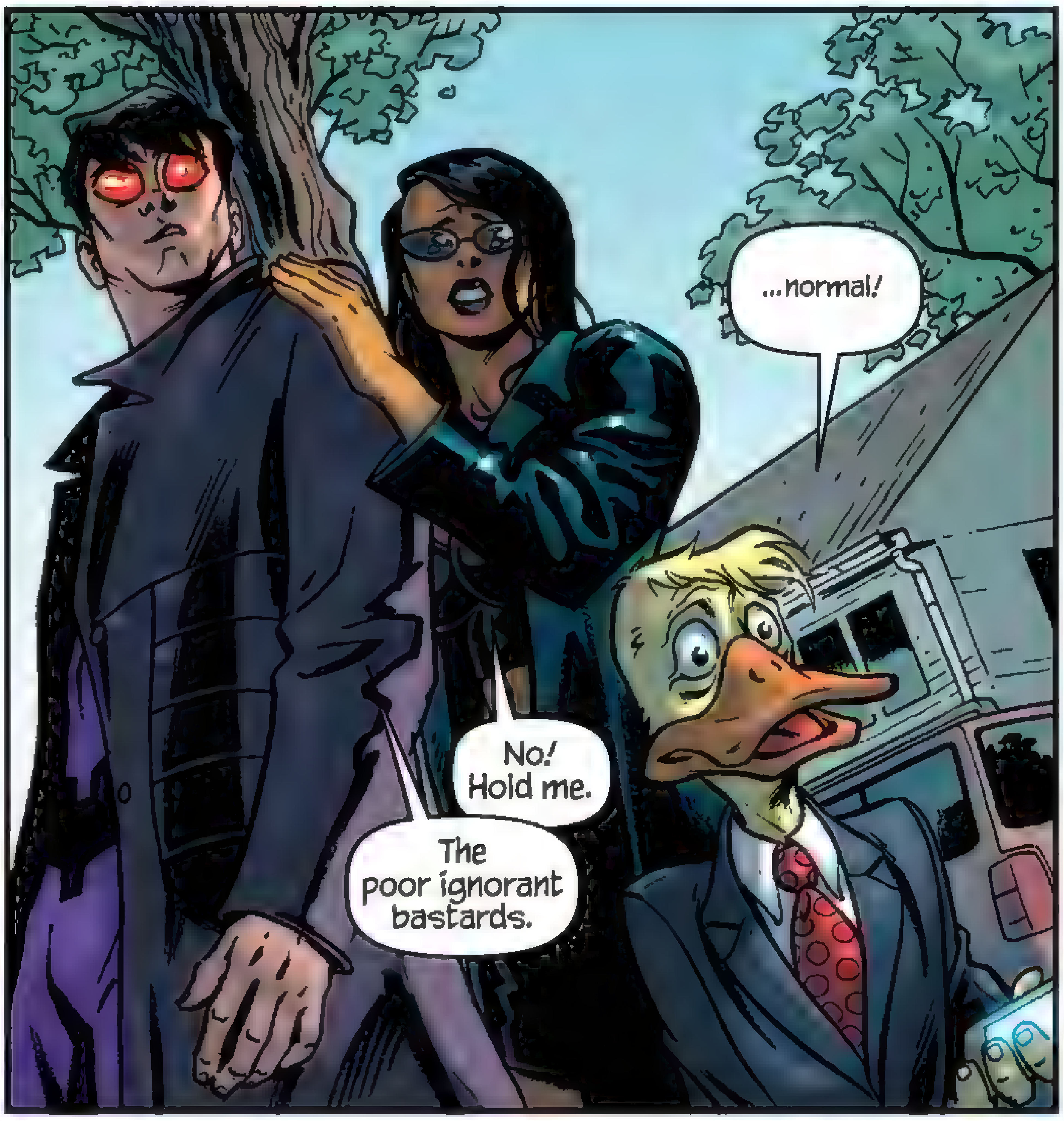

That it was the *only* way to cure the disease in *our* world! By comparing *all* the variations across the Multiverse we can isolate--
And risk those agents bringing the live virus back *here?* After it's nearly destroyed this dimension *twice?**
You know I can't *risk* that!
*In MZ3 & MZ4--MP!


You can't stop them now, Director Little Sky!
After all they've been through--all the samples they've gathered--
--my zombie hunters have at last reached the *eye* of the Planestorm--where the *purest strain* of the virus will be found--


"--in the most terrifying dimension of all!"
Where... are we, Howard...?
Off the beaten path for sure, Jackie...
A.R.M.O.R. hasn't even charted this Alterniverse yet--my handtop's just callin' it "Earth-OOOO".
And the final undead we're after...?
"Infected/Ghoul" type-928...a "Jackson."
But...I dunno... there's somethin' screwy about these readings...


So... what's this Alterniverse's schtick?
Werewolf pirates?
Space ninjas?
My uncle Uriah picks up a check?


That's just the thing, kiddo...as far as I can tell, there's none o' that stuff here.
There's nothing special about this dimension. Everyone here is, and always has been, utterly...


...normal!
No! Hold me.
The poor ignorant bastards.

Where
where
c'mon
c'mon
C'MON!
HKKKK
lungs
won't
can't
fog the
Wikipedia
says
First
stage of
pallor
mortis
along with
"primary
flaccidity"
slackening of
all *muscles*
why I
wet the
need
ambulance
gotta go
to the
THUNK
AAHH!
Green Scar!
Not you!
KSSSHH
damn
flaccidity

CALM down
SLOW down
CONTROL your frakking FINGERS
What is your emergency?
I'M...
Hello?
What is your emergency?
no
no
TAKK
wait
think first
no insurance
ambulance fees an arm and a leg

popcorn
coke
Pizza Rolls
Totino's Pizza Rolls
MILK
bye-bye *Captain's Chair*
Pizza Rolls
wait 'til this afternoon
maybe it'll clear up by then
MARSHMA
Happy Pony
300 g
if not
then I'll take the *bus* to the hospit--

BLLAARR
can't think
so very
HH
HH
There is no try!
Only do!
hungry

MMMM--
SQUUAARRK!
GO, LOCKHEED!
GO!

GO...
THERE IS NO TRY!
no blood
no blood
that's livor mortis
I just
I just wanna *die*
except
except I think
I'm already

BBZZZZZZZZTT
BBZZZZZZZZTT
So.
This is how the Wendell Stuart saga ends.
I don't know how they know.
But their kind always does.
WOLVE
The Shadow Government.
The Men in Black.
Bureau 13.
They've come to take me to Area 51 to experiment on me, to take my infected cells and use them to create an unstoppable army of undead super-soldiers.
I guess I'll go quietly. I have so many questions about my condition only they can answer.
And at least I'll be serving my countr--
...

165
Hello, sir. My name is Talia and I live in apartment 4R!
Troop 54 is raising money for a weekend trip to Washington D.C. and earn points toward our American Citizenship badge in our nation's capital.
OOKIES
Would you be interested in purchasing some cookies? Twenty percent of profits will go to our trip!
I don't know if you heard, but our famous cookies are now baked *without* TransFat!
How many boxes can I put you down for today, sir?
Sir?

Look at *this* bunch.
So fat they look like their kids *budded* offa 'em, like *amoebas.*
No way they're gonna survive the Zombie Apocalypse. Butterballs gonna get stuck trying to squeeze through a doorway and will be gobbled *right up.*
On the *other* hand...
...this guy is leaner, gonna give you a more quality meat.
Will I even *care* about *"quality?"* Will *anyone?*
The plague'll start soon. Thanks to me.
COOKIES CHOCOLAT
PTU!
Can't trick The Hunger like this with cookies forever.
But it's given me time to think.
Virus makes the leap from one climate or species to another. *Mutates.* Didn't I read H.I.V. kinda started the same way, in Africa?
The world is lucky *I'm* the one who came down with this thing *first.*
As an aficionado of the *fantastical arts,* I'm better prepared than most to handle the *ramifications.*

Ah, Elvish Greatsword.
When I bought you from that creepy, smelly man at *CZEZ* little did I know I would one day put you to your intended use:
The annihilation of the *Unliving!*
This...this is how the Romans did it?
Or the *Romulans?*
It's the right thing to do.
What if at the opening of every zombie apocalypse, the main guy, the patient zero, simply said:
"No." I'll end this *here, now,* before it can *begin.*
I'll be a hero.
But...
...what's the point of *sacrificing* myself if nobody *knows* about it?
Maybe I can live stream it... or blog it...

Naw, why bother? I know what they'll say:
HOUSE OF M
WOLVERINE
"Your C.G.I. sucks!"
"Nice way to rip-off *Diary of the Dead,* loser!"
'Cause that's exactly what I would say if I was reading me!
LIGHTER FUEL
DANGER FLAMMABLE
SCHWWSSH
LIGHTER FUEL
I spent all my time reading comics about people who risk everything to help *others.*
It's time for me to step up. Do something...
...selfless.
KSSSHH

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE
Wait--what's that?
A young woman is in trouble!
You fool!
Destroying yourself would be the most selfish act of all!
Not while Innocents are still menaced by evil!
And I have something better than a healing factor...I have a "NOT-DYING FACTOR!!"
I knew I saved all those cosplay outfits for a reason!
I'll prove through my deeds that the public doesn't need to fear and hound my kind!
Just like the X-Men!
Look out, world! Here comes...
"The Zombie Marvel!"
sexy
EEEEEEEEEE--
--****, girl, she did not say that. No she did not say that *** to you.
And then what did you say?
EEEEEEEEEE!
AW NO SHE DI'INT!

Reach for the sky, Hairless Ape-Corpse!
WHAM
Huh.
It's like he *knew* I was gonna say that.
Hello? Mister?
What's wrong with him?
Not sure, but my guess would be unreleased coupling between myosin and actin in the muscles, postmortem, resulting in perpetual contraction.
Better known as "rigor mortis."
OhmyGodOhmyGodOhmyGod
I'm actually looking at Machine Man and Howard the Duck!
Why can't I move a frakking muscle?! I'd ask 'em to sign my--
You get the final sample?
Yup.
Then you know what to do.

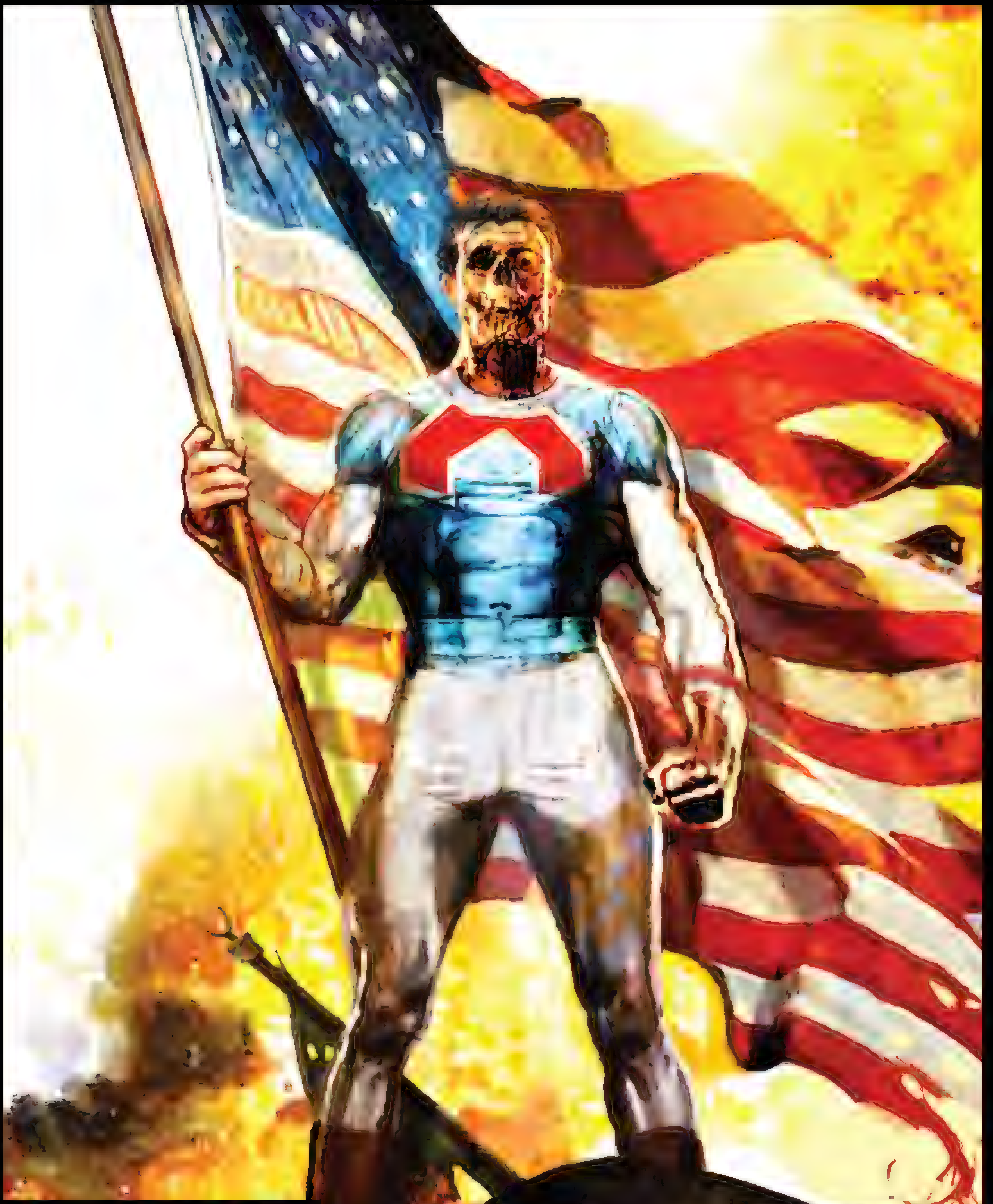
FWOOOSH
Die, nerd.
Why was he *dressed* like that?
Who *knows?* Why, if zombies are ravenously *hungry,* do they leave enough of their victims uneaten to become *more* zombies?
If humans are zombies' food, why don't zombies *die* once most or all of the people have been eaten?
And most of all... considerin' the way bodies *decompose* after death, wouldn't all zombies one day just rot away--or become *incapacitated* like *this* poor bastard?
MARVEL TEAM-UP
MACHINE
HOWA
DUCK
That's what I *love* about you hairless apes...
...you never let *facts* get in the way of a *good story.*
END

MARVEL ZOMBIES: THE BOOK OF ANGELS, DEMONS & VARIOUS MONSTROSITIES
Cover by Greg Land,
Jay Leisten
& Frank D'Armata

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE: DELUXE EDITION #12
(NOVEMBER 1986) BY RON FRENZ & JOE RUBINSTEIN

MARVEL 25th ANNIVERSARY
$1.50 US
$1.75 CAN
12 NOV
THE OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE
MARVEL UNIVERSE
DELUXE EDITION
SIF TO SUNSPOT
LAND
LEISTEN
fgd

MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #1 Cover by Michael Komarck



MAX
STRACZYNSKI
SUPREME POWER

SUPREME POWER #3 (DECEMBER 2003)
COVER BY GARY FRANK & RICHARD ISANOVE

MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #1 Variant
Cover by Arthur Suydam

UPSTATE NEW YORK.
CAPTAIN HARPER TEAM LEADER
HEY, HARPER!
YOU KEEP LOOKING OUT THERE--
HOSS DEMOLITIONS
--OUT AT THE STARS WISHING FOR YOUR DREAM GUY...
FORGET THAT CRAP! A REAL MAN'S SITTIN' RIGHT NEXT TO YOU!
YEAH, YOU'RE REAL, HOSS.
REAL UGLY.
OUCH!
OUR JILL HARPER HAS YET TO MEET HER MATCH, IN COMBAT OR ANYWHERE ELSE.
SOAPBOX COMMUNICATIONS
FEISTY AS EVER! I LIKE IT!
YOU LIKE ANY WOMAN WITH A PULSE.
AND THE PULSE IS OPTIONAL.
DOC MEDIC

DID I SAY SOMETHING THAT BOTHERED YOU?
YOU KNOW WHAT *LINCOLN* SAID:
IT'S BETTER TO BE *THOUGHT OF* AS A *FOOL* THAN OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND *PROVE IT.*
YEAH, YOU SHOULD BE MORE QUIET LIKE *MAINFRAME.*
MAYBE HOSS JUST CAN'T KEEP UP WITH THE CONVERSATION--
MAINFRAME TECH SPECIALIST
CONVERSATION? I THOUGHT HE HAD *FOOT-IN-MOUTH* DISEASE.
TWO-TON HEAVY SUPPORT
HOSS, YOU HAVE A CASE OF ORAL PEDAL STUPIDIS.
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET, DOC, WHEN YOU LET WOMEN INTO THE MILITARY...
ALL RIGHT, MY *NOT-SO-GENTLE-MEN...*
...HELMETS ON. 30 SECONDS TO EGRESS.
P.E.G.A.S.U.S. RESEARCH FACILITY. *P*OTENTIAL *E*NERGY *G*ROUP/*A*LTERNATE *S*OURCES/*U*NITED *S*TATES.
P.E.G.A.S.U.S.

P.E.G.A.S.U.S.
TWO-TON, COVER OUR SIX!
GOTCHA.
MAINFRAME, HEAD FOR THE *ENTRANCE ACCESS PANEL!*
ARE WE GONNA GET ANY BACK UP IN CASE THIS ALL GOES PEAR-SHAPED?
BECAUSE IN OUR LINE, IT *ALWAYS* GOES PEAR-SHAPED...
SOMEBODY ASKED FOR *BACK UP?*
THANKS FOR TAGGING ALONG, *BATTLESTAR.*
AFTER HANGING WITH *CAPTAIN AMERICA,* YOU READY TO RUN WITH THE SMALL DOGS?
NOTHING SMALL ABOUT YOU, HARPER.
MY *GUARDSMAN ALPHA TEAM* IS THE FINEST META-ACTIVITY EMERGENCY RESPONSE UNIT AROUND.
TO SUPERHUMANS LIKE YOU, WE DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, BUT WE GET THE JOB DONE.
PEGASUS
I'M HERE TO HELP, SAME AS YOU.
JUST DON'T GET IN OUR WAY.
AFTER YOU, LEADER-LADY.

DEET
DEET
THIS DOOR IS 40 TONS OF GLASS-FOLDED STEEL WITH A POLY-WOVEN ADAMANTIUM FIBER SHELL.
WITH SECURITY MEASURES ENGAGED, IT CAN ONLY BE OPENED FROM THE OUTSIDE.
ANYONE INSIDE WAS STUCK IN THERE.
OVERRIDE THOSE PROTOCOLS.
I DON'T WANT THAT HAPPENING TO US.
DEET
DEET
FWOOOSH
DOC--RAD LEVELS?
MINIMAL RADIATION. WE'RE SAFE.
IF THE READING IS ACCURATE...
DON'T BE SUCH A PANSY, SOAPBOX.
4 HOURS AGO, SOMEONE HERE PUSHED THE PANIC BUTTON.
A COMPLETE FAILSAFE SHUT-OFF WAS INITIATED, INCLUDING COMMUNICATIONS--
SO WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE FACING.
THE ALARM ORIGINATED NEAR THE BOTTOM OF THE SILO, 24 STORIES UNDERGROUND.
MAIN POWER IS OFF-LINE, SO WE WALK. WE CAN TAKE "THE LOOP" ALL THE WAY DOWN.
MAINFRAME WILL STAY HERE TO COVER OUR EXIT AND RELAY OUR REPORTS UP THE LINE.
STAY FROSTY, PEOPLE. THEY EXPERIMENT WITH HIGHLY VOLATILE AND ULTRA HUSH-HUSH ENERGY SOURCES HERE.
ONE WRONG MOVE AND WE COULD ALL BE EATING CHICKEN CHERNOBYL TONIGHT.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY BUILT THIS COMPOUND FOR FINDING ALTERNATE OPTIONS TO FOSSIL FUELS.
THEY'VE EVEN BEEN TRYING TO HARNESS MOLTEN MAGMA IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THIS STRUCTURE.
AND HOW'D ALL THAT TURN OUT?
WHAT RESULTS CAN THEY SHOW?
YOU COULD SAY *I'M* A RESULT OF THOSE TYPES OF EFFORTS.
OTHER THAN YOUR MUSCLES, BATTLESTAR, WHERE *ARE* THE ALTERNATE FORMS OF ENERGY?
EVERY TIME A NEW TYPE OF ENERGY IS INTRODUCED, CORPORATIONS LIKE *ROXXON* BUY IT UP AND DECLARE IT UNFEASIBLE.
THIS PLACE IS REALLY ALL ABOUT *SECRET BUDGETS* FOR *CLANDESTINE WEAPONS.*
DON'T GET ME STARTED...
...ABOUT IGNORING SUPERHUMAN CAPACITY AS A VIABLE ENERGY SOURCE!
SOAPBOX, WE DIDN'T GET YOU STARTED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
OH @#!$, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

WELL, IT WASN'T AN EXPLODING POT ROAST.
THAT'S *BRAIN MATTER* ON THE WALL.
WE JUST LOST CONTACT WITH MAINFRAME--TOO MUCH MINERAL ORE INTERFERENCE...
HURH!
OH, HOW WONDERFUL!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!
I DO SO ENJOY--
A SNACK WHILE WORKING!

SPLURRRRT
WHAT?
THING HAD RABIES OR SOMETHING.
IS THAT YOUR PROFESSIONAL OPINION?
HE'S DEAD.
YA THINK?
NO, I MEAN HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR A WHILE.
GUYS, WE GOT SURVIVORS!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HOW'D YOU GET IN?! ARE THEY GONE?!
DID YOU *DISENGAGE* THE *SECURITY* PROTOCOLS?
THEN YOU'VE *DOOMED EVERYONE!!!*
HERE ARE THE *BLUEPRINTS* FOR THE BUILDING.
WITH THOSE WE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO STOP THEM!
WITH THE BLUEPRINTS *AND* WHAT'S IN *THIS CASE...*

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!
WE THOUGHT WE WERE--
HURH.
ARG-GHH!
SKLRCH
NEXT?
SHOOT HIM!
SKLRCH
SKLRCH
SKLRCH
SKLRCH
HE'S USING YOUR CO-WORKERS AS SHIELDS!
SHOOT THEM ALL IF YOU HAVE TO!
GIVE ME THOSE PLANS!
AHHH!!!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!
DON'T WORRY. I'M GOING TO BLOW HIS HEAD OFF.
I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU...

BLUE EAGLE
THE SHAPE
YOU MIGHT HIT A VOLATILE ENERGY SOURCE.
HYPERION
GOLDEN ARCHER
LADY LARK
NIGHTHAWK
POWER PRINCESS
WE HAVE THE BLUEPRINTS. THAT'S ALL WE NEED.
AMPHIBIAN
WHIZZER
IFOLLOWEDTHEM BUTTHEYWALKED RIGHTTOYOU--
THE SQUADRON SUPREME!

YOU LOOK SICK. PLEASE, LET ME HELP. I'M A DOCTOR--
DOC, STAY BACK!
HURGH!
ARRGGGHH!
DOC!
GET OFF HIM, YOU BIG--
SHLRRRRRRP!
AHH!
POOOOOOM
LIKE HITTING A WALL...
HM, GRISTLE.
IS THERE ENOUGH TO SHARE?
OHHH...
THEY'RE ZOMBIES!

SQUADRON: ENGAGE!
HYPERION-- GET THE WOMAN!
ON IT.
AHHHHHH!
THIS WILL ONLY HURT IN BITS!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.
KRANG!
GURK!
OH, DID I GET IN YOUR WAY?

HOSS! GET WHIZZER WITH A GLOB ROUND!
RIGHT.
MAY THE MIGHT OF UTOPIA...
...BE RELEASED UPON YOU!
KRAKKK
WHAT'S YOUR PAJAMA PARTY NAME? YELLOW STREAK?
BOOOOM
WHYWOULDYOU SAYTHATDONTYOU KNOWWHO--
TWO-TON! HIT HYPERION WITH *EVERYTHING* YOU'VE GOT!
SORRY, FELLA.
CAN'TSEE... CAN'TSEE...
SPLOTCH

BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH
OH, REALLY?
DON'T HOLD BACK, BATTLESTAR!
IN THIS CASE YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO *HIT A GIRL!*
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.
YOU THINK THAT CAN STOP ME?
BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH
BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH
KEEP BLASTING AWAY AT THEM!
AH!
WATCH WHERE YOU AIM THAT SONIC BEAM, LADY LARK!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE
GO DOWN, DAMN YOU!
THAT DOESN'T EVEN TICKLE...
BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH

--
CHOMP
SHLRRRP
URLGH--
SHLRRRP
SCHWUNCH
ALAS, POOR YORICK!
SCHCHOMP
I CHEW HIM WELL...

HEY, LABCOAT! WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING HERE?!
MISS! LISTEN TO ME!
THIS IS **ARGONITE--** THE ONLY SUBSTANCE ABLE TO STOP **HYPERION!**
WE'VE BEEN KEEPING IT HERE IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS!
SOAPBOX! THOSE SCIENTISTS AREN'T FULLY DEAD!
HURGH
THEY'RE INFECTED WITH THE SAME THING AS THE SQUADRON SUPREME!
HOW MANY MORE ARE THERE LIKE THIS?!
HUNGRY
HURRY!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH.
BUT IF IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE...
WE GOTTA PULL OUT.
BOOM
SPLURRRT
HOSS, GET OUT A TIMED DETONATION!
HURH

THIS HAD BETTER WORK!
BONK
UHH!
MY LOVE!
UH-OH.
GET RID OF IT!
URRHH!
HE CAN'T STAY HERE!
THEY MAY HAVE MORE ARGONITE!
URRHHHH...
HARPER, WE BETTER START FIGURING OUT HOW TO KILL SUPER-ZOMBIES.
IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE.
GOOD PLAN.
CLUNK
IF YOU DON'T SET THAT RIGHT, WE'RE DONE.
WELL DONE, OR MEDIUM RARE?
8:00
IS THAT THE SQUADRON SUPREME?
THEY ARE AND THEY AREN'T.
WONDERFUL. GETTING ZEN ABOUT ZOMBIES.
TELL US WHAT HAPPENED HERE.

WHEN THE SQUADRON SUPREME WERE STUCK ON OUR WORLD, THEY LIVED HERE AS GUESTS OF PROJECT P.E.G.A.S.U.S.
OF COURSE, THEY WEREN'T ONLY GUESTS.
OBSERVATORY P.E.G.A.S.U.S.
"THEY WERE MARVELS WE COULD STUDY AND LEARN FROM.
"BUT ONE OF OUR PEERS, DR. MORTIMER DAVOI, HAD HIS OWN IDEAS...
"WE DISCOVERED ALL TOO LATE FROM HIS LAB NOTES THAT HIS MOTIVES WERE INFLUENCED BY A TERMINAL ILLNESS."
"DAVOI CONVINCED THEM THAT KNOWING THE SQUADRON'S DNA CODES MIGHT LEAD TO GREAT LEAPS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.
"SO DR. SPECTRUM USED HIS POWER PRISM TO CREATE HARD-LIGHT CONSTRUCTS OF HIS TEAMMATES' INDIVIDUAL HELIXES.
FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH
"WHEN THE SQUADRON RETURNED TO THEIR OWN WORLD, DAVOI GRAFTED THEIR DNA TO MEDICAL CADAVERS.
"NEEDING A POWERFUL ENERGY SOURCE IN ORDER TO REANIMATE HIS 'TEST SUBJECTS'...
"...DAVOI DECIDED TO USE ZETA RAYS THAT WERE ACCESSIBLE FROM OUR ORBITAL PARTICLE COLLECTOR."
"WE'D DISCOVERED THAT ZETA RAYS ARE MADE UP OF NEGATIVELY CHARGED ENERGY THROWN OFF BY AGITATED ATOMS."

"SINCE CONTINUED EXPOSURE TO COSMIC RAYS KILLS NORMAL BRAIN CELLS...
"DAUOI CORRECTLY POSTULATED THAT THE NEGATIVE-CHARGED ZETA ENERGY WOULD HAVE THE REVERSE EFFECT ON BRAIN MATTER THAT WAS ALREADY DEAD.
"BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG.
"PERHAPS DUE TO THE REFRACTING NATURE OF A PRISM, SPECTRUM'S DNA CONSTRUCTS WERE UNSTABLE.
"THE CADAVERS, IMBUED WITH THE POWERS OF THE ORIGINAL SQUADRON, AWOKE WITH A VORACIOUS APPETITE FOR HUMAN FLESH.
"IT WAS CARNAGE INCARNATE."

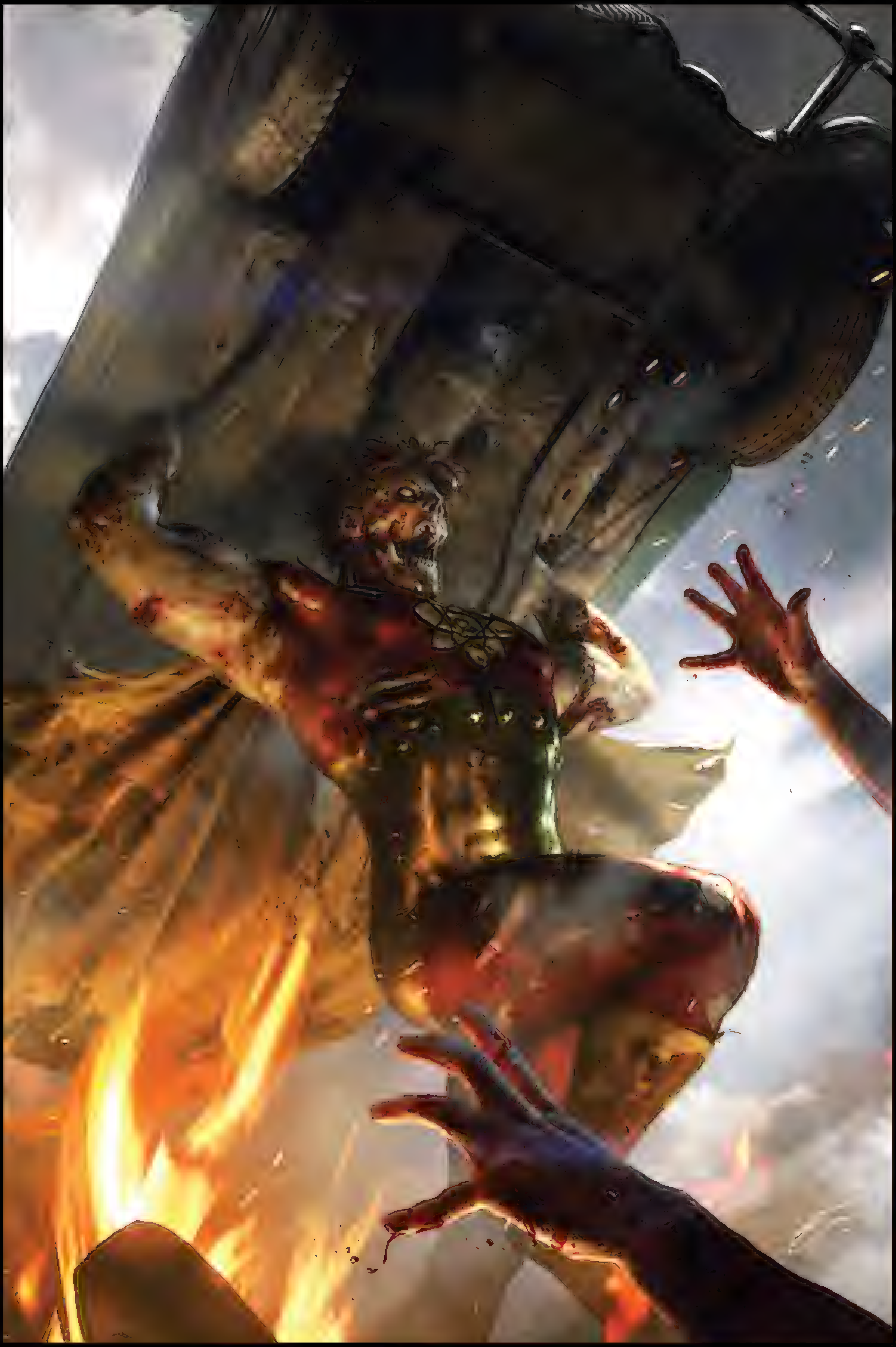
SEEMS AWFULLY QUIET HERE NOW.
ARE THERE ANY OTHER SQUADRON MEMBERS LOOSE?
"ONE MORE THAT I KNOW OF. HIS NAME IS *NUKE.*
"HE SEEMS TO HAVE DIFFERENT TASTES THAN THE OTHERS.
"HE WENT STRAIGHT AFTER THE NUCLEAR DISPOSAL TEAM, AND THEN--
"HE ACTUALLY ENTERED THE RADIOACTIVE WASTE CHUTE."
DANGER RADIATION

GREAT. THE ATOMIC COMPONENT JUST ESCALATED THE THREAT LEVEL WAY BEYOND RED.
SO MUCH FOR THE TOTAL SECURITY LOCKDOWN!
SOAPBOX, GET WORD TO MAINFRAME TO ALERT COMMAND--
THERE MAY BE ESCAPEES WHO NEED TO BE QUARANTINED WITH ALL AVAILABLE RESOURCES.
I'LL HAVE TO TRANSMIT AT EXTREMELY LOW FREQUENCY AND HOPE HE'S MONITORING.
WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE AGAINST THE SQUADRON SUPREME? WE'RE LUCKY WE MADE IT THIS FAR!
WITH THEIR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS, THEY ARE NIGH UNSTOPPABLE.
WE'VE GOT TO CONTAIN THEM AT ALL COSTS.
IF THE ZOMBIE SQUADRON ESCAPES, THE CONSEQUENCES ON THE WORLD WOULD BE CATASTROPHIC.
SO WE DON'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
DO A LOT OF PEOPLE WORK HERE?
OH YES, HUNDREDS OF SCIENTISTS AND SUPPORT STAFF.
SO WHERE IS EVERYONE?
THEY MUST BE DOWN HERE... SOMEWHERE... OR DEAD...
ANY OTHER SURPRISES IN STORE FOR US?
WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...
RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR...

WHAT IS THAT?!
WHILE CULLING FOR ZETA RAYS IN SPACE, DAUOI *CAPTURED PARTICLES* OF... *SOMETHING ELSE.*
HE TRAPPED THIS *MYSTERY ENERGY* AND INCORPORATED IT INTO HIS EXPERIMENTS.
WHATEVER IT IS, HE FELT IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO REQUIRE ITS OWN GENERATOR.
SOMETHING IN THERE...
OKAY. WE'VE GOT OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US.
THE NUMBER OF *UNKNOWNS* IN THIS EQUATION JUST INCREASED *EXPONENTIALLY.*

"AND WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN NEXT."
ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS, THIS MAGMA POOL LEADS DIRECTLY INTO THE EARTH'S CENTER.
ARE YOU UP FOR IT?
ANY HESITATION IS OVER LEAVING YOU BEHIND...
HYPERION IS THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO CAN SURVIVE THIS.
FAREWELL, MY LOVE!
I WORRY ABOUT WHAT AWAITS HIM, NIGHTHAWK.
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY, ZARDA.

"FOR US TO SURVIVE, HYPERION MUST REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND INSURE THAT WE HAVE AN *AMPLE FOOD SUPPLY.*"
ZOMBIE SUPREME



MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #2 Cover by Michael Komarck

KANSAS.
...CAN'T BELIEVE THAT POISON ROXXON IS PEDDLING TO RANCHERS!
NOT JUST PEDDLING. THEY'VE GOT THEIR OWN HERD NOW.
WHAT BUSINESS DOES AN OIL COMPANY HAVE PLAYING AROUND WITH ANIMAL FEED, ANYHOW?
BIG BUSINESS.
BUT WHEN FARMS START BOWING TO QUARTERLY REPORTS...
...SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...
BORN INTO A RACE OF ADVANCED COSMIC BEINGS BUT ORPHANED AS A LONE CASTAWAY...
THERE CAME A MAN RAISED BY ORDINARY EARTHLINGS.
TAUGHT BY HIS ADOPTIVE HUMAN PARENTS TO UTILIZE HIS AMAZING POWERS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND...
HE BECAME THE GREATEST CHAMPION THE EARTH HAD EVER SEEN.
A HERO WHO INSPIRED HIS ENTIRE WORLD.

STRANGE VISITOR
HIS NAME IS *HYPERION*, AND UNFORTUNATELY...
THIS IS NOT HIS WORLD.
HURGH

ARE YOU OKAY, SON?
YOU DON'T LOOK TOO--
AHH!
RUN, MA! RUN!
DON'T LOOK BACK!
OH...
JUST RU--
GHKK!!
OH!

BUT PA HAS THE KEYS.
OH, PA...
DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT YOU.

DEEP WITHIN PROJECT PEGASUS.
SO.
THIS IS ENERGY FROM SPACE OF UNKNOWN CLASSIFICATION, TRAPPED HERE...
YES.
...AND USED BY A MAD SCIENTIST PERHAPS LOOKING TO WEAPONIZE SUPER-HUMANS BY USING SYNTHETIC DNA GRAFTED ONTO ZETA-ANIMATED CORPSES.
CORRECT.
AND NOW ZOMBIE VERSIONS OF THE SQUADRON SUPREME ARE AFTER US.
I'M AFRAID SO.
SEE! I TOLD YOU THIS PLACE WAS ALL ABOUT MAKING WEAPONS.
STOP WITH ALL THE CONSPIRACY THEORIES, SOAPBOX!
ANY POWER SOURCE CAN BE USED AS A WEAPON. EVEN BATTERIES ARE POISON WHEN THEY CORRODE.
FOR A GUY WHOSE SPECIALTY IS COMMUNICATIONS, YOU SURE ARE HARD TO LISTEN TO.
AND WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO, HOSS?
I BLOW STUFF UP.
EASIER TO TEAR DOWN THAN TO BUILD UP.
AND MORE FUN!
BATTLESTAR, HOW'S YOUR ARM STRENGTH?
CLASS-5 PLUS. WHY?
I NEED YOU IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT. CLIMB UP THE SILO TO THE TOP.
I DON'T CUT AND RUN, CAPTAIN HARPER.
THEN THINK OF IT AS AN ENFILADE ACTION!

THINK YOUCAN SLOW ME!
WHIZZER?
FASTERTHANFASTFOOD.
WAIT--
STOOOOOPPPPPPP
ANDTWICEAS BADFORYOU!
HOW'D HE GET OUT?!
YOU LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND!
THE SHAPE! HE'S USING THE AIR DUCTS TO MOVE AROUND!
THEY'VE DISARMED OUR EXPLOSIVES...

BATTLESTAR, YOU CAN OUT-FLANK THEM!
WHOOPSIE!
THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM! ONE OF US HAS TO SURVIVE!
AM I MISSING THE FUN?
AHH!
GO!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
WELL, SINCE YOU ASKED SO POLITE-LIKE...

ALMOST THERE!
STAY ON TARGET!
TOUCH--

DOWN...?
WHAT ARE YOU?!
OW CHAMPIONS
THUP!
~SNFF~
HM?

ANICS
ake milk
shioned way
science!
ROXXON OIL AND INORGANICS
we make milk
the old fashioned way
with science!
MOOOO
MOOOOOO
SOMETHING SMELLS FUNNY IN THERE.
THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT GRASS-FED.

ROXXON
ROXXON

CEASE AND DESIST!

RAMPAGING MONSTER, HEAR THIS--
WHERE KANSANS ARE THREATENED, THERE YOU WILL FIND THE HARVESTERS!
MEADOWLARK, OF MELODIC REVERIE.
PIONEER, CONQUEROR OF PRAIRIE AND PLAINS.
SUNFLOWER, THE MIGHTIEST FLORA.
GRAIN BELT, THE OTHER SALT OF THE EARTH.
AND I AM TOPEKA, THE HEAD OF STATE.
AD ASTRA PER

I'VE HEARD OF STEAK TARTARE, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
HE'S EATING AT MACH-2 SPEEDS!
THESE COWS WERE NOT IN GOOD HEALTH...
♫
WE HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED THAT YOU MAY BE UNDER A VIRAL ZOMBIE INFLUENCE.
SURRENDER QUIETLY AND WE WO--
K
HKK
K

SHLRRRRP
GAH!
GRAIN BELT! SPEED YOUR PLOW!
ALL RIGHT-- THE BELT'S COMIN' OFF!
MOST OF THIS TEAM DOESN'T SCARE SO EASY WHEN IT COMES TO ZOMBIES.
HHUHH!
I'M NOT EXACTLY FLESH AND--
FFWWOOOOO

GRAIN BELT?
LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE...
A VEGGIE KNUCKLE SANDWICH!
NOT ENOUGH MEAT!
HH!
NICE TRY, BUT I CAN DO THIS ALL DAY.
THE MORE SUN THERE IS, THE STRONGER I GET!
AND DRY.

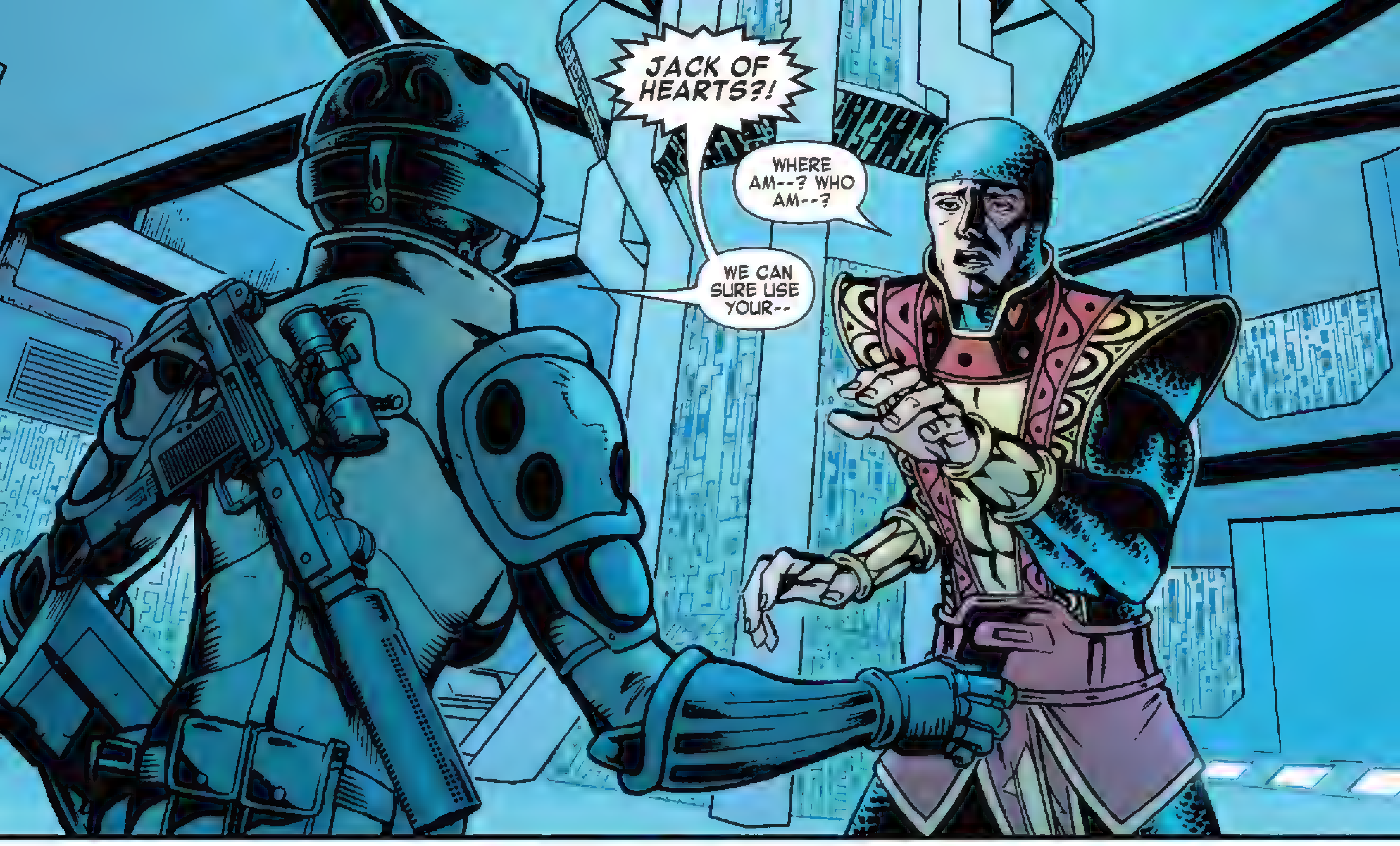
AH!
AHHHH!
UNNATURAL DESPOILER! ENEMY OF THE LAND!
I CALL FORTH THE POWER OF THE PLAINS!
TO RIDE HERD ON YOU!
RRRRUMMMMMBBLE

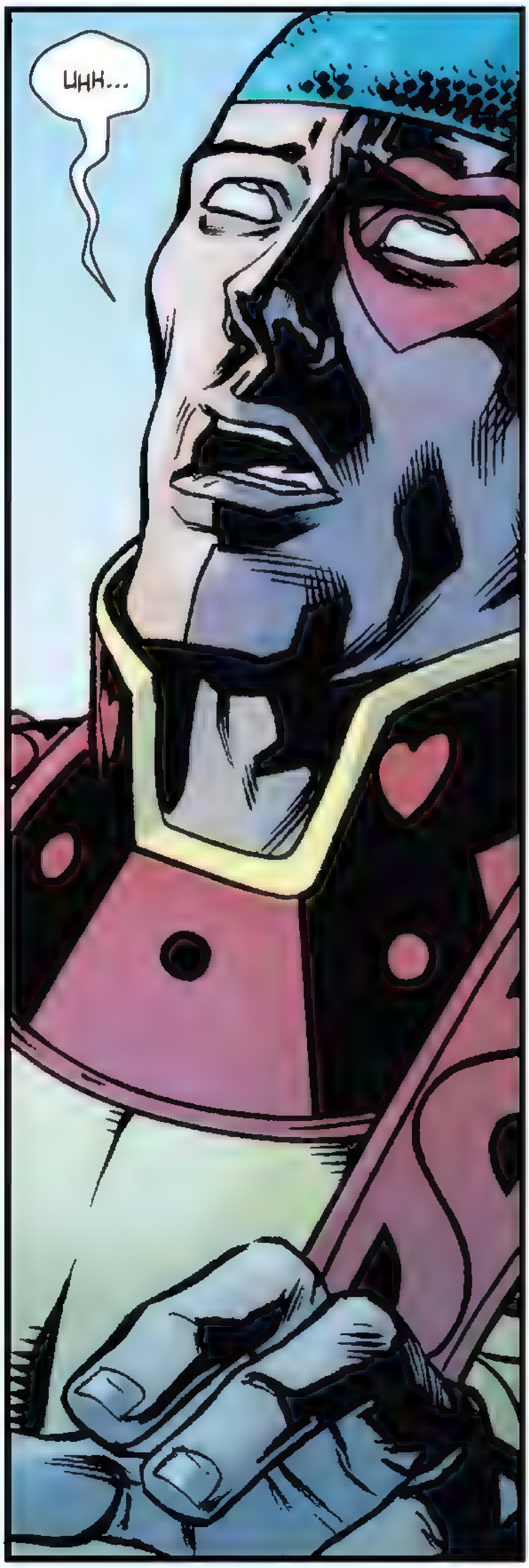
AND NOW, MEADOWLARK WILL SOOTHE YOU TO SLEEP WITH HIS RAPTUROUS MELODY!
LITTLE BIRDIE--
CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
SCHCHOMP
TASTES LIKE CHICKEN.
WELL! A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE...
NEVER... NEVER... OHH...

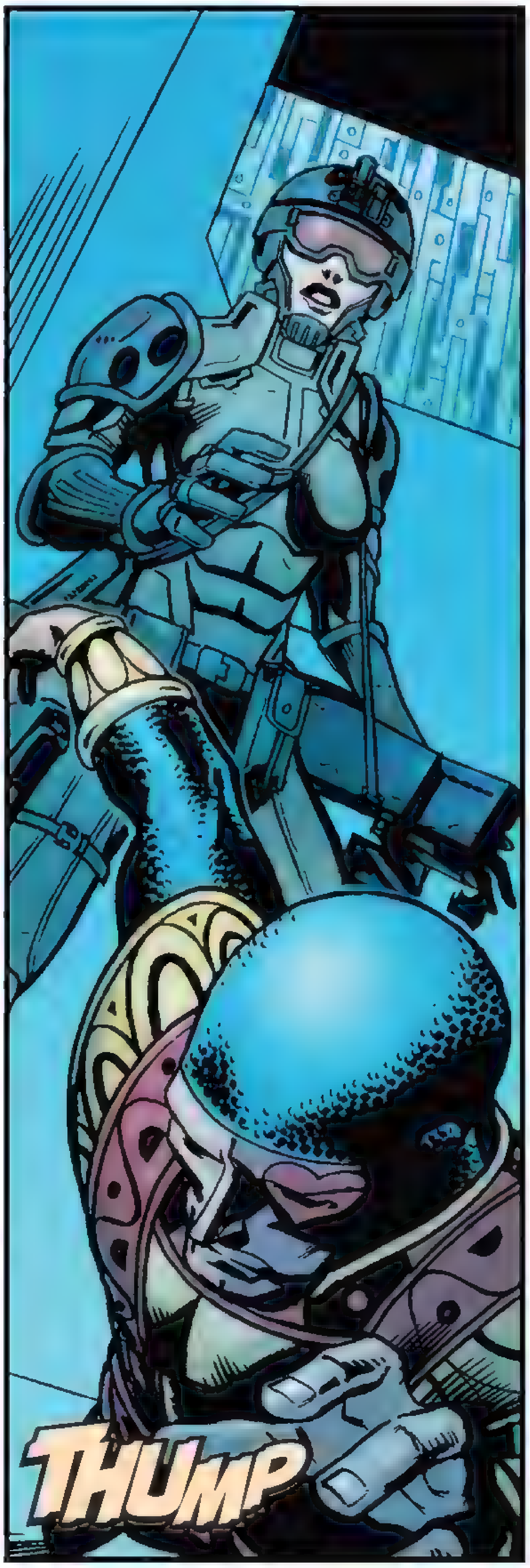
--?
HM!
SNFF
SPONGIFORM ENCEPHALOPATHY!
YOU'VE GOT *MAD COW DISEASE.*
YOUR HEIGHTENED METABOLISM MUST HAVE PROCESSED THE CELLULAR ATTACK AT AN ENORMOUS RATE.
IT SEEMS THAT SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, YOU FOUND THE WILLPOWER TO FIGHT WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO YOU...
...BY EATING THESE SICK COWS.
WITH THAT TYPE OF TENACITY, PERHAPS ONE DAY, YOU MIGHT ONCE AGAIN CALL YOURSELF--
A HERO.

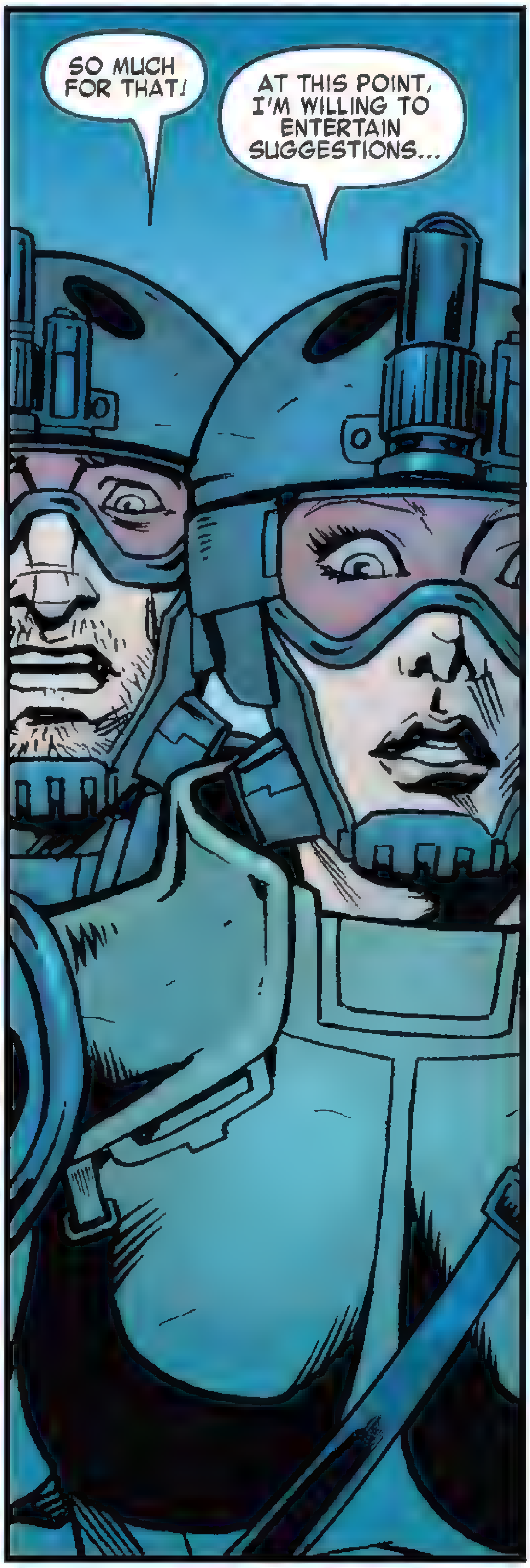
STAY ALIVE, HARPER. I'LL SEE YOU UP TOP!
ELEVATOR ACCE
LOOK OUT! HERE--
HURK
GOOD WORK, BLUE EAGLE!
MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
POWER PRINCESS!
HOSS, GET IN!
MAYBE WE CAN USE THIS *MYSTERY ENERGY* AGAINST THE ZOMBIES...
OR IT MIGHT KILL US.
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS HERE.

AHHHH!


JACK OF HEARTS?!
WHERE AM--? WHO AM--?
WE CAN SURE USE YOUR--


UHH...


THUMP


SO MUCH FOR THAT!
AT THIS POINT, I'M WILLING TO ENTERTAIN SUGGESTIONS...

Romance Is...
UNDEAD

MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #3 Cover by Michael Komarck

HALF-LIFE

WEST VERMONT

MOTHER OF...
MAYOR ALDRIN!
THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE! THE SHERIFF NEEDS YOU!
McKIERAN, IS THIS...?
AFRAID SO. *REACTOR BREACH.*
THE GROUND UPHEAVED! CAUSED STRESS-LEAKS!
WE FIGURE WE CAN SUPRESS THE LEVEL OF EXPOSURE--
AND NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO COOL DOWN THE RADIOACTIVE HEAT MANUALLY?
ALL THE WATER IN THE WORLD WON'T BE ENOUGH.
TOM, WE HAVE TO DO *SOMETHING.*
HMM.
FIRE CHIEF 46 FIRE DEPT
HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?!
CATHY.
ONLY ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL INSIDE!
WE'RE TRYING TO LIMIT THE CONTAMINATION!

CATHY, STOP. LISTEN TO ME.
WAS THE REACTOR ENGAGED?
YES.
WAS THERE TIME TO COOL DOWN THE CYCLE?
NO.
AND NOW THE WHOLE TOWN IS *HOT.*
EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD HAS BECOME EXPOSED TO RADIO-ACTIVITY.
YES, *DAMMIT.*
THEN WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.
AND PEOPLE ARE STILL COUNTING ON US TO DO OUR JOB.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I--
I WAS JUST HOPING THAT AT LEAST *YOU* WOULD BE SAFE...
HON, I'M HERE WITH YOU. WHAT ELSE DO I NEED?
C'MON, LET'S GET TO WORK.
HELL OF A THING, MAYOR! WE GOT FOOTAGE OF THE ASSAILANT!
THE ASSAILANT? WAS THIS AN ATTACK, PORTER?
AT THE VERY LEAST.
SHERIFF

OKAY, THERE'S A TIME LAPSE. BUT--
HERE. THE INITIAL BLAST THAT CAUSED THE BREACH.
AND THEN THIS... *THING* COMES OUT OF THE EARTH.
WHAT THE... THAT LOOKS LIKE *NUKE* FROM SQUADRON SUPREME.
WELL, THIS GUY AIN'T NO SUPER HERO. EVEN THOUGH THE EMPLOYEES HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO RADIATION POISONING, HE DOES *THIS!*
MY GOD.
THEN HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO LEAVE.
BUT THIS IS WEIRD. NOW THE BODIES ARE ALL GONE.

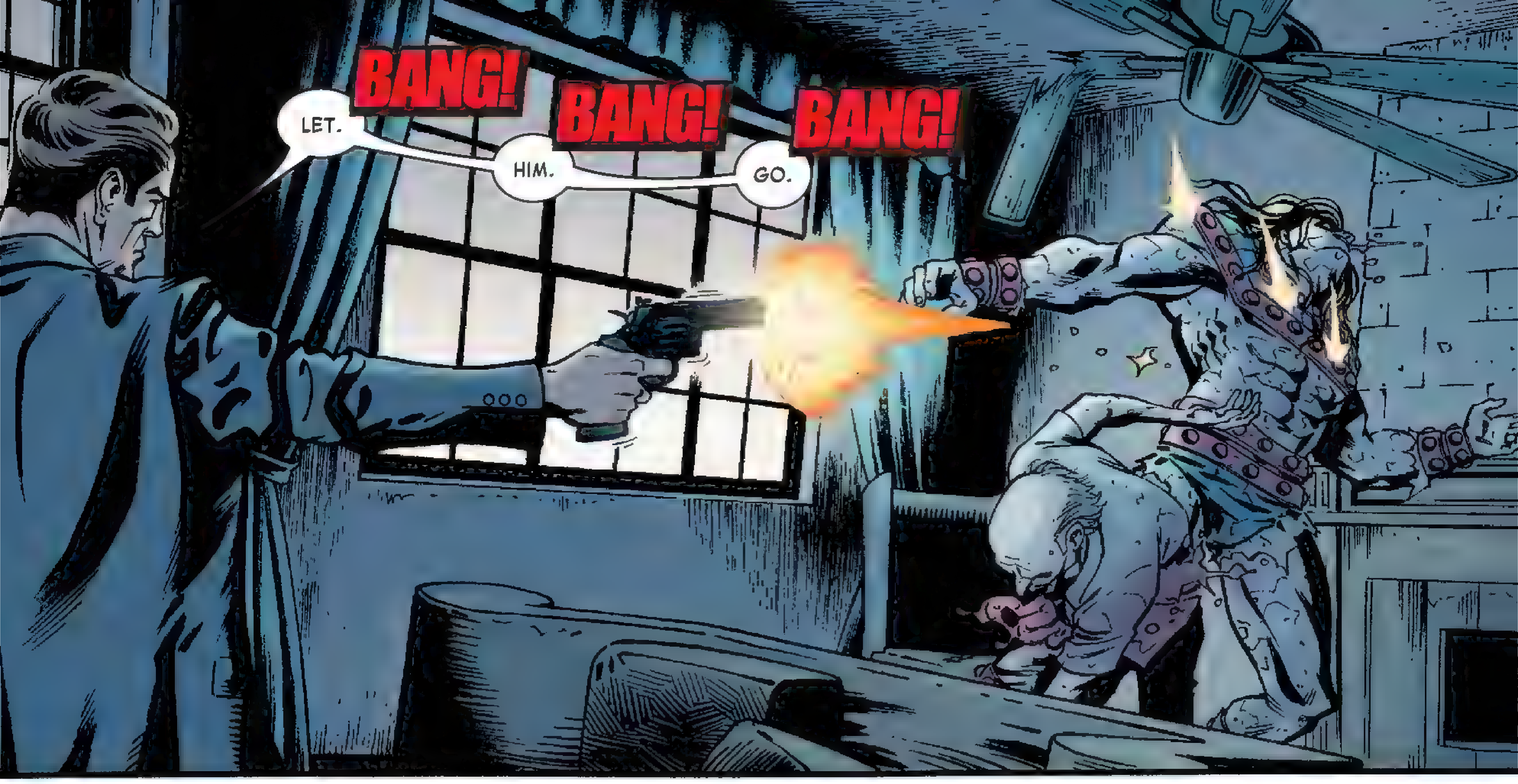
NONE OF THE OTHER SQUAD MEMBERS WERE SIGHTED?
NOT THAT WE'VE SEEN ON THE TAPES.
BUT ALL THE ELECTRONICS FRITZED OUT AT THIS POINT.
PORTER, GET ON THE HORN TO WASHINGTON. CHECK FOR APB'S OUT FOR SQUADRON SUPREME.
AND TELL THEM--HEAVEN HELP US--
TELL THEM WE HAVE A FADED GIANT.
YES, SIR.
- WHASINGTON APB'S OUT
FADE
"IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL GO SEE THE PLANT MANAGER, BEN HOLMES.
"SEE IF HE'S GOT ANY IDEAS FOR HOW WE SHOULD PROCEED."
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...
HELLO, BEN?
THE DOOR'S OPEN, SO I--

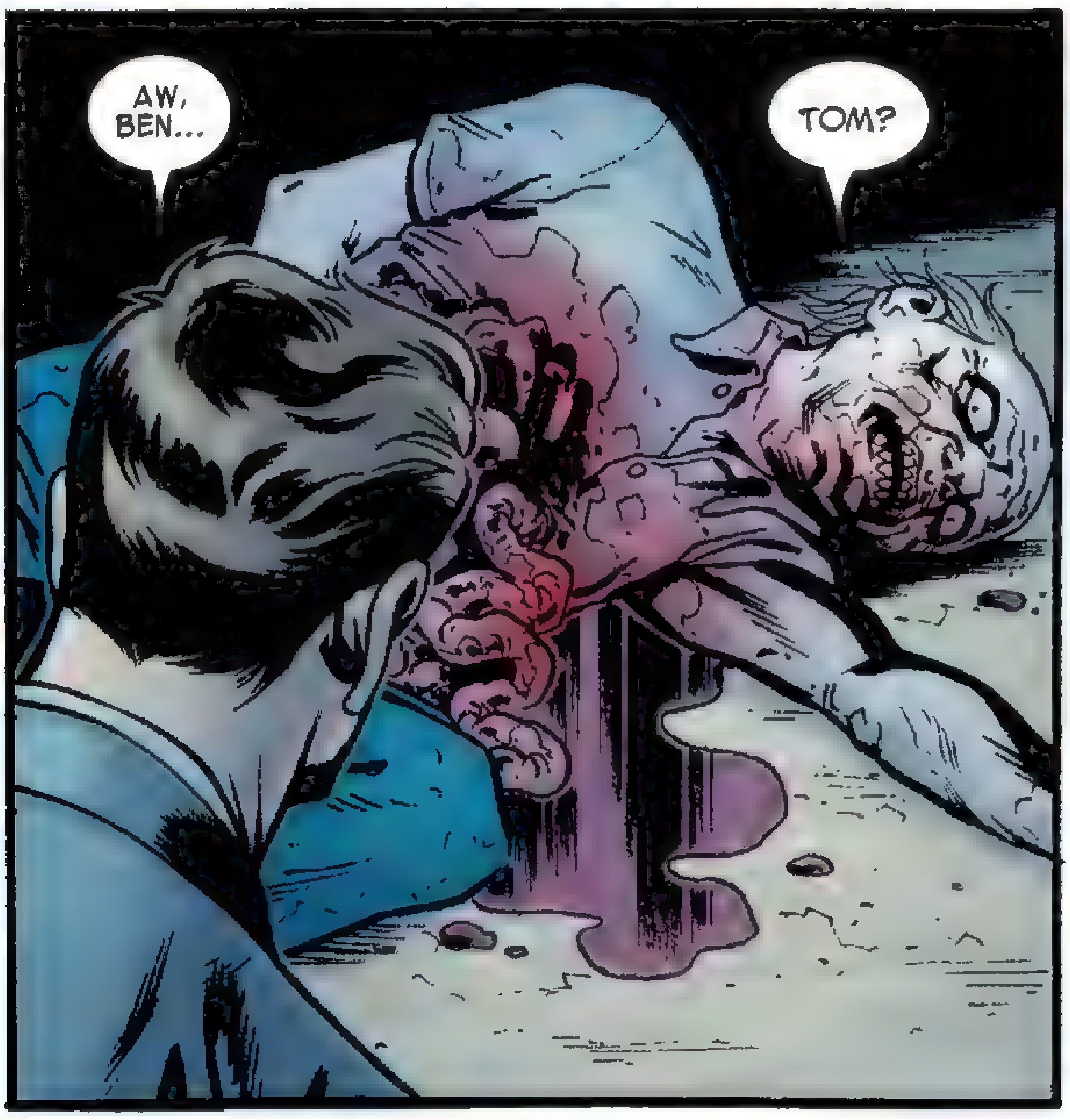
HURGH.
UHHH...
NO!! BEN!!!

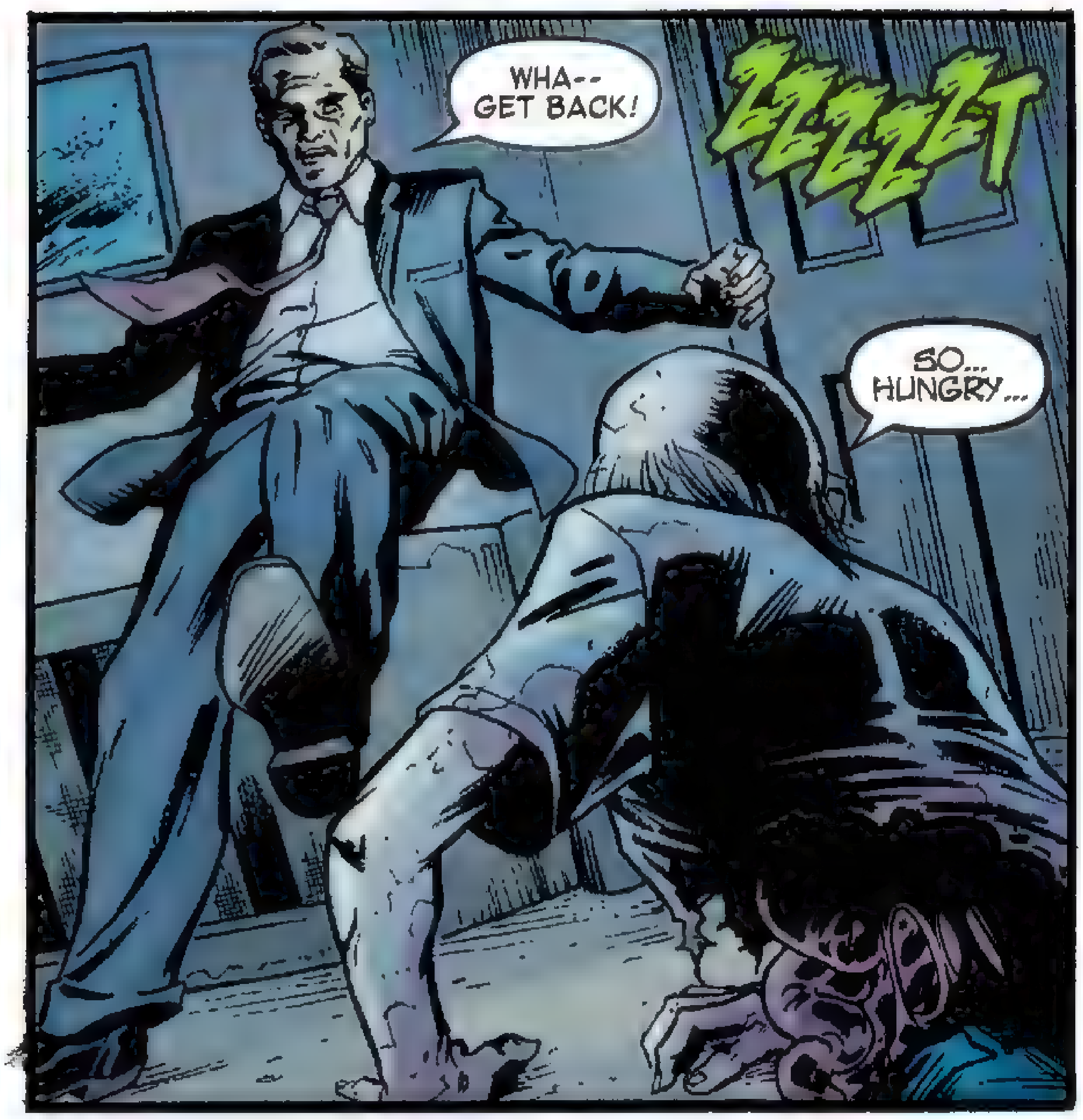
INSIDE PROJECT PEGASUS.
JACK OF HEARTS...
WAKE UP! WE COULD *REALLY* USE SOME HELP HERE!
HE'S WORTHLESS, JILL. AND NOW WE'RE SITTING DUCKS FOR THE SUPER ZOMBIES.
BOOM
THESE LABS HAVE INTERLOCKING MAINTENANCE PASSAGES.
WE'RE GOING TO GET IN THEM AND KEEP MOVING!
BOOM
AND WE'RE TAKING JACK WITH US.
THAT'S A WASTE OF TI--
KRRRAK
THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH! MOVE IT, SOLDIER!

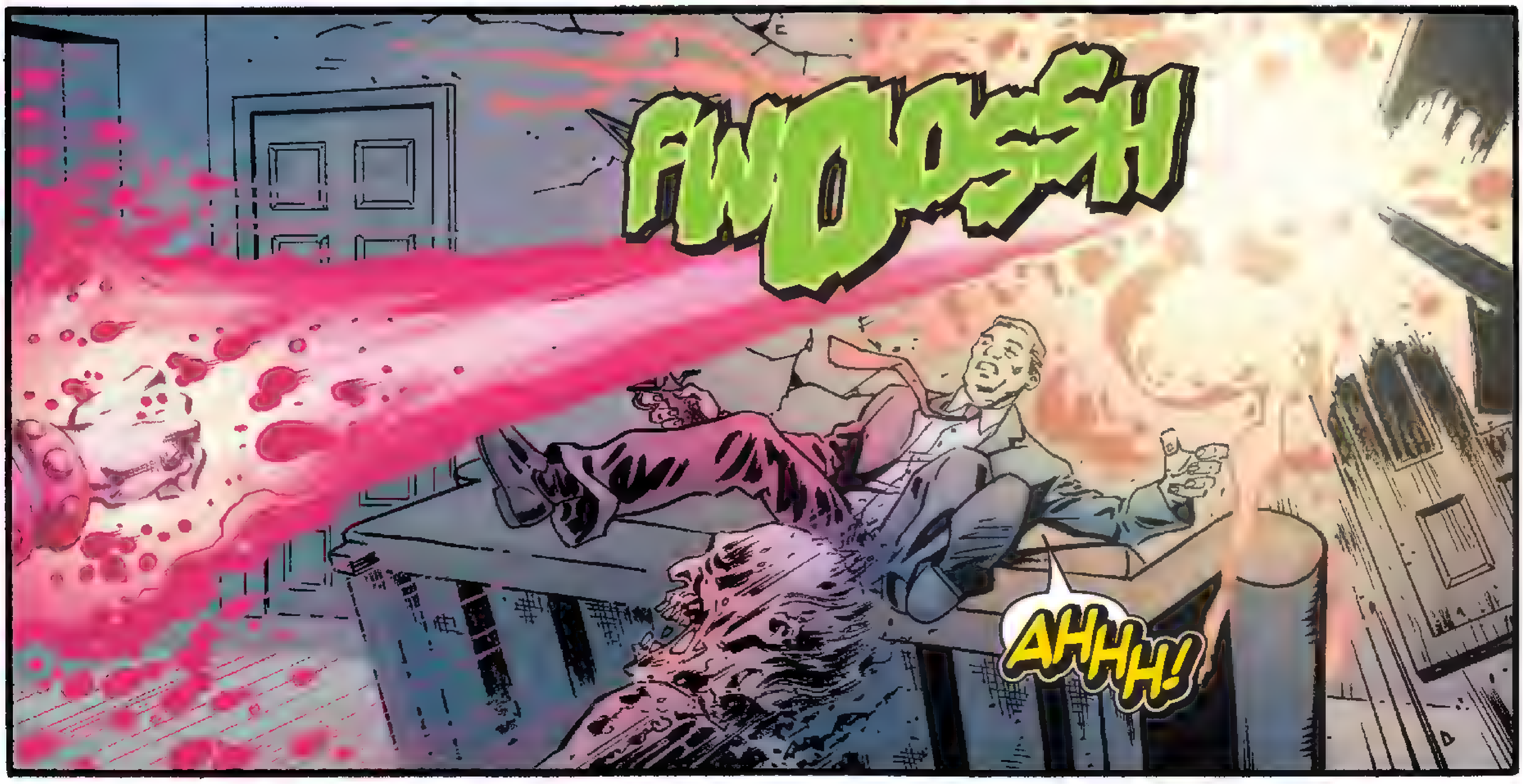
BOOM
I'M ALMOST IN!
HOW ARE YOU EVEN DIGESTING?
ZARDA?
TWO OF THEM ARE IN HERE, NIGHTHAWK!
AND WHIZZER?
HE RAN OFF WITH A MEAL!
ARCHER, WHY AREN'T YOU PULLING YOUR WEIGHT?
IT'S EASIER FOR YOU, BLUE EAGLE, YOU ONLY HAVE HALF YOUR WEIGHT TO PULL.
OH, ARCH! HE'S JUST JEALOUS.
I'LL SHOW HIM, LADY LARK. I'VE GOT IDEAS.
AMPHIBIAN, KEEP HEADING UP THE LOOP.
I'LL HOP TO IT!
WHAT'S--?

SNFF SNFF
ACCESS
BLUE EAGLE, GET IN THERE.
ONE OF OUR PREY IS TRYING TO USE THE EVELEVATOR SHAFT TO ESCAPE.
GOING UP?
NIGHTHAWK, I'VE GOT A PLAN I WANT TO RUN BY YOU.
ARCH, DON'T DO IT! YOUR BEAUTIFUL SMILE!
BOOOM
LA
WHAT IS IT, GOLDEN ARCHER?
SOMETHING TO GIVE US A LONG-RANGE TACTICAL ADVANTAGE.
I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY I CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

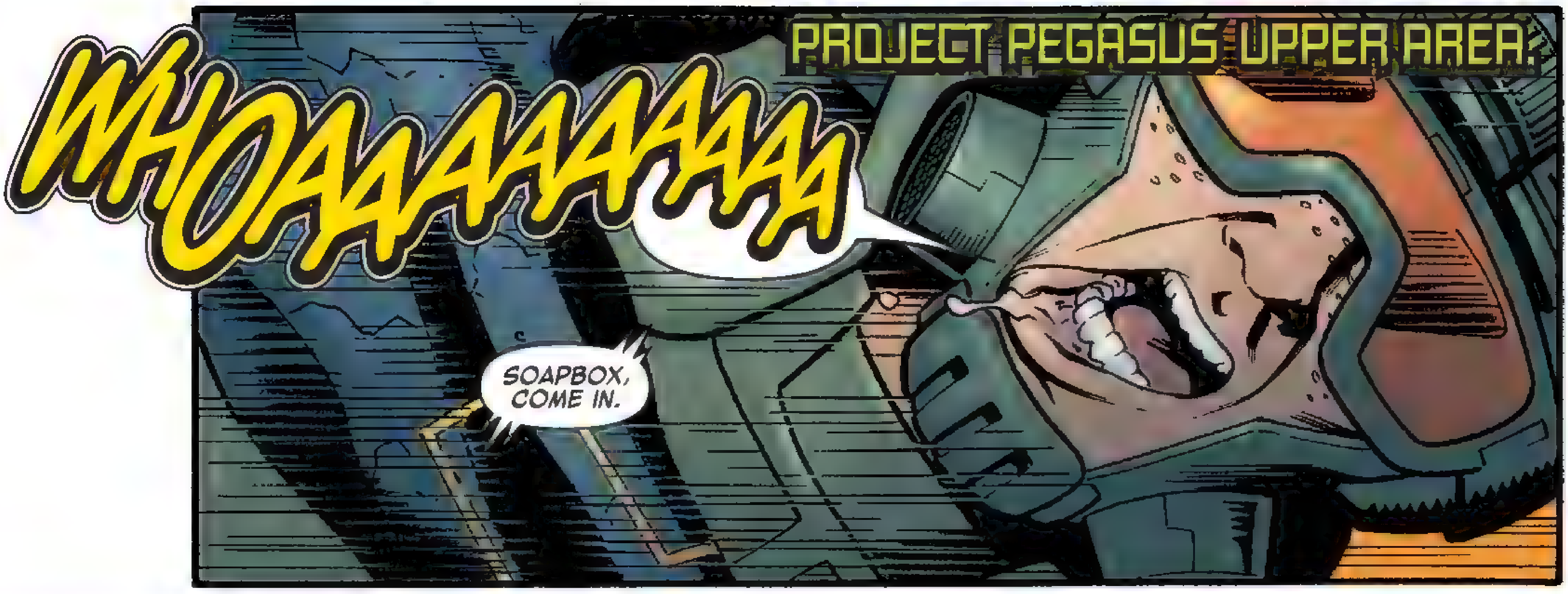

LET.
BANG!
HIM.
BANG!
GO.
BANG!

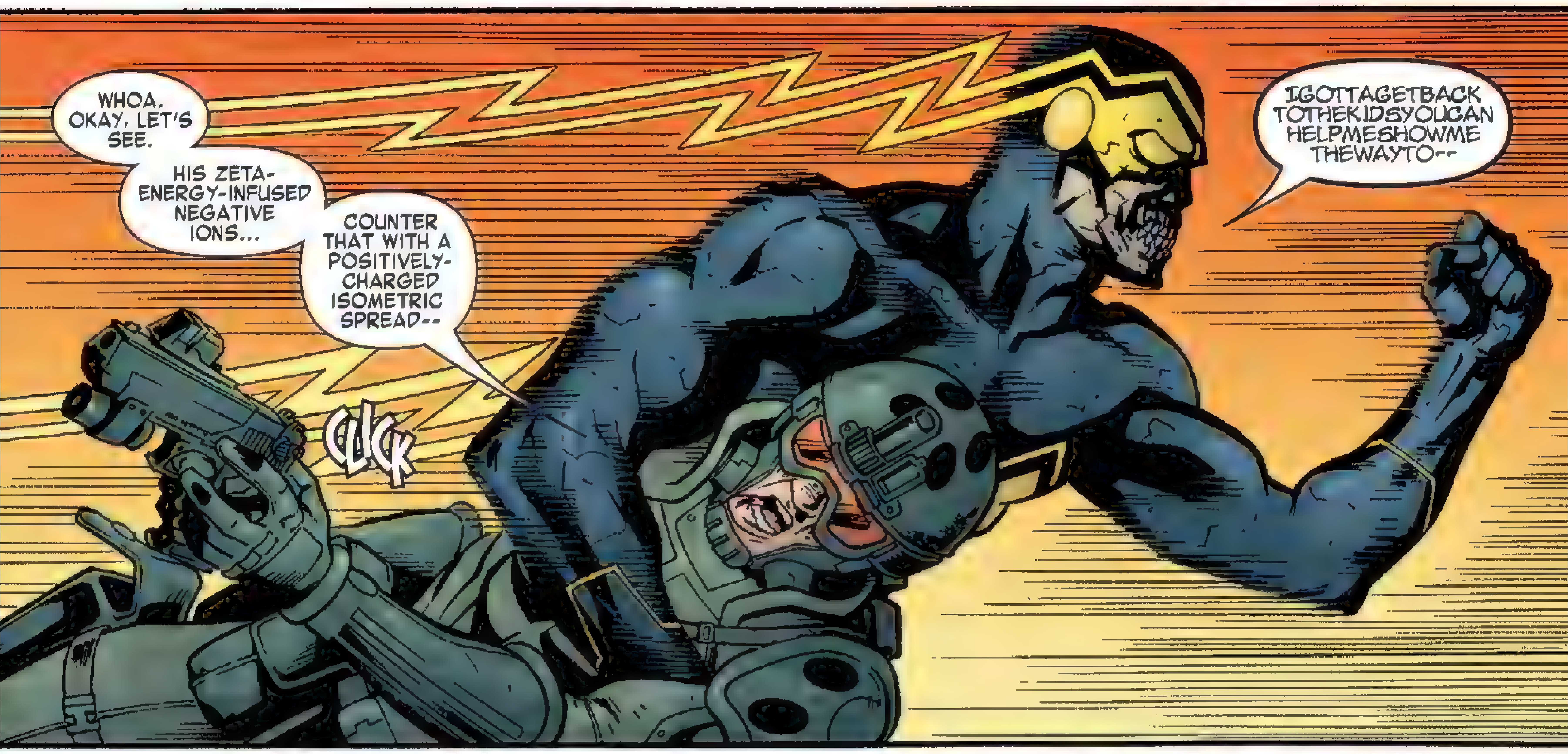

AW, BEN...
TOM?

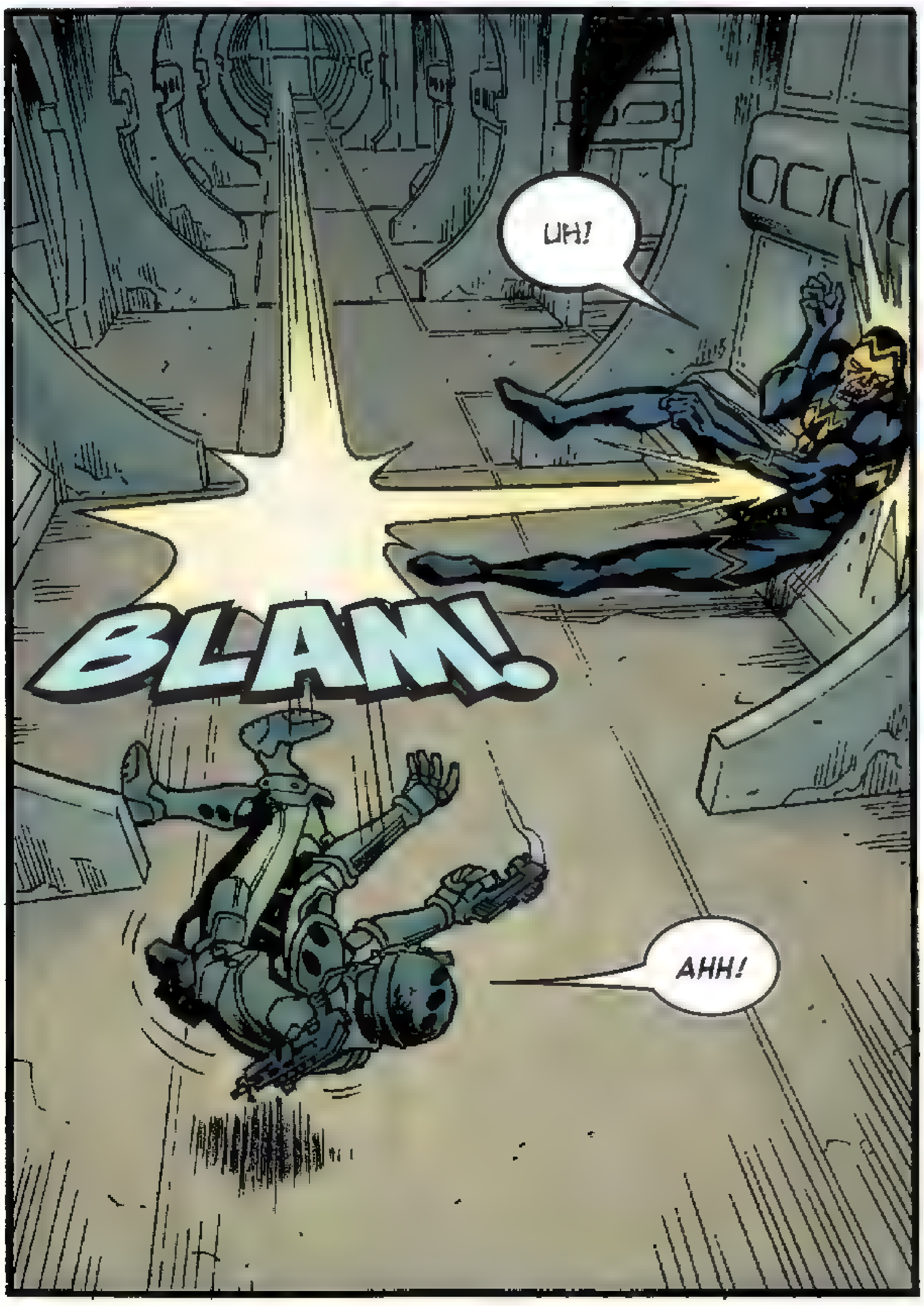

WHA-- GET BACK!
ZZZZZT
SO... HUNGRY...

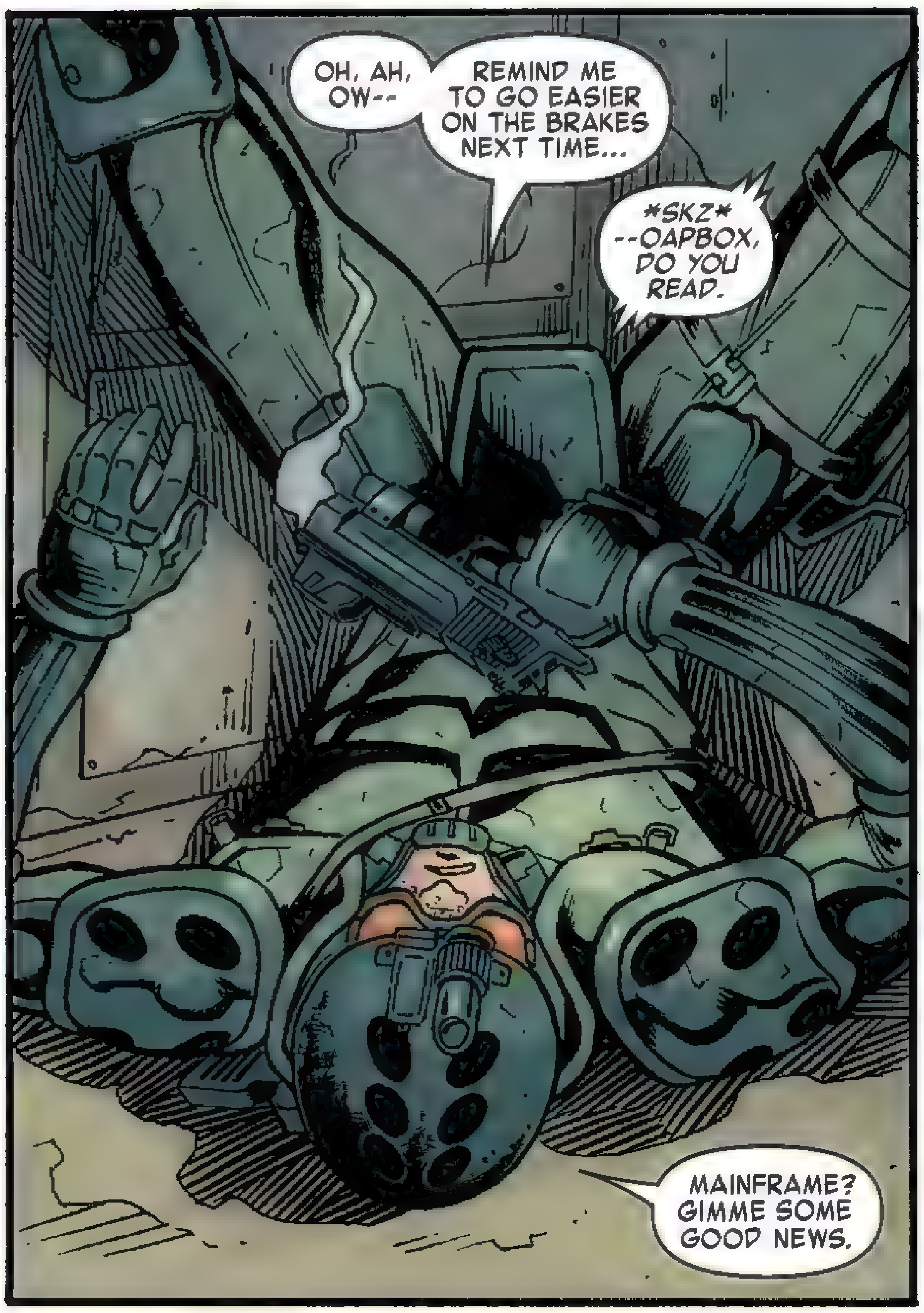

FWOOSH
AHHH!

ZZZZZT
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME OUTGUNNED.
FWOOSH
DAMMIT, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A HERO!
ZZZZZT
ZZZZZT
SCCCREEEEEE
FWOOSH
BRAKKOW


PROJECT PEGASUS UPPER AREA
WHOAAAAAAAAA
SOAPBOX, COME IN.


WHOA. OKAY, LET'S SEE.
HIS ZETA-ENERGY-INFUSED NEGATIVE IONS...
COUNTER THAT WITH A POSITIVELY-CHARGED ISOMETRIC SPREAD--
CLICK
IGOTTAGETBACK TOTHEKIDSYOUCAN HELPMESHOWME THEWAYTO--

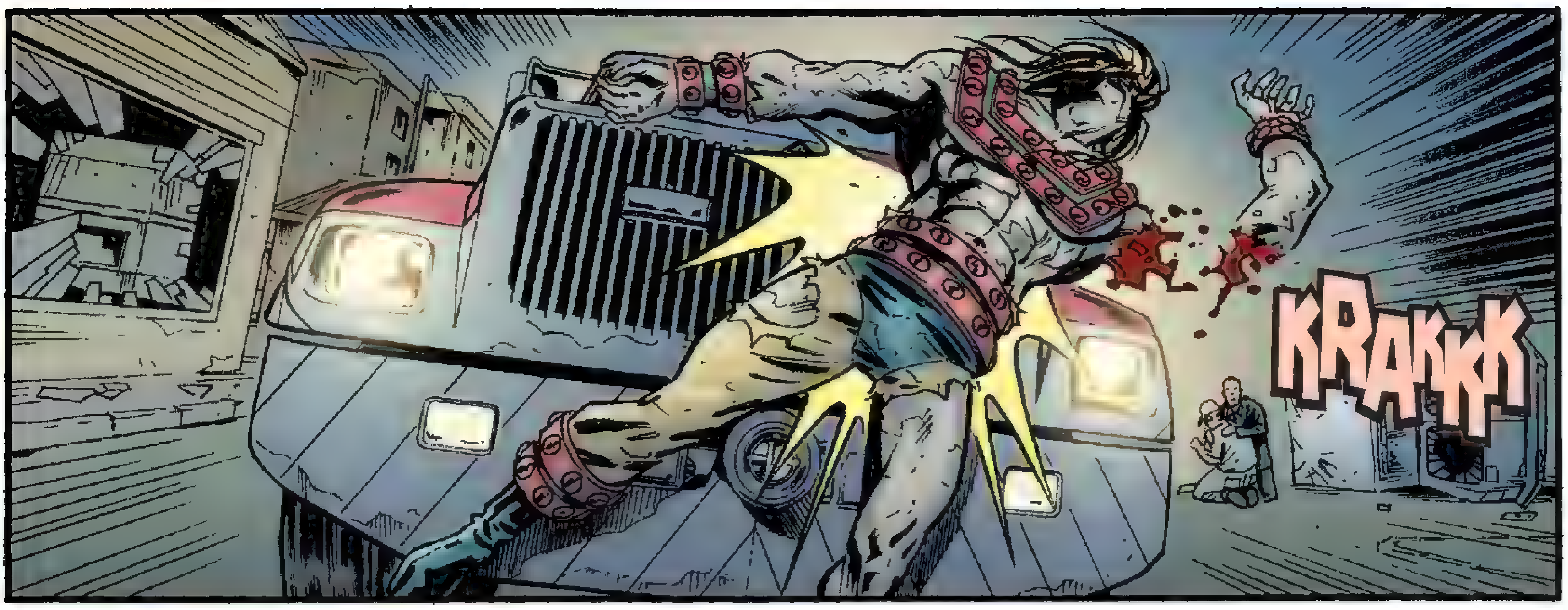

UH!
BLAM!
AHH!

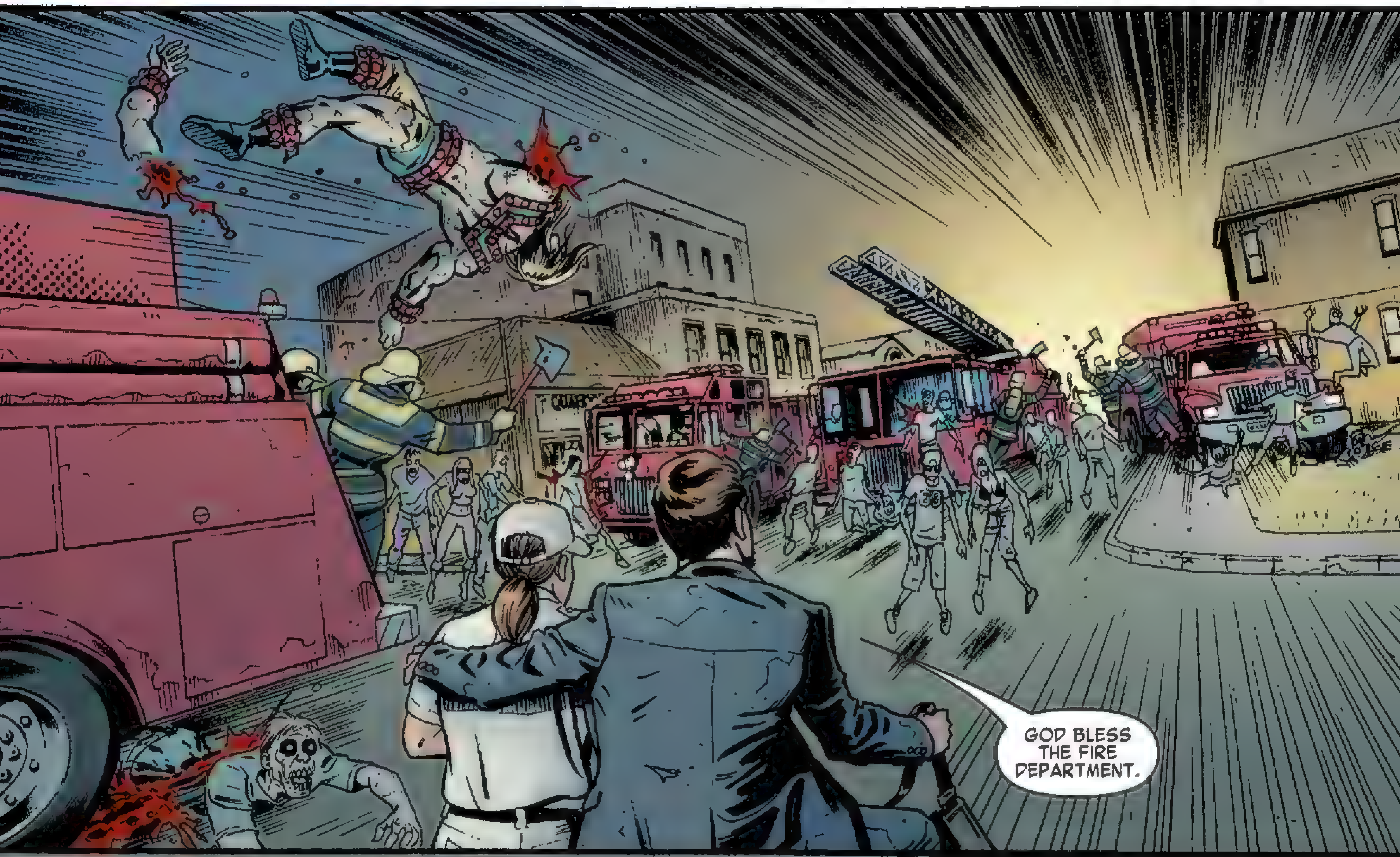

OH, AH, OW--
REMIND ME TO GO EASIER ON THE BRAKES NEXT TIME...
SKZ --OAPBOX, DO YOU READ.
MAINFRAME? GIMME SOME GOOD NEWS.

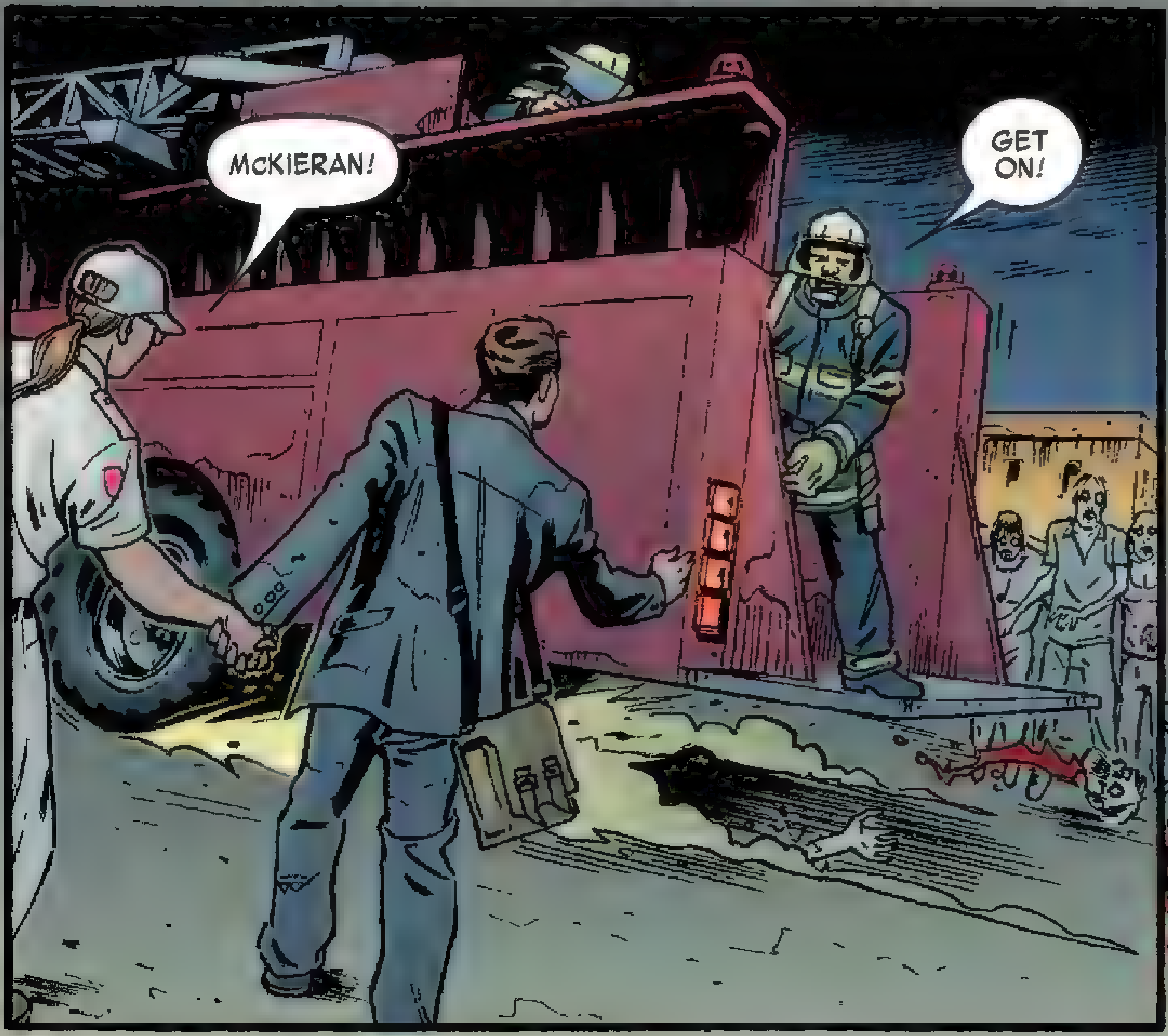
"THINGS HAVE GOT TO BE BETTER OUTSIDE."
TOM, ARE YOU *OKAY?* WHERE'S BEN?
EMT
EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES
WE GOT A BIGGER PROBLEM THAN WE COULD HAVE IMAGINED.
SHERIFF, I'VE GOT A LOCATION ON NUKE.
ACCORDING TO WASHINGTON, SIR, IT'S ACTUALLY AN ATOMIC ZOMBIE CLONE OF NUKE.
WELL, ***THAT*** MAKES SENSE. WASHINGTON.
BE CAREFUL, SIR. HE'S DESIGNATED AN OMEGA THREAT.
*THEY SAID YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH **FLAG WORD** OPERATING STRUCTURE.*
YEAH, FROM MY TIME IN THE SERVICE...
HAVE ***THE BRICK*** READY FOR ME, PORTER. I'LL NEED TO CONTACT THE PENTAGON SIGNALS STATION.
WILL DO.
OH, NO!

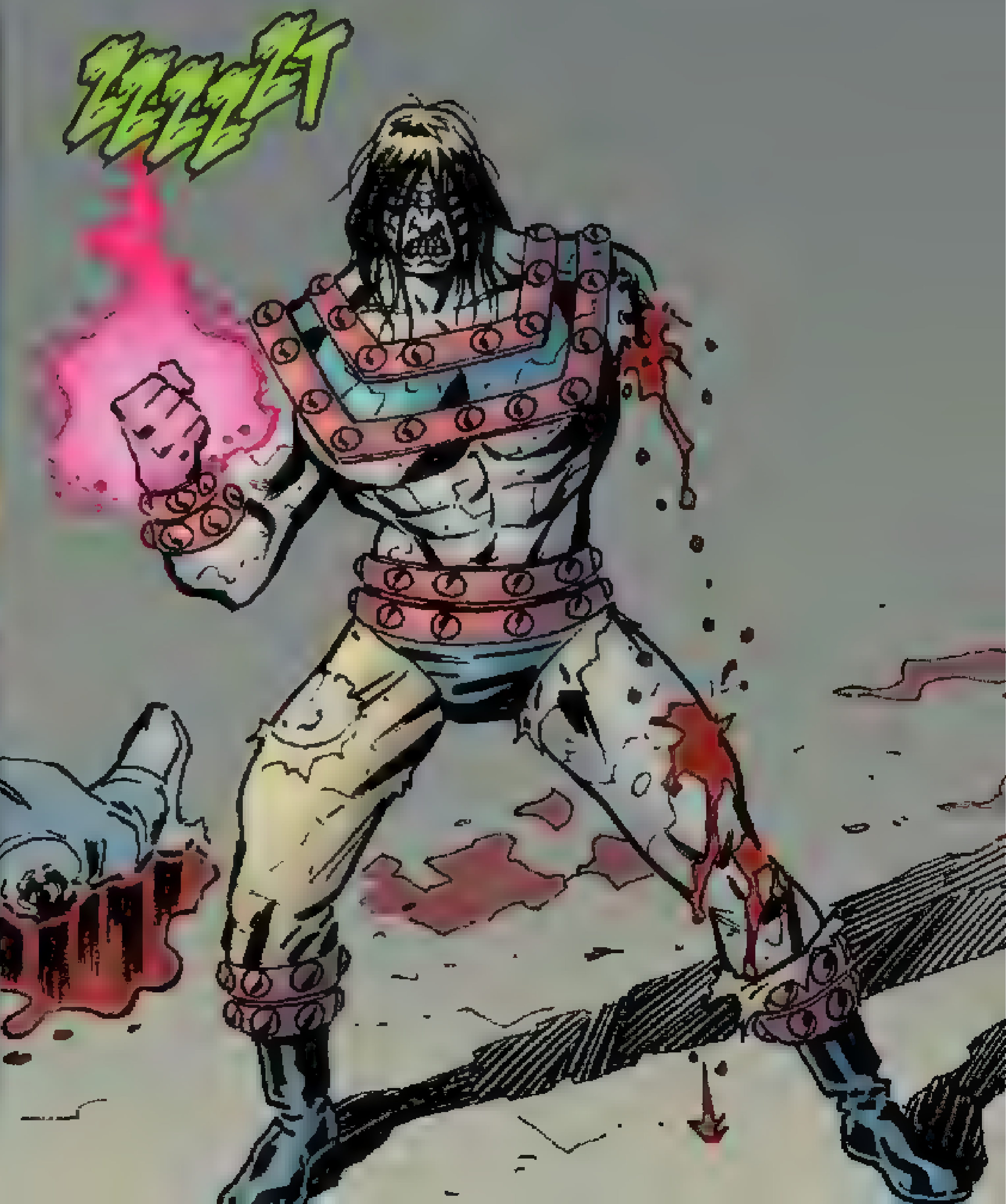
HURGH.
HURGH.
HURGH.
HURGH.
HURGH.
HURGH.
ARGH!
HURGH.
NOOO!
THAT'S ALMOST THE ENTIRE POPULATION!
IF NO ONE LEFT IS HUMAN... THAT MEANS...
THE TOWN IS LOST.
MAYOR!
EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES
HERE IT IS!
EM
ZZZZZT
EMT
FWOOSH

YOU MONSTER!
ZZZZZT
THINK YOU CAN COME INTO OUR TOWN--
PVOW
AND CORRUPT OUR--
ZZZZZT
PVOW
FWOOSH
ZZZZZT
HANG ON, CATHY...


KRAKKK


GOD BLESS THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.


MCKIERAN!
GET ON!


ZZZZZT

NATIONAL BANK
FWOOSH
FWOOSH
SORRY, MRS. VOGAL!
HELL ON EARTH...
OPREP-3 HOMELINE, COME IN!

DIDN'T THIS GUY USED TO FLY? AND NOW WE'RE STUCK CARRYING HIM.
ARE YOU VOLUNTEERING TO BE LEFT BEHIND IF THE ROLES ARE REVERSED?
CAPTAIN, DO *SKZ* COPY?
BOOM
MAINFRAME?
CAPTAIN HARPER, YOU ARE BEING CONNECTED TO LIEUTENANT COLONEL TOM ALDRIN, RETIRED.
I'D SAY UN-RETIRED, NOW...
I AM IN CONTACT WITH YOUR ESCAPED ATOMIC UNSUB, DESIGNATE: NUKE.
ROGER THAT. GOOD THING YOU CALLED THIS IN.
CAPTAIN HARPER, I'M AFRAID WE HAVE A PINNACLE LEVEL BENT SPEAR HERE.
WHAT ARE THE KNOWN OPTIONS YOU CAN OFFER?
LIEUTENANT COLONEL, LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY.
THIS SITUATION REQUIRES THAT CONTAINMENT SUPERSEDES SURVIVAL.
YOU MUST ADJUDICATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
BOOM
I...I UNDERSTAND.
PATCH ME THROUGH TO MAGUIRE.
AND HAVE THEM PULL THIS TRUCK OVER, MCKIERAN.

POW!
ALLO 'AIRE!
THEY'RE IN!
LET'S MOVE!
AIRE RIGH 'ERE!
TWANG
AH!
HE SHOT ME WITH HIS TEETH!
WELL, HOSS-- YOU JUST MIGHT GET YOUR WISH TO BE LEFT BEHIND AFTER ALL...
"LIEUTENANT COLONEL, YOU ARE CLEARED FOR INVERTED QUIVER."

GOOD LUCK AND GODSPEED.
I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO CALL THE KIDS.
HONEY.
I KNOW. WE HAD A GOOD RUN.
AND THE KIDS ARE PART OF THAT.
THANK GOD THEY MOVED...
THEY'LL UNDERSTAND WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO.
STILL.
STILL.

WE ONLY LIVED HALF OUR LIVES...
BUT WE MADE EACH MOMENT COUNT.
SO IT COMES DOWN TO THIS.
ME AND YOU.
TOGETHER.
FOREVER.
ZZZZZT

JACK IS BACK!

MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #4 Cover by Michael Komarck

HEART OF A HERO
SOMEONE ONCE SAID: KNOW WHEN TO FOLD 'EM.
THOUGH THEY WEREN'T PLAYING FOR *THESE* STAKES.
I AM NOT RESIGNED...

PEGASUS RESEARCH FACILITY.
HOSS! MOVE IT!
HE BIT ME WITH HIS ARROW!
I CAN FEEL IT, JILL!
I'M BECOMING ONE OF THEM!
YOU ALREADY LOOK A LITTLE TASTY TO ME!
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
AY? THERE'S PENTHY DE SARE!
OH, ARCHER...
SHAPE--FIND AN ALTERNATE ROUTE INTO THAT UTILITY PASSAGE THEY'RE GOING INTO!
WILL DO! SHAPE IS GETTING HUNGRY!
GAME OVER, JILL! I'M SLIPPING AWAY!
HOSS, YOU'RE TOO DAMN ORNERY TO LET A LITTLE ZOMBIE BITE GET TO YOU.
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
YOU'VE NEVER TAKEN ORDERS, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LET A SET OF TEETH TELL YOU WHAT TO DO?
JACK OF HEARTS HAS BEEN SLIPPING AWAY SINCE HE BECAME A HERO--AND DID THAT STOP HIM?!
GREAT SEECH, TOOTS!
OW, 'OULD UNI-ODY IKE UH ISH-EBOB?
YOU HALF-DEAD HALF-WIT!

OH, EY, 'OYO?
YOU DON'T SAY.

'OW 'OL ON...
LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND.
BLAM!
NO!
NOTHING.
EEEEEEEEEEEE

PEGASUS UPPER SILO ELEVATOR SHAFT.
"COME OUT TO THE COAST, WE'LL HAVE A FEW LAUGHS..."
THIS IS NOT GOING DOWN THE WAY I EXPECTED.
NEXT TIME, I GO IN WITH BETTER INTEL.
THERE WON'T BE ANY NEXT TIME FOR YOU, BATTLESTAR!
BLUE EAGLE?! DON'T YOU EVER QUIT?
IT'S TIME SOMEONE CLIPPED YOUR WINGS.
AUUUGGHHH

MAINFRAME, THIS IS SOAPBOX. I'M ALMOST AT YOUR LOCATION. STAY SHARP--
IF I WAS A CYNIC, I'D SAY WE WERE DROPPED INTO THIS GRINDER TO SEE HOW THE SUPER-ZOMBIES PERFORM.
WAIT! SOMEONE'S COMING--
AMPHIBIAN!
STAY WHERE YOU--
ARRRGH!

SO THAT'S WHAT A PARTICLE BEAM DOES TO ZOMBIES!
THERE'S A JOKE ABOUT FROG'S LEGS SOMEWHERE IN HERE...
YOU SHOULD STOP WHILE YOU CAN STILL DO A BREAST STROKE.
I'M HUNGRY!!!
I CAN STILL BITE YOU.
WITHOUT A HEAD?
STOP.

BATTLESTAR! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
I BET WE HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE IT OUT OF HERE NOW.
AND THEN I BET WE ALL BECOME VEGETARIANS.
YOU'RE ON.
HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE SO FAST?
WHIZZER LITERALLY RAN AWAY WITH ME UNTIL I HIT HIM WITH A POSITIVELY CHARGED ION SPREAD.
THAT WORKED?
YEAH, THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON WITH THE PERSONAL ENERGY FIELDS OF THE SQUADRON MEMBERS.
I'VE GOT TO FIGURE IT OUT BEFORE IT'S--
TOO LATE?

DR. DAVOI, I PRESUME?
THE MAD SCIENTIST WHO CAUSED ALL THIS?!
LIKE SO MANY, YOU HAVE CONFUSED MADNESS WITH *VISION!*
NOW SURRENDER YOUR SOULS TO WHICHEVER DEITIES YOU FEAR--
--YOUR BODIES WILL NO LONGER BE NEEDING THEM.
NOW WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE STAFF.
YEAH, THEY LOST EVERYTHING BUT THEIR APPETITE...

JACK! SNAP TO, SOLDIER!
YOU WANT TO BE A HERO, LET'S SEE YOU ACT LIKE ONE!
HEY!
CAREFUL!
HOSS!
POOR WIDDLE JACK! TOO TIWED TO MAN UP?
YOU KNOW HIS FILE. HE COULDN'T TAKE THE PRESSURE.
WATCH WHERE YOU PUT THOSE FINGERS IF YOU WANT TO KEEP THEM!
YEAH, I READ HIS FILE. HE HAS A TENDENCY TO FALL APART. SOMETIMES LITERALLY...
BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN HERE.
I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT YOU, JACK.

J
"I'M THE LEADER OF AN ELITE FORCE DEDICATED TO SUPER-HUMAN RED FLAG SCENARIOS.
"I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, YOUR WHOLE SOB STORY...
"AND YOU KNOW WHAT? THE ONLY TIME YOU COME APART IS WHEN YOU'RE LOST OR CONFUSED.
"WHEN YOU HAD A MISSION, A DRIVE, YOU NEVER HAD A PROBLEM.
"WELL, WE'VE GOT A MISSION FOR YOU NOW. IF WE DON'T CONTAIN THIS THREAT, WE HAVE A POTENTIAL WORLDWIDE CRISIS ON OUR HANDS.
"I DON'T NEED SOME AIRY WUSS IN A CONTAINMENT SUIT, I NEED *JACK OF HEARTS. A HERO.*"
J

A HERO?
JACK, YOU SHOULD BE GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD TO PUSH AGAINST THE UNKNOWN!
INSTEAD, YOU DWELL ON TRIVIAL NONSENSE FROM THE UNHINGED!
THEY'RE CALLED POETS, DAD! THEY EXPRESS EMOTION STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART!
YOU INTRODUCED ME TO POETRY!
YOU DUMMKOPF, THOSE WERE EPIC POEMS. WITH GREAT HEROES.
BEOWULF, GILGAMESH--AND OF COURSE SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD FROM THE NIBELUNG!
MY DAD TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT BEING A HERO.
THEY OVERCAME GREAT OBSTACLES, EVEN WITHIN THEMSELVES!
WHAT'S SO HEROIC ABOUT YOUR INFATUATION WITH CARD GAMES?
IT'S ABOUT BEATING THE ODDS! WORKING CHANCE TO YOUR BENEFIT! TRANSFORMING THE LONGSHOT INTO A SURE THING!
BUT HE SAW HEROES IN AN OLD-WORLD KIND OF WAY.
YOU'RE JUST AVOIDING DEALING WITH MOM'S DEATH--
--OR MAYBE YOU NEVER CARED ABOUT HER EITHER!
HOW DARE YOU?! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOUR MOTHER AND I--
THE BIGGEST PROBLEM WITH MY DAD'S BRAND OF HEROES?
AAAAA!
THEY ALWAYS END UP DYING.
PHILIP HART, YOU SHOULD HAVE SHARED YOUR ZERO FLUID...
NOW THE CORPORATION HAS ISSUED YOU THIS PINK SLIP FOR BEING SO STINGY.
RUN JACK!
TRYING TO HIDE IN DAD'S LABORATORY, HIS MURDERERS DROVE ME INTO A VAT OF HIS TOP-SECRET ZERO FLUID, A REVOLUTIONARY NEW ENERGY SOURCE.
I WAS REBORN AS A BEING OF PURE ENERGY.

ONCE I AVENGED HIS MURDER, I JUST KEPT RAISING THE ANTE.
I WON'T REST UNTIL MANKIND'S ENEMIES...
...HAVE BEEN WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
I CALLED MYSELF A HERO, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD.
I WANTED TO PUNISH ANYONE WHO APPEARED TO BE DEALING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK.
I WANT JUSTICE!
BUT IN WEARING MY HEART ON MY SLEEVE I MADE TOO MANY CARELESS MISTAKES.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON MY SIDE!
I WAS OUT OF CONTROL AND I LASHED OUT AT ANYONE IN MY WAY, HERO AND VILLAIN ALIKE.

THEN, OF COURSE, THERE WAS MY OTHER CONTROL ISSUE...
MARCY, I LOVE YOU, BUT THIS ENERGY WITHIN ME IS *DANGEROUSLY UNSTABLE*. WITHOUT THIS CONTAINMENT SUIT *I'D EXPLODE!*
YOUR MOTHER'S PEOPLE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.
MY--?
YOUR MOM WAS AN ALIEN. A CONTRAXIAN LIKE ME.
BUT THE SUN THAT GIVES LIFE TO OUR WORLD IS DYING. SHE CAME HERE LOOKING FOR AN ENERGY SOURCE ABLE TO RE-CHARGE IT.
THAT'S WHAT YOUR PARENTS WERE WORKING ON.
AND INSTEAD, THEY CREATED YOU!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I TRIED TO BLUFF.
I DIDN'T CARE AT ALL ABOUT MY MOM'S PEOPLE. I WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN SAVING THE WOMAN I LOVED.
I BELIEVE I HAVE WITHIN ME THE SOLUTION TO YOUR DYING PLANET.
BUT IN OPENING MY HEART TO HER, I BEGAN TO BELIEVE IN THE HIGHER CAUSE.

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT THE CONTRAXIANS WERE JUST USING ME.
BEFORE I COULD FORMALLY VOLUNTEER, THEY KIDNAPPED ME AND SENT ME INTO THEIR SUN.
NONETHELESS, I USED ALL OF MY POWER TO REIGNITE THE SMOLDERING STAR--TO SAVE A WORLD DESPITE ITS PEOPLE.
BUT BECAUSE THE CONTRAXIANS WANTED TO LIVE AT ANY COST, MY MOTHER'S WORLD NO LONGER FELT LIKE A HOME.

JACK! YOU'RE COMING APART!
RETURNING FROM CONTRAXIA, AT FIRST I DREW THE SAME OLD HAND.
MY CONTAINMENT SUIT IS FAILING!
BUT AFTER SOME RESHUFFLING, I FOUND MY STRONG SUIT.
"YOU'RE NO MERE HERO NOW."
YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
DEAL ME IN, CAP!
BUT I WAS TRUMPED AGAIN.
I'M SORRY, JACK.
THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE APPEARS TO HAVE SPED UP YOUR CELLULAR FISSION.
IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE...

"...YOU'LL HAVE TO REMAIN IN THE ZERO ROOM FOR 14 HOURS EVERY DAY WHILE YOUR UNSTABLE ENERGY IS SIPHONED OFF."
I KEPT PULLING THE LOW CARD.
MAYBE THE DECK WAS STACKED AGAINST ME.
IT WAS TIME TO SIT OUT A FEW HANDS.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT WAS TIME TO GO ALL IN.
AFTER WHAT THIS MAN'S DONE... TO *CHILDREN*... PRISON ISN'T ENOUGH.
YOU NEED TO GET BACK TO THE ZERO ROOM IN A FEW MINUTES--
"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
I'M AN AVENGER.
I'M AVENGING.
KNOW WHEN TO WALK AWAY, KNOW WHEN TO RUN.

DON'T RUN AWAY FROM THIS, JACK. GET UP. *FIGHT!*
THE HERO IS THE MAN WHO KEEPS IT TOGETHER WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE IS FALLING APART.
"EVERYTHING'S FALLING APART HERE, JACK."
ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP IT TOGETHER?
ALL RIGHT. WE'RE SET.
YOU KNOW WHY I'M CALLED HOSS, RIGHT?
A DISGUSTING COMPARISON TO HORSE ANATOMY?
I WISH! NO! IT'S 'CAUSE I'M SO DAMN *HOSTILE!*
YOU'RE OKAY, HOSS.
NO, I'M NOT.
NOW GIMME THE FIRING PIN AND LET'S DO THIS.
YOU KNOW, JACK WAS A POETRY MAJOR.
THERE'S A POEM I LIKE THAT SPEAKS TO MOMENTS LIKE THIS.

"DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE GRAVE."
"GENTLY THEY GO; THE BEAUTIFUL, THE TENDER, THE KIND."
"QUIETLY THEY GO; THE INTELLIGENT, THE WITTY, THE BRAVE."
"I KNOW. BUT I DO NOT APPROVE."
BITE ON THIS.
"I AM NOT RESIGNED."

JACK OF HEARTS!
I'M CAPTAIN JILL HARPER. WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT OUT OF HERE.
YOU, JILL, ARE A WOMAN AFTER MY OWN HEART. I'LL WAGER MY ENTIRE STAKE ON IT.
I JUST NEED A MOMENT TO--
WELL!
HELLO, FOOD!
JILL!
HM! HARD-SHELL!

TIME TO CASH IN YOUR CHIPS, YOU UNDEAD WANNABE.
LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU BET AGAINST THE HEROES.

MARVEL ZOMBIES SUPREME #5 Cover by Michael Komarck

PROJECT PEGASUS RESEARCH FACILITY. UPSTATE NEW YORK.
REINFORCEMENTS EN ROUTE, BUT ETA EXCEEDS TARGET ESCAPE WINDOW...
WE ARE THE ONLY ONES ABLE TO STEM THE SPREAD OF THIS *ZOMBIE PANDEMIC.*
PROJECT PEGASUS
THE *UNDEAD CONTAGION* HAS ALREADY WIPED OUT AN *ENTIRE TOWN* IN VERMONT AND TWO COUNTIES IN KANSAS, INCLUDING THEIR SUPERTEAM.
THAT OCCURRED WITH *ONLY TWO* OF THESE THINGS ESCAPING.
WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, MAINFRAME, BUT OUR SQUAD'S BEEN DECIMATED AND WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH CAPTAIN JILL HARPER.
HAD WE KNOWN IT WAS A CONTAGION, I AM BEST EQUIPPED TO HANDLE SUCH SCENARIOS.
SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MAINFRAME...
...IT'S THE END OF THE HUMAN RACE IF WE DON'T STOP THIS!
THEN WE KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO, SOAPBOX.
HURGH
HURGH
HURGH
THE MAIN ENTRANCE IS *WIDE OPEN* RIGHT BEHIND US, BATTLESTAR!
JILL HAD THE LOCK DISABLED SO THAT *WE* WOULDN'T GET TRAPPED IN HERE!
TRAPPED? WHAT YOU'RE TRAPPED IN IS THE FRAGILE HUSKS OF YOUR CURRENT PHYSICAL FORMS!
I OFFER YOU EVERLASTING EXISTENCE!
HURGH
HURGH
JEEZ. EVEN IF WE CAN PUT DOWN THIS DEMENTED DR. DAUOI AND HIS "NORMAL" ZOMBIES...

"...WE STILL HAVE TO CONTEND WITH THE *SUPER ZOMBIE CLONES* OF THE *SQUADRON SUPREME!*"
PEGASUS UPPER LOOP.
AND THEN WHAT, NIGHTHAWK? WHAT WILL WE DO ONCE WE'RE OUTSIDE?
TO SURVIVE, WE MUST FIND MORE FOOD.
AND BEYOND THAT? BEYOND MERELY SURVIVING?
WE HAVE EACH OTHER!
GOLDEN ARCHER TRIED TO SAVE US. HE DIED A HERO!
A HERO? I REMEMBER WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A HERO...
THIS IS NOT IT.
WHIZZER!
HAVEN'T YOU EATEN?! YOU'RE WASTING AWAY!
METABOLISM GOINGFASTER...
MINDALSORACING...
THISISALLWRONG...
TRAGEDY...
...WHATHAVE WE...BECOME...
ALL OF YOU, LISTEN TO ME.
WHAT WE ONCE WERE IS NO MORE.
NOW THERE IS ONLY HUNGER.
THE HUNGER IS RELENTLESS.
YES, THE HUNGER IS... EVERYTHING.

PEGASUS MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR.
YOU--! YOU LOOK LIKE SHAPE, THE STRETCHY GUY FROM SQUADRON SUPREME.
BUT YOU STINK LIKE ROTTING FLESH.
IT'S ALL THOSE TASTY SCIENTISTS I ATE...
OH, AND THAT SOLDIER GIRL. SHE WAS DELICIOUS!
I JUST CAN'T STOP EATING!
OH!
THE SMELL!
JILL?!
UH, NO TALKING WITH MOUTH FULL?
GULP
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE!

PTW!
HH!
ONCE I FIND THE REST OF YOUR BODY--
I'M GOING TO BRING THE HOUSE DOWN ON YOU!
CRASSH!
OH MY GOD!!!
WHAT DID YOU DO?!

REFLEX
YOU'VE GOT--
THOSE ARE PEOPLE INSIDE YOU!
THERE'S ROOM FOR AT LEAST ONE MORE!

CRACKLE
HANDS OFF, YOU FREAK!
CRACKLE
AHH!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAST MEAL.
ARGH!
I... DON'T FEEL GOOD...
YOU THINK THAT'S BAD...?
GET READY FOR THE HEARTBURN.

YOUR FOOD'S ABOUT TO COME BACK UP ON YOU.
ARRLLLLGH
RIIIP
SPLUUURRRT
HHH!
UGH!
THANK GOODNESS SHAPE'S MOTHER...
...NEVER TAUGHT HIM TO CHEW HIS FOOD!
YOU HELPED *ME* UP, JILL.
NOW WE'RE EVEN.

REALLY? EVEN AFTER MY WHOLE SPEECH TO YOU--
I SEEM TO RECALL YOU JUST STOOD AROUND WHILE I GOT EATEN.
UH, I HAD JUST COME BACK FROM OBLIVION.
BESIDES, I RECALL YOU DIDN'T HEAR THE MONSTER EITHER, MISS SUPER-SOLDIER.
JACK, THIS IS SERIOUS. YOU'RE MORE INVOLVED HERE THAN YOU REALIZE.
YOU WERE USED TO HELP CREATE THESE THINGS.
THE ZERO ENERGY INSIDE YOU WAS AN AMPLIFIER.
IT BROUGHT THE UNDEAD TO LIFE.
MY RESURRECTION IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ZOMBIES?
IT WASN'T YOU--
HURGH!
--SO MUCH AS A MAD SCIENTIST WITH ETHICS PROBLEMS.
BUT NOW WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.
YOU POINT, I'LL SHOOT.

PEGASUS MAIN ENTRANCE.
THEY'VE PUSHED US BACK TO THE DOOR!
WE'RE THE ONLY THING STANDING BETWEEN THE ZOMBIES AND THE REST OF THE WORLD!
MAINFRAME, GET READY!
WE LIVE OR WE DIE, EITHER WAY--
THEY *ARE NOT* MAKING IT OUTSIDE!
ALL THIS STUPID CHAOS...
...BECAUSE THAT DERANGED DR. DAVOI WAS TRYING TO CURE HIMSELF.
NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT, EXCEPT HE TOOK IT TOO FAR.
DYING MAKES PEOPLE DESPERATE.
I WROTE ALL ABOUT IT, BUT MY CO-WORKERS NEVER UNDERSTOOD!
I SUFFERED FROM THAT SLOW DISEASE THAT RUINS US ALL...
...LIFE!
INOPERABLE. INCURABLE.
UNTIL NOW.
ALTHOUGH, I GOT MORE OUT OF MY RESEARCH THAN EXPECTED...

OH NO!
THEY'RE GETTING OUT!
PROCEEDING WITH REMOVAL OF HOSTILES.
THEIR ESCAPE IS NOT ACCEPTABLE.
ALL RIGHT, MAINFRAME!
STILL TOO MANY. CAN'T CONTAIN THEM ALL.
WELL, YOU GOTTA START SOME--
WHOA!
WHO LEFT THIS CORPSE HERE?!
I THOUGHT THIS &#$% ONLY HAPPENED IN HORROR MOVIES!
STILL NOT LETTING YOU GET--
HURGH
MY LEGS--!
ZZZAAAP

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH
WHEN I SAID NO ZOMBIES GET PAST ME--
I MEANT NO ZOMBIES GET $&#% PAST ME!
YES! I SEE THE OPEN DOOR!
FINALLY UNLIMITED FOOD!
GET OUTTA THE WAY GET--
ARRGH!
HOW DID--?!

EAT HIM, DAMN YOU!
WHY DON'T THEY EAT HIM?!
KRUNCH
HE'S AN ANDROID.
IT HAS NO FLESH, DOCTOR.
ZZZZZT
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, STILL APPEAR TO BE HALF-FRESH--
--NOT FULLY RIPENED.
NO! I FEEL YOUR... HUNGER.
MY VACCINATION OF THE ZOMBIE ANTIGENE HAS NOT YET RENDERED ME BEYOND LIFE.
BUT I'M MORE LIKE YOU THAN YOU KNOW.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I REALLY MUST BE GOING...
ONCE I MIGHT HAVE REGRETED WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO.
NOW ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I WON'T FAULT YOU FOR CLOSING YOUR EYES.
NO.
I'M GONNA WANT TO SEE THIS.

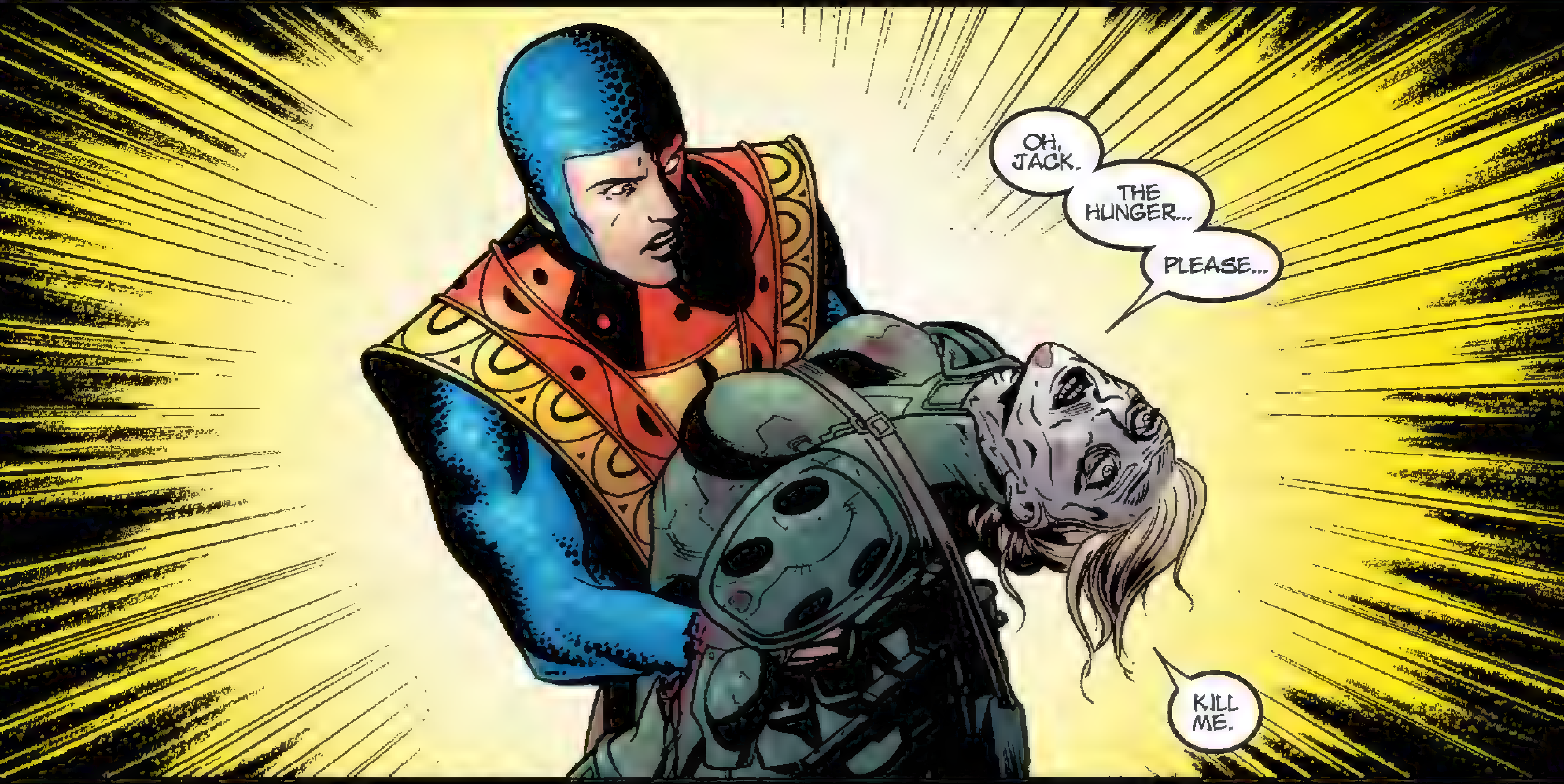
LOOKS LIKE THEY STARTED WITHOUT US, JILL.
THEN WE BETTER CATCH UP IN A HURRY, JACK.
JUST SAY WHEN.
WHEN.
AH-YAH!
CRACK
YOU LADIES ARE IN FOR A HOT TIME--
'CAUSE JACK IS BACK IN TOWN!
EEEEEE
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
JUST GIVING YOU A FAIR CHANCE TO GET IN MY WAY AGAIN.
YOU DON'T NEED ME TO BAIL YOU OUT ANYMORE--
NOT WITH YOUR MAN THERE DOING SO WELL FOR HIMSELF.
YEAH...
...IT'S NICE TO HAVE A JACK UP MY SLEEVE.

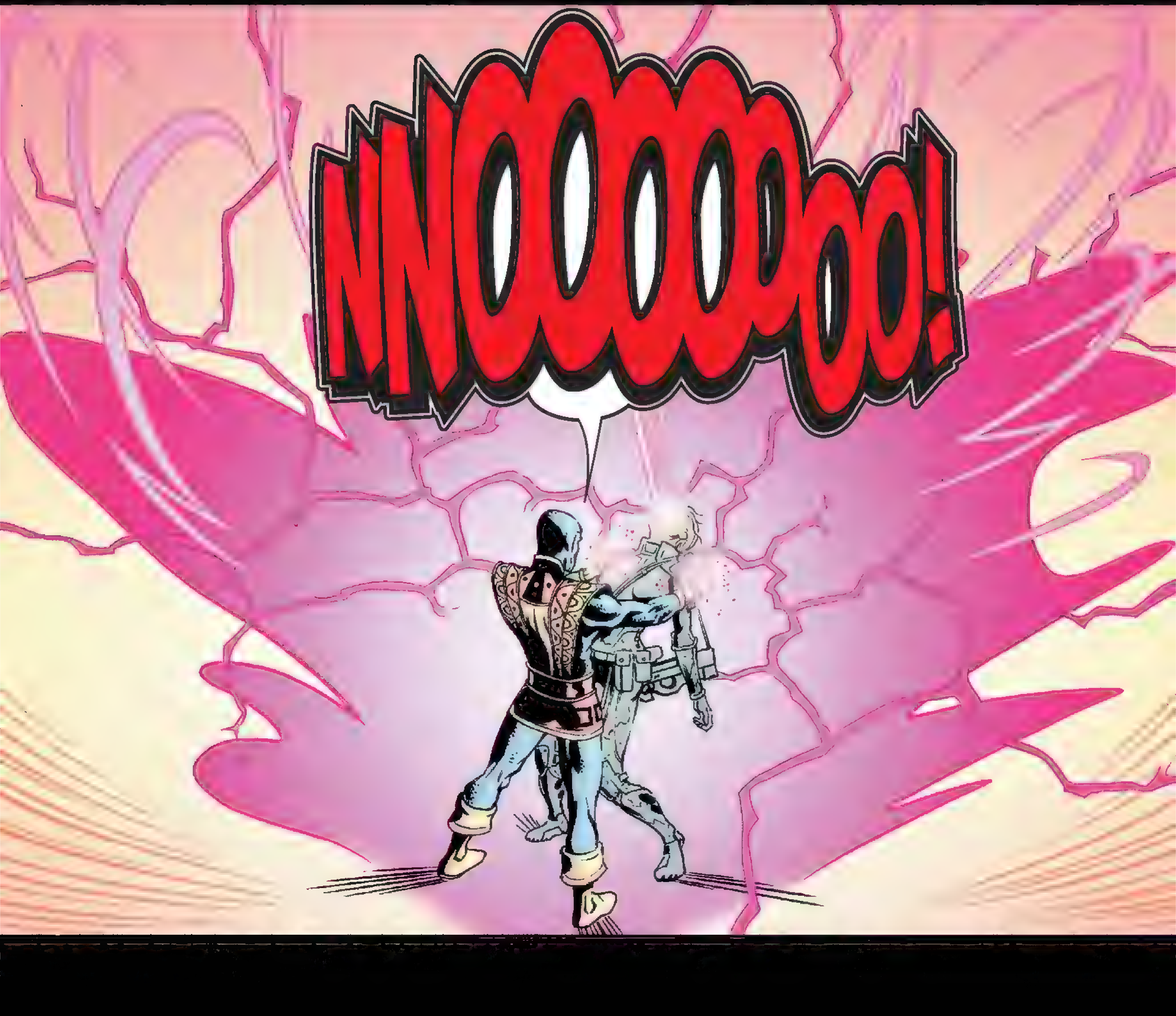
CAPTAIN!
SOAPBOX, YOUR LEGS--!
NEVER MIND THAT! LISTEN!
THE SQUADRON ZOMBIES HAVE A PECULIAR ENERGY SIGNATURE THAT'S ZETA HEAVY, BUT--
RIGHT! IT INCLUDES TRACES OF JACK'S *ZERO*--
OOF!
I CAN ACTUALLY SENSE THE ZERO ENERGY IN THEM!
ZETA RAYS ARE NEGATIVELY CHARGED AND ELECTRON HEAVY!
THEY CAN'T LAST ON THEIR OWN!
EEEEEEE
PROTONS WERE NEEDED--
TAKE THAT!
--WITH POSITIVELY CHARGED RADIATION--
THAT'S WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
DAUOI NEEDED JACK TO MAKE HIS ZOMBIES!
YOU...
MAYBE JACK CAN HELP WEAKEN THEM!

JACK, FOCUS!
PULL YOUR ZERO ENERGY OUT OF THE SQUADRON!
HURGH
OKAY, HERE GOES...
OHHH!
ANY TIME YOU FEEL LIKE IT, JACK!
HURGH
HH!
URH!
NOW JACK...
FINISH THIS!

CONSIDER IT DONE.
OH!
I GOT OUT JUST IN TIME...

JILL!
I AM *NOT* TURNING INTO ONE OF THOSE THINGS.
OH, JACK.
CAN'T LET...
ME TURN INTO...
ONE OF...
JACK, I'M SORRY. SHE MEANT A LOT TO ME, TOO. BUT YOU SAVED THE WORLD. YOU'RE A HERO.
NO!
SHE DIDN'T GIVE UP ON ME!
I AM NOT GOING TO GIVE UP ON HER!

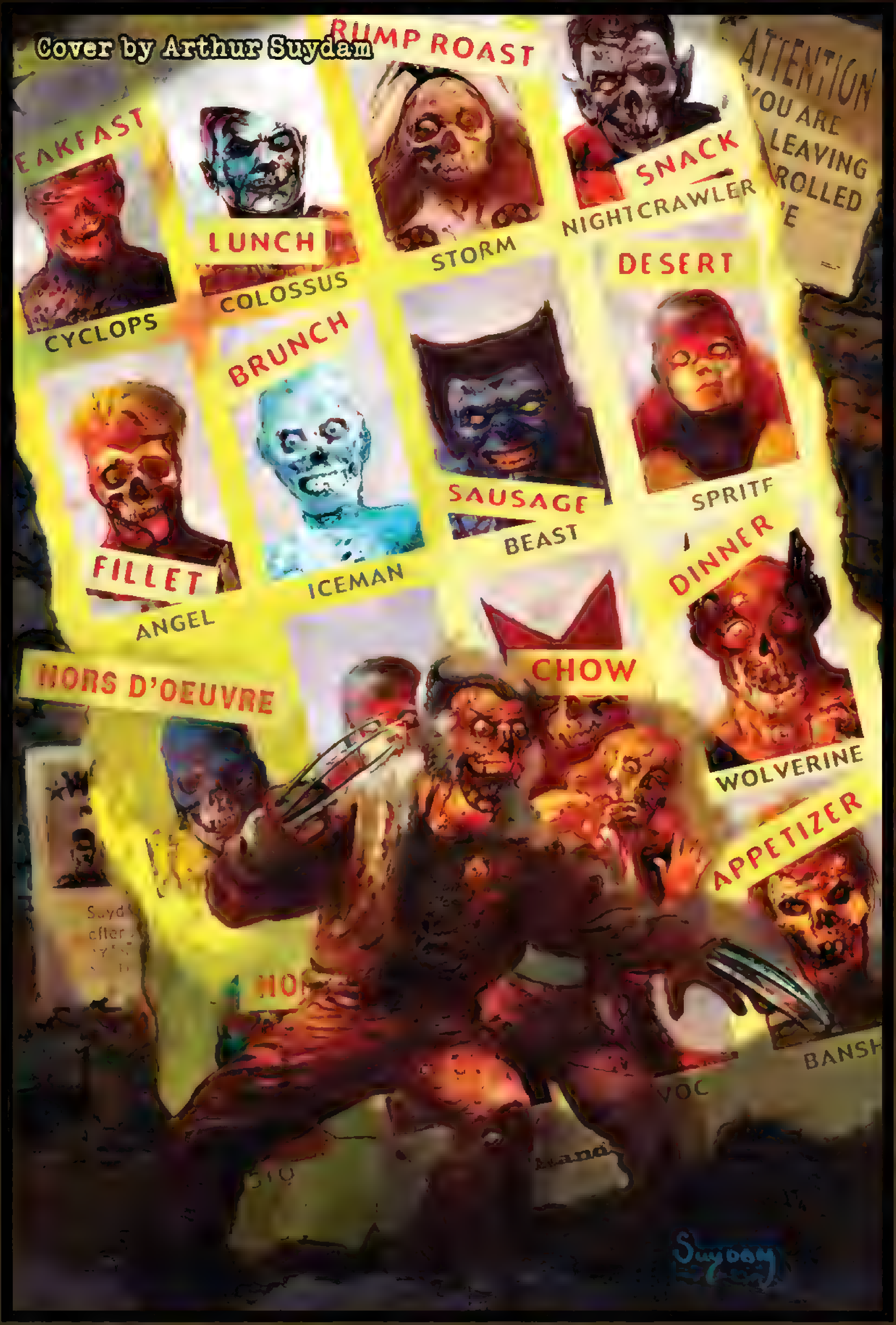

OH, JACK.
THE HUNGER...
PLEASE...
KILL ME.

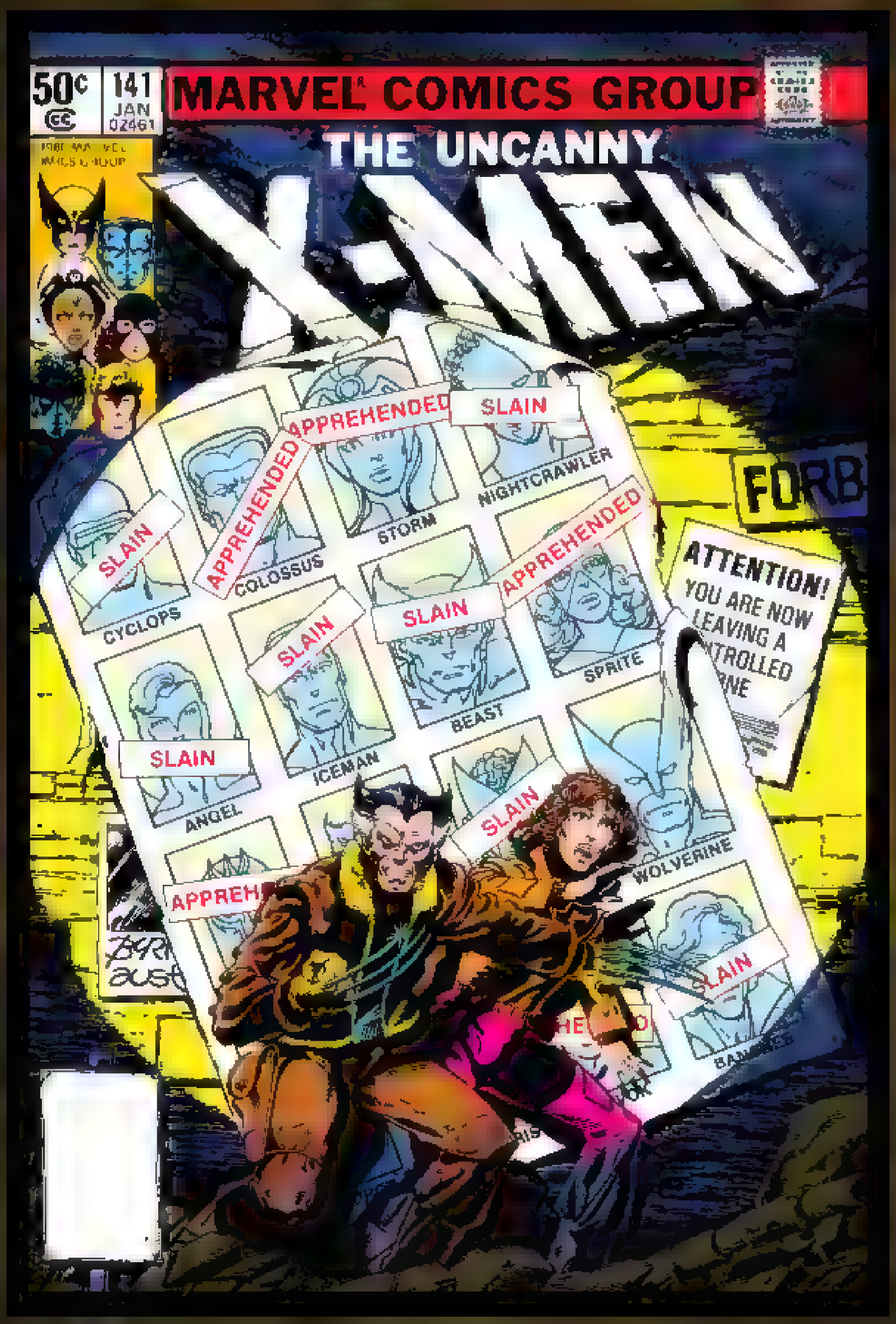

NNOOOOOOO!

JILL?
INCREDIBLE. YOUR ZERO ENERGY REVERSED THE ZOMBIFICATION PROCESS.
I...I THINK I'M OKAY.
IN FACT, I FEEL REJUVENATED!
YOUR ZERO ENERGY IS COURSING THROUGH ME!
AFTER ALL THE CHAOS...
AND EVERYTHING YOU WENT THROUGH...
I WAS ***NOT*** GOING TO LOSE YOU.
SO...YOU PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT?
THAT AND EVERYTHING ELSE.
JACK, YOU SAVED THE DAY.
AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
LEAST I COULD DO, AFTER YOU SAVED MINE.

MAN, ALL THE LOSS OF LIFE...
THE SQUADRON SUPREME IS GONNA GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE WORST SUPER TEAM EVER!
THEY ALMOST ATE THE WORLD.
I DON'T KNOW...
"THESE WERE CLONES MADE IN A LAB.
"MAYBE THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN HOW THEY WERE CREATED.
"WHILE WE SHOULDN'T FORGET WHAT HAPPENED HERE...
"THE SQUADRON SUPREME WERE HEROIC ONCE.
"MAYBE THEY HAVE MORE TO OFFER US IF THAT'S THE WAY WE REMEMBER THEM.
"AS HEROES."

PROJECT PEGASUS RESEARCH FACILITY. NOW CLOSED. UPSTATE NEW YORK.
YOO HOO! WHERE ARE YOU, HANDSOME?
HEY BABY, I'M BACK WITH SNACKS TO MUNCH ON.
UNLESS YOU SEE SOMETHING ELSE YUMMY...
YOU'D RATHER...
NIBBLE...
ON...
HURGH
MY DEAR, YOUR OFFER IS TOO KIND.
BUT REALLY, I'M MORE IN THE MOOD FOR...
A COMPLETE MEAL.
THE END???


Cover by Arthur Suydam
EAKFAST
RUMP ROAST
SNACK
NIGHTCRAWLER
ATTENTION
YOU ARE
LEAVING
ROLLED
E
LUNCH
COLOSSUS
CYCLOPS
STORM
DESERT
BRUNCH
SAUSAGE
BEAST
SPRITE
FILLET
ANGEL
ICEMAN
DINNER
HORS D'OEUVRE
CHOW
WOLVERINE
APPETIZER
BANSH
VOC
Suydam

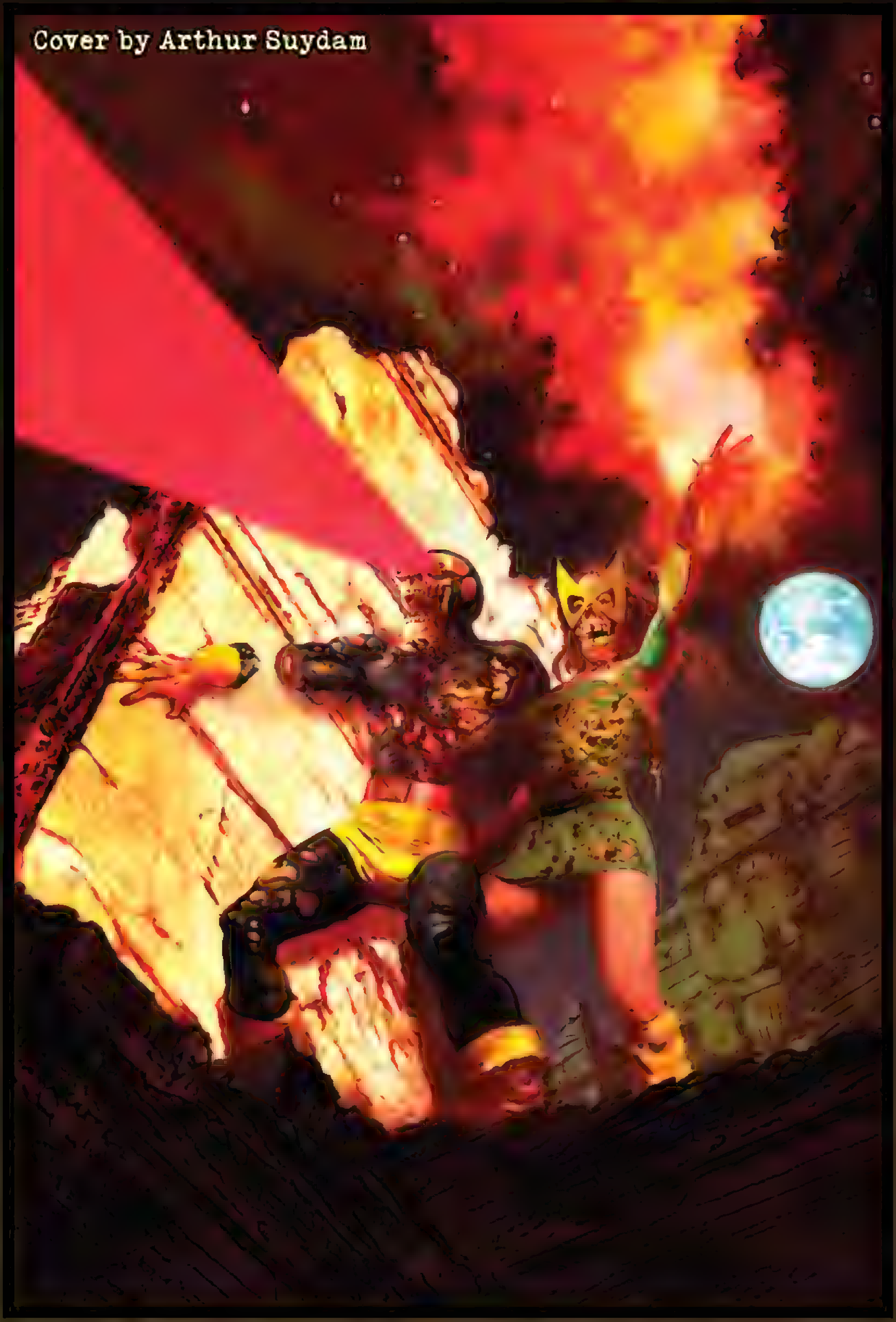

50¢
141
JAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE UNCANNY
X-MEN
APPREHENDED
SLAIN
NIGHTCRAWLER
STORM
COLOSSUS
CYCLOPS
SPRITE
BEAST
ICEMAN
ANGEL
WOLVERINE
ATTENTION!
YOU ARE NOW
LEAVING A
CONTROLLED
ZONE
FORB

X-MEN #141 (January 1981) Cover by John Byrne & Terry Austin

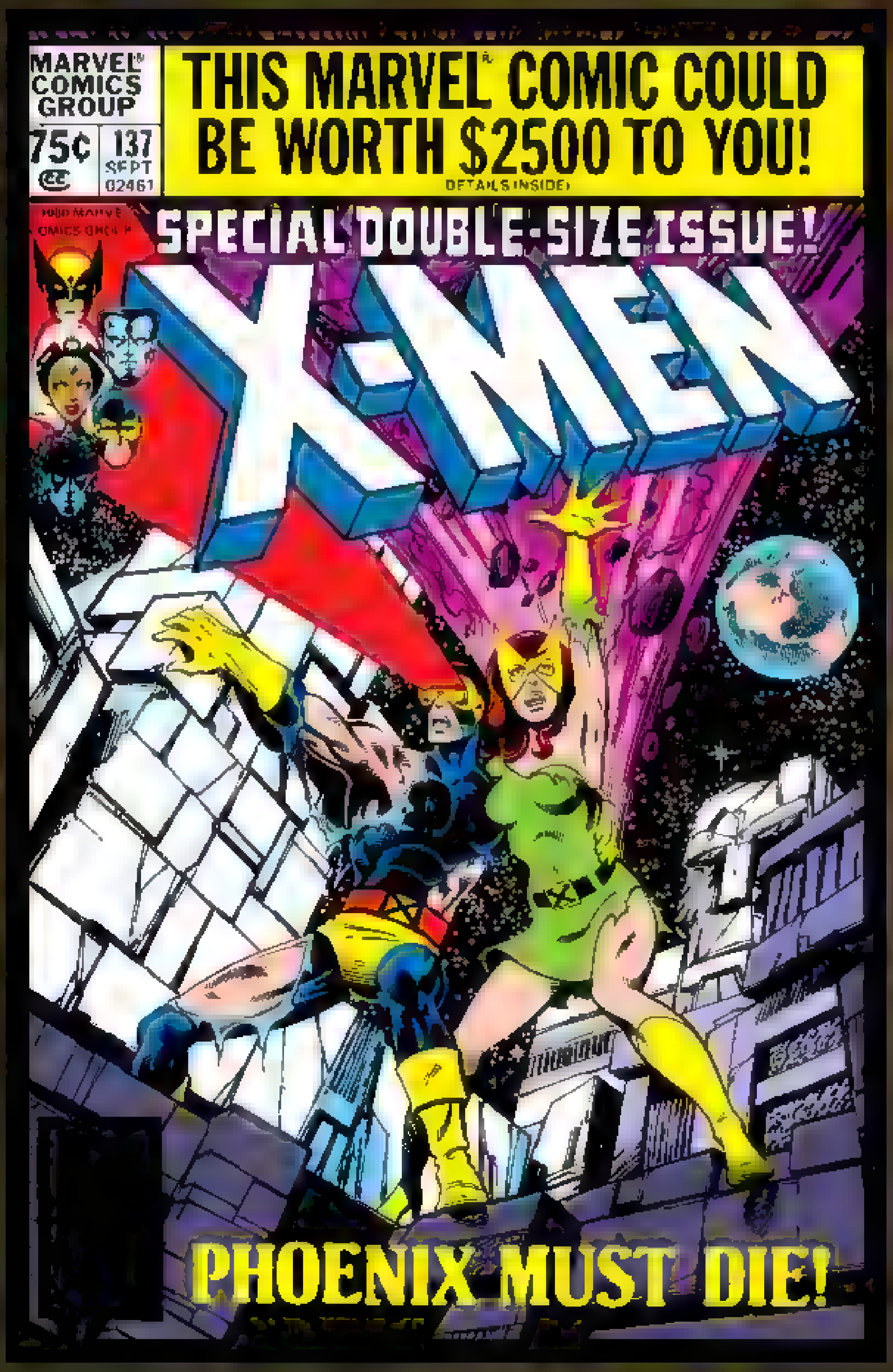
The covers used as grist for the Zombie mill are among the most timeless, striking cover images that Marvel has ever produced, and the cover to X-Men #141 *is a great example. Of all the several hundred* X-Men *covers from over the decades, this vision of the apocalyptic future that awaits mutantkind synthesized more than any other the stakes that define the mutant struggle to find a place in a world that hates and fears them.*

"Somewhere along the line, the question for me became what to do with these wanted posters that would make it something new. So I thought if I turned the wanted posters into a bunch of menus, that would be a good way of tying them into the story of these zombies.

"There was also an homage to the original cover where Byrne and inker Terry Austin signed it. I thought since they included that in their original cover, it would be respectful to hold that element and keep it in this cover as well."



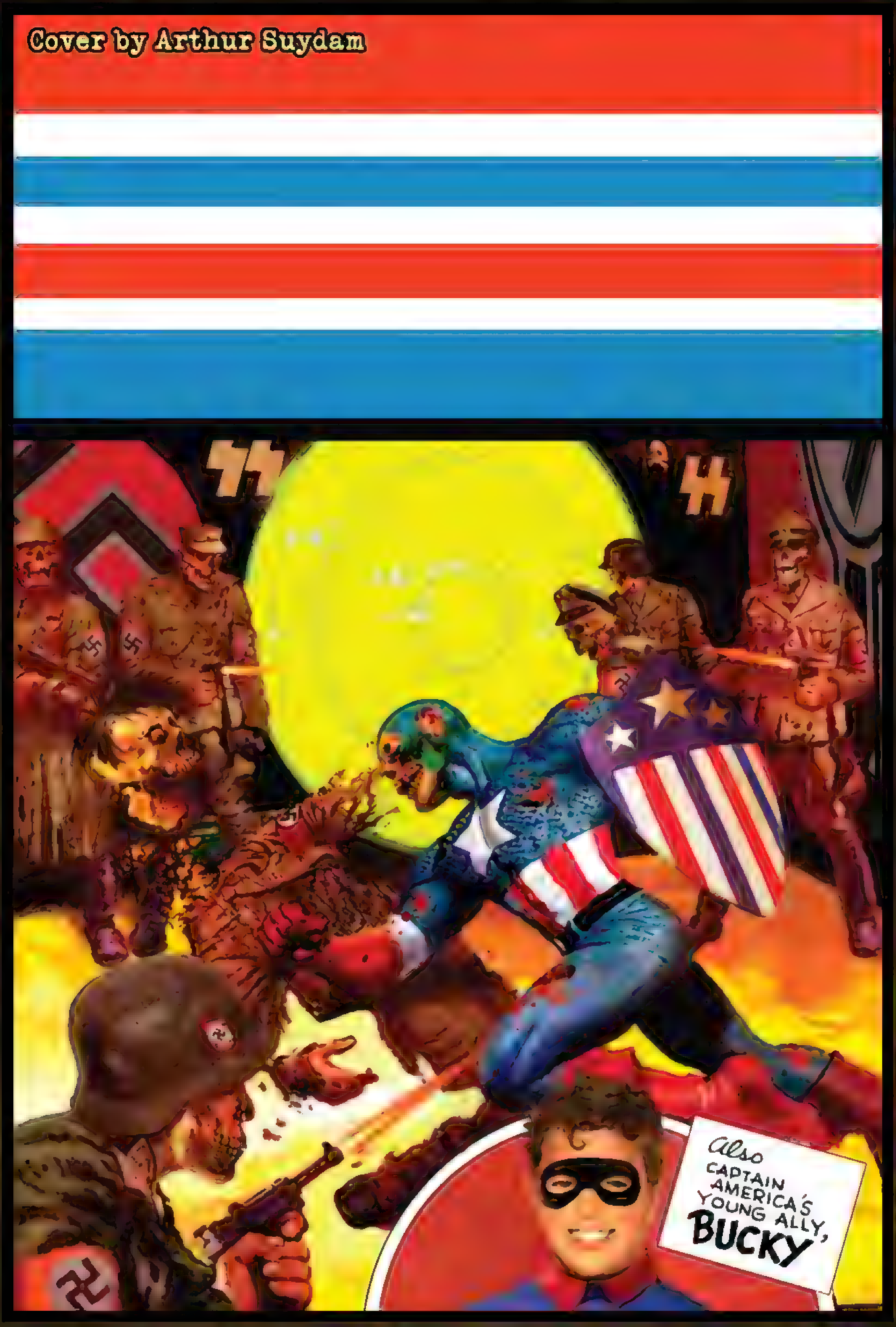
Cover by Arthur Suydam


MARVEL COMICS GROUP
75¢ 137 SEPT 02461
THIS MARVEL COMIC COULD BE WORTH $2500 TO YOU!
DETAILS INSIDE
SPECIAL DOUBLE-SIZE ISSUE!
X-MEN
PHOENIX MUST DIE!

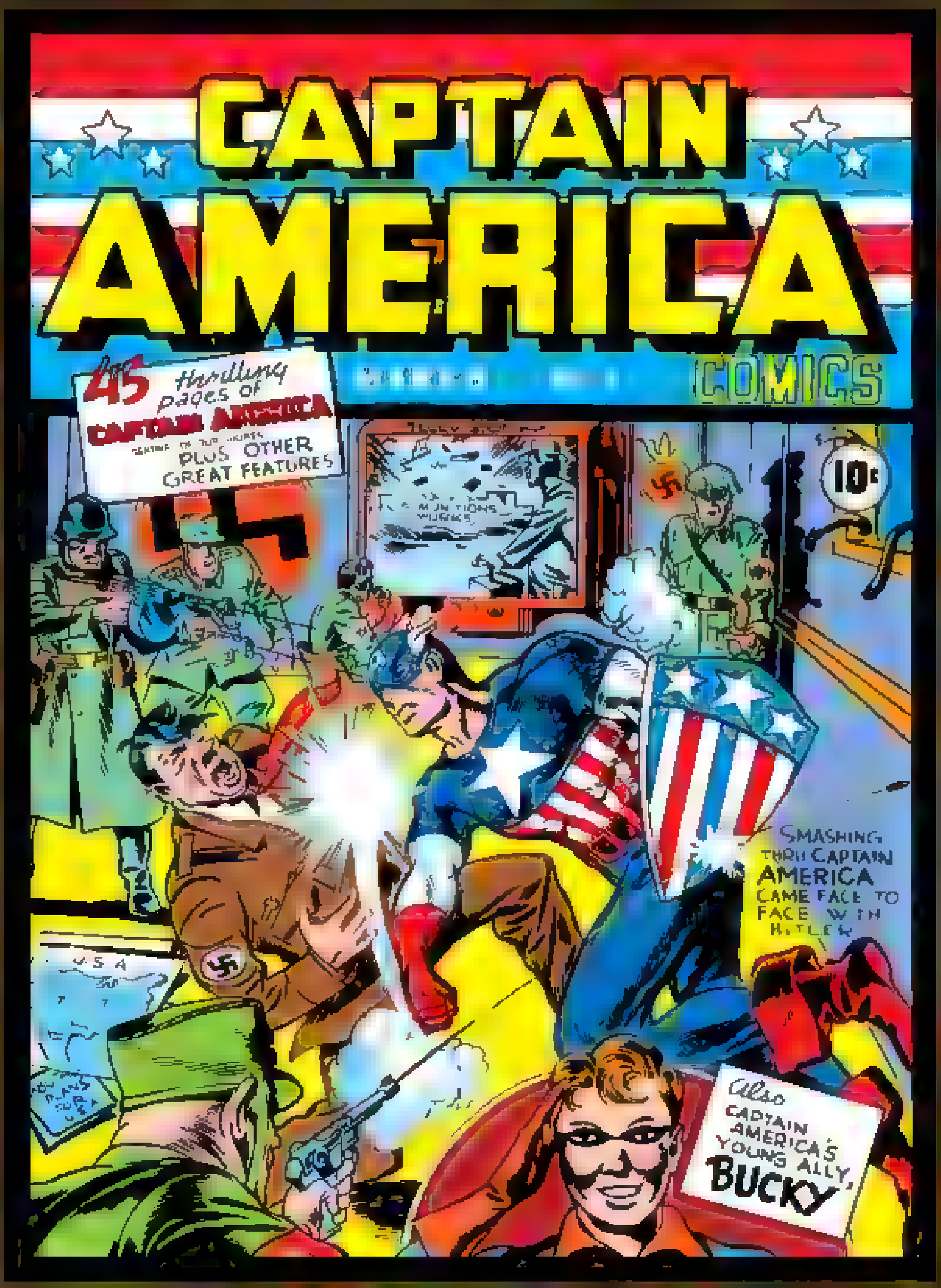
X-MEN #137 (September 1980) Cover by John Byrne & Terry Austin

The Death of Phoenix in X-Men #137 *was the climax to several years worth of X-Men stories by Chris Claremont and John Byrne, and perhaps no cover better expressed the sometimes raw emotional qualities that make for the best in Marvel Comics drama. This arresting cover image is as timeless as the two, tragic lovers making their last stand it represents.*

"The thing that pops into my mind about these covers is how hard they were. They were very difficult. If there was an easy one of these covers, I'm not seeing it! This was a very tricky one because you've got Cyclops and Marvel Girl as very central figures right smack-dab in the middle of the picture, and you don't want to add the third wheel. You don't want too many stories going on. My wife actually posed for the character sketch of Marvel Girl!"


Cover by Arthur Suydam

Also
Captain America's
Young Ally,
Bucky


CAPTAIN AMERICA
COMICS
45 thrilling pages of Captain America
Plus other great features
10¢
Smashing thru Captain America came face to face with Hitler
Also Captain America's young ally, Bucky

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS #1 (March 1941)

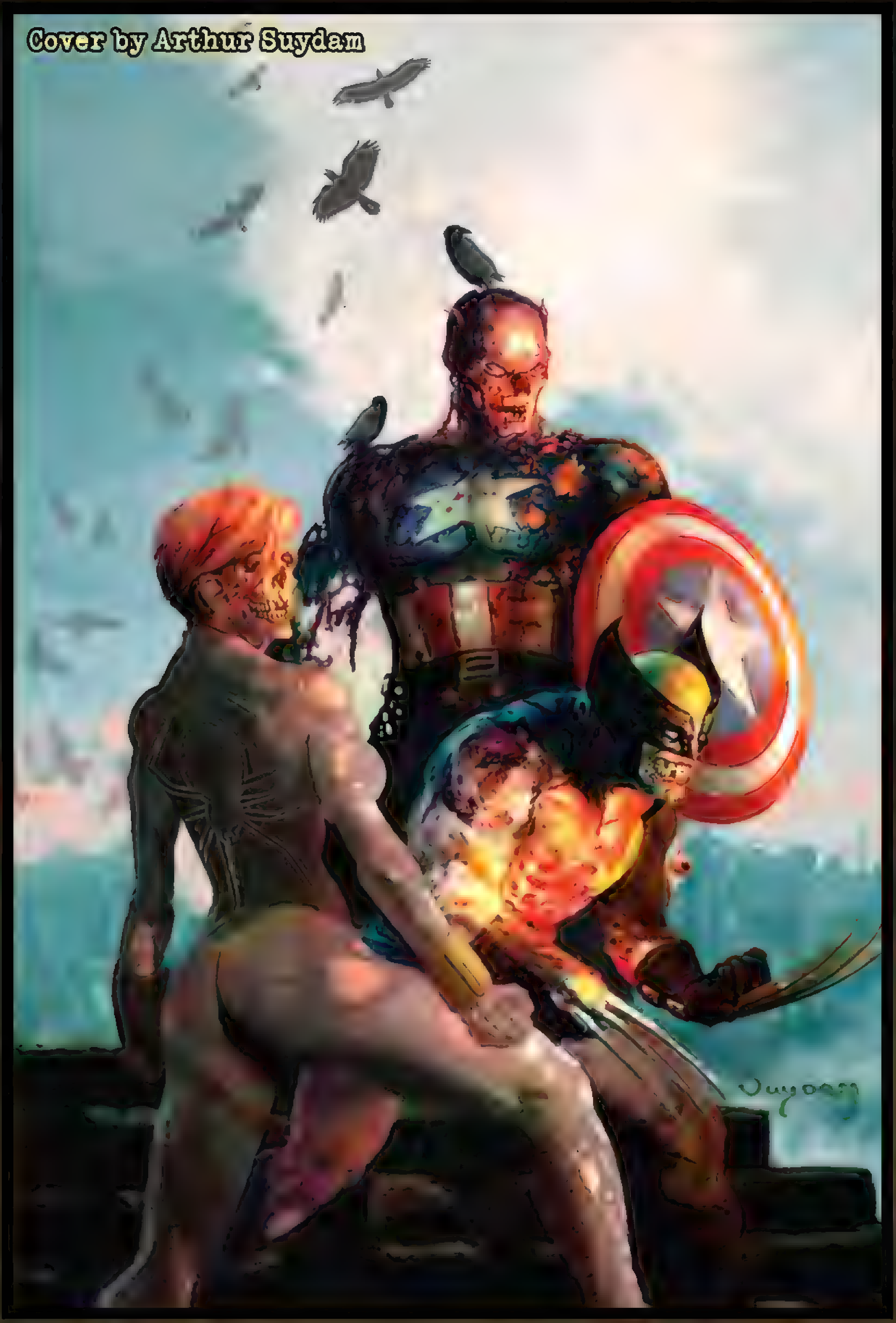
Cover by Joe Simon & Jack Kirby

Oh, mama, was this a striking cover! During a time when America was nervous about directly engaging in the war effort against Nazi Germany, artists Jack Kirby and Joe Simon had no such reservations. They were proud to show Captain America, their newest super-hero creation, provoking an act of war with a right hook across the jaw to the century's worst villain. A timeless character was born in a classic cover that still resonates today!

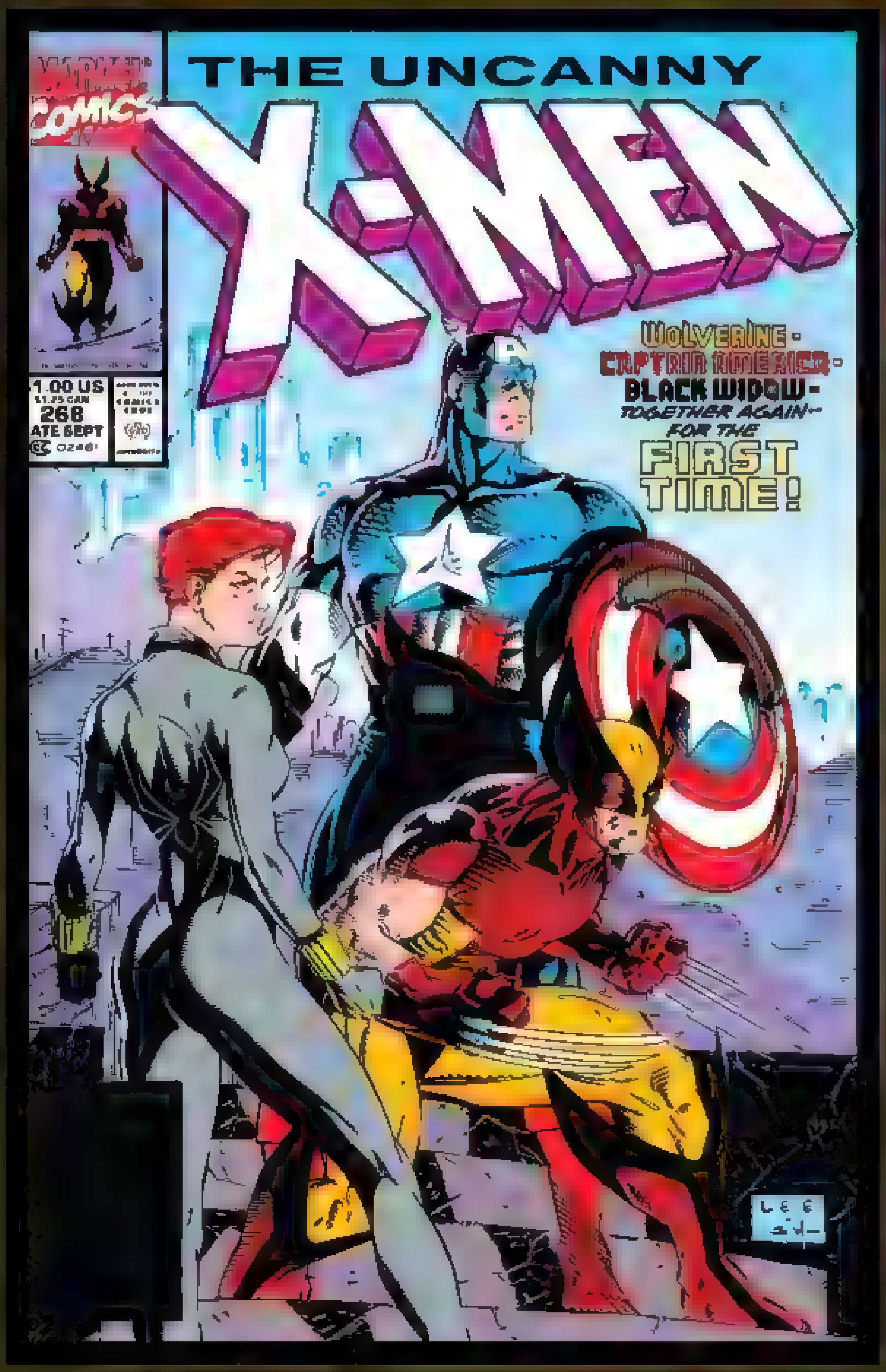
"Captain America meets Adolf Hitler and knocks his head off. It took me about two seconds to think that one up!

"This is one that I had wanted to do all along; it was on my list right from the beginning. I wasn't sure how well known that cover was, but as soon as I typed 'Captain America' in Google, I think just about every image that came up was of this particular comic cover, so that helped me decide that this was a very good choice.

"I was a little concerned schedule-wise at the time, because I had done a little preliminary work on getting pictures of Nazis, so I could get the garb accurate, but I couldn't find anything on them, really. It was a little bit intimidating on getting this cover in with the time restraints I had being able to do my research to figure out what these Nazis really look like."



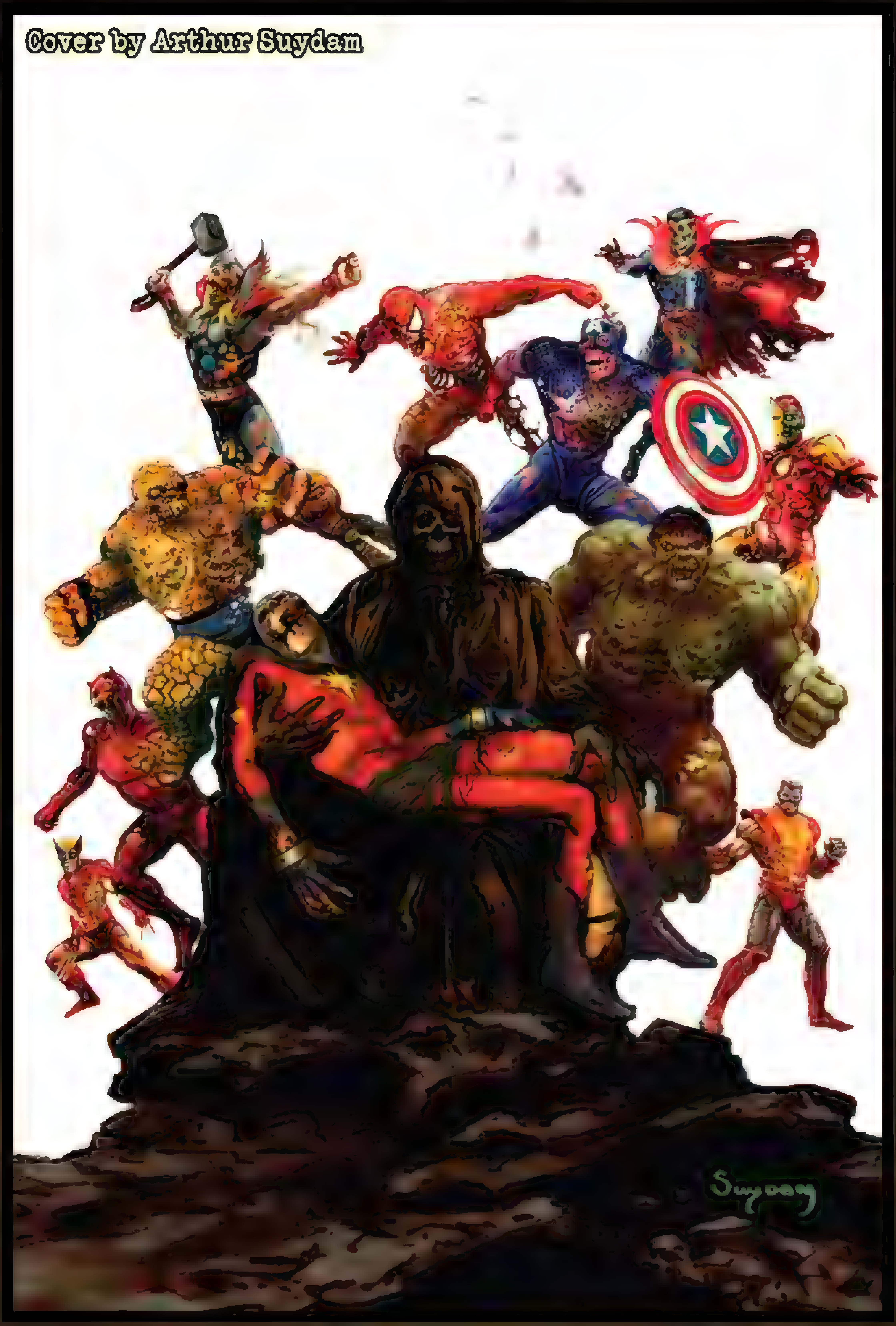
Cover by Arthur Suydam


MARVEL COMICS
THE UNCANNY
X-MEN
WOLVERINE - CAPTAIN AMERICA - BLACK WIDOW - TOGETHER AGAIN— FOR THE FIRST TIME!
1.00 US
268
SEPT
LEE

X-MEN #268 (September 1990) Cover by Jim Lee & Scott Williams

From the run that vaulted artist Jim Lee into the echelons of the all-time superstar comic artists, the cover to X-Men #268 *finds Wolverine, Black Widow and Captain America striking a noble, heroic pose as they prepare to find adventure in this flashback story of crossing paths in the crime enclave of Madripoor.*

"This was actually one of my favorite pictures out of all of them. The thing I like so much about it is that I got to take a monstrous set of characters and sort of make them serene and beautiful sitting on the edge of the waterfront, appreciating and admiring the sunset. The irony of that is what I like about this one. Beautiful zombies!"



Cover by Arthur Suydam

MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVEL
$5.95
THE DEATH OF
CAPTAIN MARVEL
by JIM STARLIN

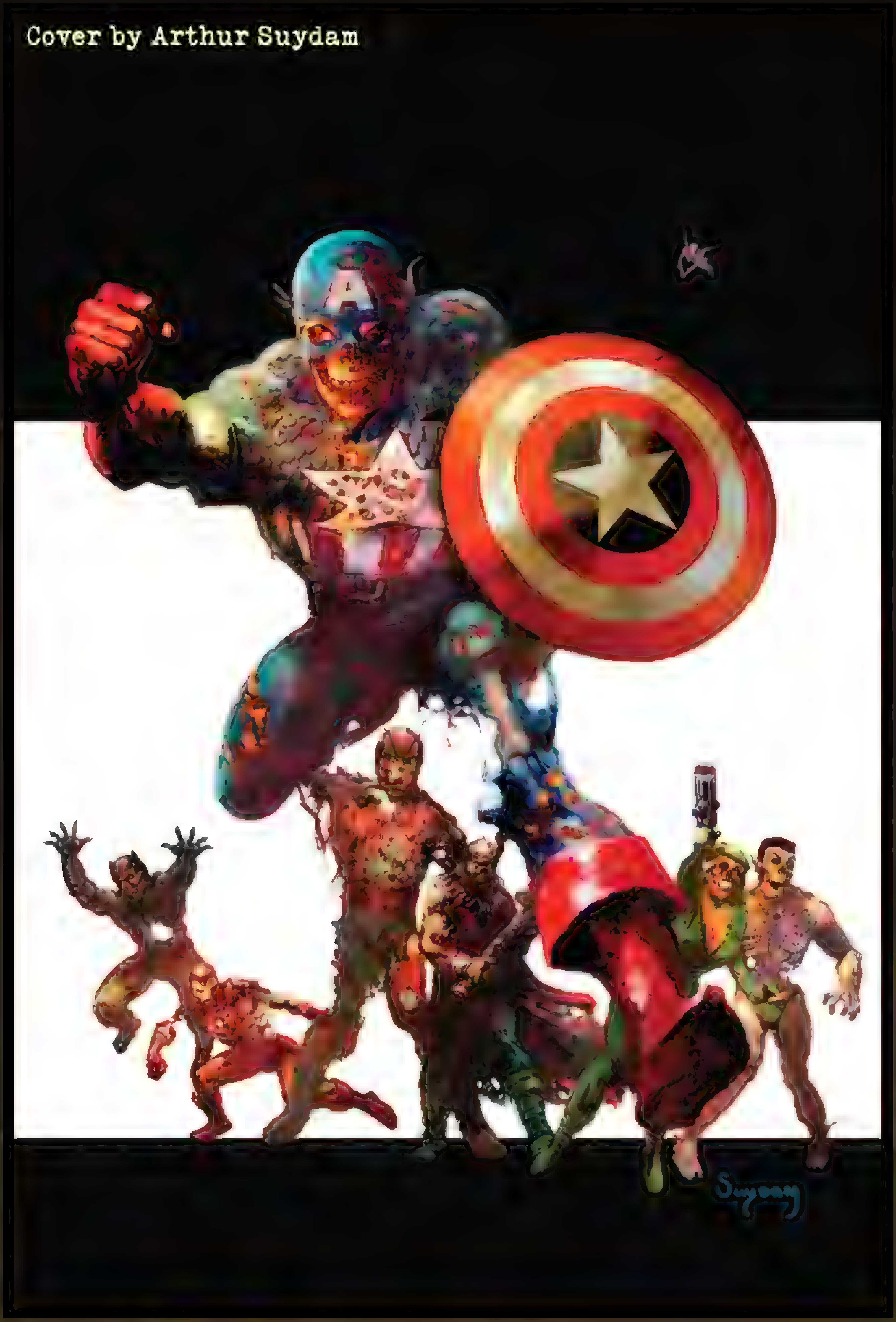
MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVEL #1: THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN MARVEL (April 1982)

Cover by Jim Starlin

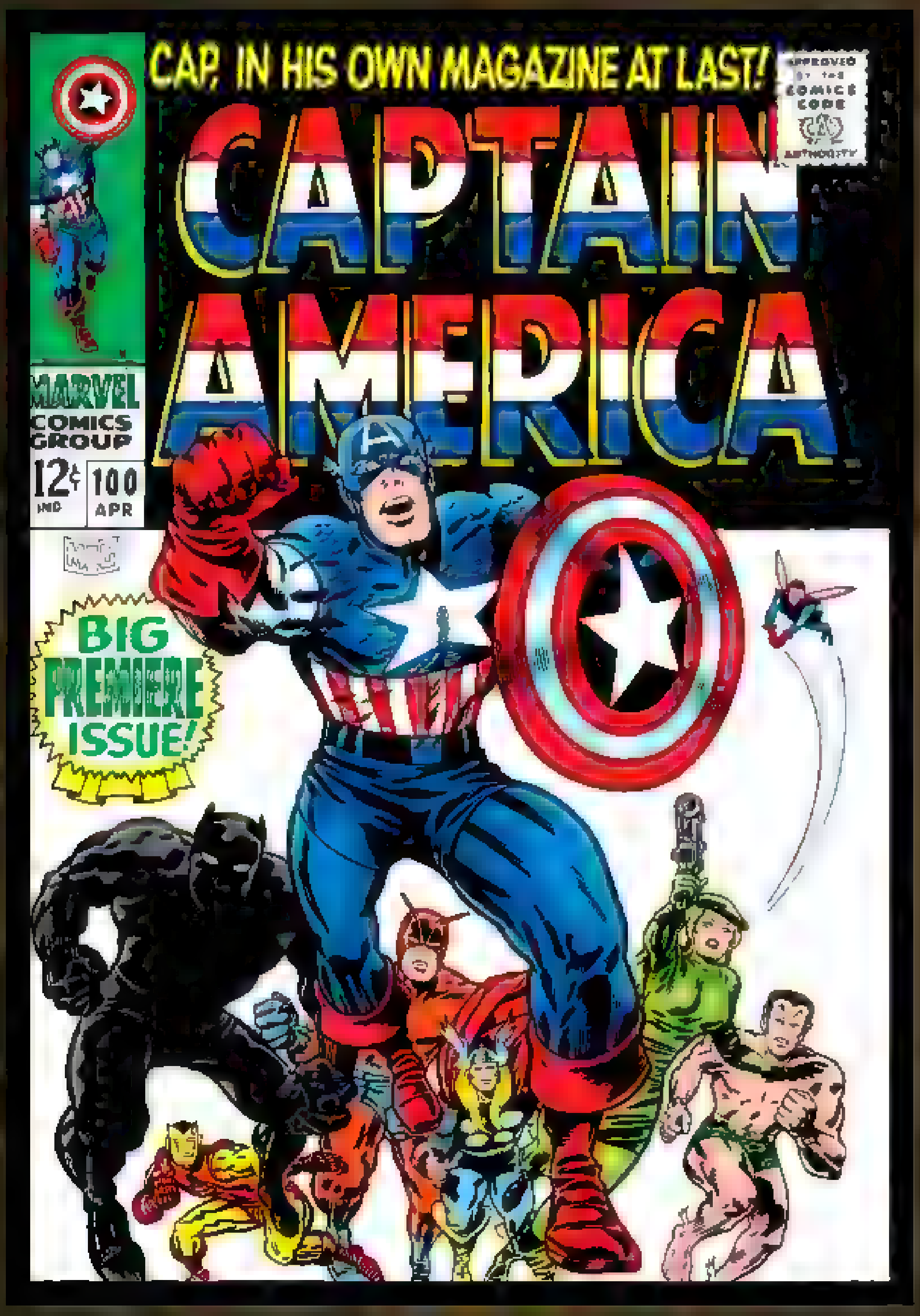
With The Death of Captain Marvel, *writer/artist Jim Starlin brought his Captain Marvel epic to a close with such finality that it sent shockwaves through fandom and set the bar for high drama in comic art. As told in the deluxe format of the then-fashionable* Marvel Graphic Novel *series, Mar-Vell's death from cancer was a stunning act of storytelling courage by Starlin and brought tears to the eyes of many readers. Still does!*

"This initial cover was an homage to the Pieta. The Pieta is a great piece of art, a great statue, and incorporating that dynamic — bringing a subconsciously familiar element into the picture — is a very powerful tool in illustration. That's what I was thinking, and I'm sure that's what the original artist was thinking.

"The Grim Reaper is a great character, one I have always loved. Any chance to do a picture with the Grim Reaper is a good thing. Painting the anatomy and the drapery for the Grim Reaper was difficult; robed figures in recline like this is a challenge. But I like that — there's nothing I like better than a challenge. For that reason, I was really looking forward to this one."



Cover by Arthur Suydam

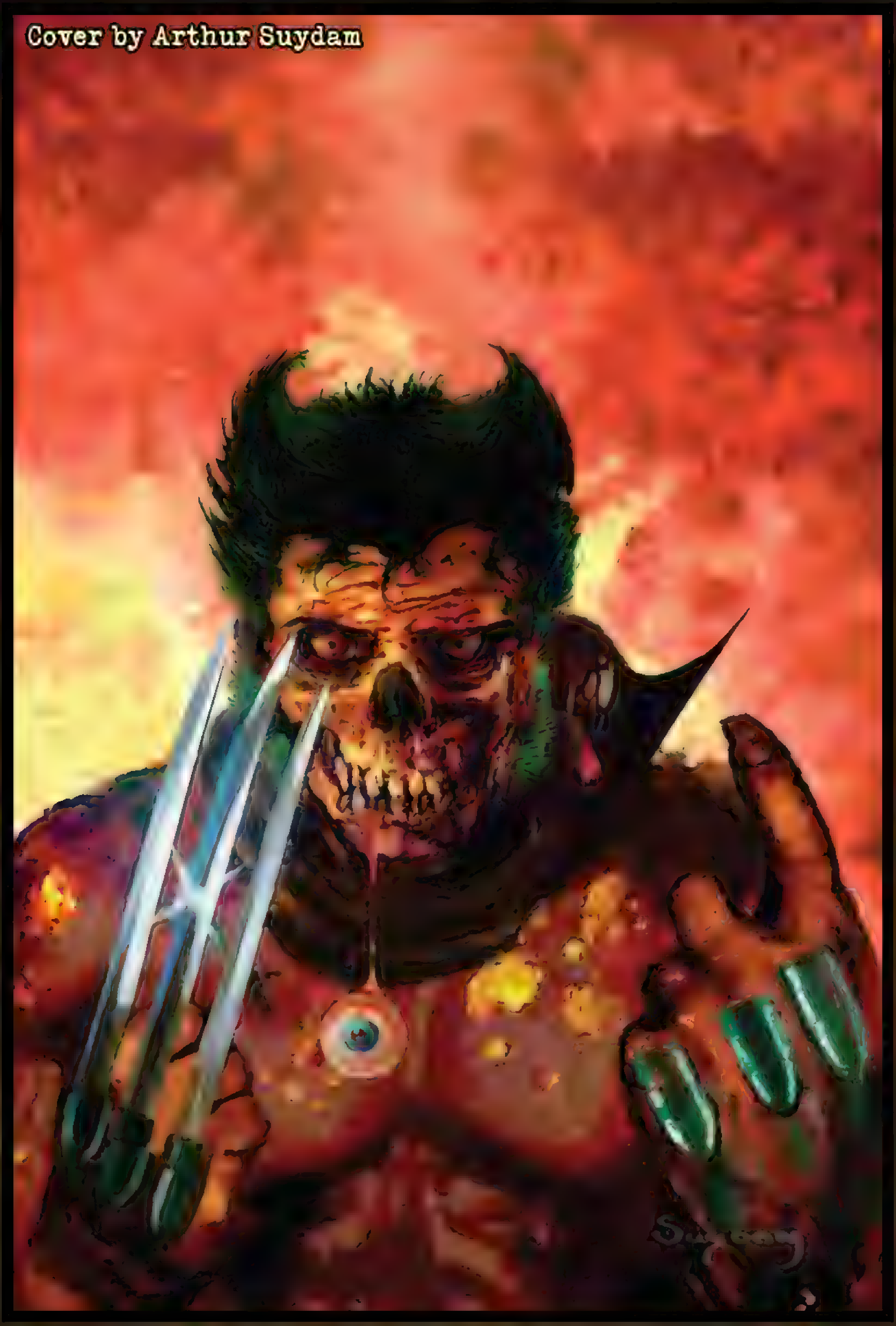


CAPTAIN AMERICA #100 (April 1968)

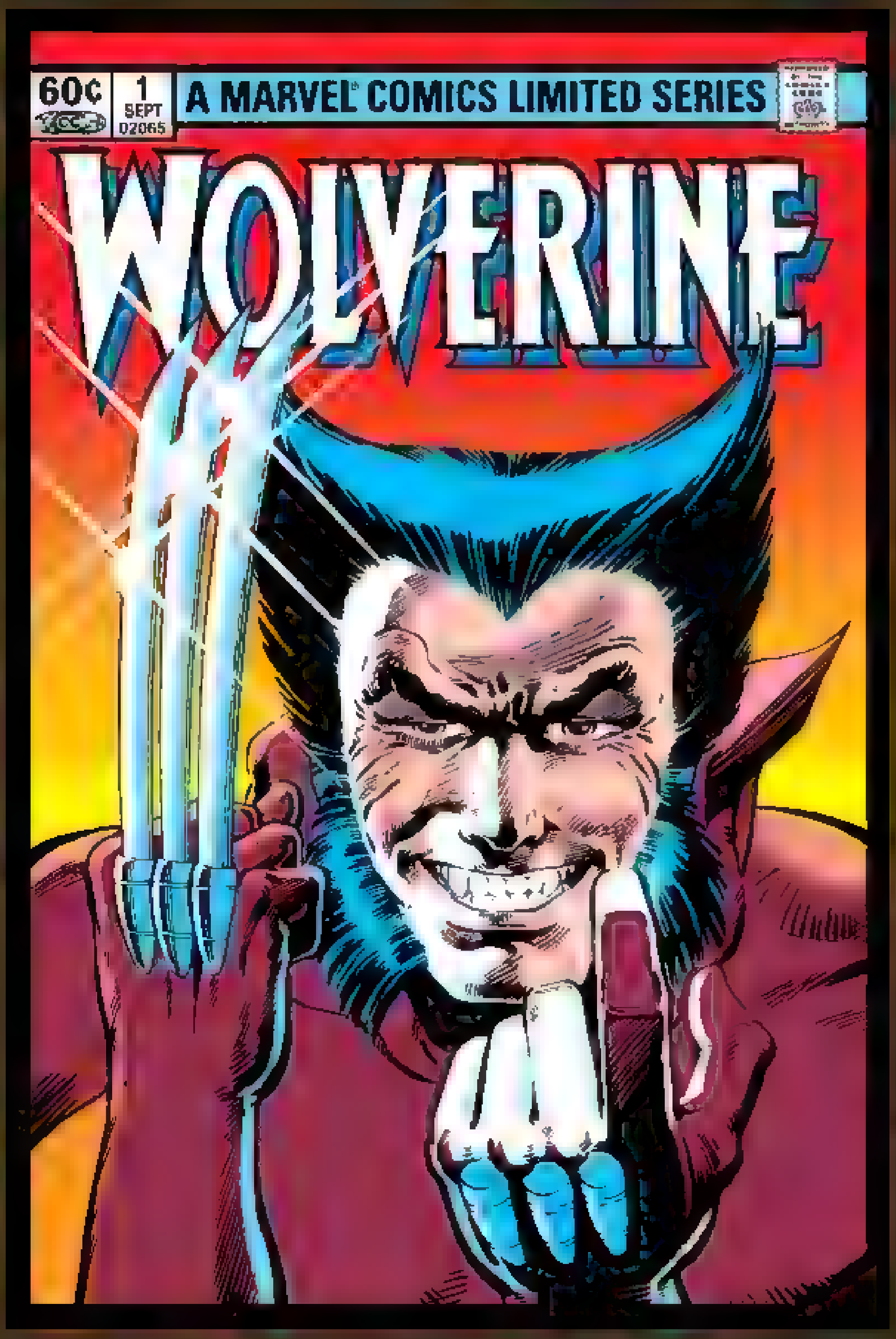
Cover by Jack Kirby

The very first full-length issue of Silver Age Captain America was not #1. It never had its own #1! No, the very first issue was the milestone 100th issue of what was once the Tales of Suspense *anthology, which Cap had shared with Iron Man since the star-spangled Avenger's first appearance back in* TOS *#59. By the time this comic cover announced the arrival of Cap to full-fledged Marvel comicdom, he had already built up an expansive supporting cast, as is evidenced by Jack Kirby in this classic cover layout.*

"This is actually a painting that I had initially done to be one of the Marvel Zombies covers. I think somewhere along the pike I got a little bit ahead on my scheduling. I had one or two covers that had been completed and they hadn't been scheduled yet. The need arose for a cover and they needed it quick; I had this one that I pretty much had all painted and done.



Cover by Arthur Suydam



60¢
1
SEPT
02065
A MARVEL COMICS LIMITED SERIES
WOLVERINE

WOLVERINE #1 (September 1982)

Cover by Frank Miller

The very first Wolverine solo series made a huge impression on comics fans when it premiered in the summer of 1982. X-Men übermensch Chris Claremont was feeling his oats exploring the many depths and facets of the popular mutant universe under his command. This four-issue limited series followed the most popular X-Man of all, Wolverine, on a trip to Japan to explore the mythology of his mysterious roots. White-hot artist Frank Miller's contribution to this series at the peak of his own early popularity ensured it would stand as a classic for the ages.

"If it's Wolverine, we gotta have the eyeball!

"This one was a particularly difficult one to pull off. Once again, without coming up with a story first, the illustration would never work. I could have a well-painted figure but it will still be flat if the story is not there. It took a while for me to figure out what the story was here. I was thinking of something like, 'Uncle Sam Wants You'; I don't know if that's what the original artist was thinking, but I got to thinking "Uncle Wolverine Wants You!" Once I got that concept going, it was a lot of going back and forth with the cover being too dark or too light."

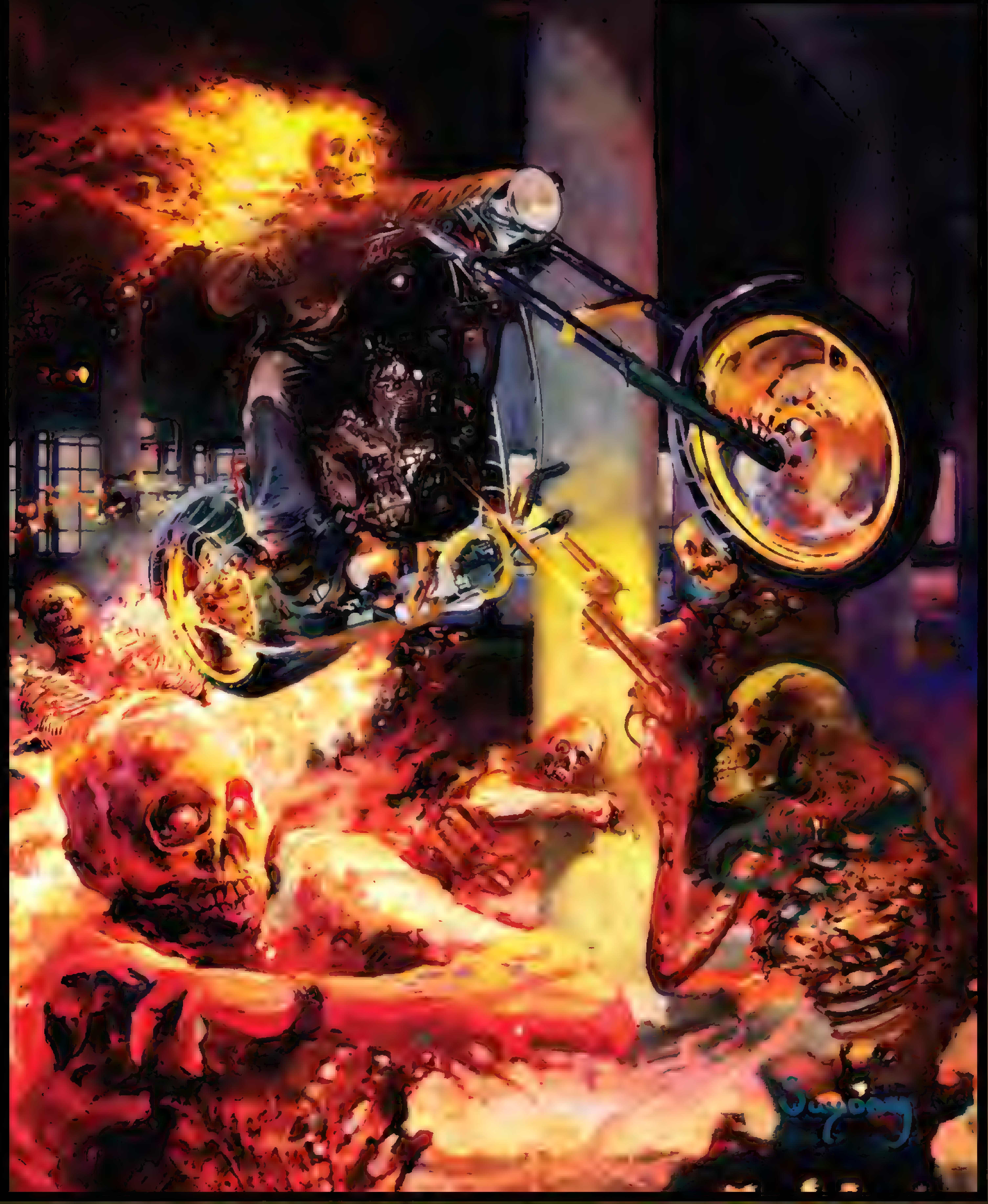
GHOST RIDER #10 (June 2007)

Cover by Arthur Suydam

MARVEL SPOTLIGHT #5

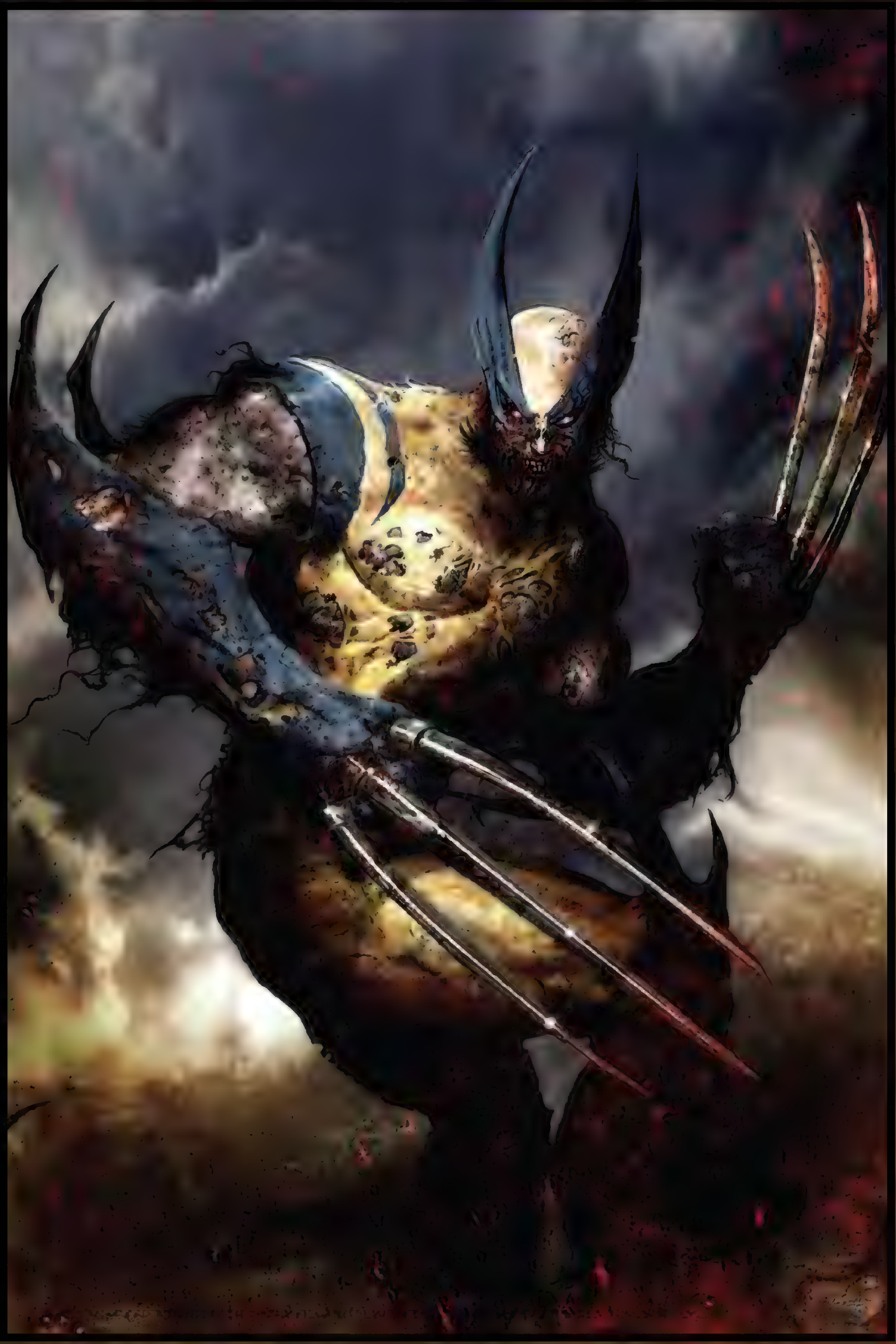
(AUGUST 1972) COVER BY MIKE PLOOG

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢
5 AUG
MARVEL SPOTLIGHT ON...
GHOST RIDER
IS HE ALIVE... OR DEAD?
A LEGEND IS BORN!
THE MOST SUPERNATURAL SUPERHERO OF ALL!



THOR #1 (SEPTEMBER 2007) COVER BY ARTHUR SUYDAM

THOR #1 Zombie Variant (September 2007)
Cover by Arthur Suydam

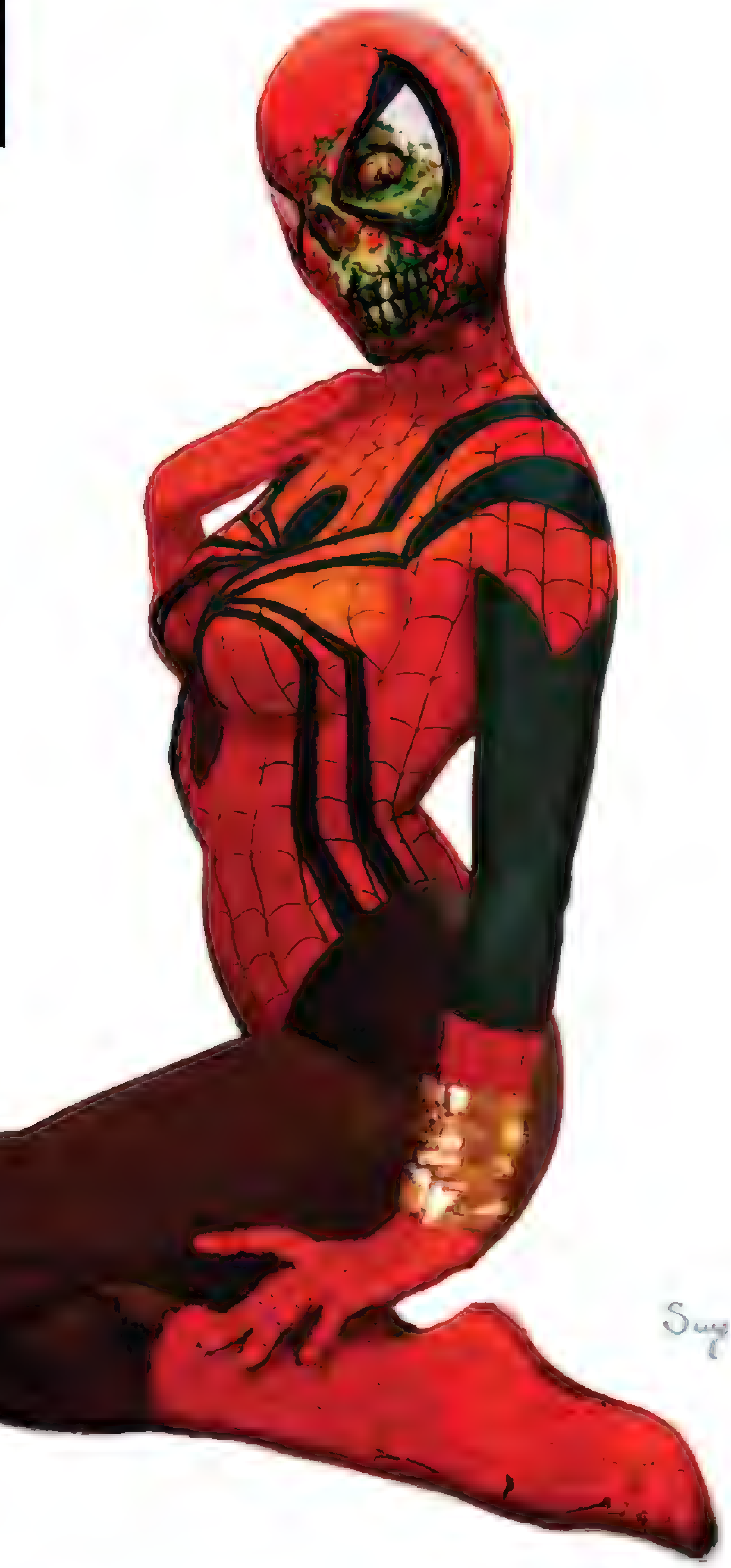


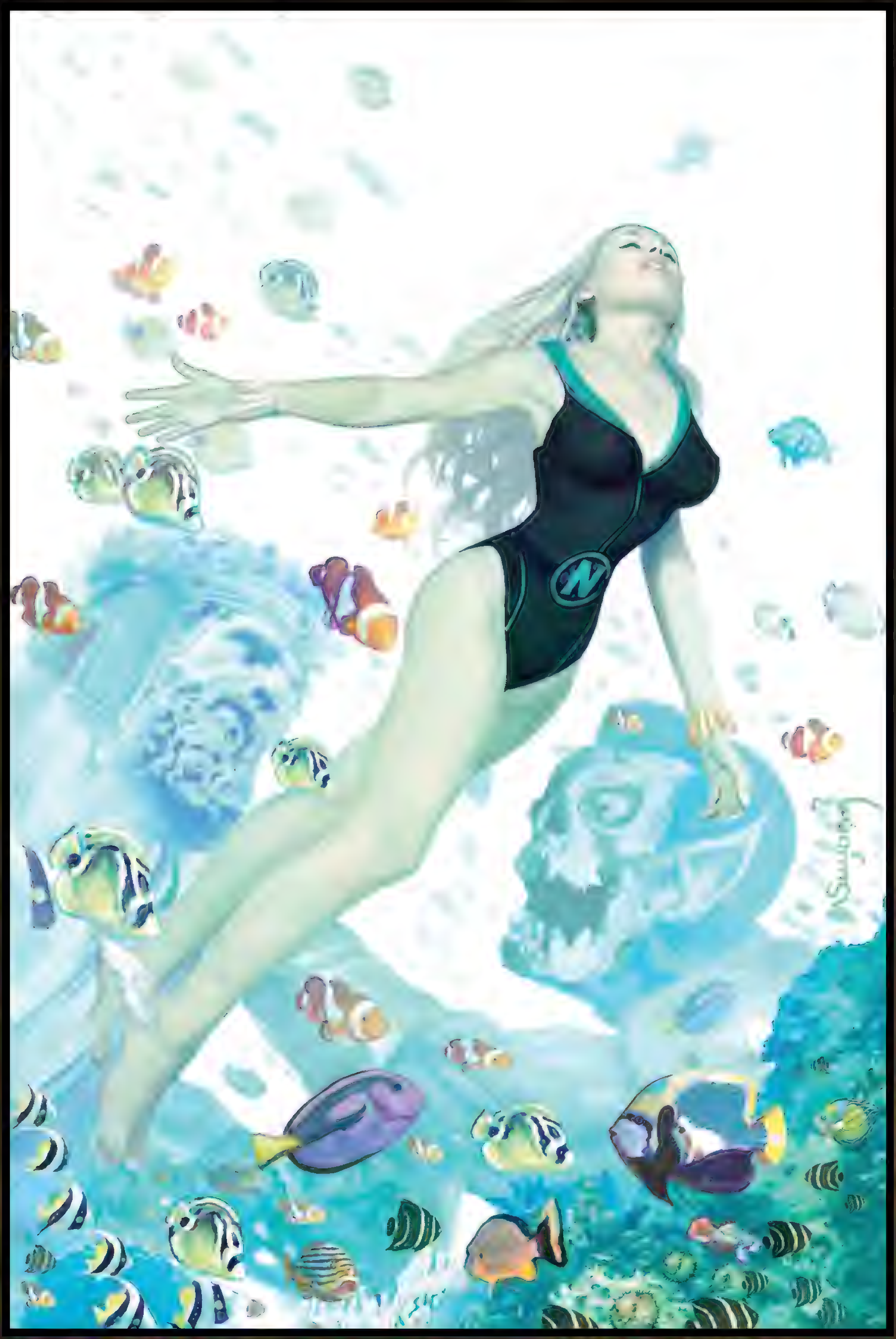
WOLVERINE #58 Zombie Variant (December 2007) Cover by Clint Langley

THE DAUGHTER OF THE TRUE SPIDER-MAN!
MARVEL COMICS
#0
SPIDER-GIRL
OCT
WHO IS SHE?
THE NEXT GENERATION OF SPIDEY EXCITEMENT STARTS HERE!!!!

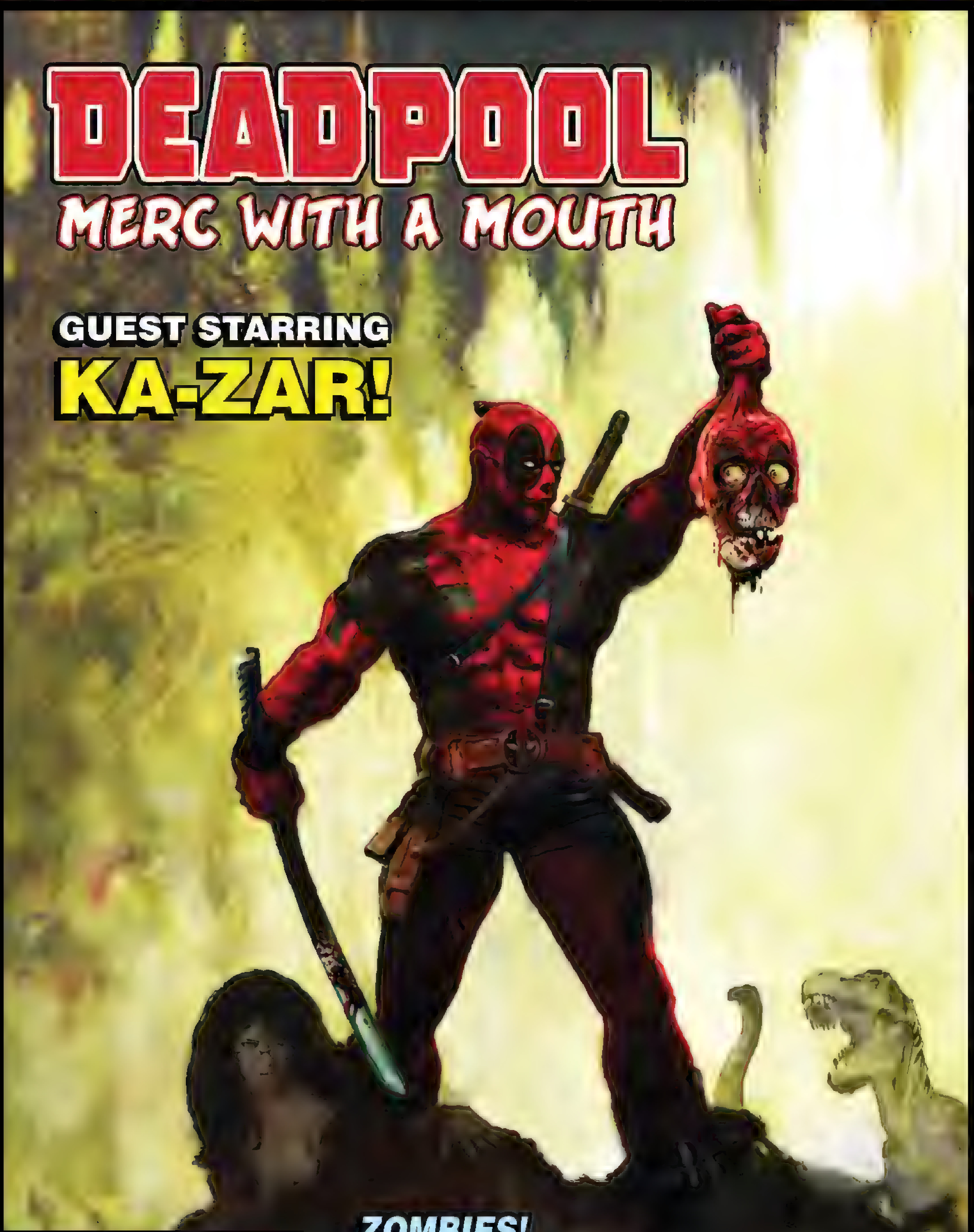
SPIDER-GIRL #0 (OCTOBER 1998) COVER BY RON FRENZ

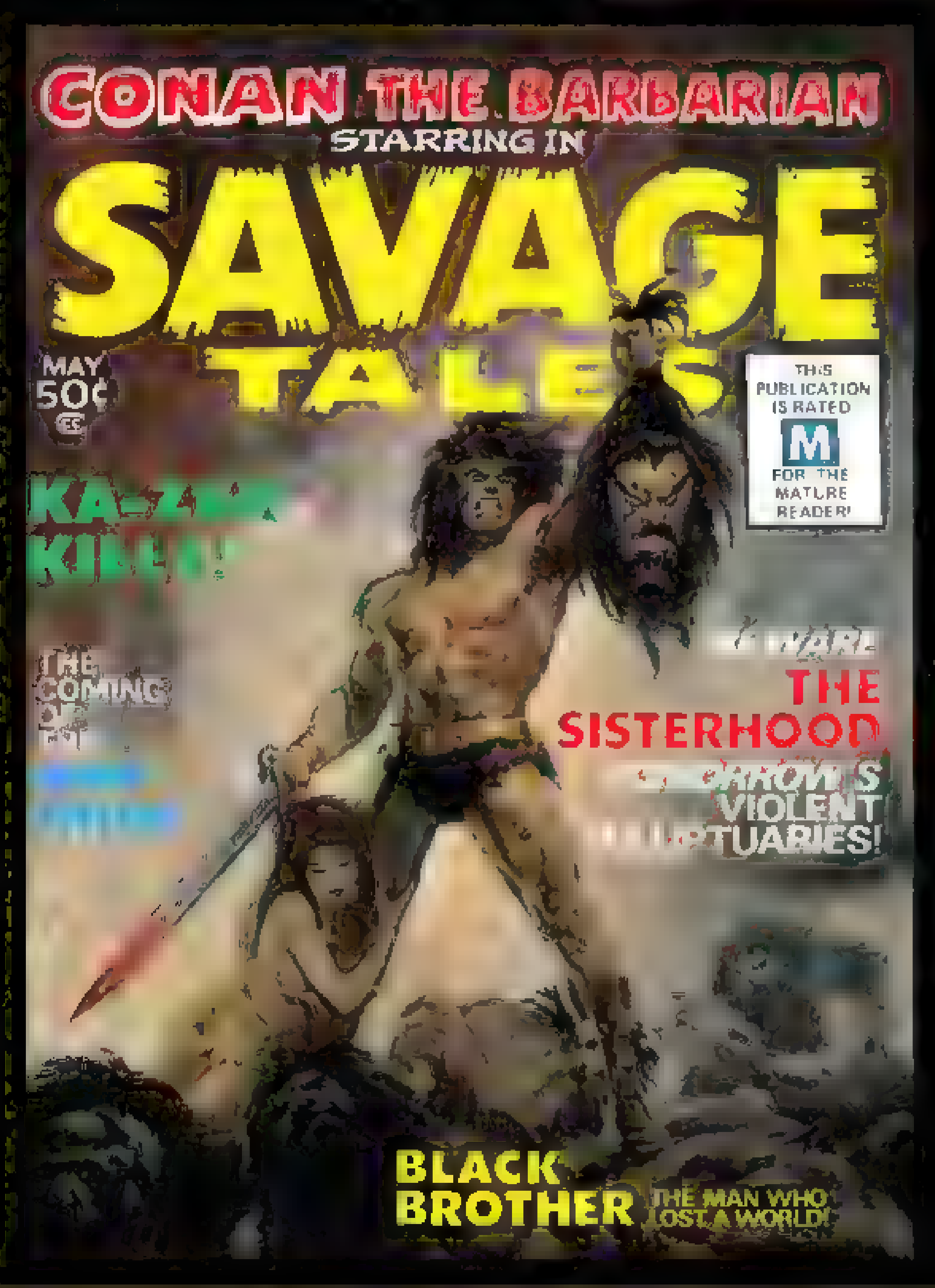
AMAZING SPIDER-GIRL #13 Zombie Variant
(December 2007) Cover by Arthur Suydam





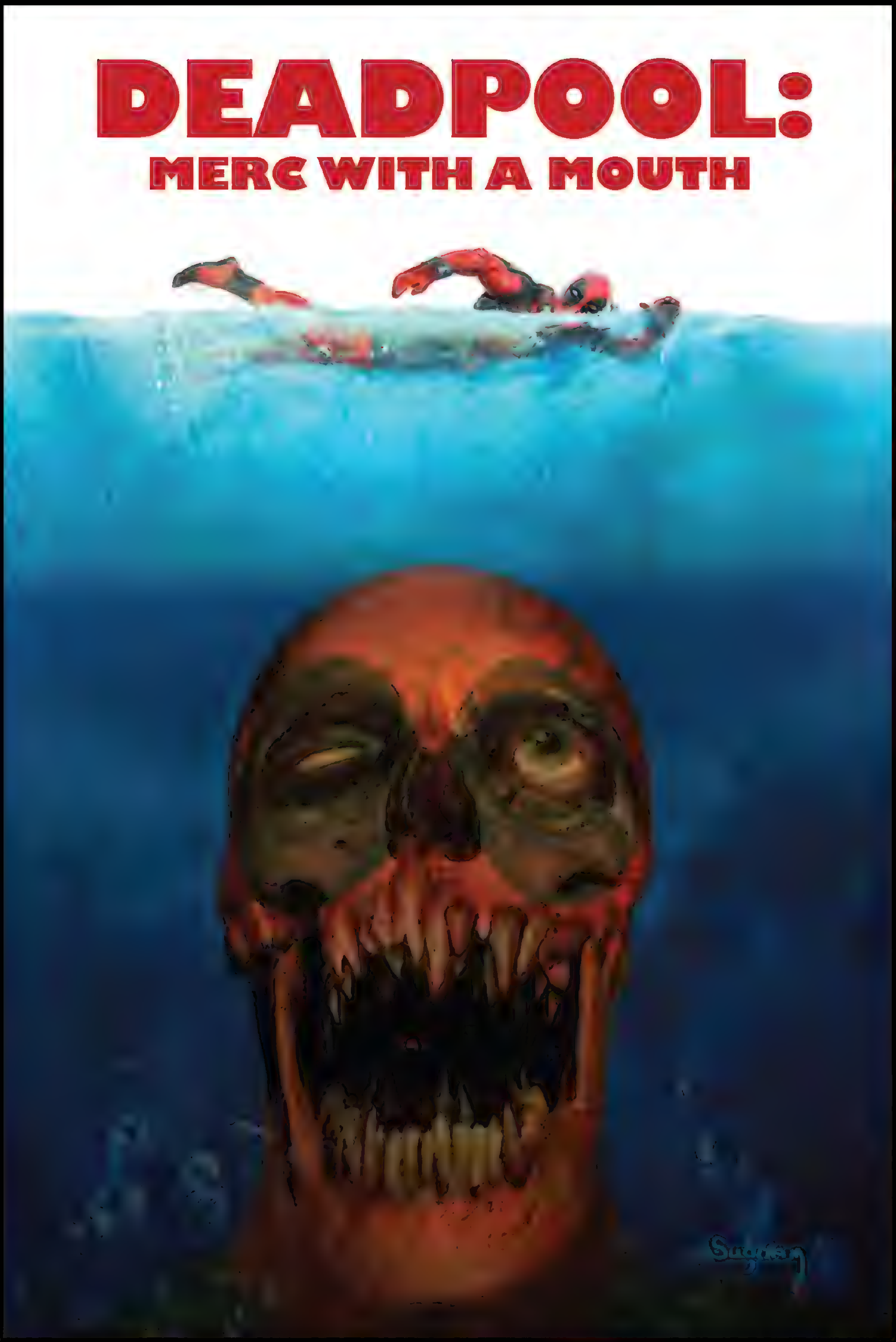
INCREDIBLE HERCULES #122 Zombie Variant (December 2008) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH
GUEST STARRING
KA-ZAR!
ZOMBIES!
CAVEMEN!
DINOSAURS!
ZOMBIE-CAVEMEN!
Suydam

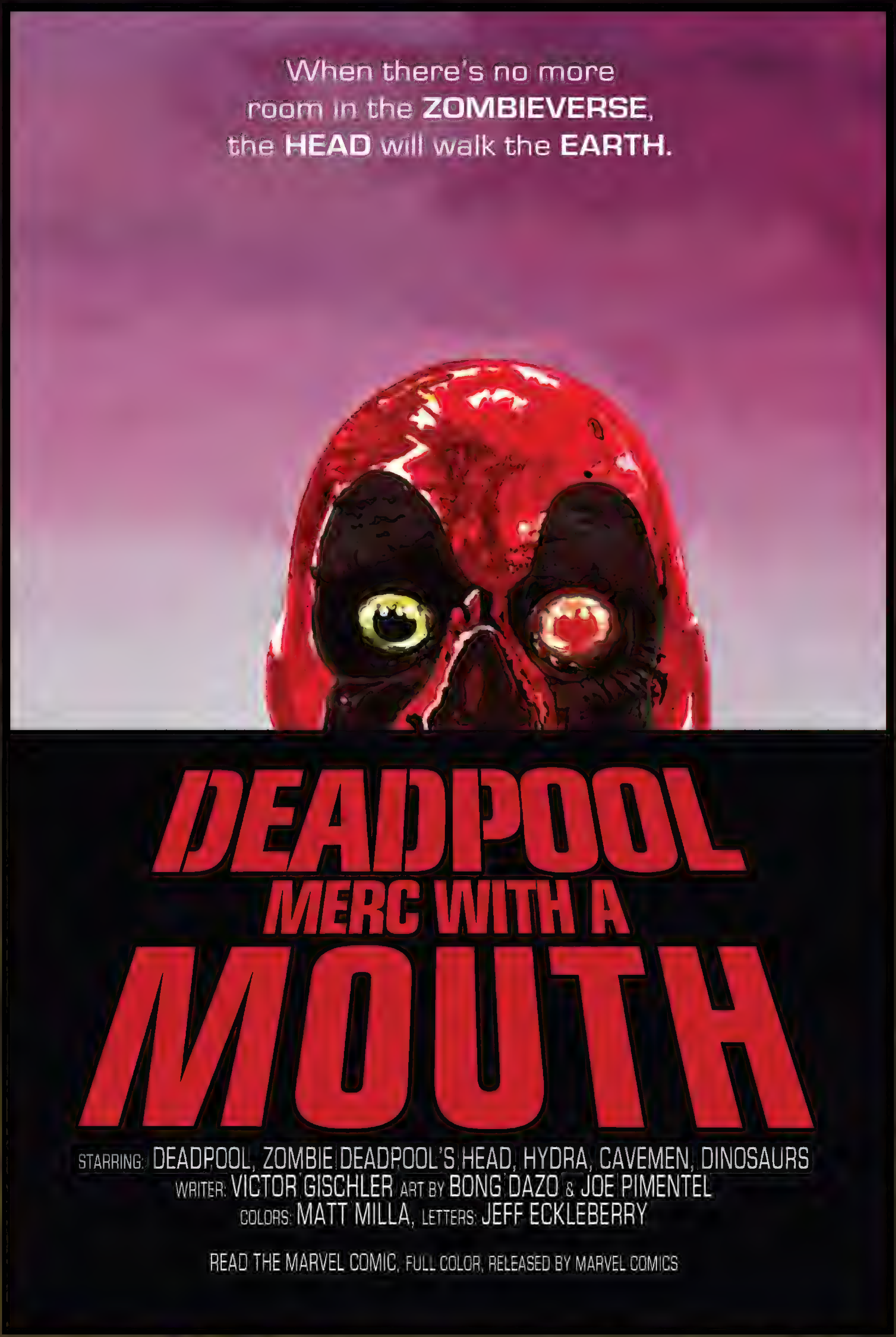

CONAN THE BARBARIAN
STARRING IN
SAVAGE
TALES
MAY
50¢
THIS PUBLICATION IS RATED
M
FOR THE MATURE READER!
KA-ZAR KILLS!
THE COMING OF
BEWARE
THE SISTERHOOD
VIOLENT
VOLUPTUARIES!
BLACK BROTHER
THE MAN WHO LOST A WORLD!

SAVAGE TALES #1 (MAY 1971) COVER BY JOHN BUSCEMA

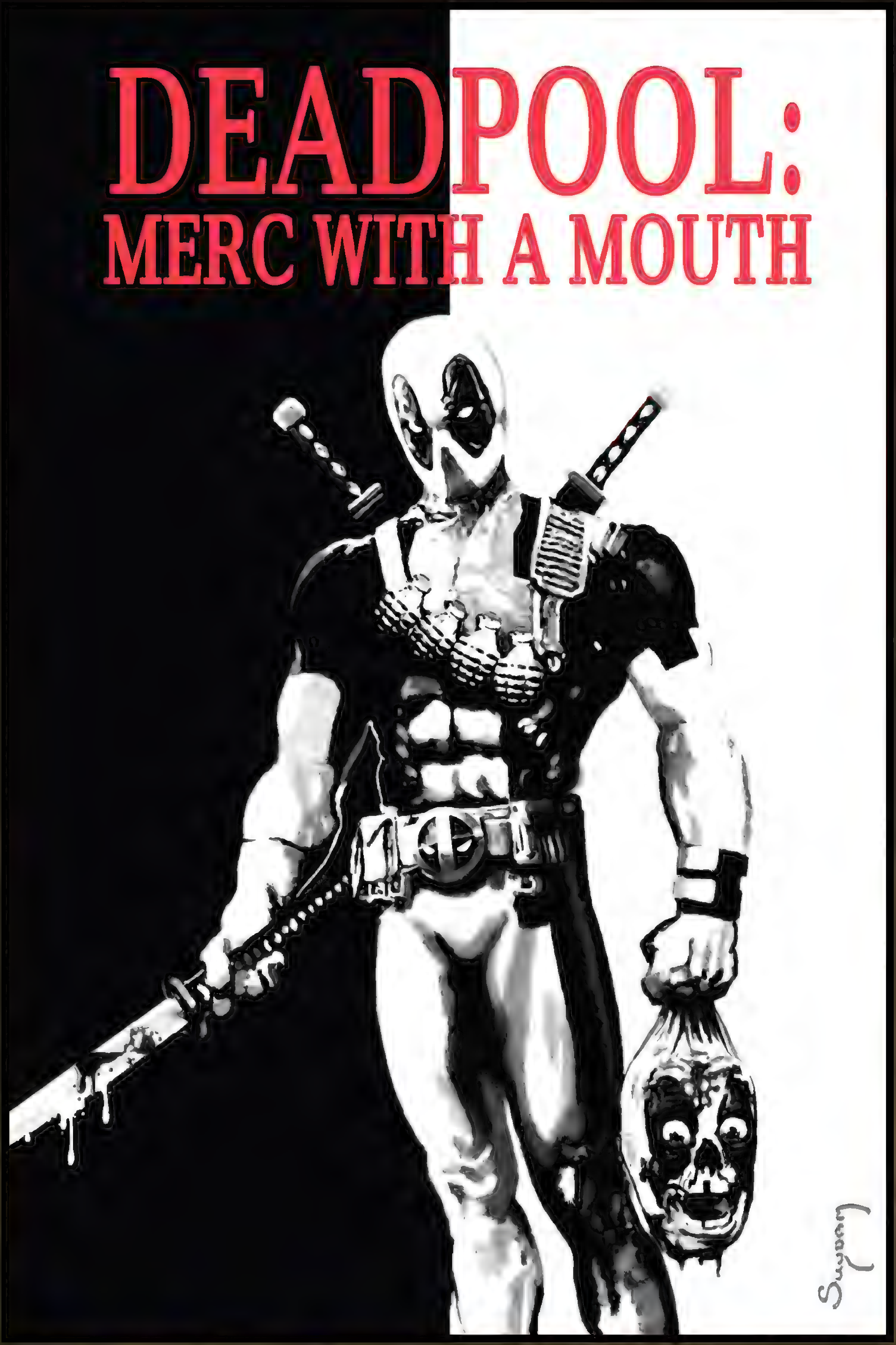
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #1
(September 2009) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Suydam

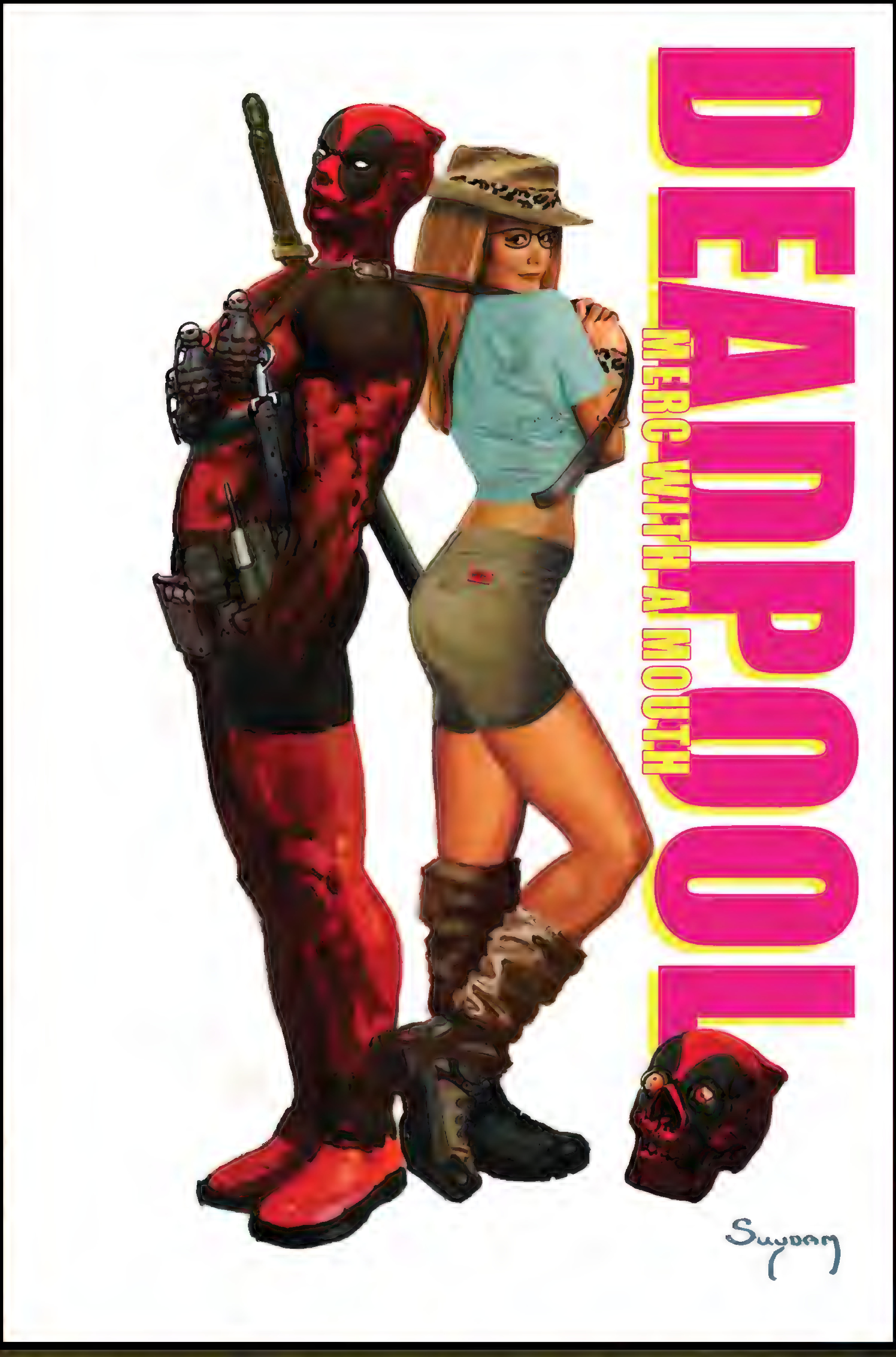
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #2 (October 2009) Cover by Arthur Suydam


When there's no more room in the ZOMBIEVERSE, the HEAD will walk the EARTH.
DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A
MOUTH
STARRING: DEADPOOL, ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD, HYDRA, CAVEMEN, DINOSAURS
WRITER: VICTOR GISCHLER ART BY BONG DAZO & JOE PIMENTEL
COLORS: MATT MILLA, LETTERS: JEFF ECKLEBERRY
READ THE MARVEL COMIC, FULL COLOR, RELEASED BY MARVEL COMICS

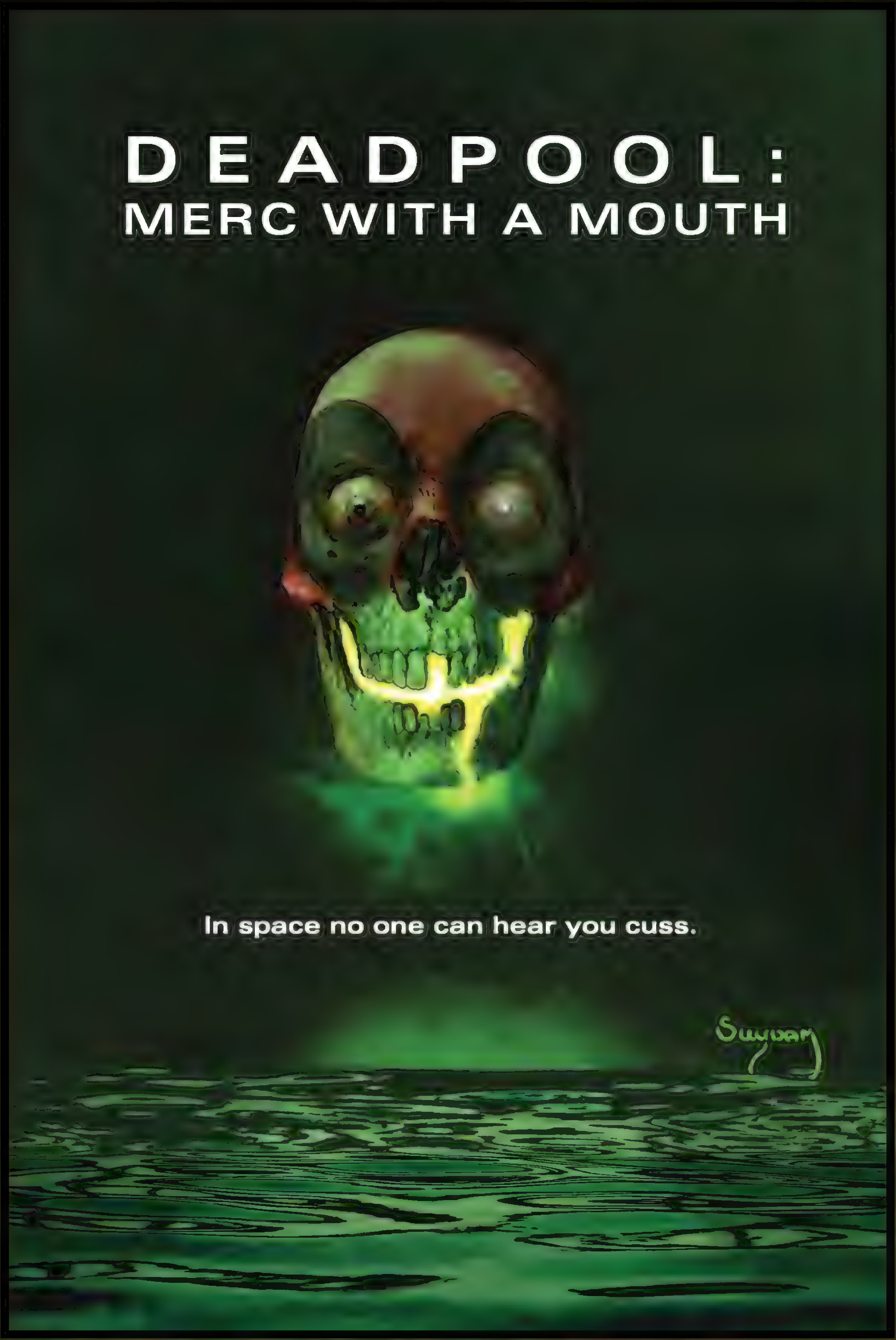
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #3 (November 2009) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Suydam

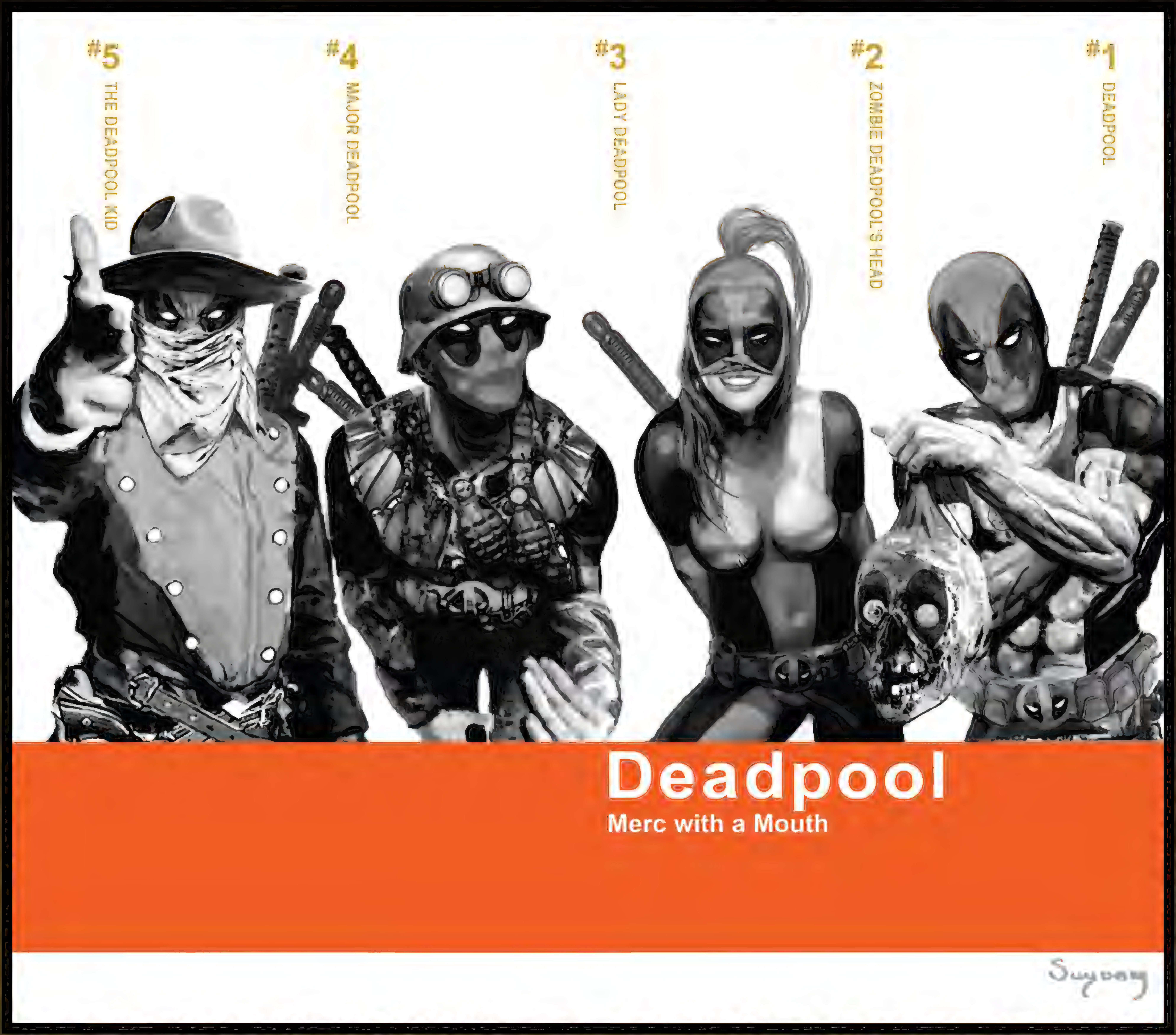
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #4 (December 2009) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Suydam

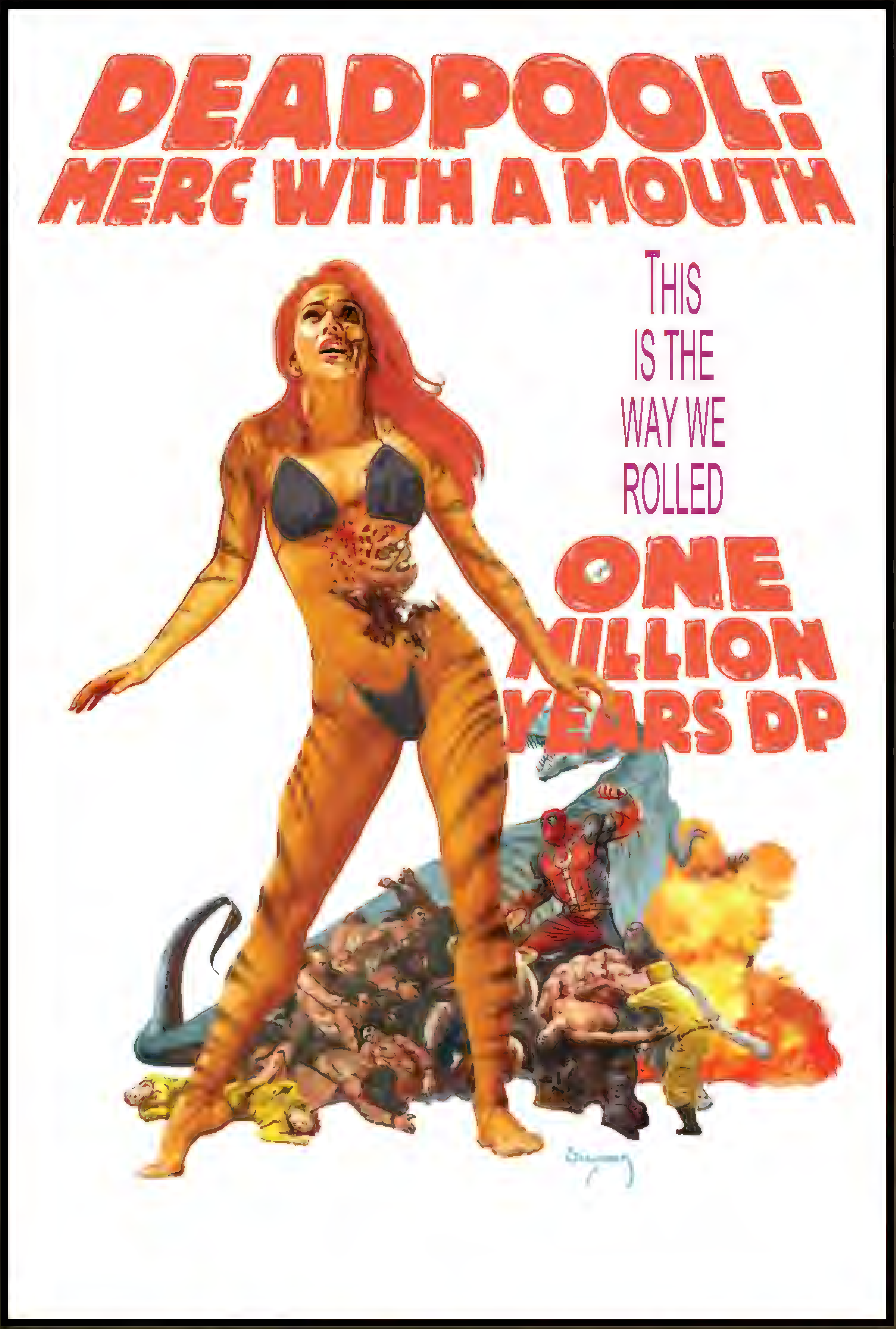
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #5 (January 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH
In space no one can hear you cuss.
Suydam

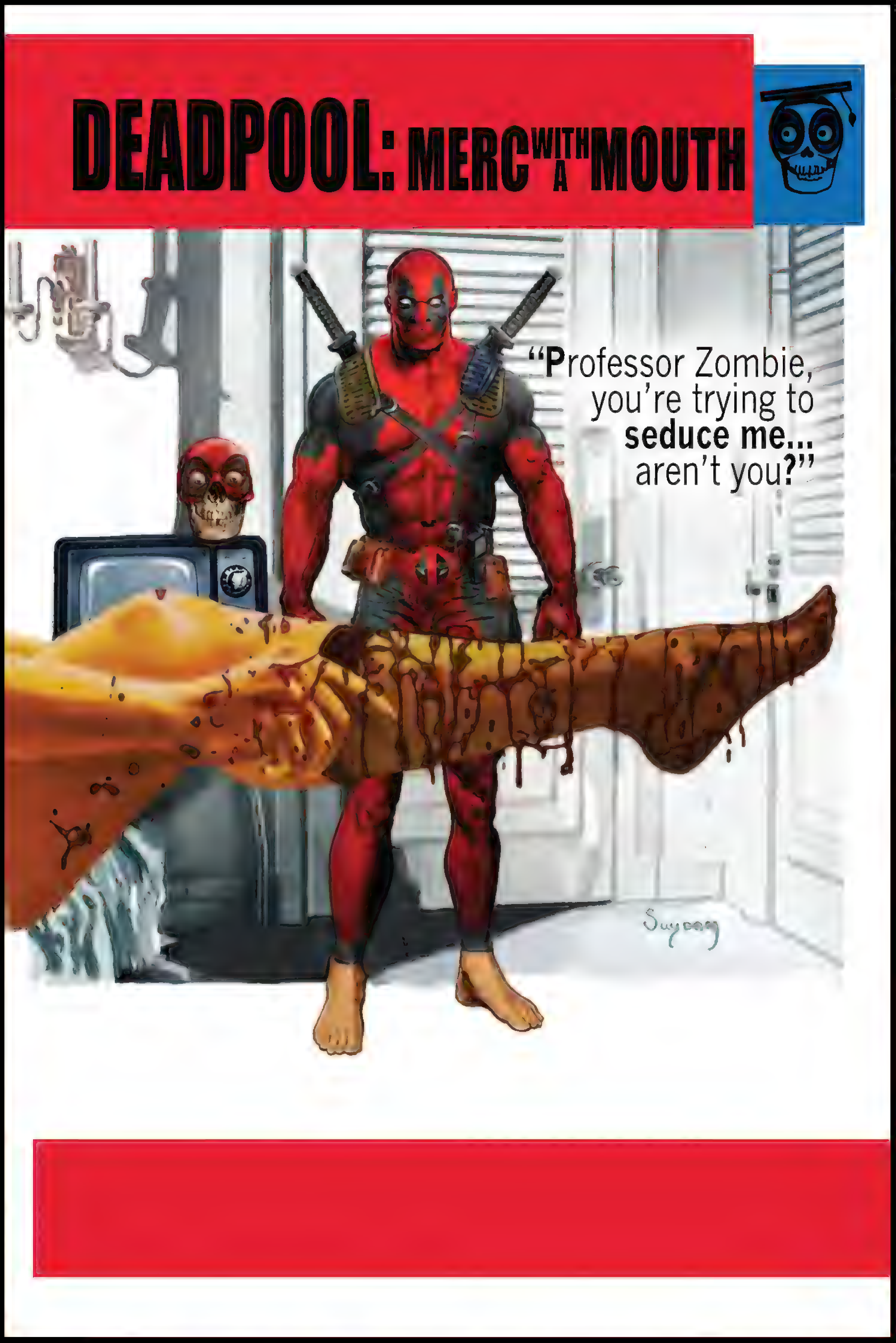
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #6 (February 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam


#5
THE DEADPOOL KID
#4
MAJOR DEADPOOL
#3
LADY DEADPOOL
#2
ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD
#1
DEADPOOL
Deadpool
Merc with a Mouth
Suydam

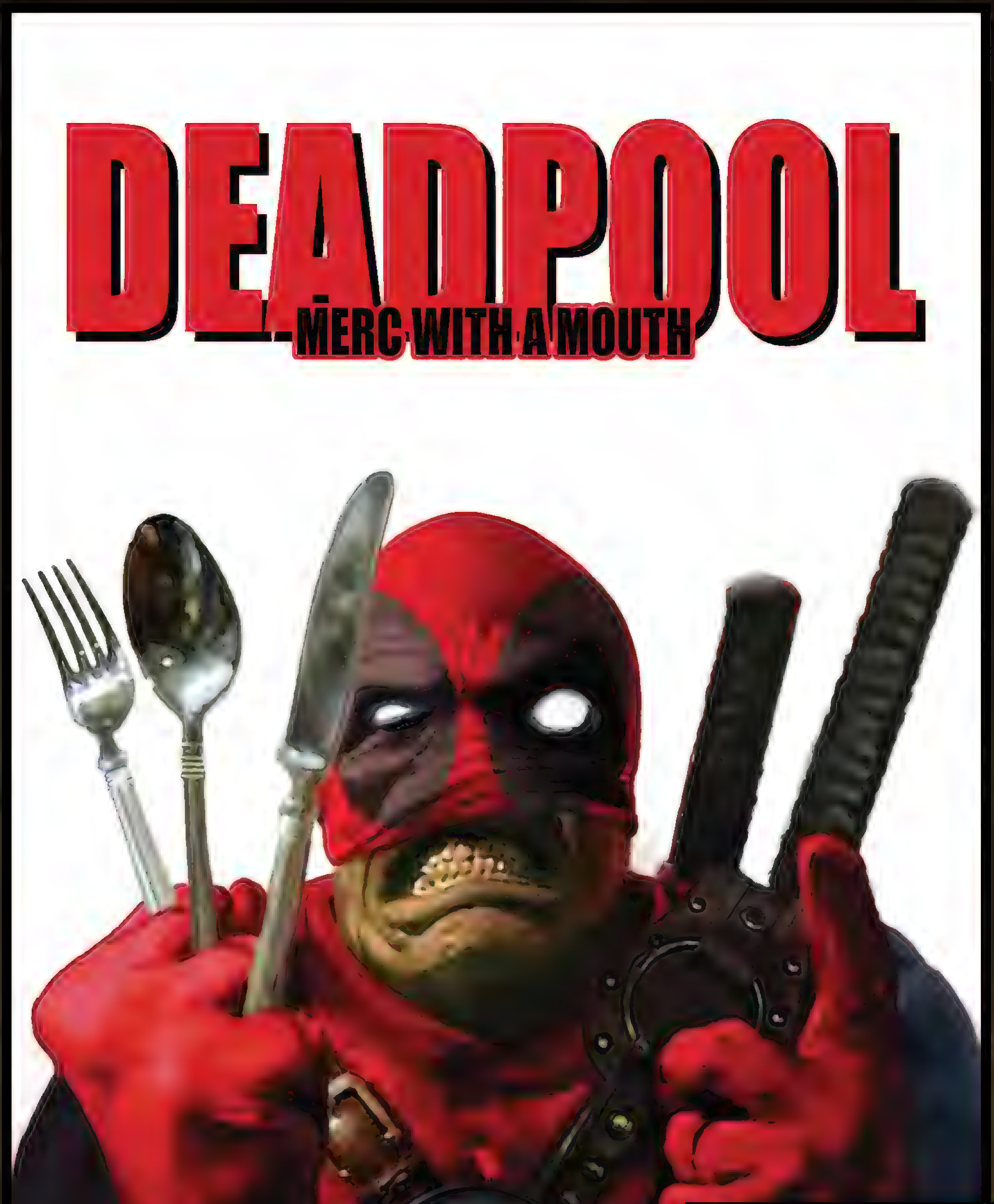
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #7 (March 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH
THIS IS THE WAY WE ROLLED
ONE MILLION YEARS DP

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #8 (April 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam

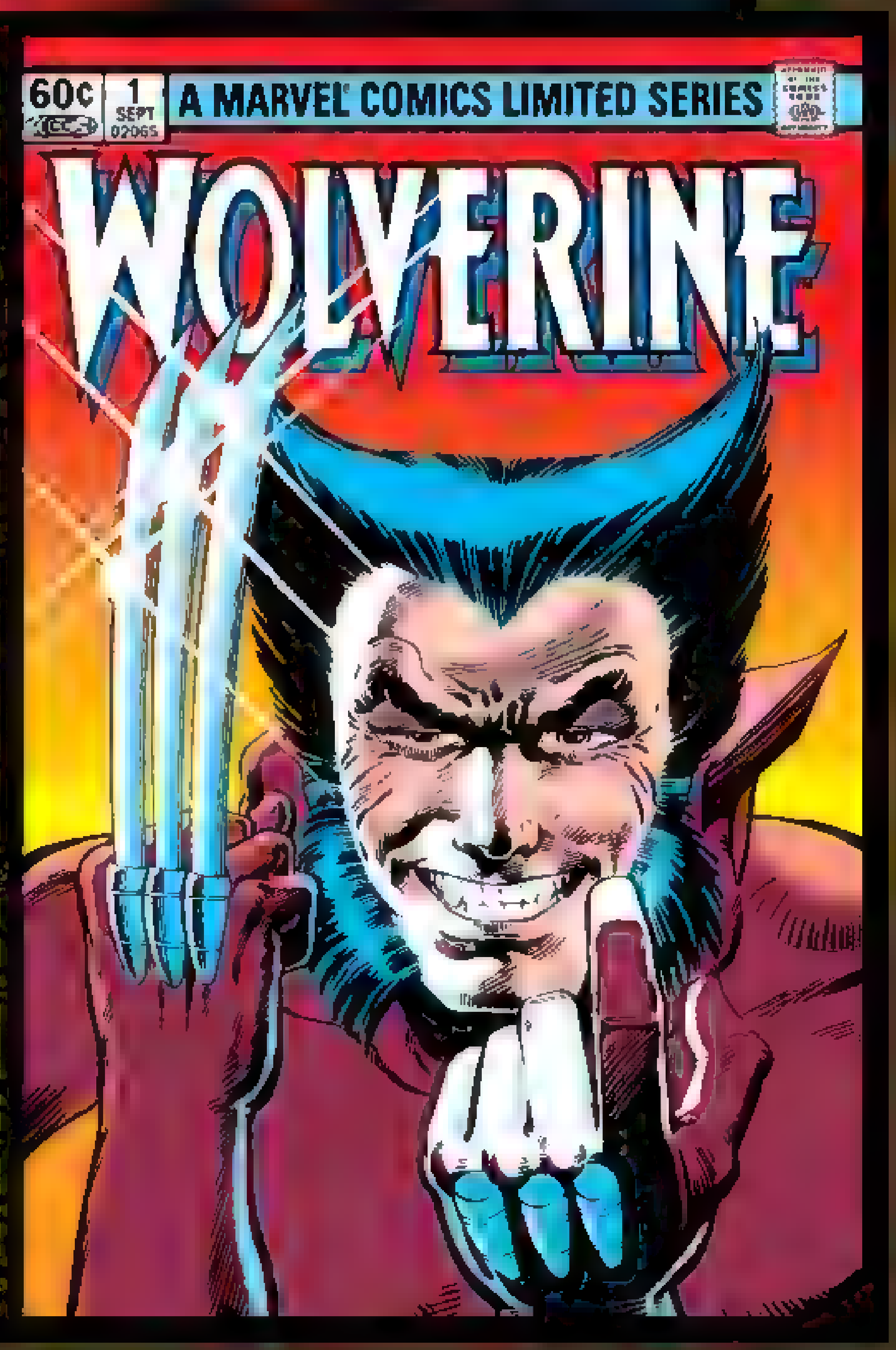

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH
"Professor Zombie, you're trying to seduce me... aren't you?"
Suydam

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #9 (May 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam


DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Suydam

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #10

(June 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam


60¢
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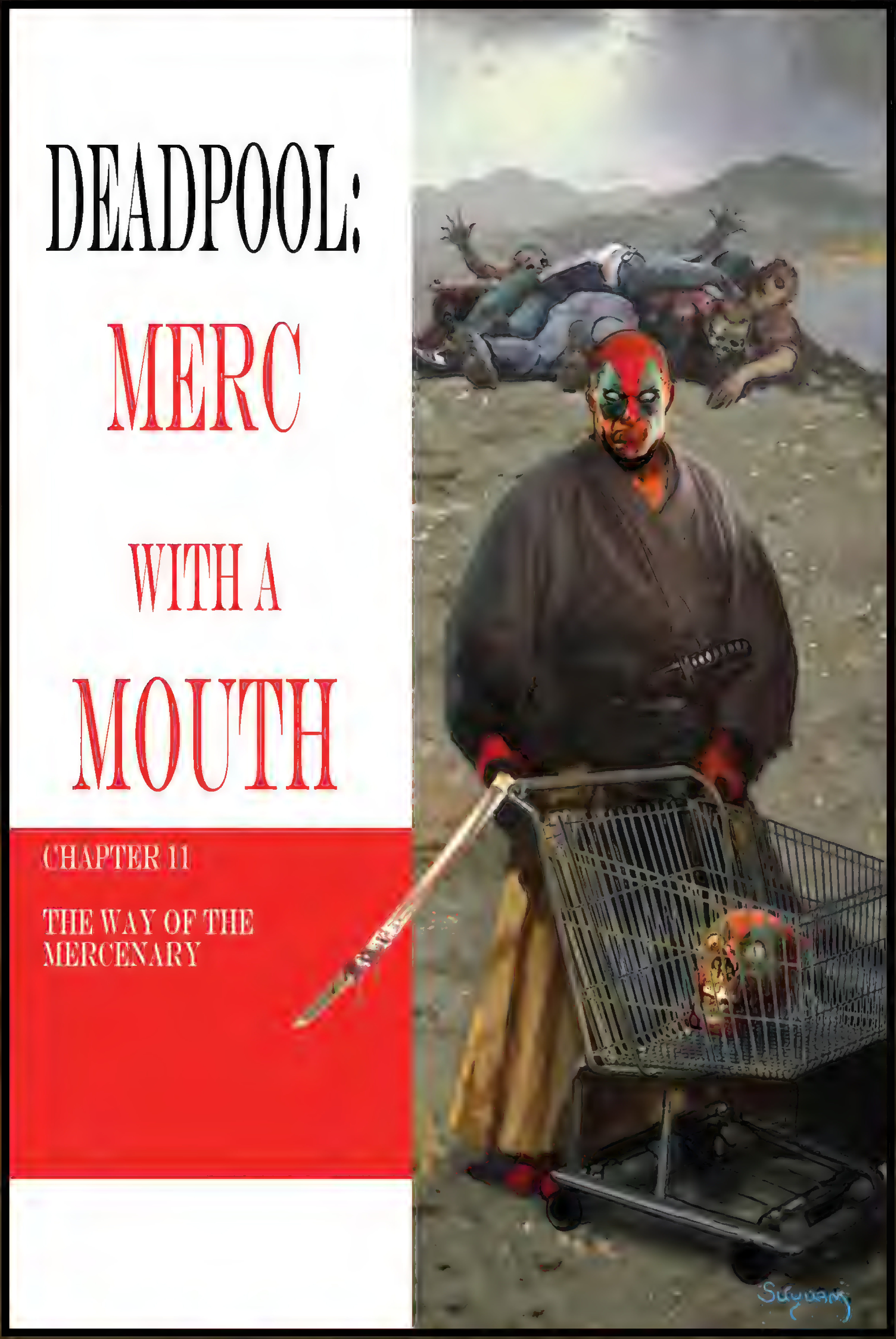
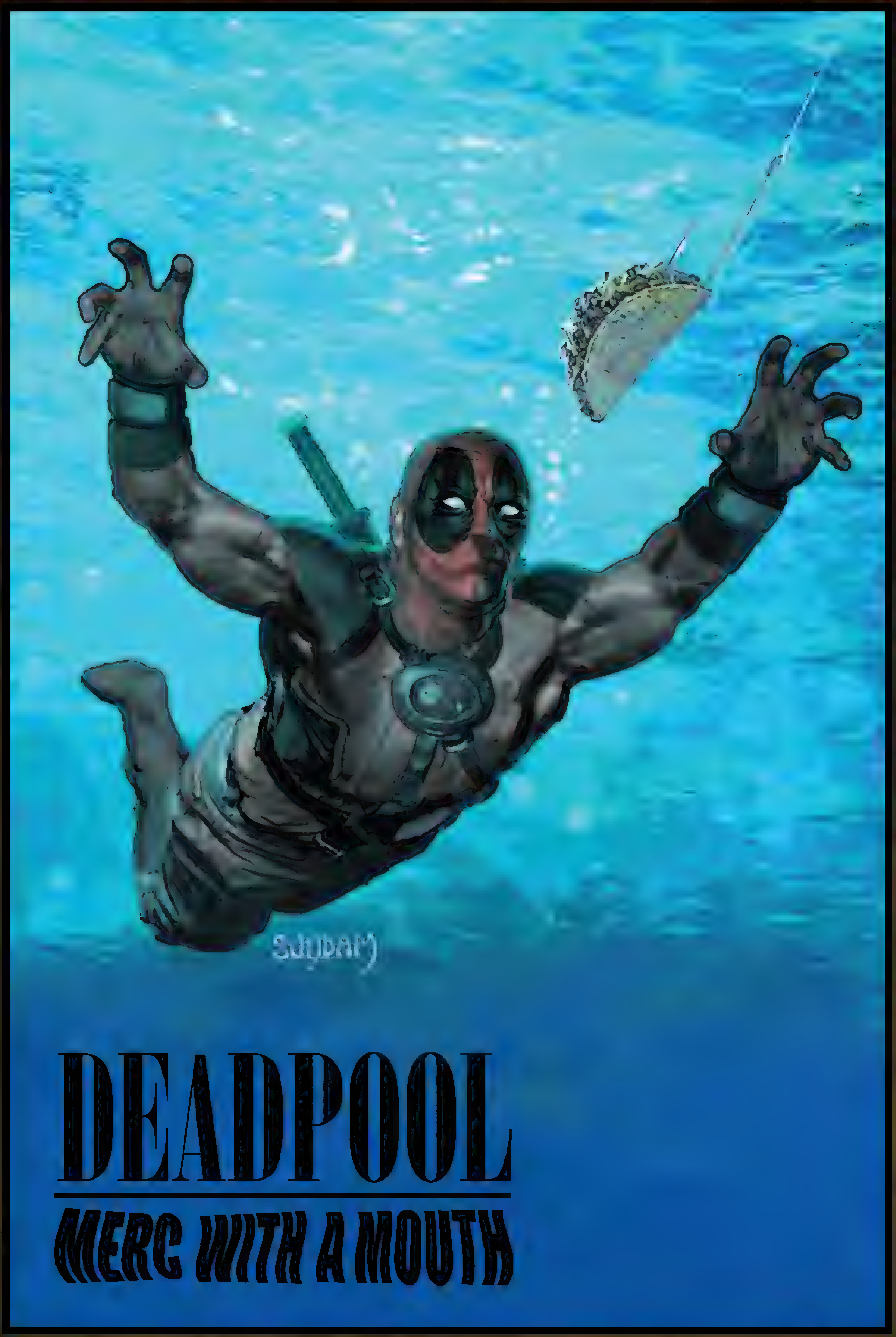
02065
A MARVEL COMICS LIMITED SERIES
WOLVERINE

WOLVERINE #1 (SEPTEMBER 1982) COVER BY FRANK MILLER

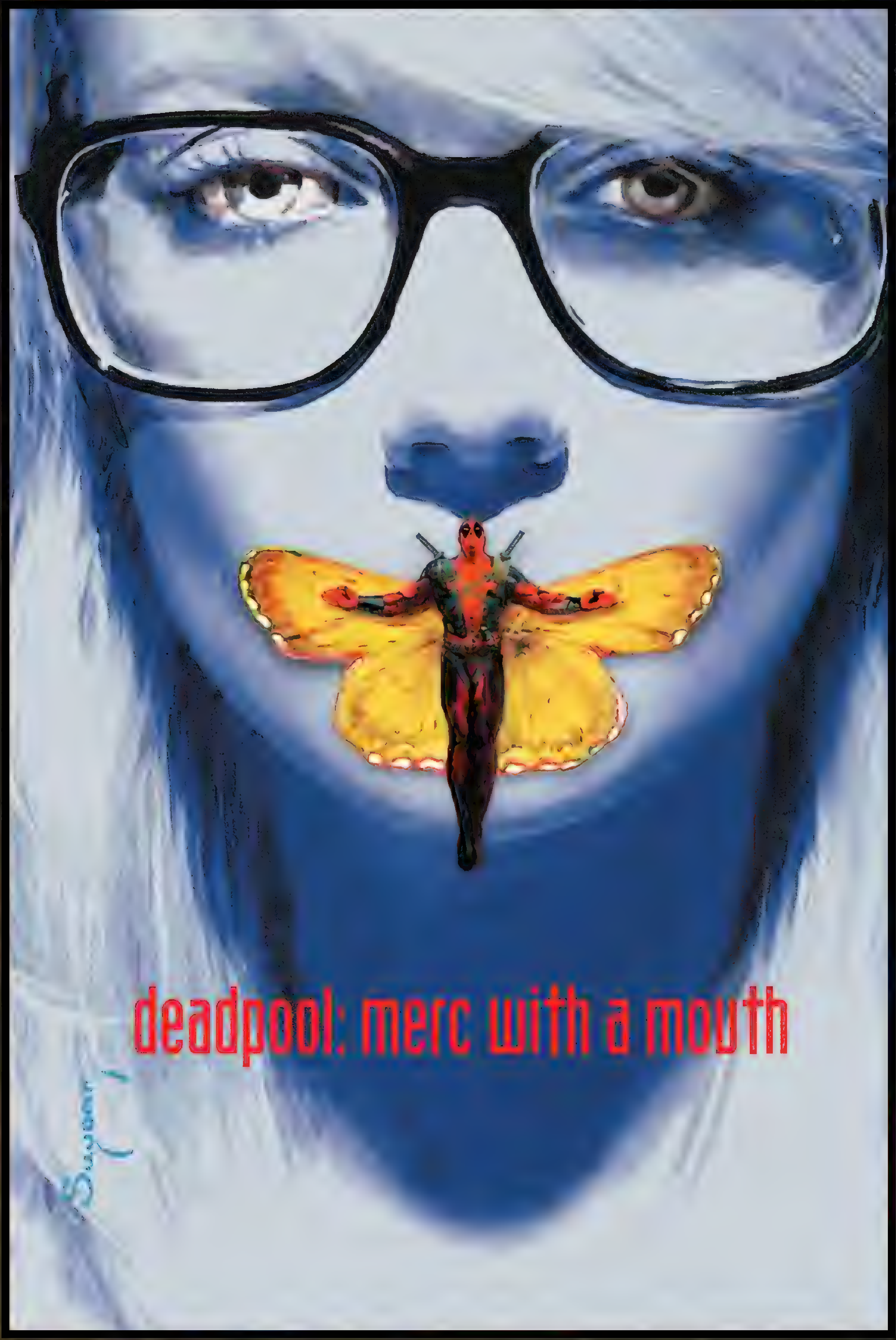

DEADPOOL:
MERC
WITH A
MOUTH
CHAPTER 11
THE WAY OF THE MERCENARY
Suydam

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #11 (July 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam

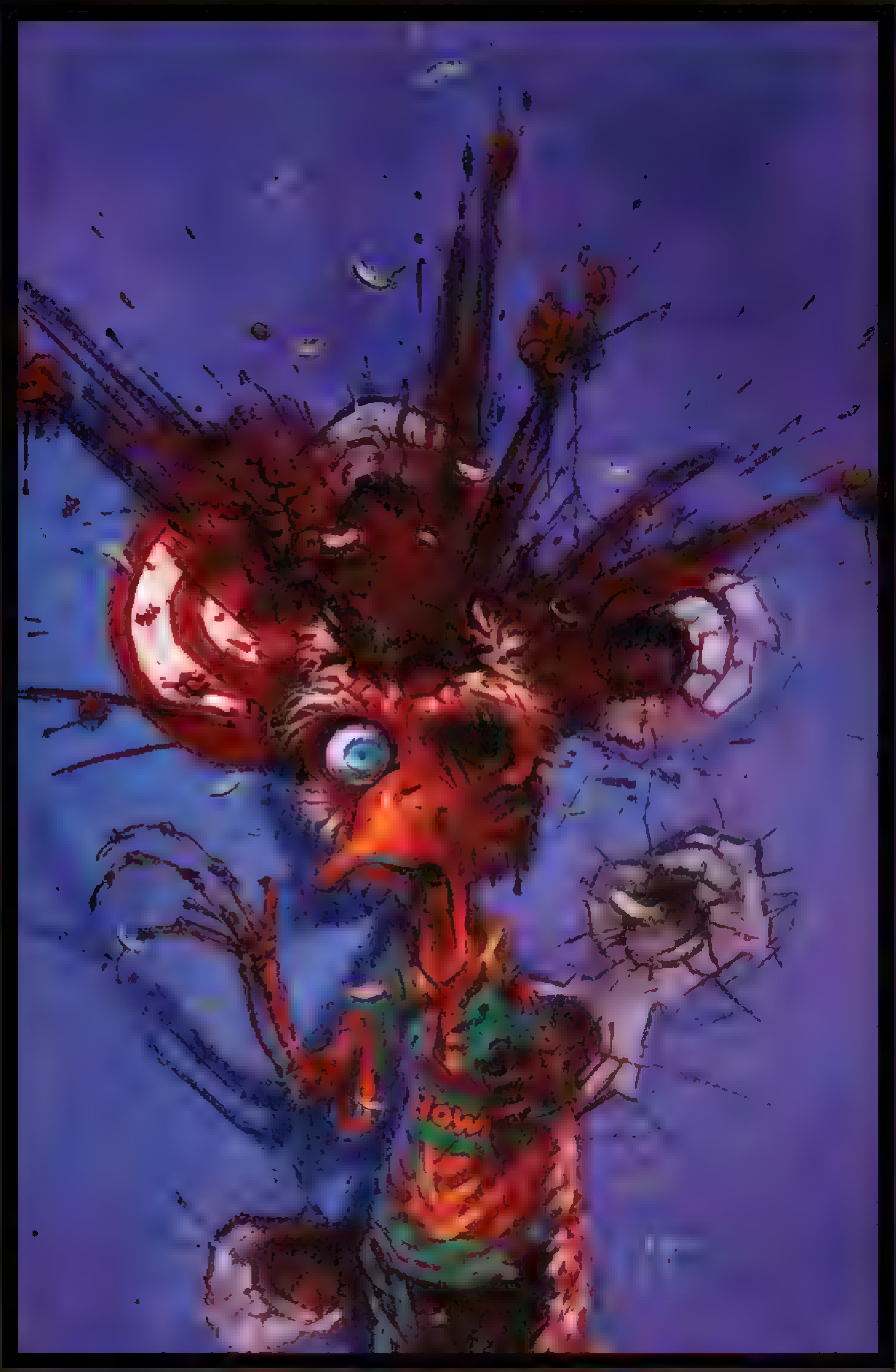


SUYDAM
DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH

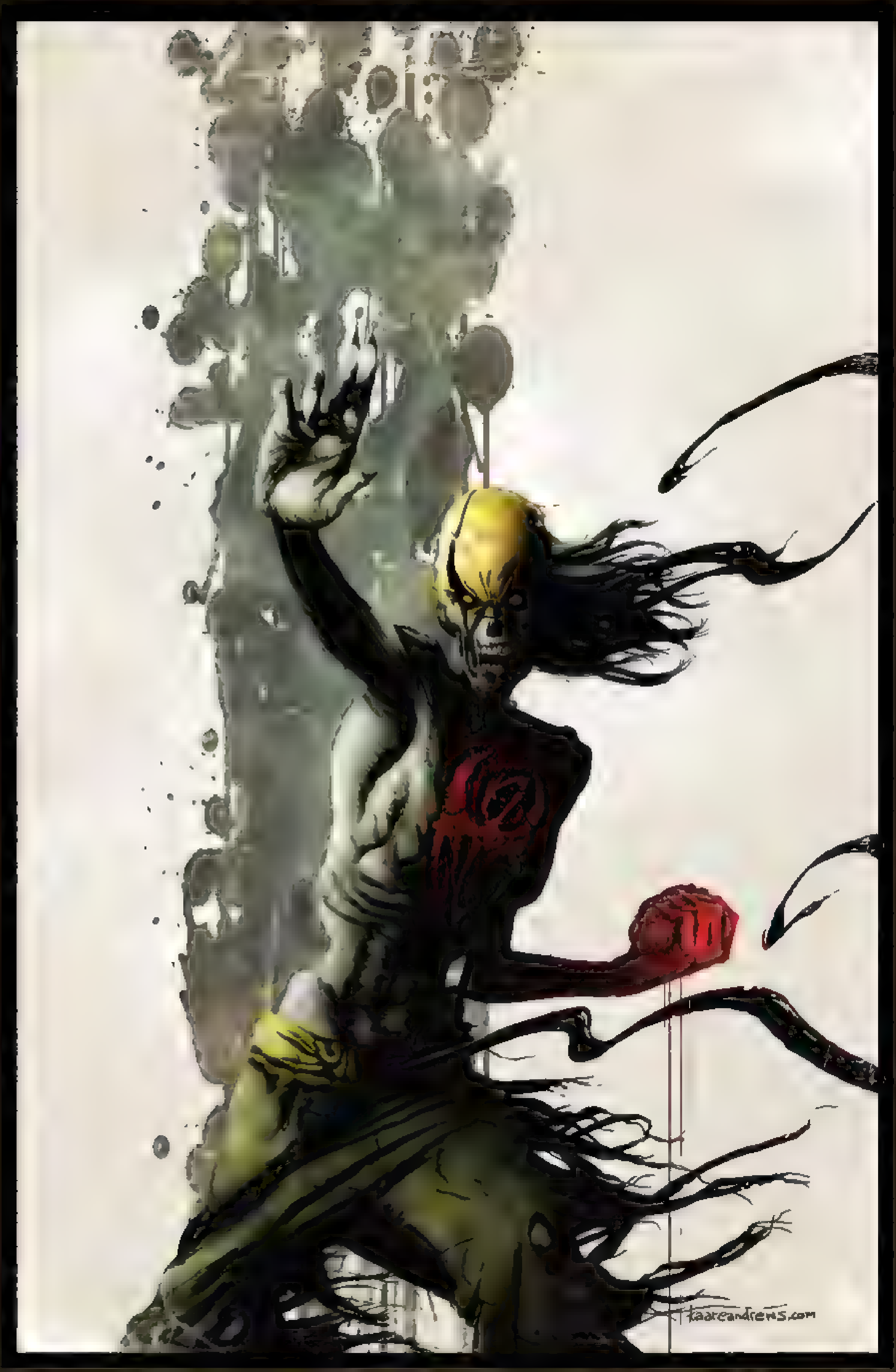
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #12 (August 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam


deadpool: merc with a mouth
Suydam

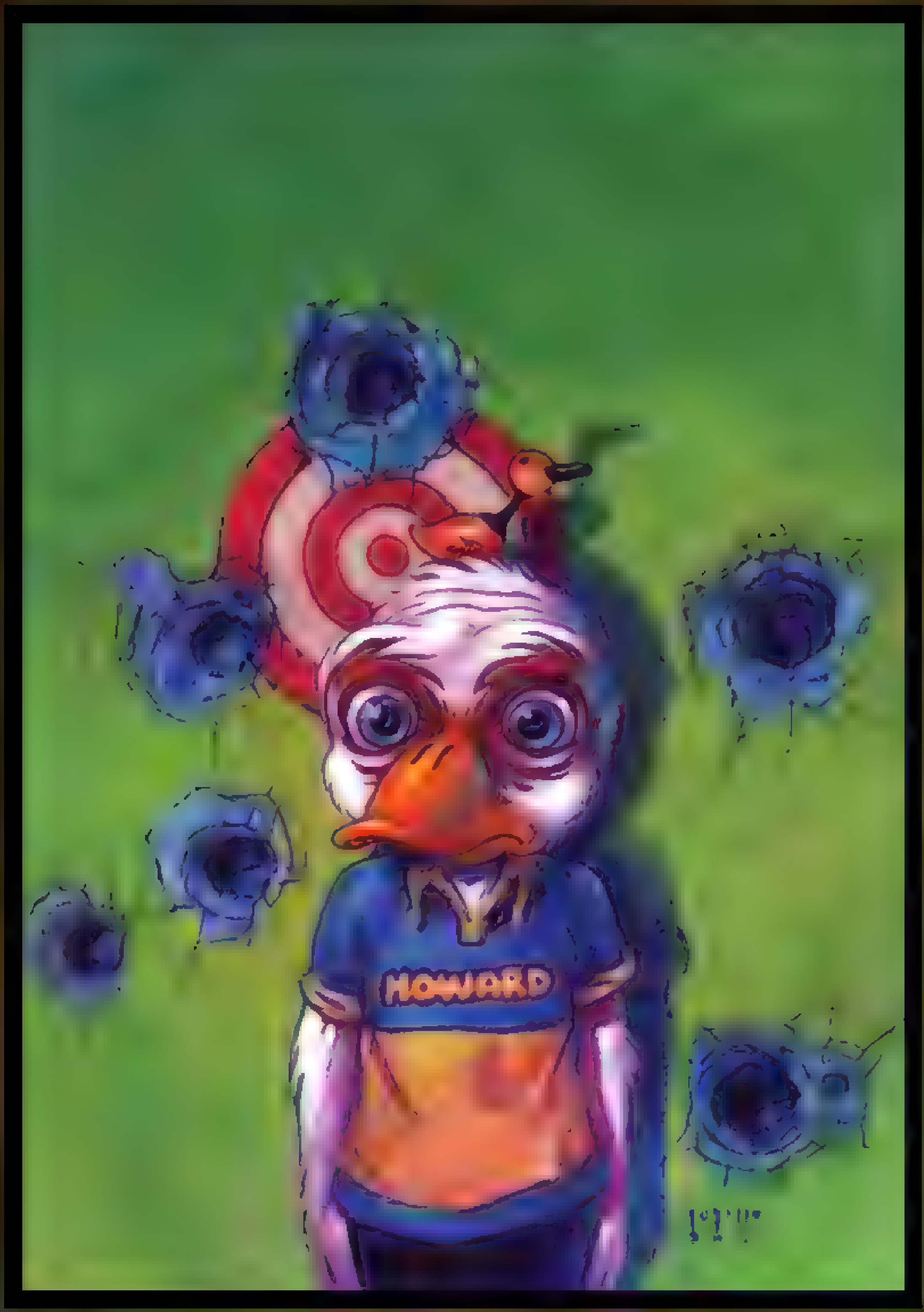
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #13 (September 2010) Cover by Arthur Suydam



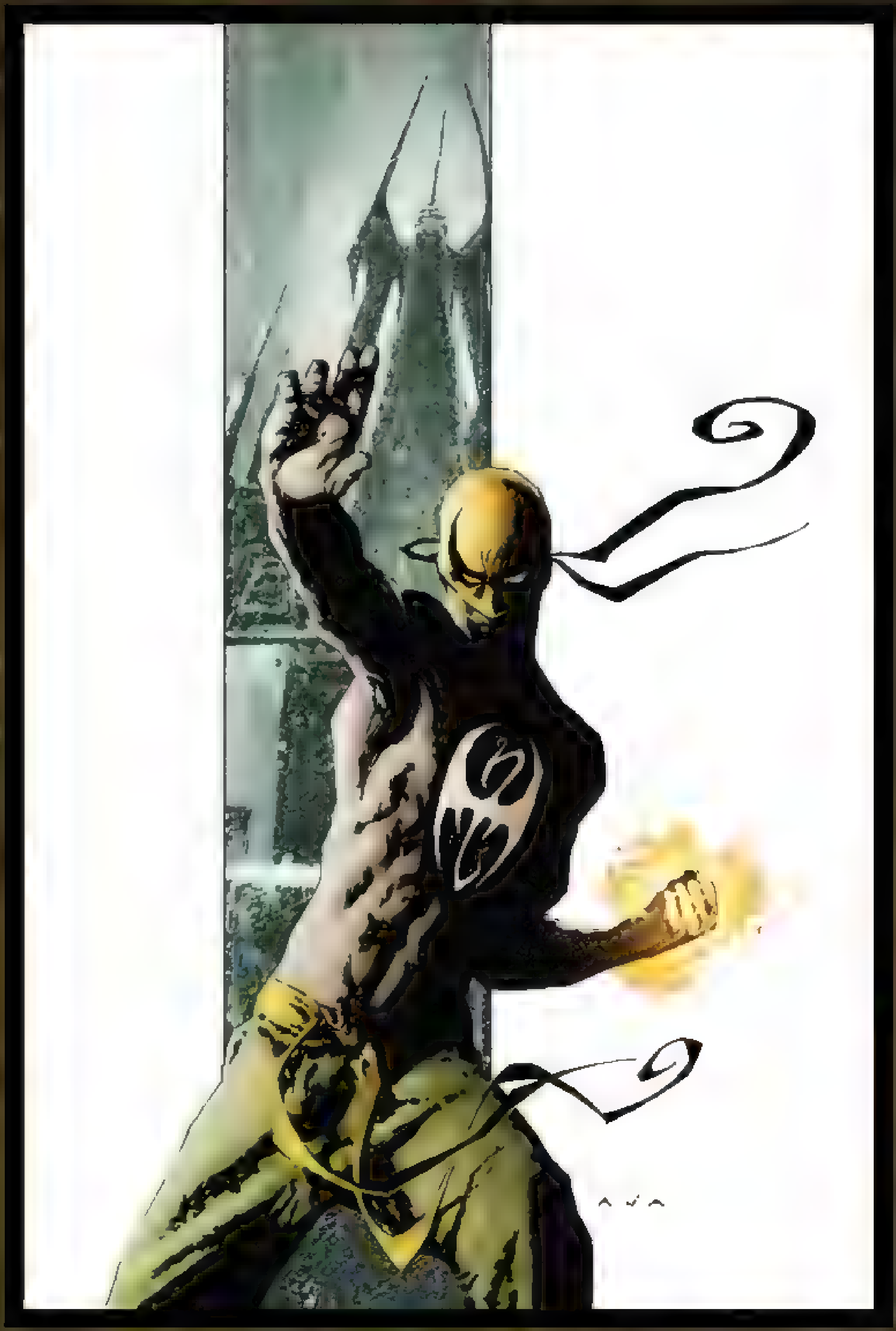
HOWARD THE DUCK #1
Zombie Variant (December 2007)
Cover by Juan Bobillo


kaareandrews.com

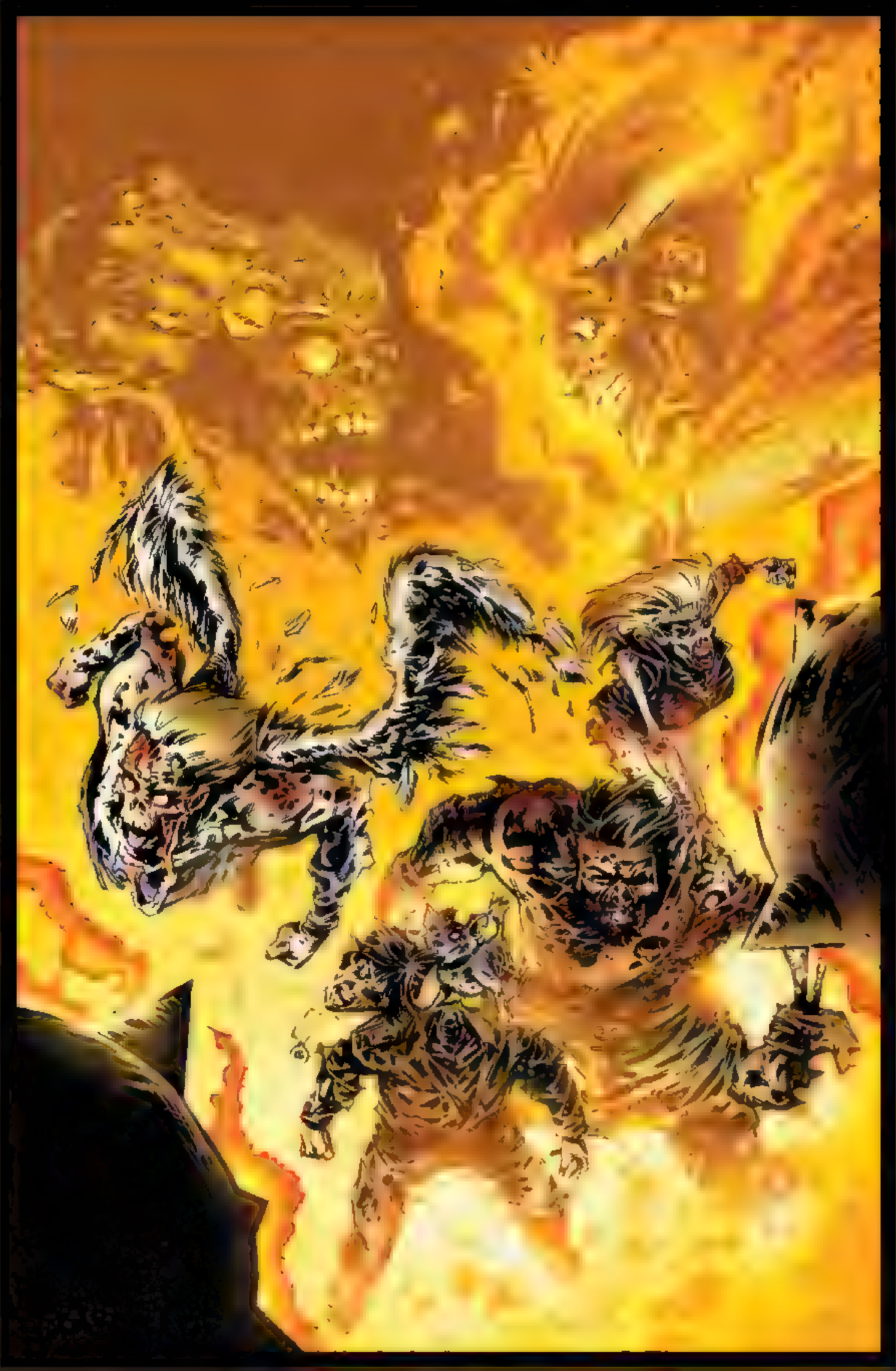
IMMORTAL IRON FIST #10
Zombie Variant (December 2007)
Cover by Kaare Andrews



HOWARD THE DUCK #1
(December 2007) Cover by Juan Bobillo

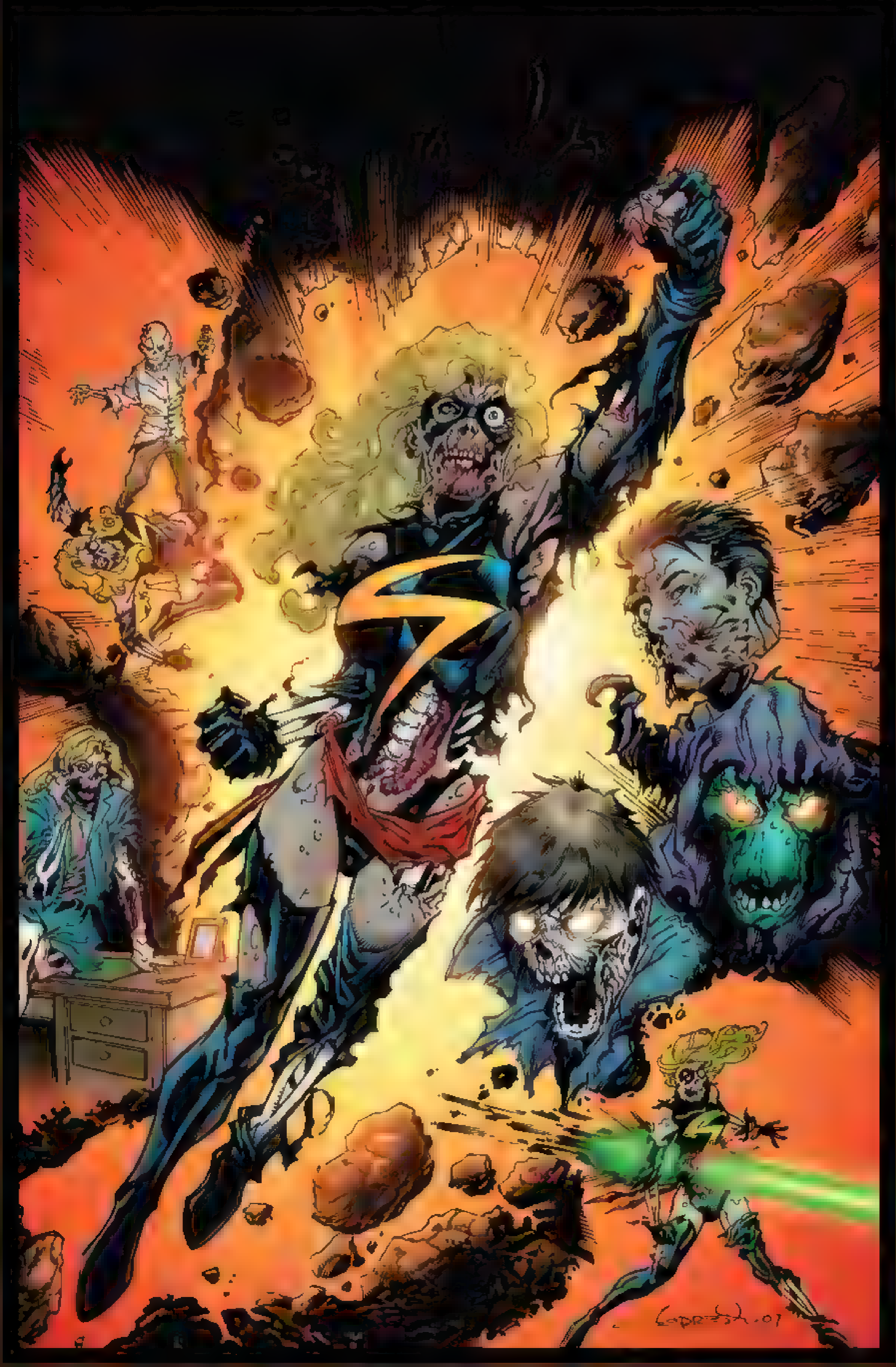


IMMORTAL IRON FIST #1
(January 2007) Cover by David Aja



INCREDIBLE HULK #111

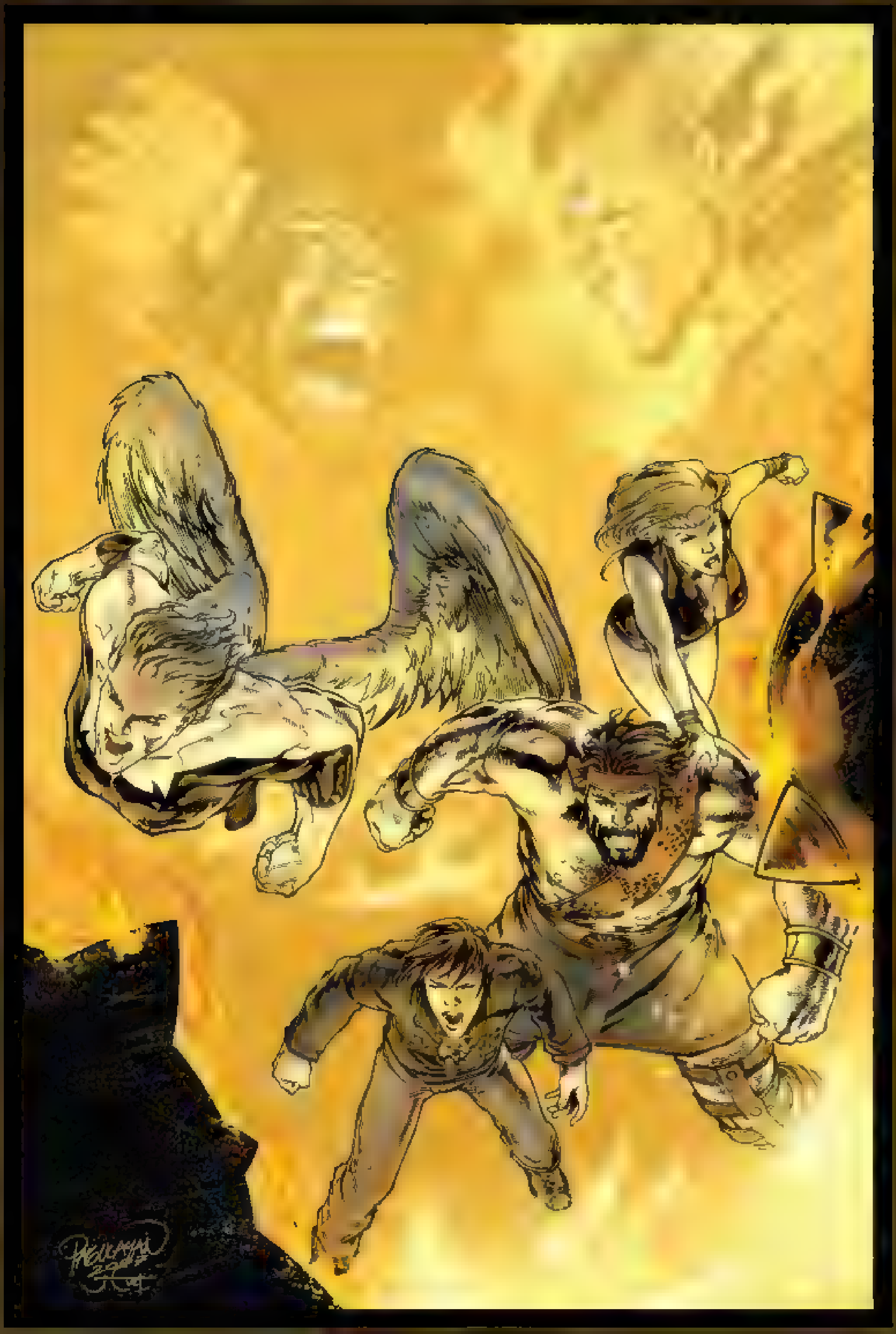
Zombie Variant (December 2007)
Cover by Leonard Kirk & GURU-eFX



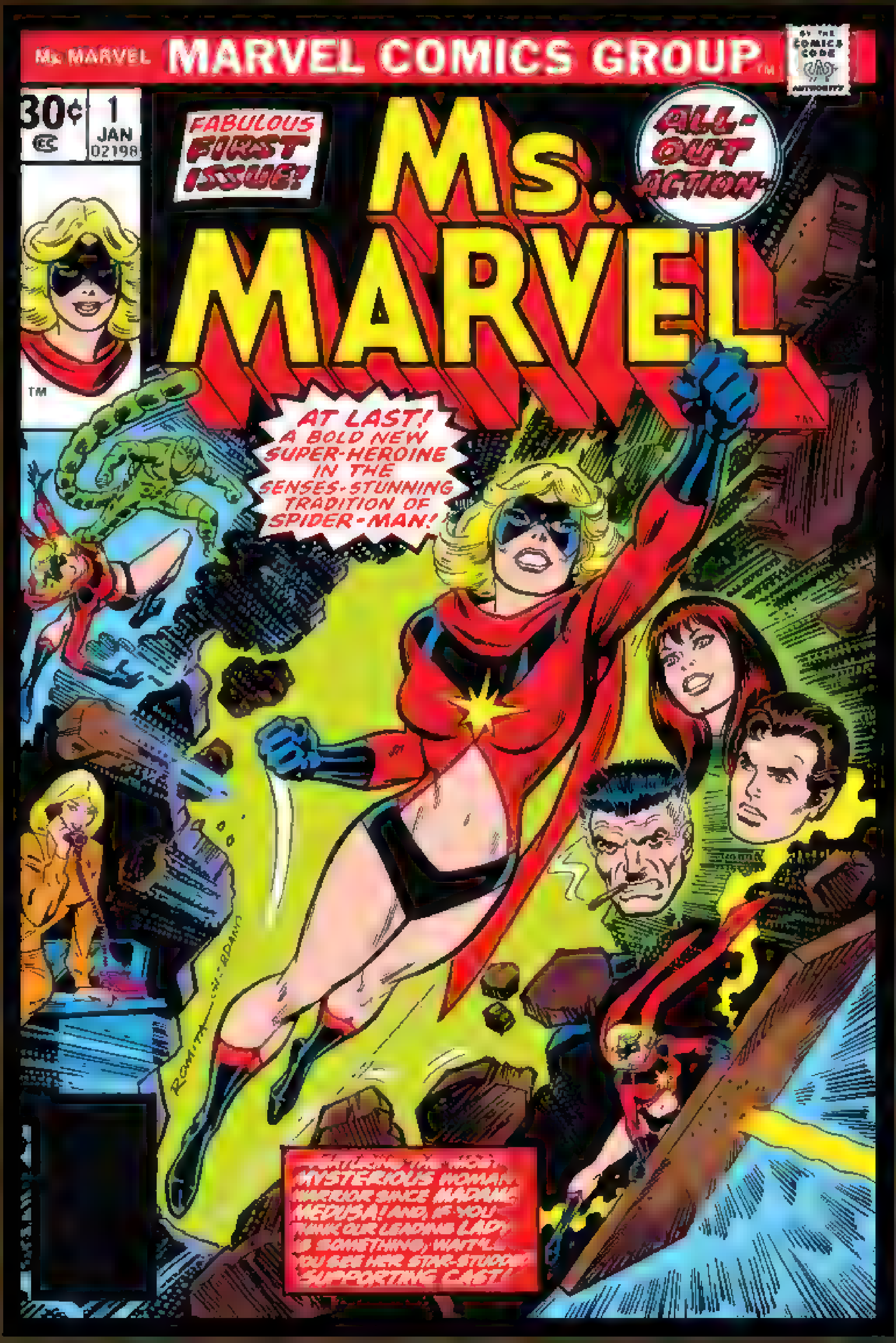
Lopresti .07

MS. MARVEL #20

Zombie Variant (December 2007)
Cover by Aaron Lopresti & Jeromy Cox



INCREDIBLE HULK #111 (December 2007)
Cover by Carlo Pagulayan, Jeffrey Huet & Dave McCaig



Ms. MARVEL
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1
JAN
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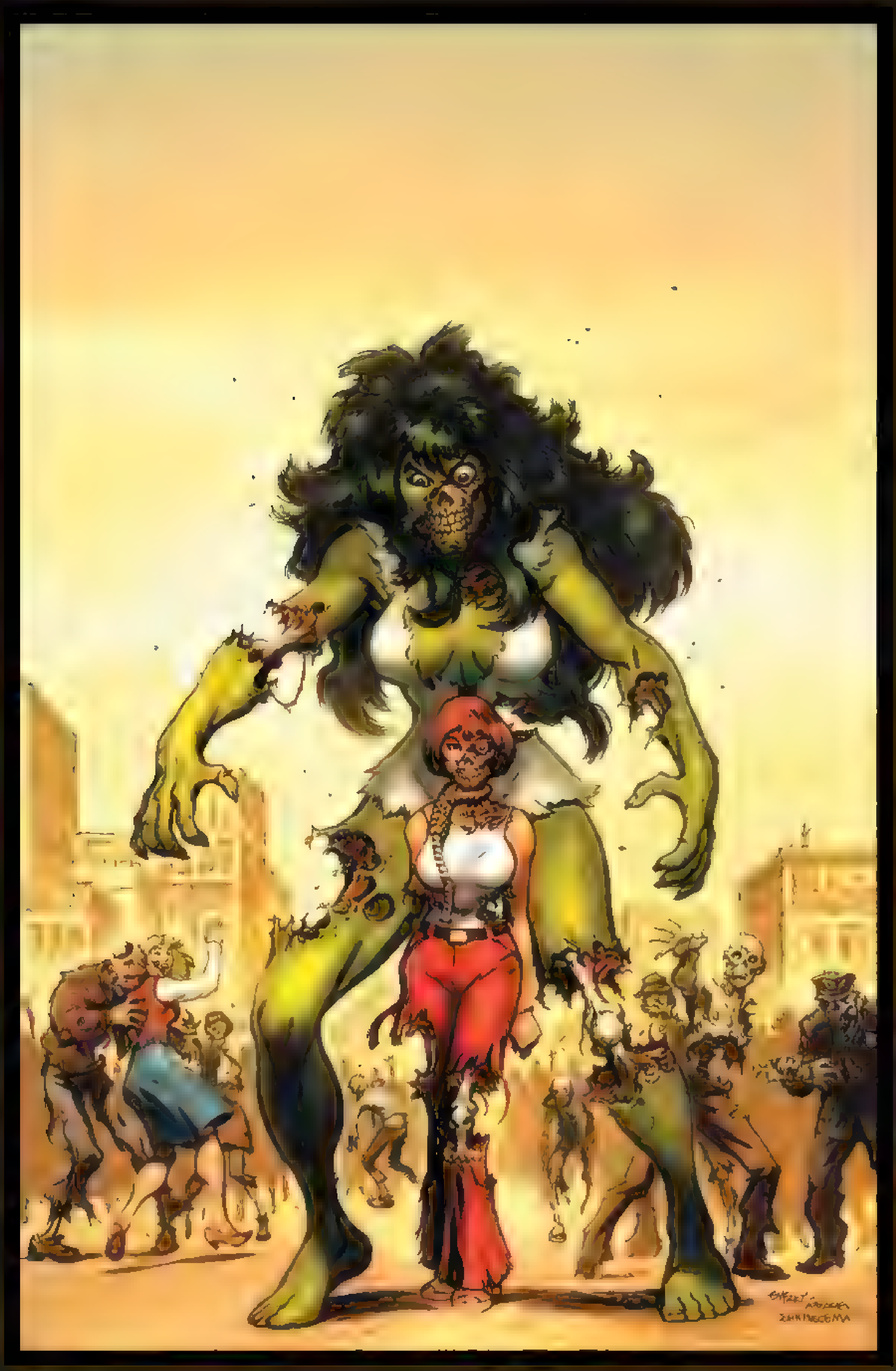
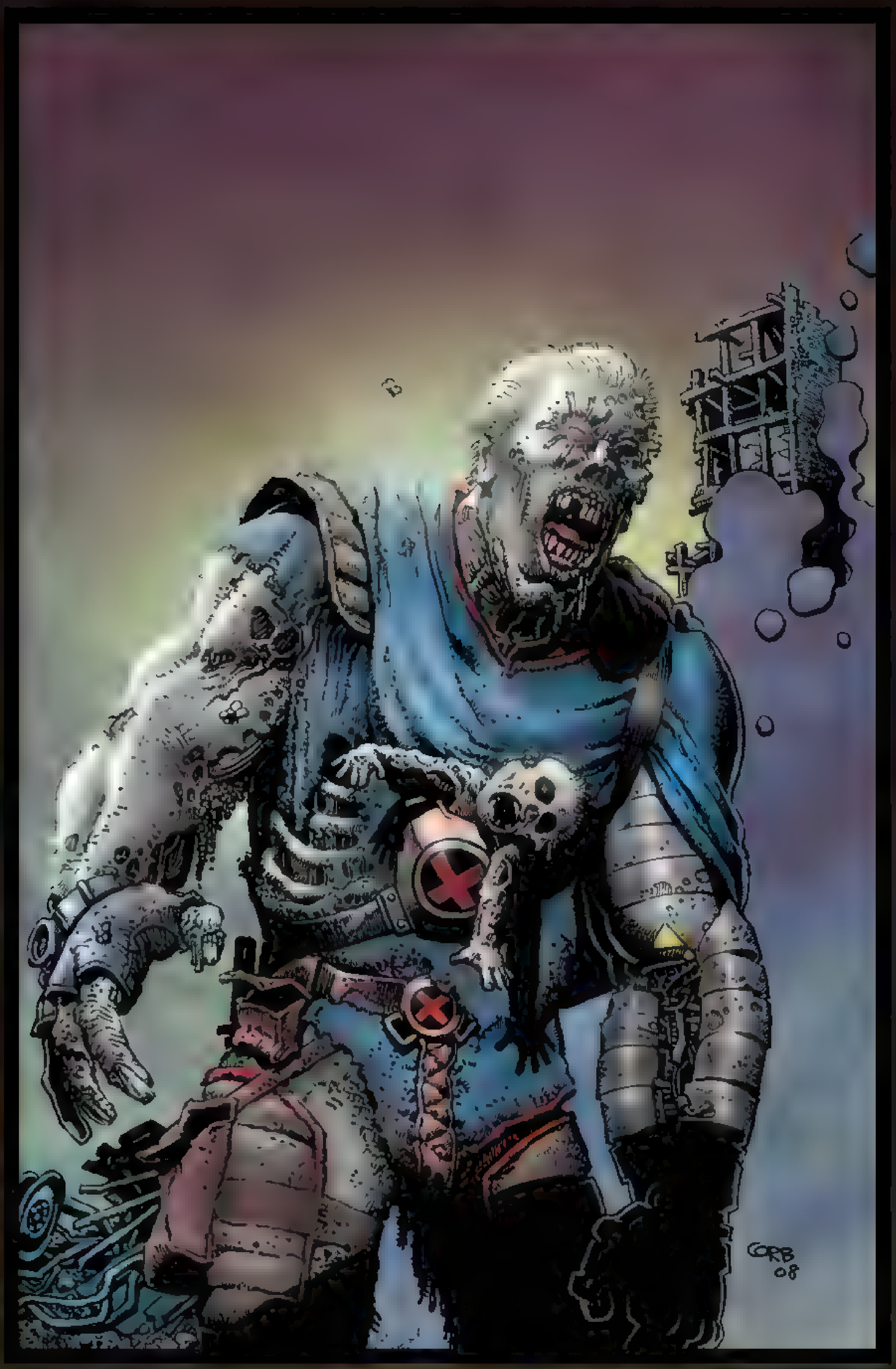
FABULOUS FIRST ISSUE!
ALL-OUT ACTION
Ms. MARVEL
AT LAST! A BOLD NEW SUPER-HEROINE IN THE SENSES-STUNNING TRADITION OF SPIDER-MAN!
ROMITA
STARTLING! THE MOST MYSTERIOUS WOMAN WARRIOR SINCE MADAME MEDUSA! AND, IF YOU THINK OUR LEADING LADY IS SOMETHING, WAIT'LL YOU SEE HER STAR-STUDDED SUPPORTING CAST!

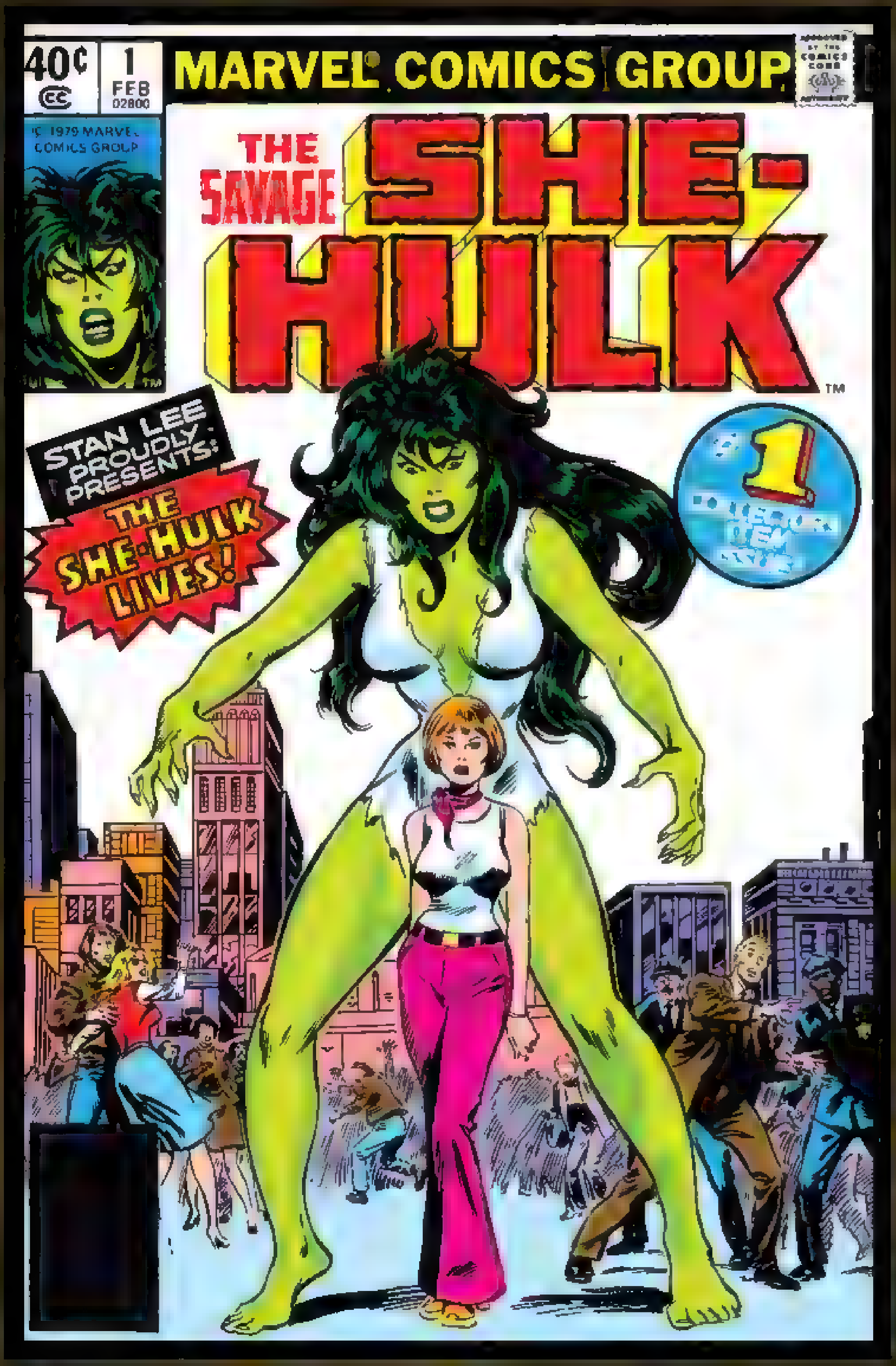
MS. MARVEL #1 (January 1977)
Cover by John Romita Sr.



SHE-HULK #20
Zombie Variant (December 2007)
Cover by Ed McGuinness & Jason Keith



CABLE #7
Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Richard Corben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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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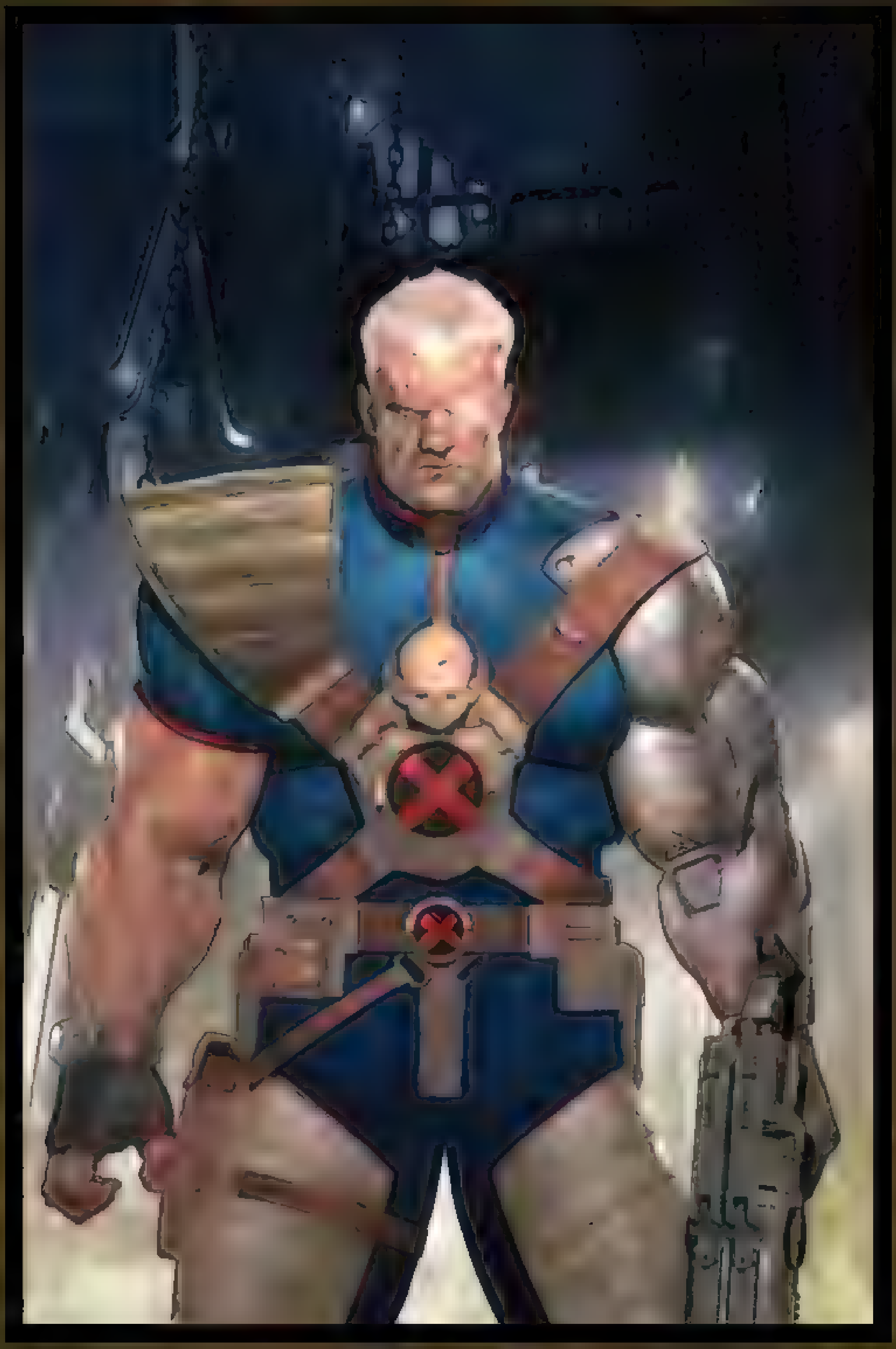
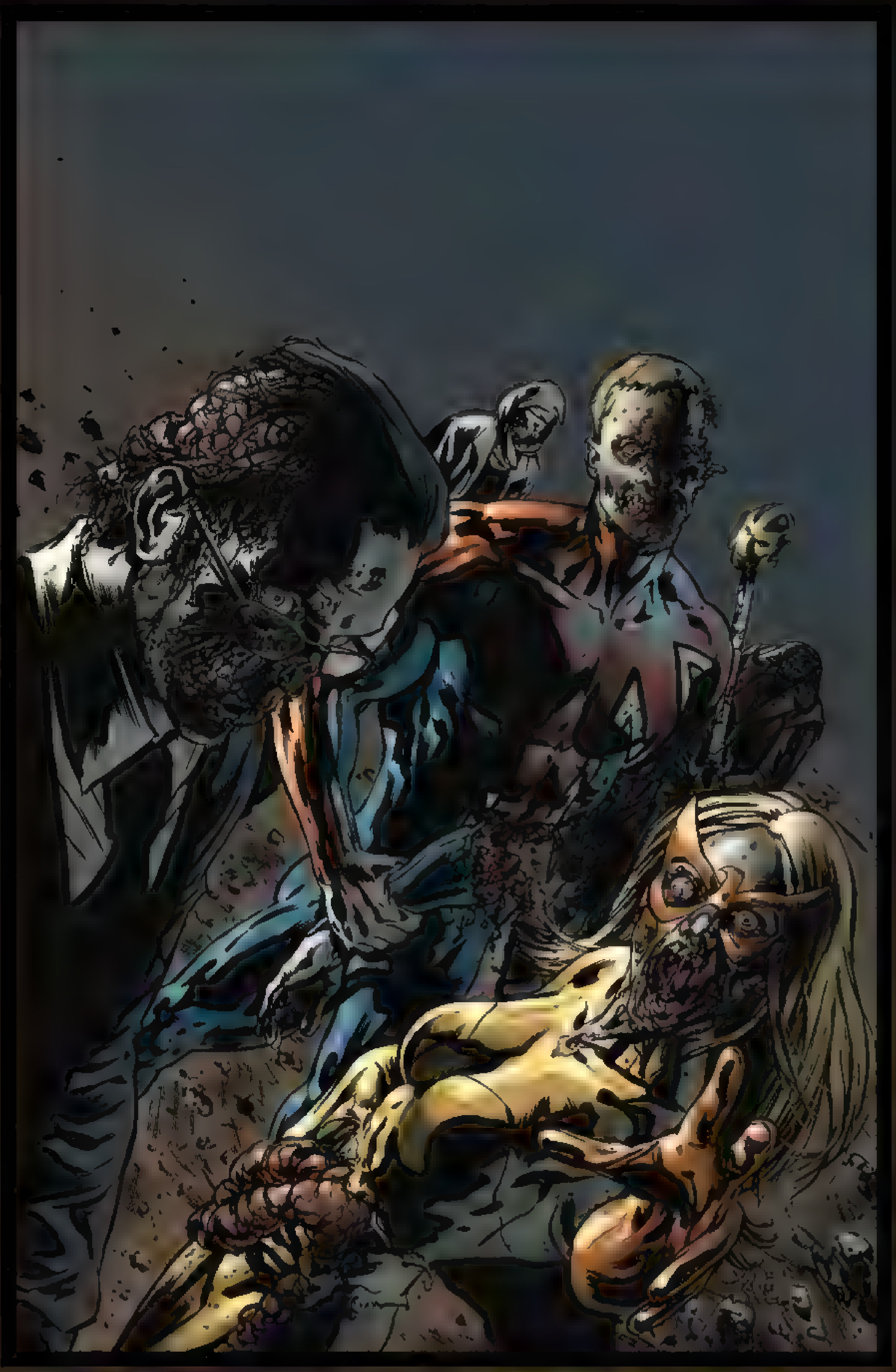
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK
STAN LEE PROUDLY PRESENTS:
THE SHE-HULK LIVES!
1 COLLECTORS' ITEM ISSUE

SHE-HULK #1 (February 1980)
Cover by John Buscema

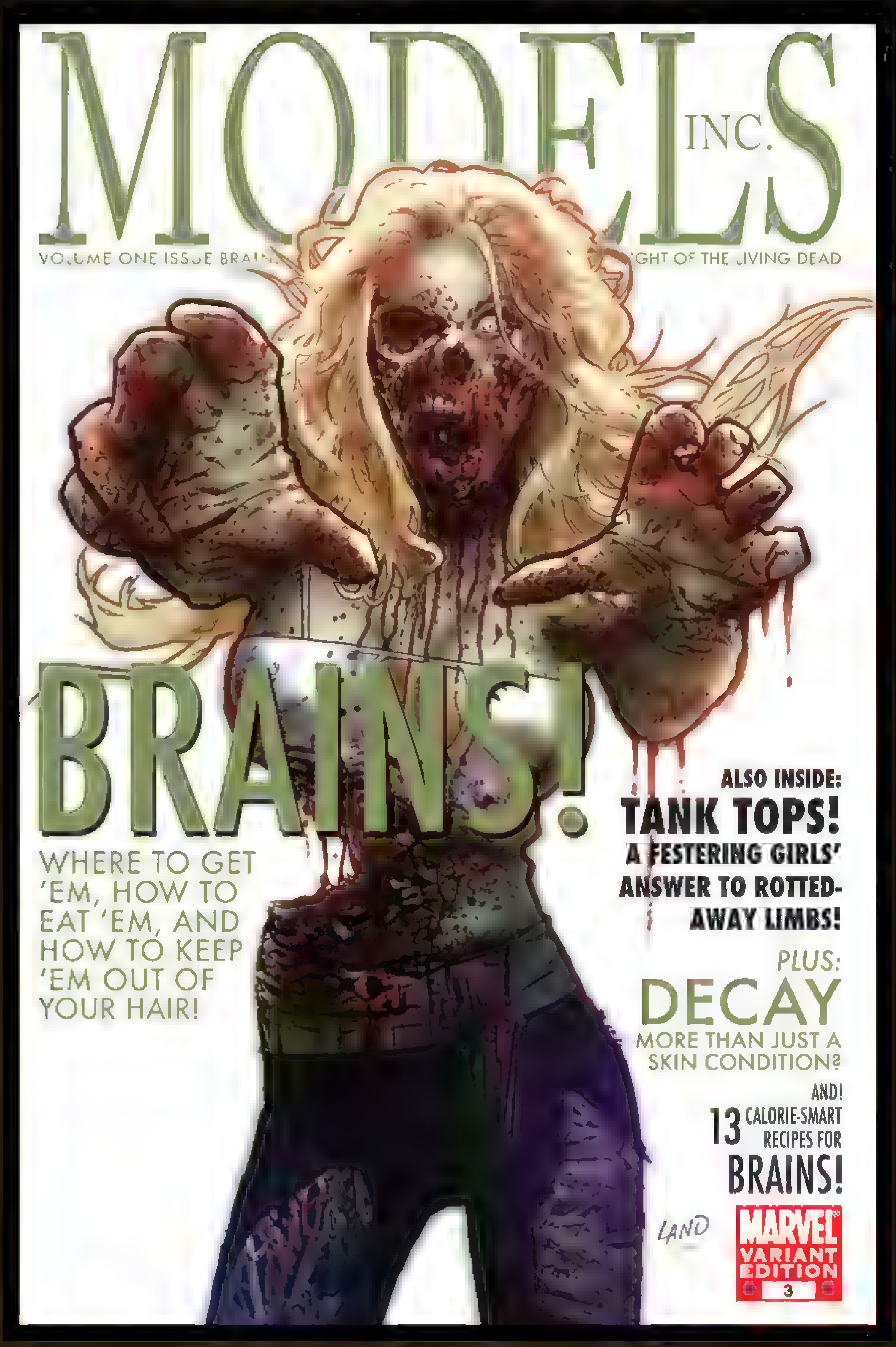


CABLE #1 (May 2008)
Cover by Ariel Olivetti



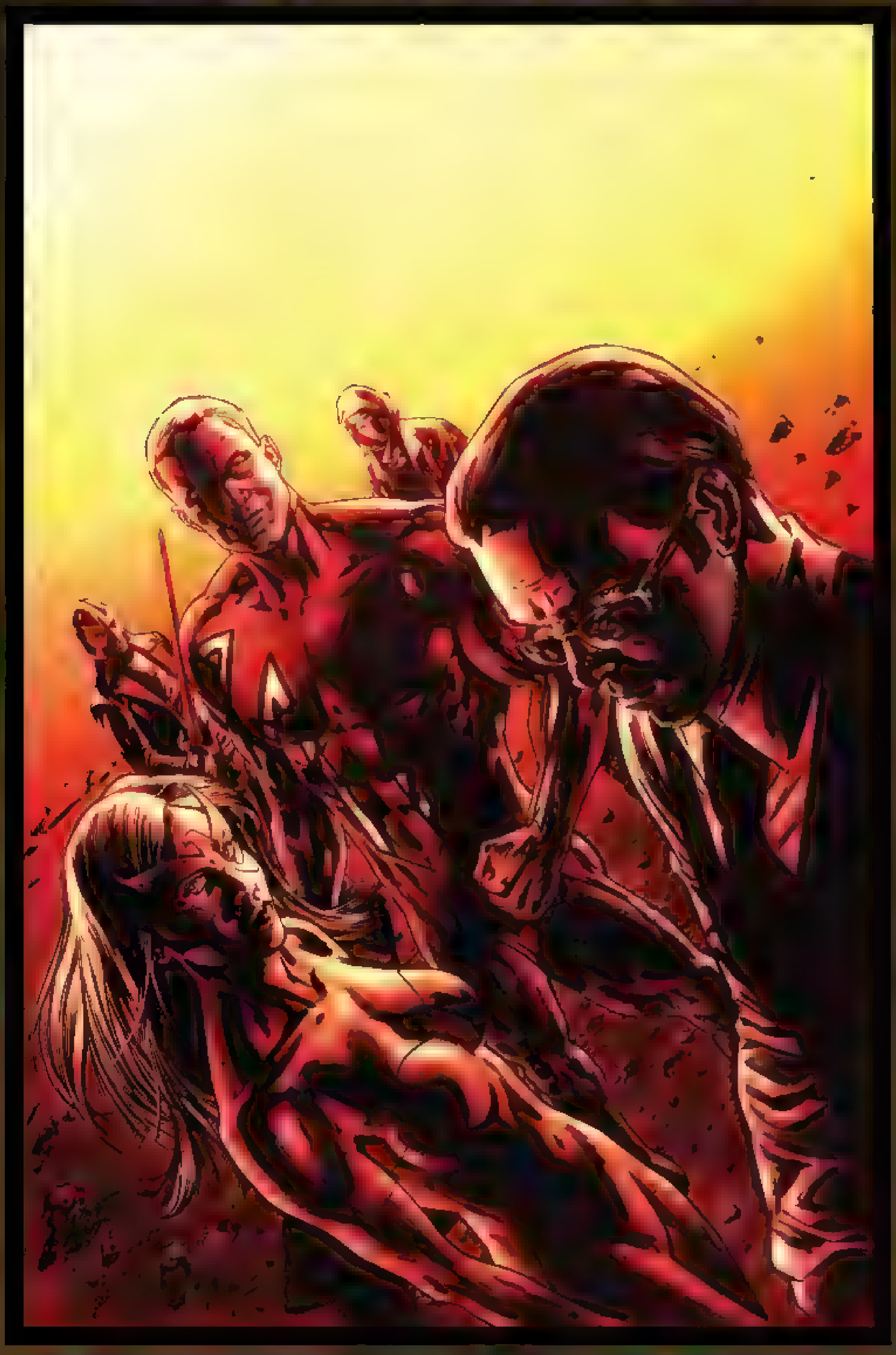
CAPTAIN BRITAIN AND MI:13 #6

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by David Yardin & Matt Milla


MODELS INC.
VOLUME ONE ISSUE BRAIN
GHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
BRAINS!
WHERE TO GET 'EM, HOW TO EAT 'EM, AND HOW TO KEEP 'EM OUT OF YOUR HAIR!
ALSO INSIDE:
TANK TOPS!
A FESTERING GIRLS' ANSWER TO ROTTED-AWAY LIMBS!
PLUS:
DECAY
MORE THAN JUST A SKIN CONDITION?
AND!
13 CALORIE-SMART RECIPES FOR
BRAINS!
LAND
MARVEL
VARIANT EDITION
3

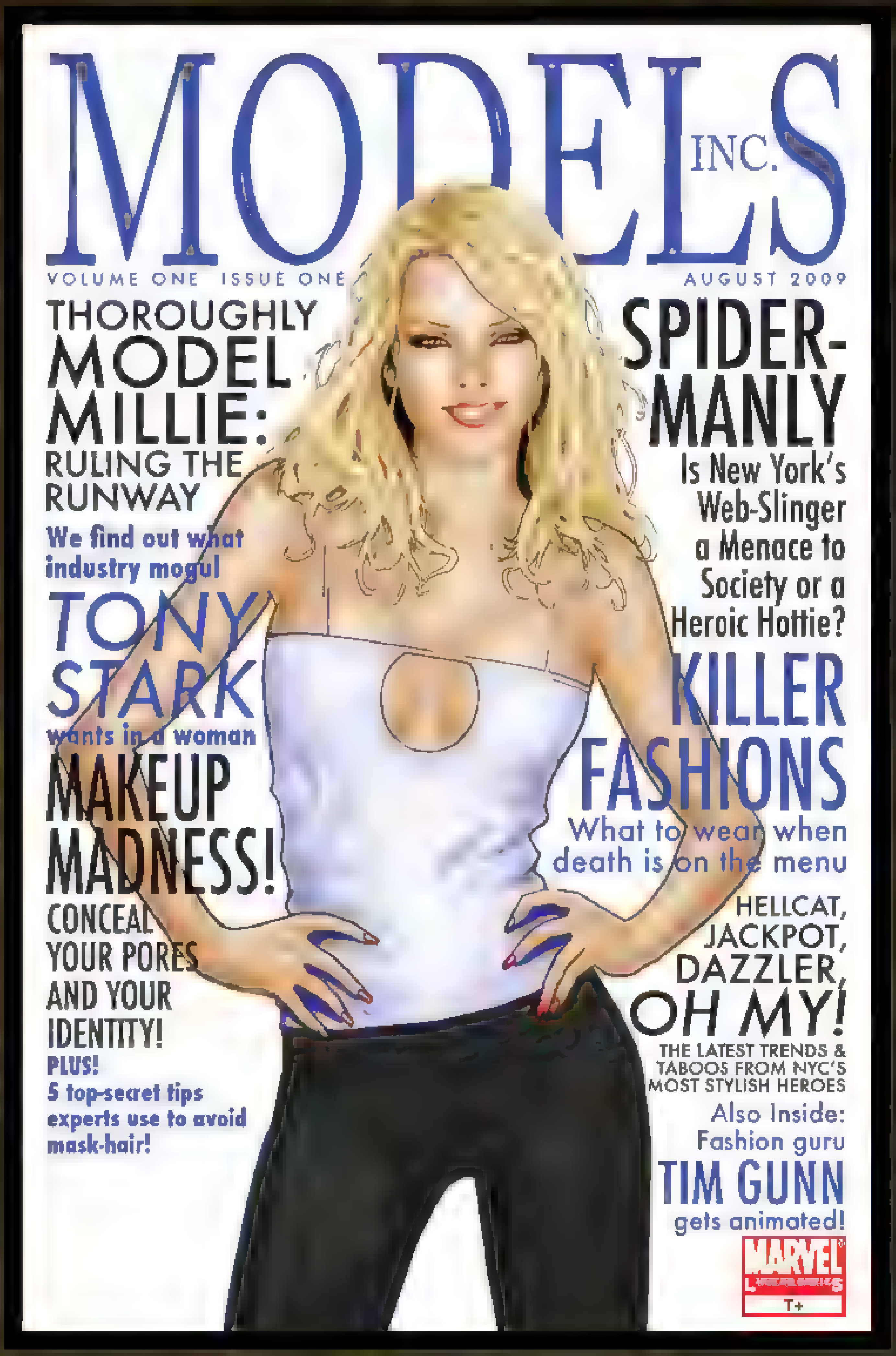
MODELS, INC. #3

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Greg Land & Justin Ponsor



CAPTAIN BRITAIN AND MI:13 #6

(December 2008) Cover by David Yardin & Matt Milla


MODELS INC.
VOLUME ONE ISSUE ONE
AUGUST 2009
THOROUGHLY MODEL MILLIE: RULING THE RUNWAY
We find out what industry mogul
TONY STARK
wants in a woman
MAKEUP MADNESS!
CONCEAL YOUR PORES AND YOUR IDENTITY!
PLUS!
5 top-secret tips experts use to avoid mask-hair!
SPIDER-MANLY
Is New York's Web-Slinger a Menace to Society or a Heroic Hottie?
KILLER FASHIONS
What to wear when death is on the menu
HELLCAT, JACKPOT, DAZZLER, OH MY!
THE LATEST TRENDS & TABOOS FROM NYC'S MOST STYLISH HEROES
Also Inside:
Fashion guru
TIM GUNN
gets animated!
MARVEL
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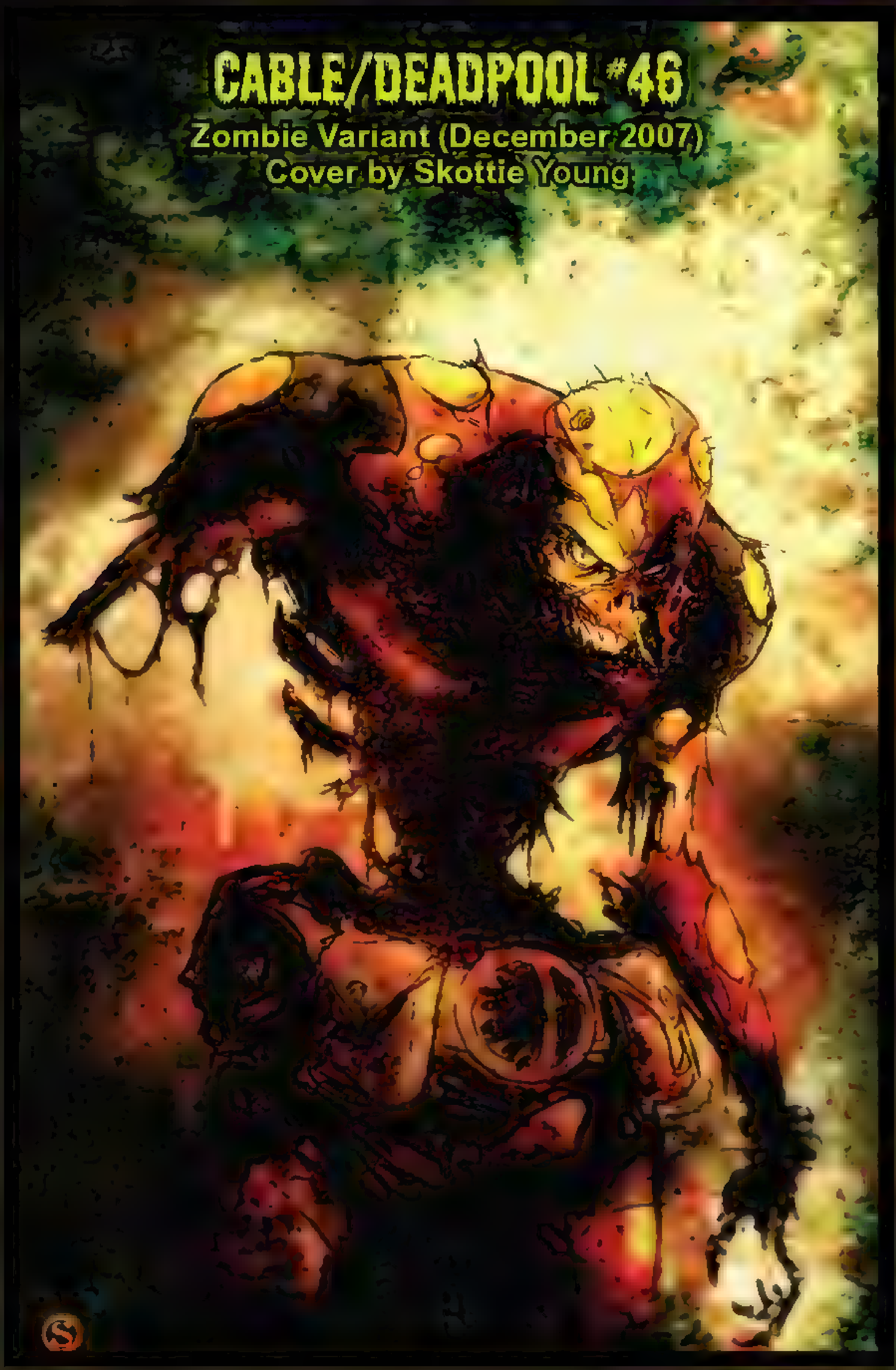
MODELS, INC. #1

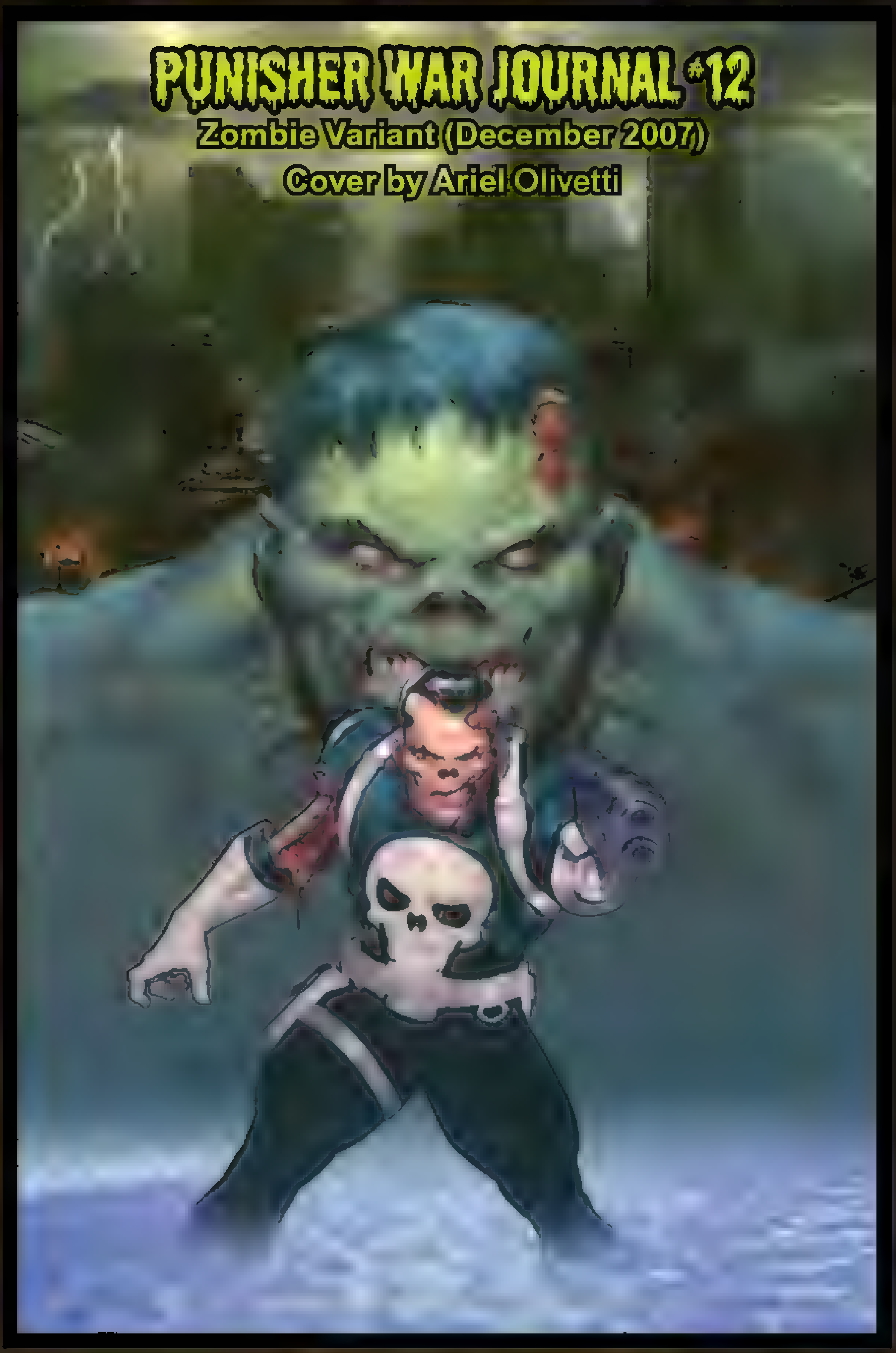
(October 2009) Cover by Scott Clark



CABLE/DEADPOOL #46

Zombie Variant (December 2007)

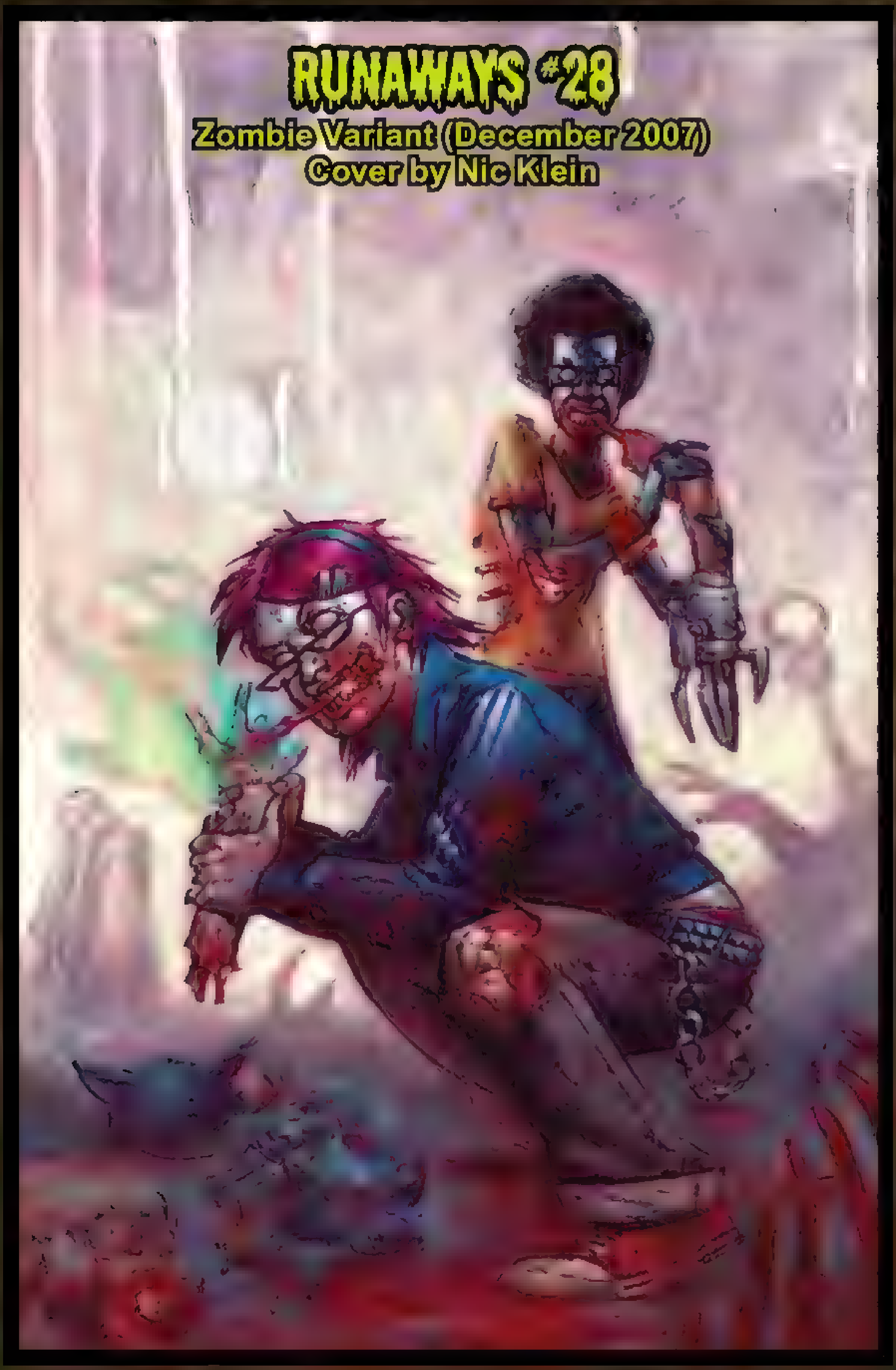
Cover by Skottie Young



PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL #12

Zombie Variant (December 2007)

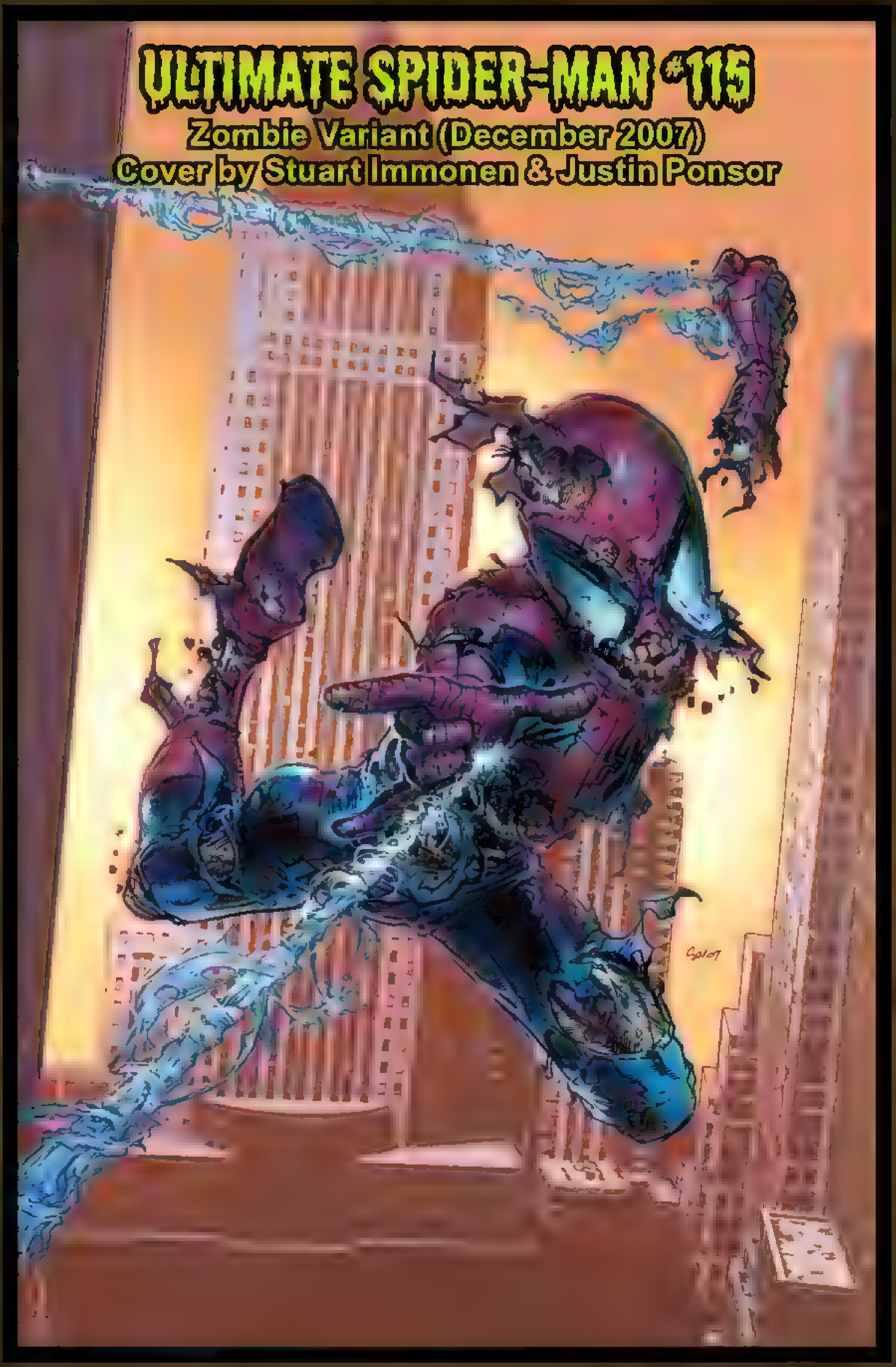
Cover by Ariel Olivetti



RUNAWAYS #28

Zombie Variant (December 2007)

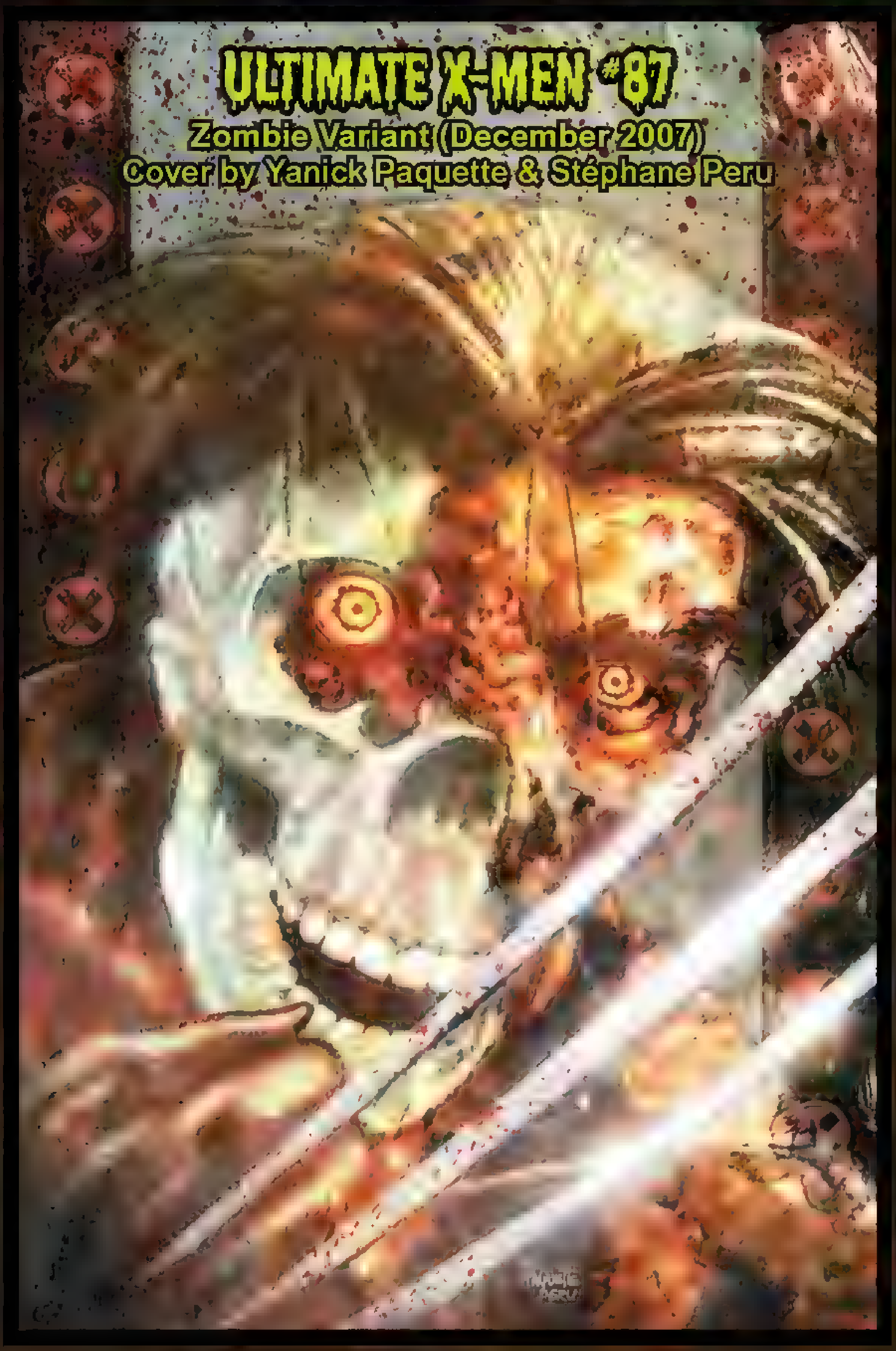
Cover by Nic Klein



ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #115

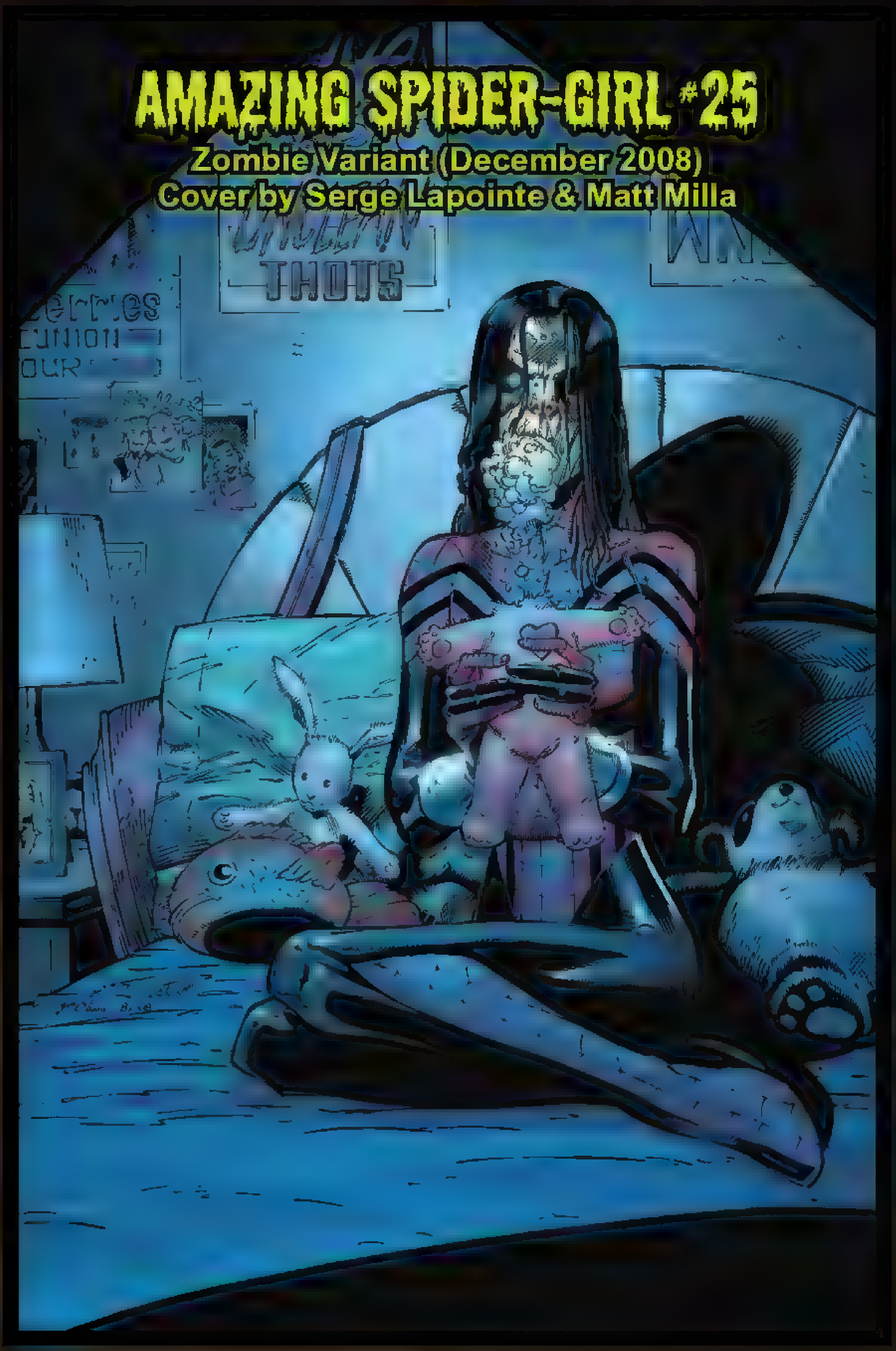
Zombie Variant (December 2007)

Cover by Stuart Immonen & Justin Ponsor



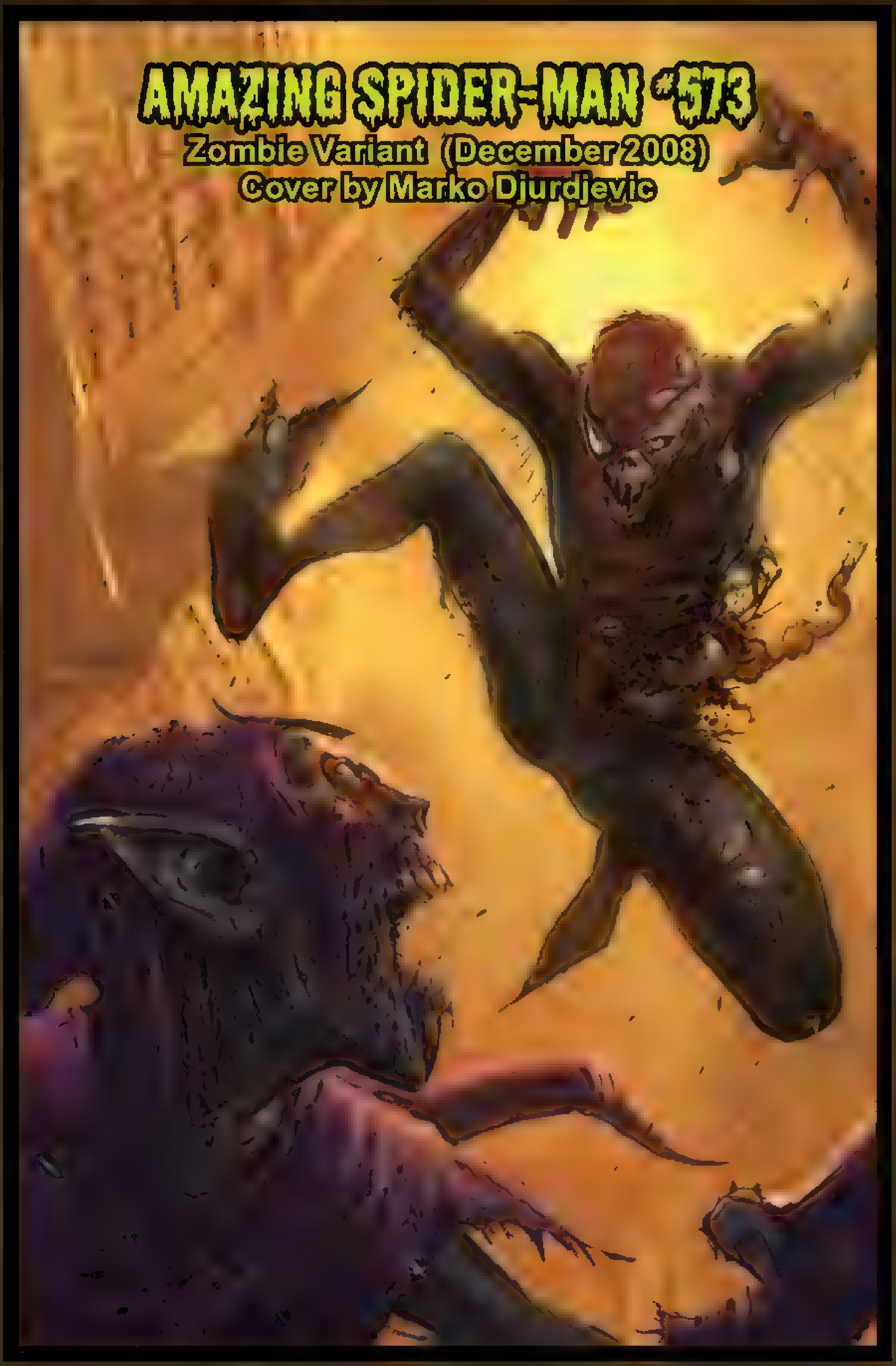
ULTIMATE X-MEN #87

Zombie Variant (December 2007)
Cover by Yanick Paquette & Stéphane Peru



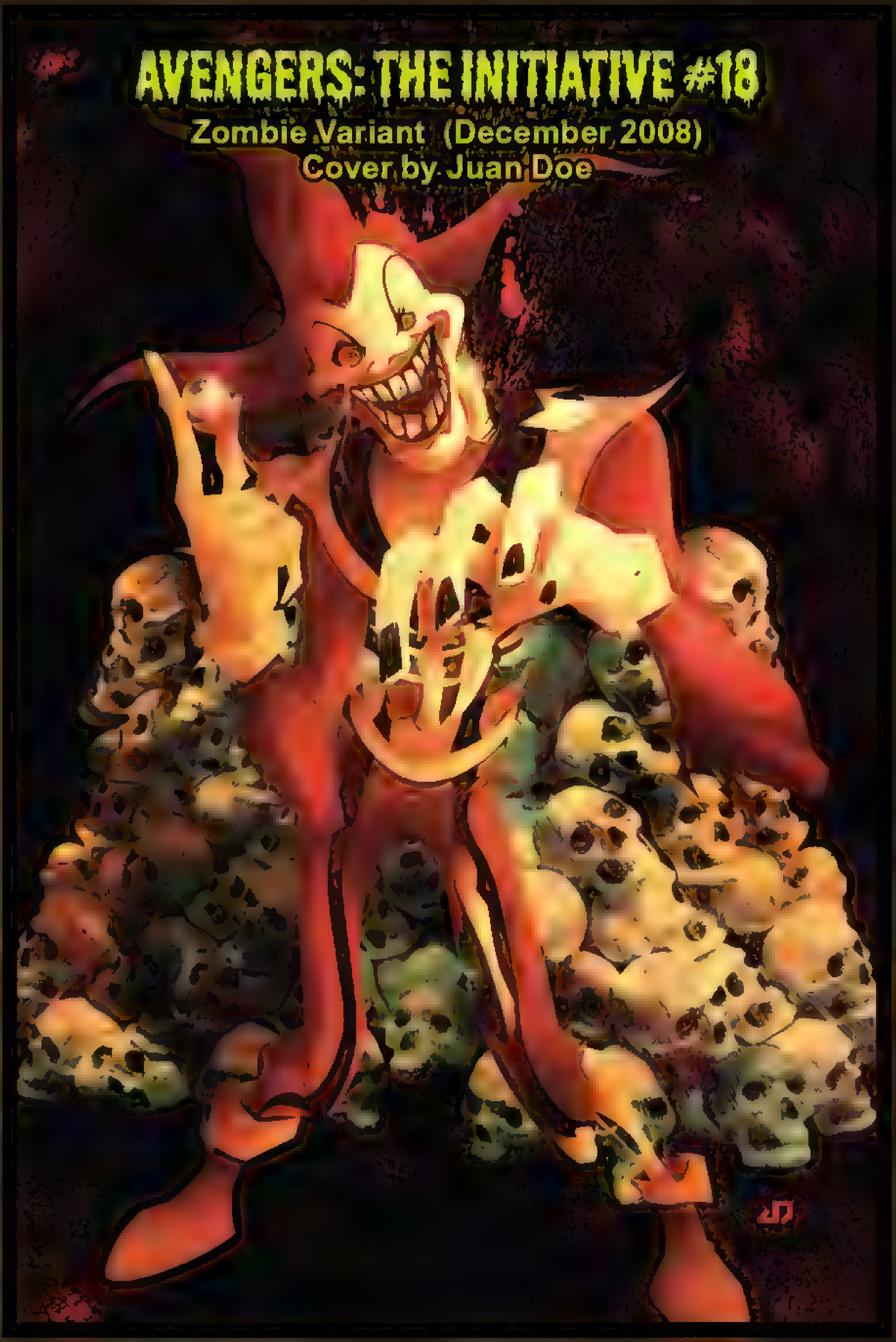
AMAZING SPIDER-GIRL #25

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Serge Lapointe & Matt Milla



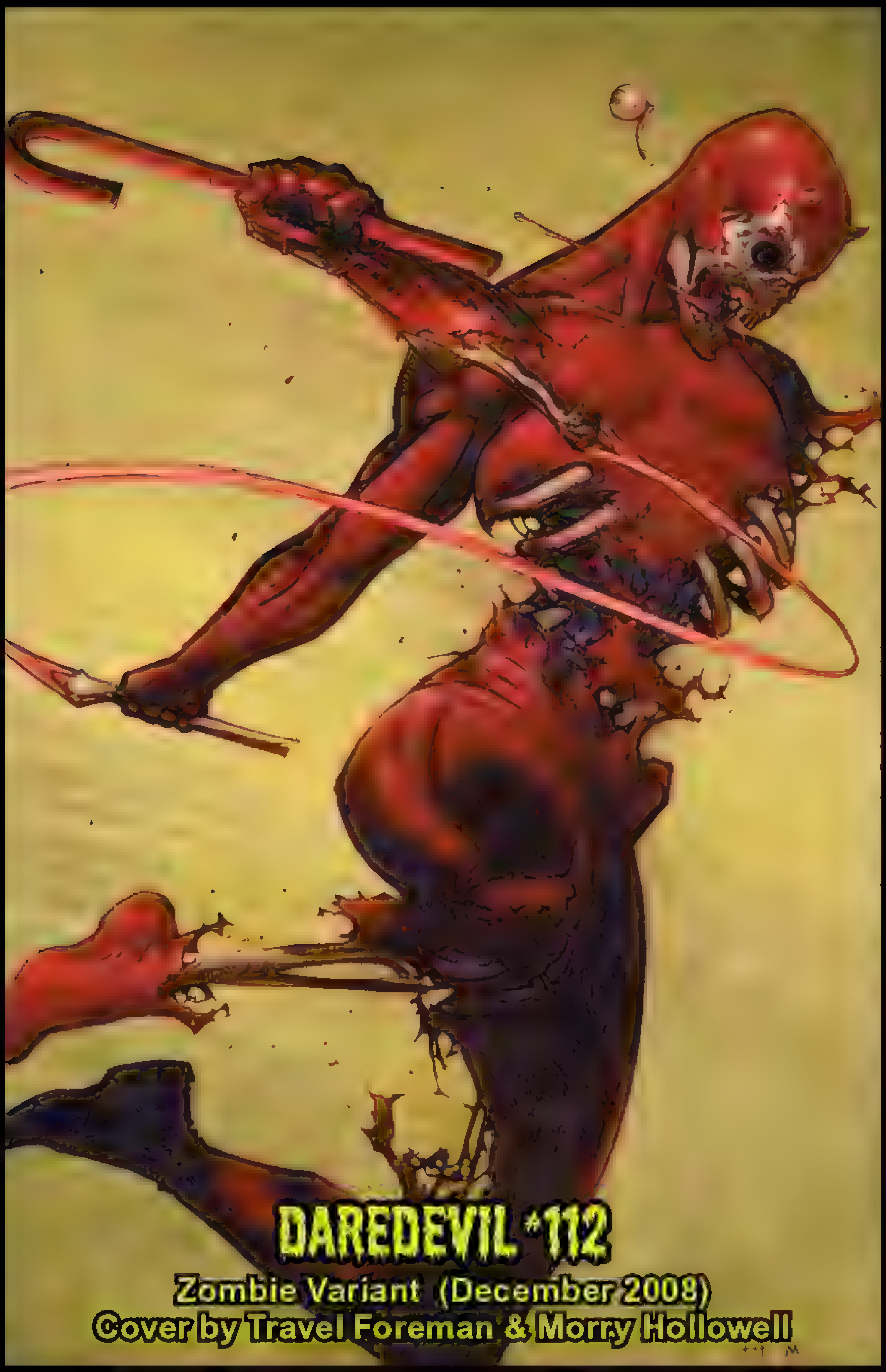
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #573

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Marko Djurdjevic



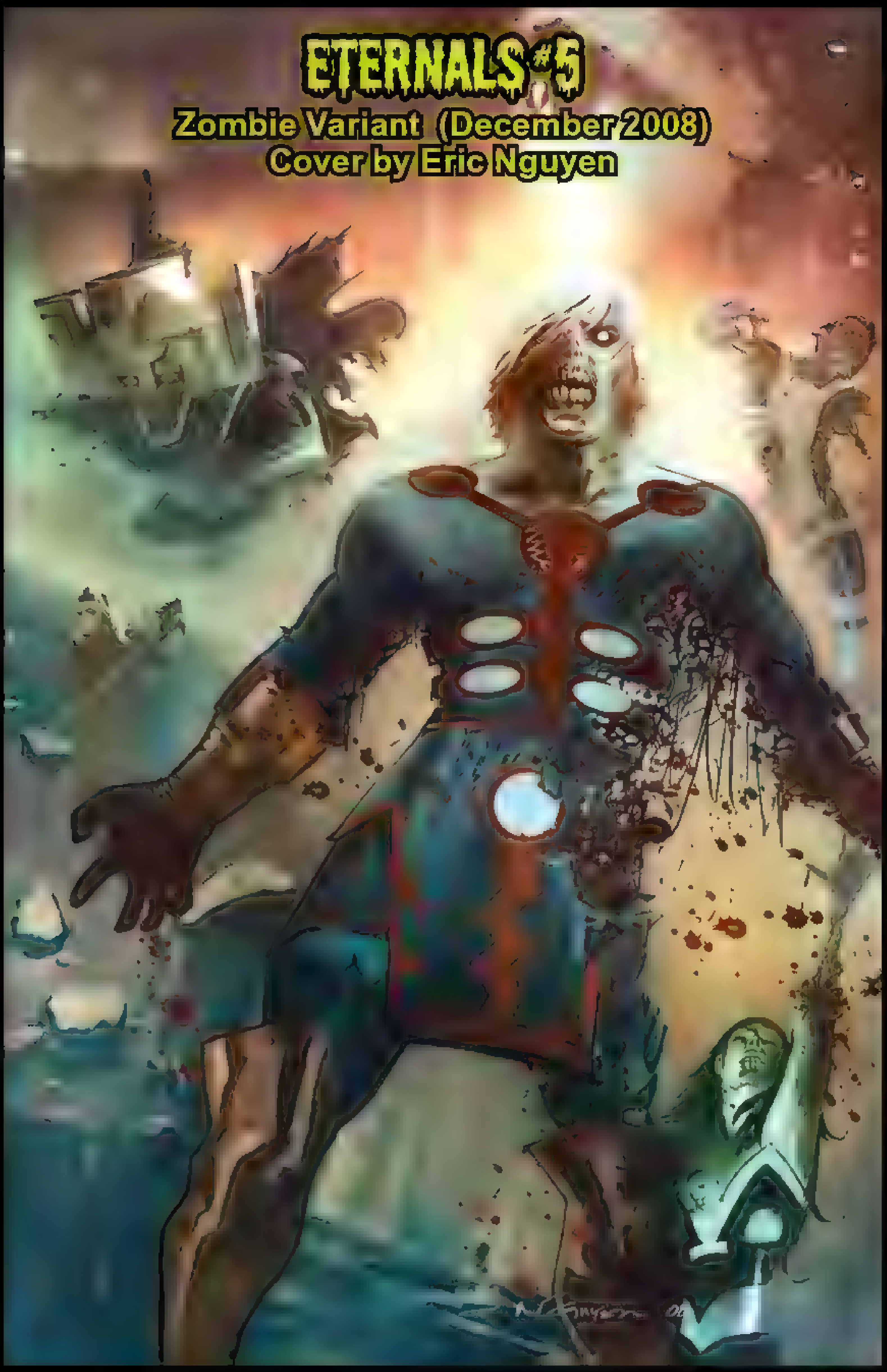
AVENGERS: THE INITIATIVE #18

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Juan Doe



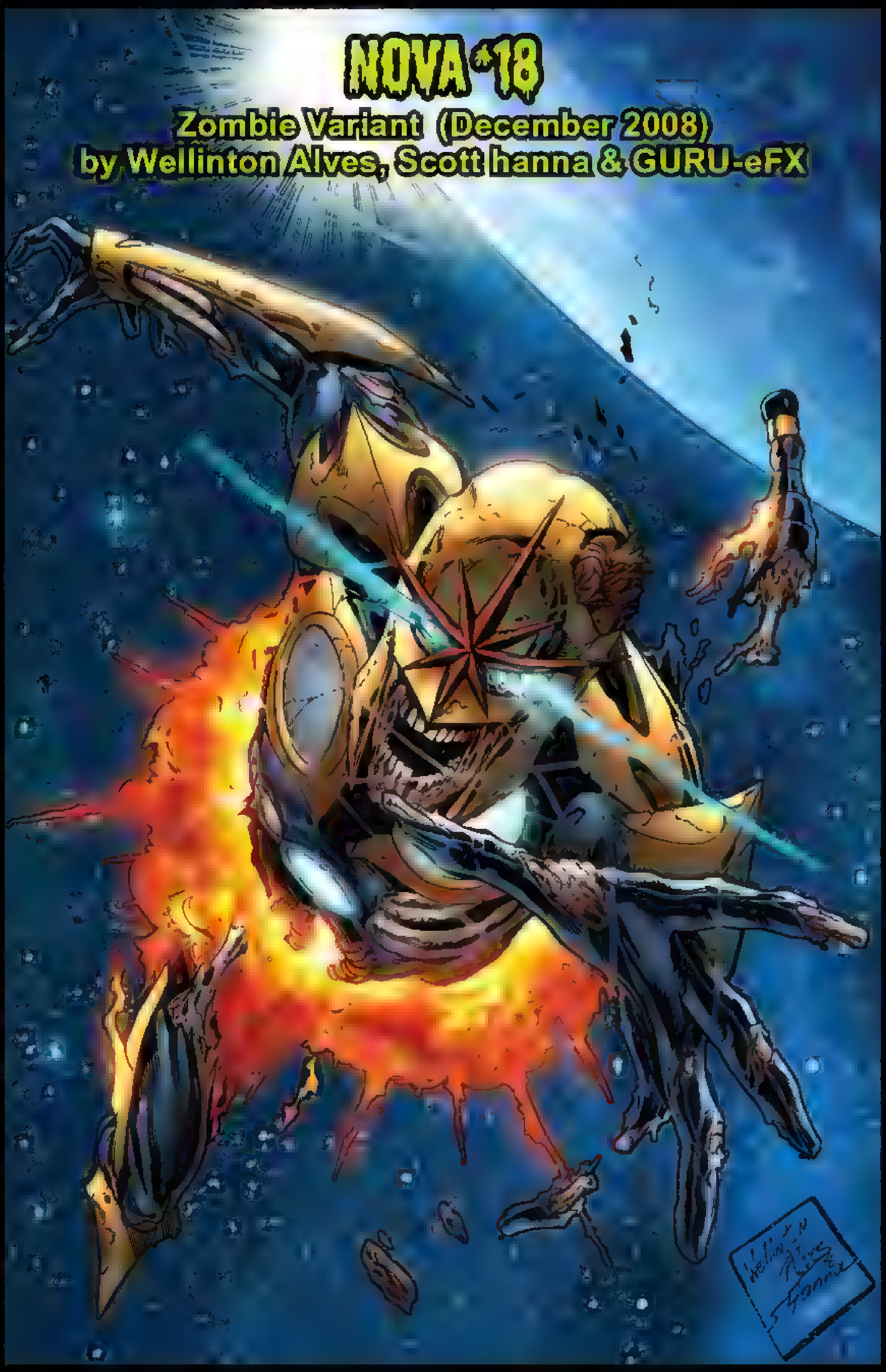
DAREDEVIL #112

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Travel Foreman & Morry Hollowell



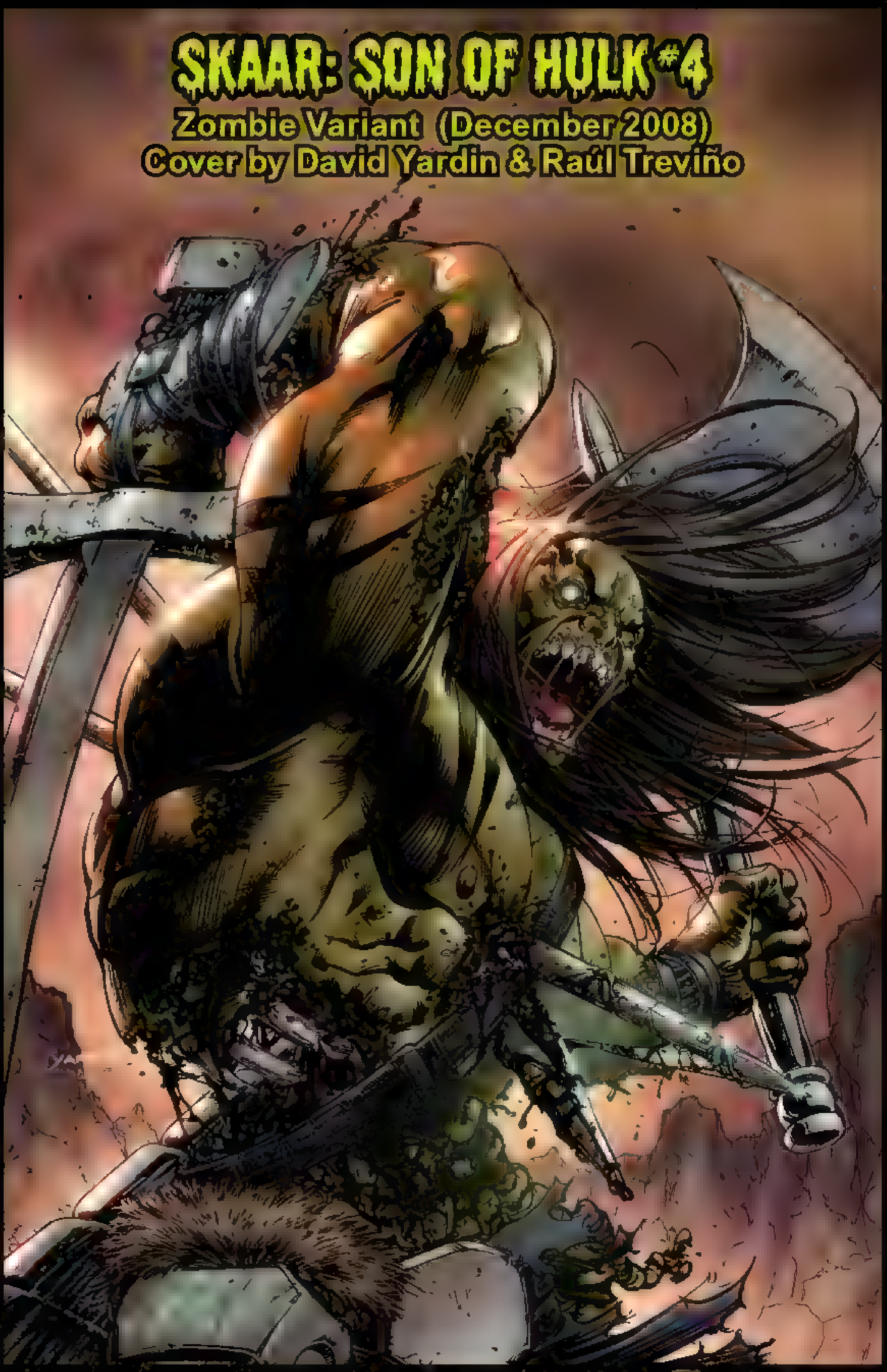
ETERNALS #5

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Eric Nguyen



NOVA #18

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
by Wellinton Alves, Scott hanna & GURU-eFX

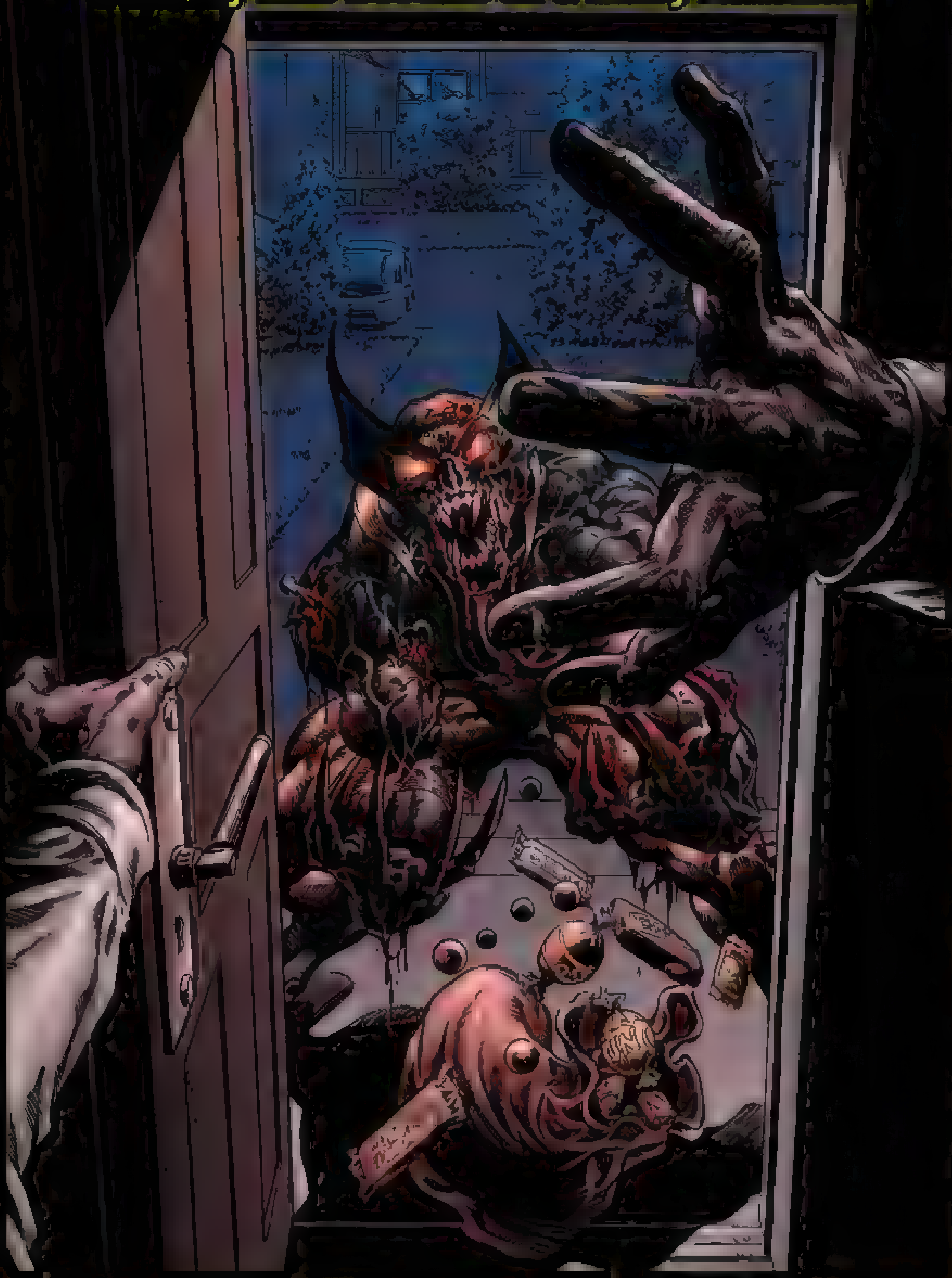


SKAAR: SON OF HULK #4

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by David Yardin & Raúl Treviño

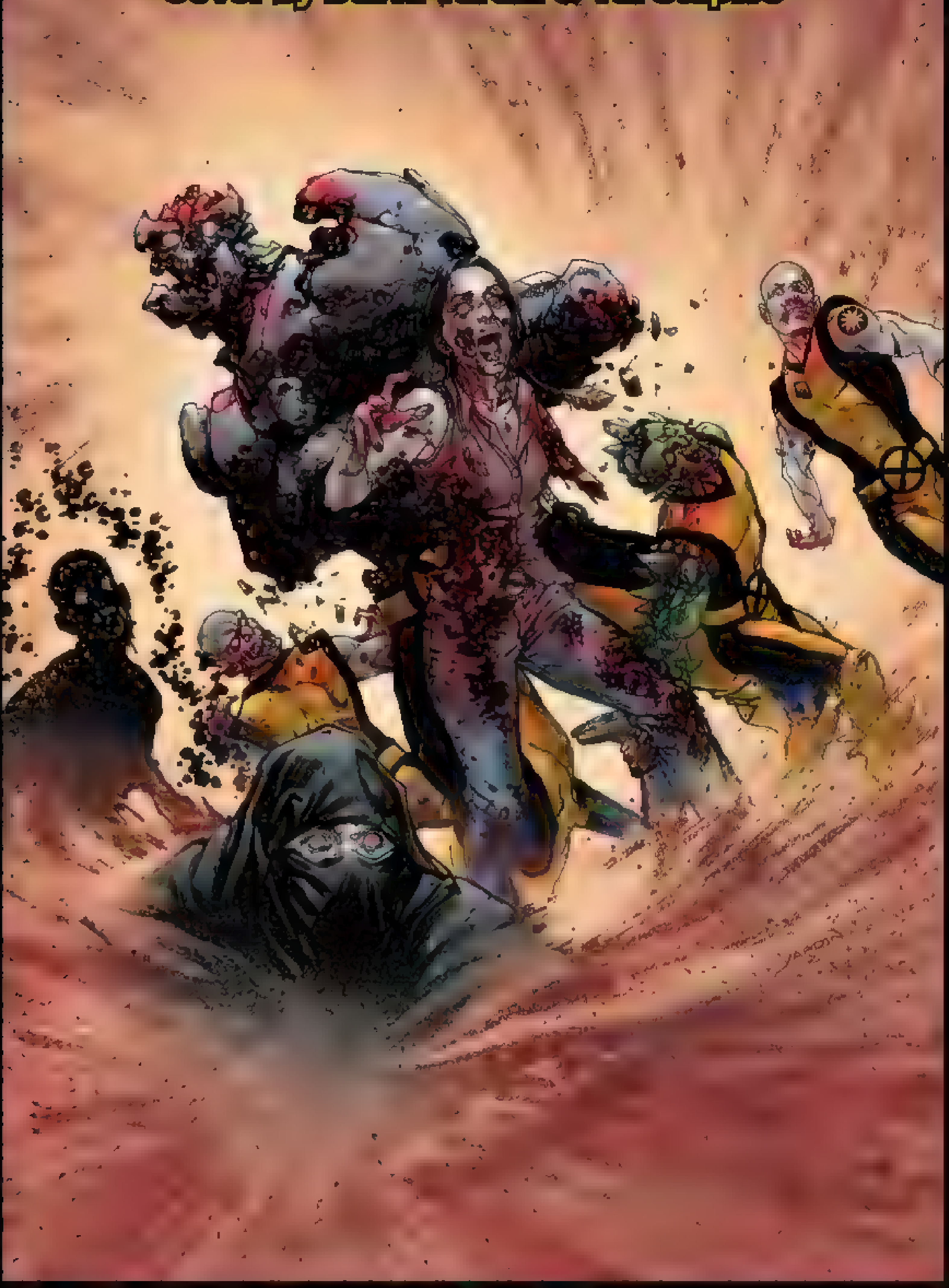
WOLVERINE: ORIGINS #29

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by Mike Deodato Jr. & Morry Hollowell



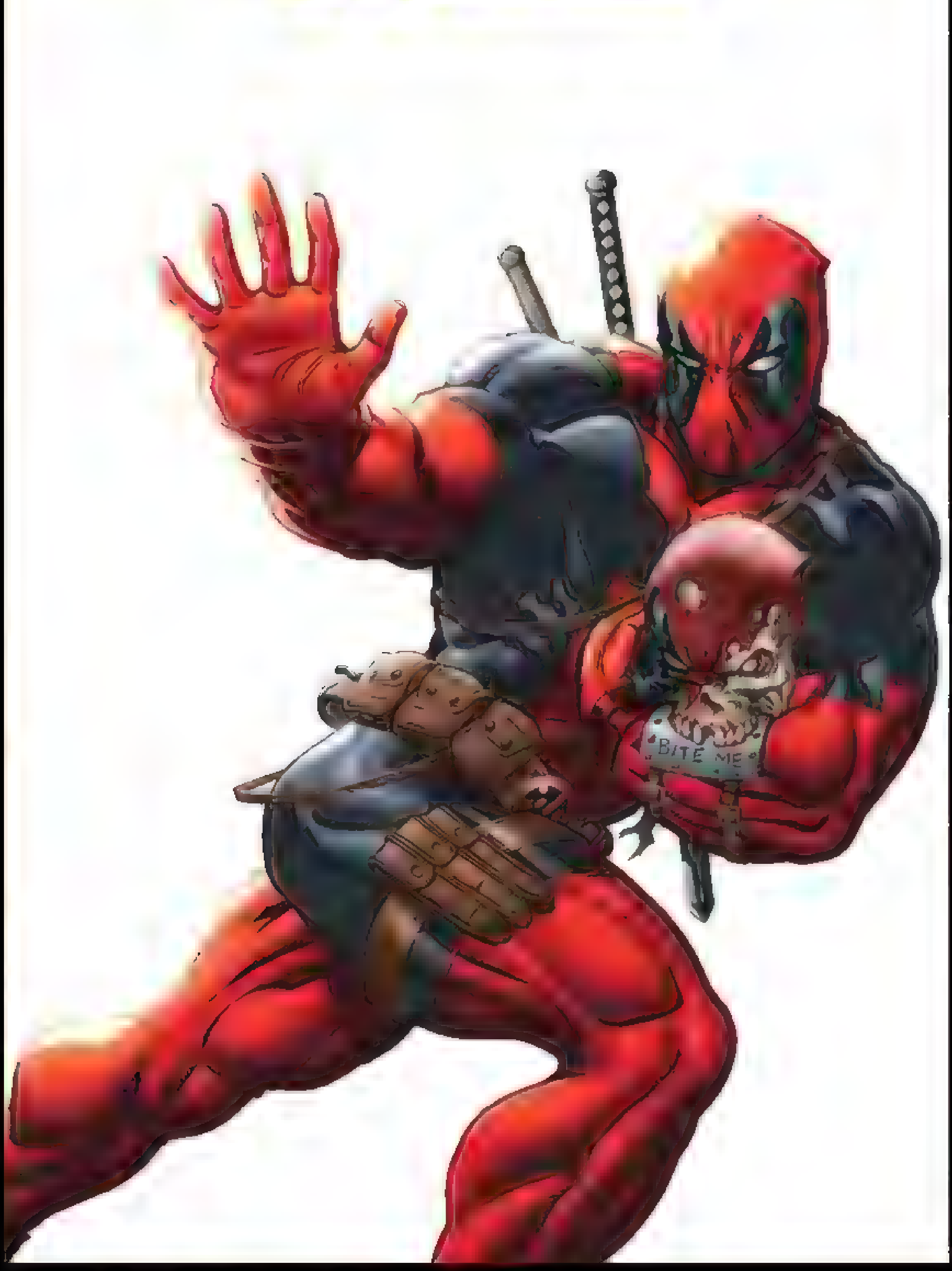
YOUNG X-MEN #7

Zombie Variant (December 2008)
Cover by David Yardin & Val Staples



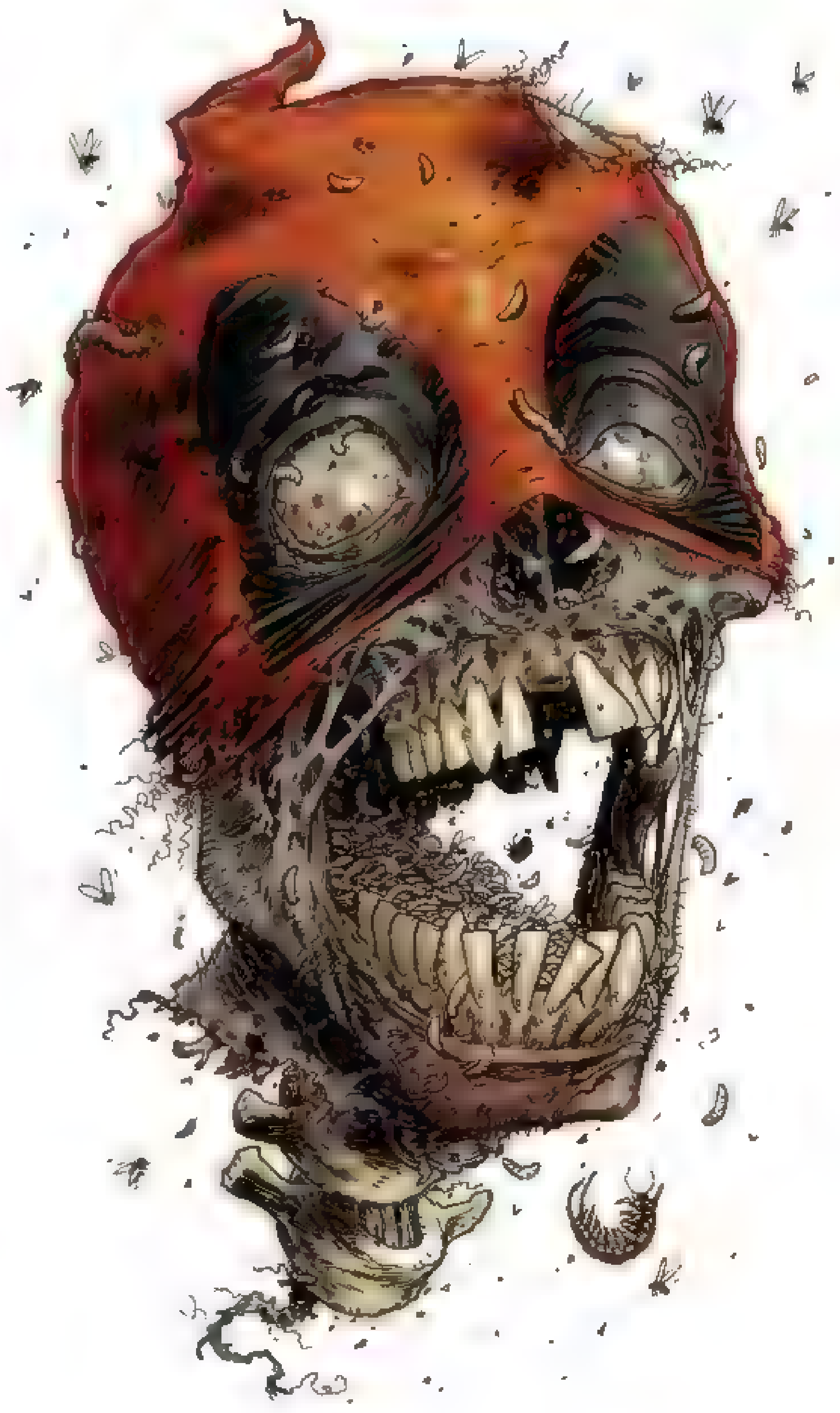
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #1

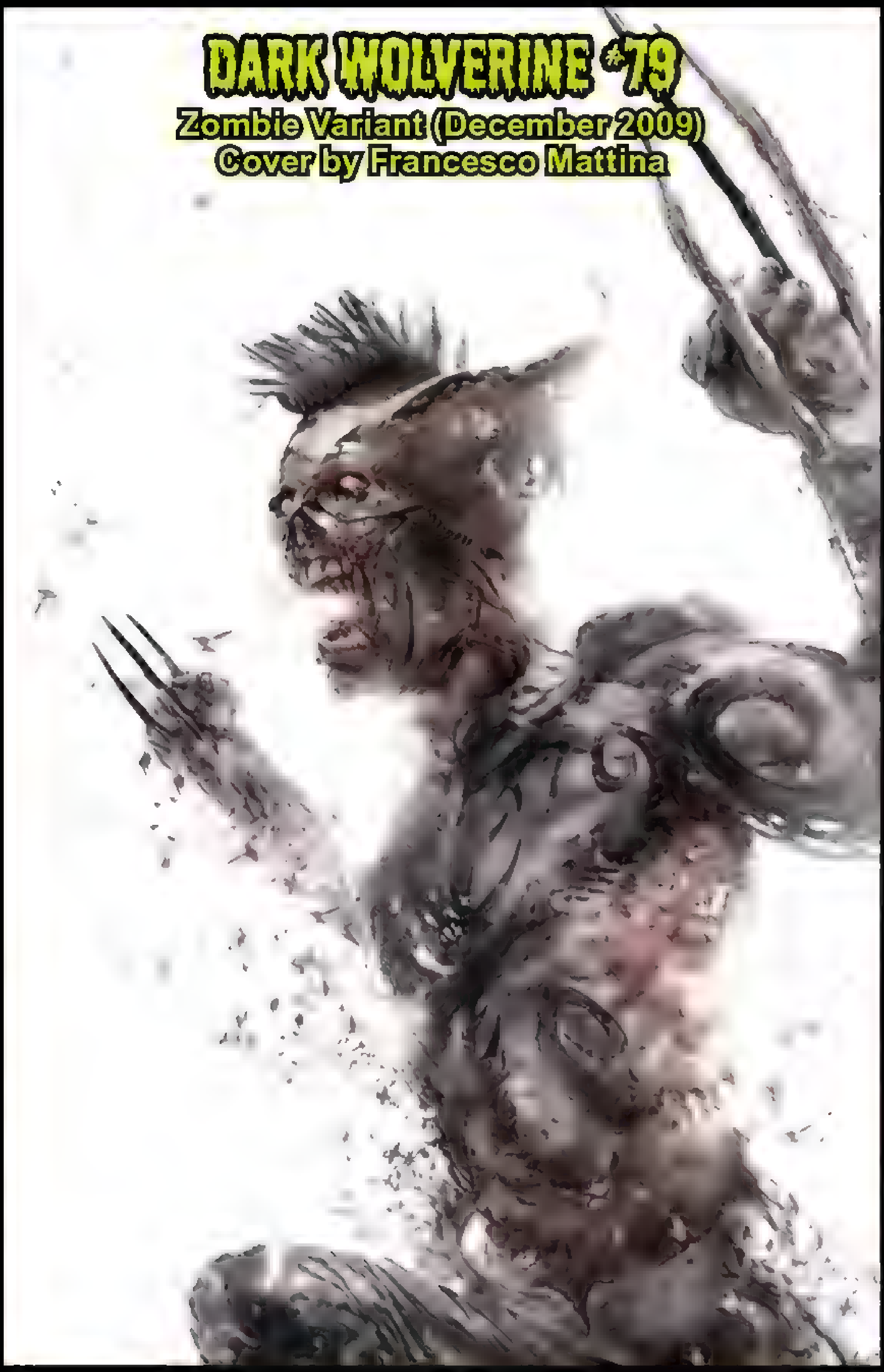
Variant (Septebember 2009)
Cover by Ed McGuinness



DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #2

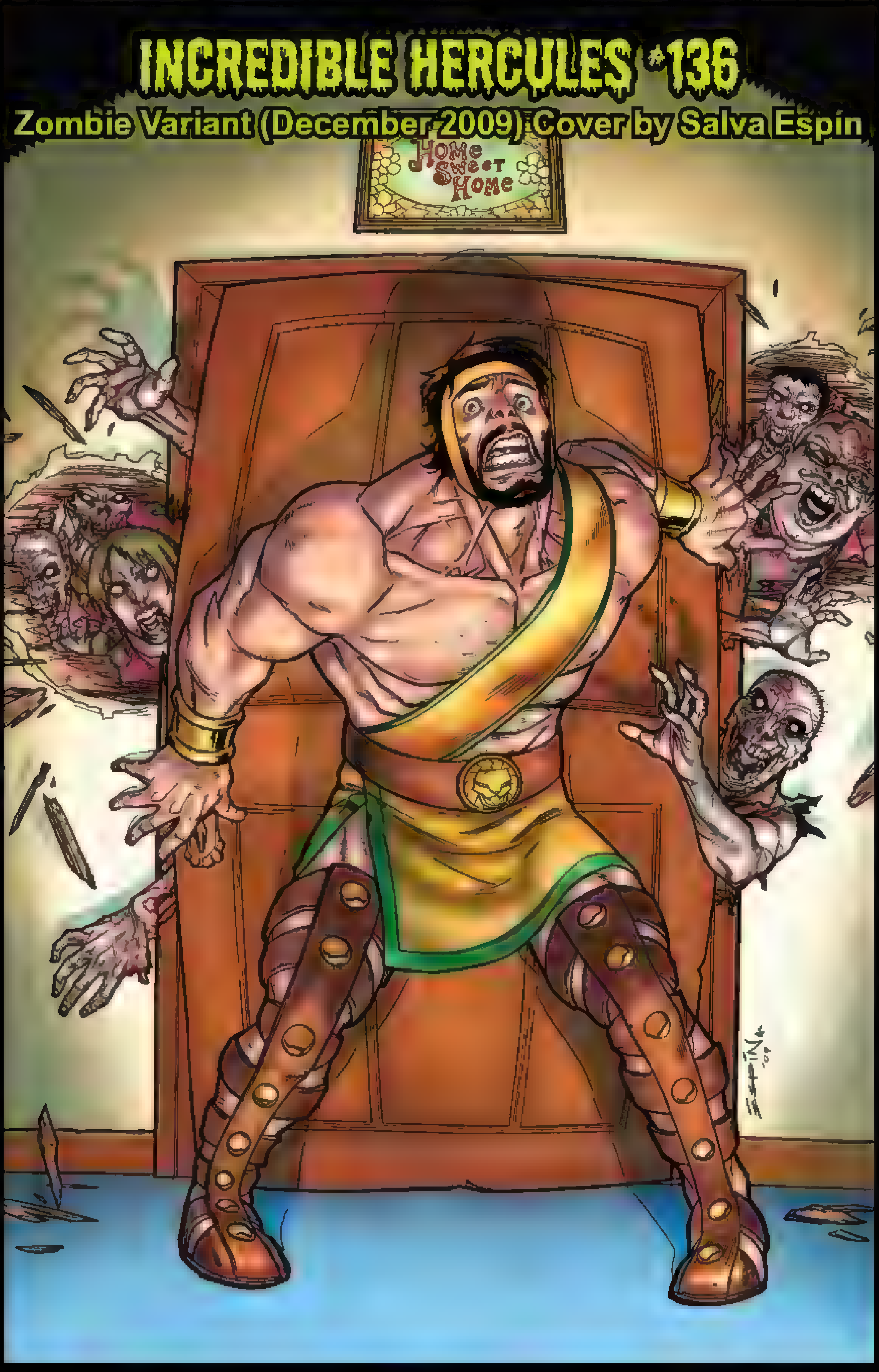
70th Anniversary Frame Variant (October 2009)
Cover by Tony Moore





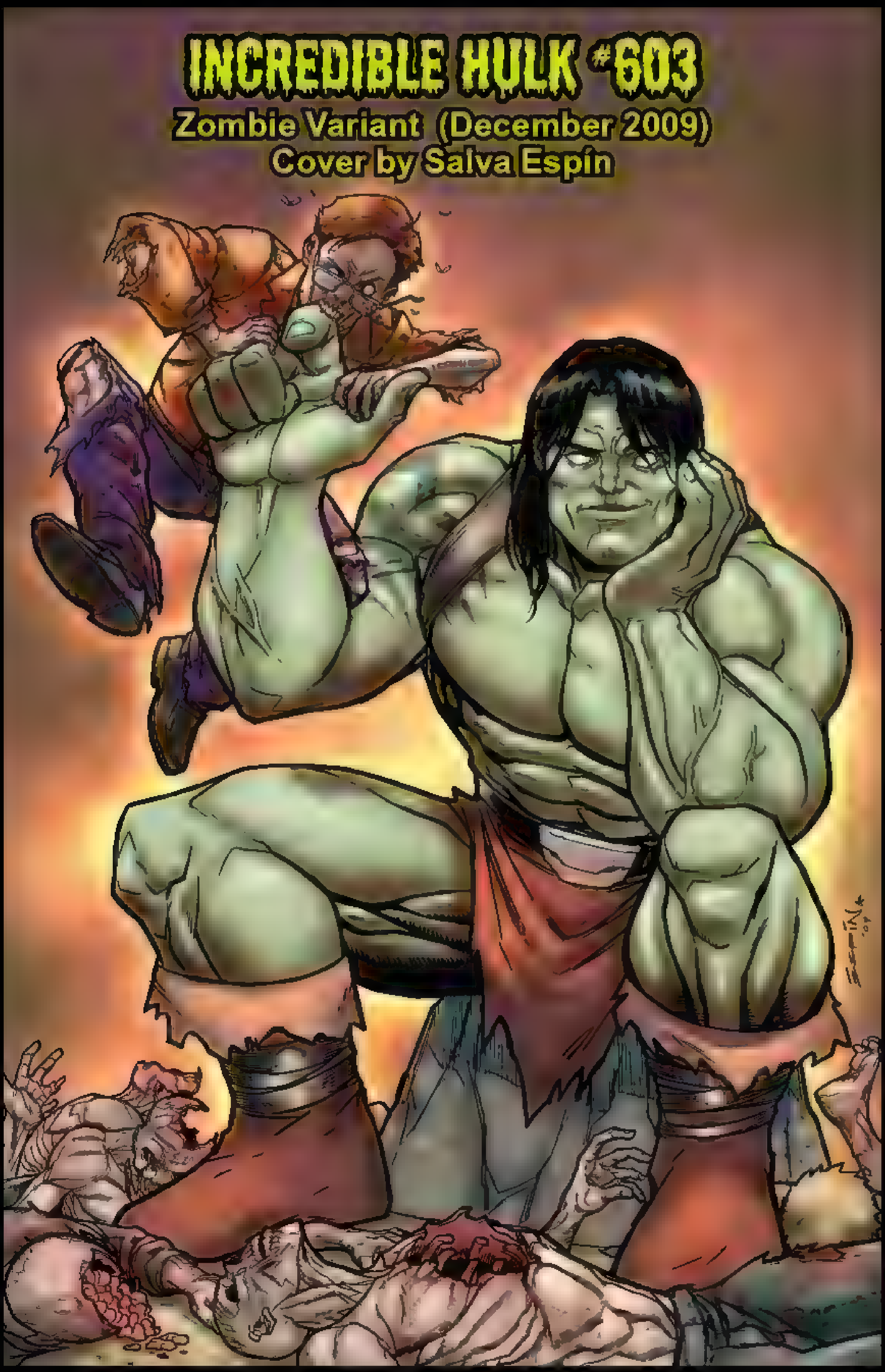
DARK WOLVERINE #79

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Francesco Mattina



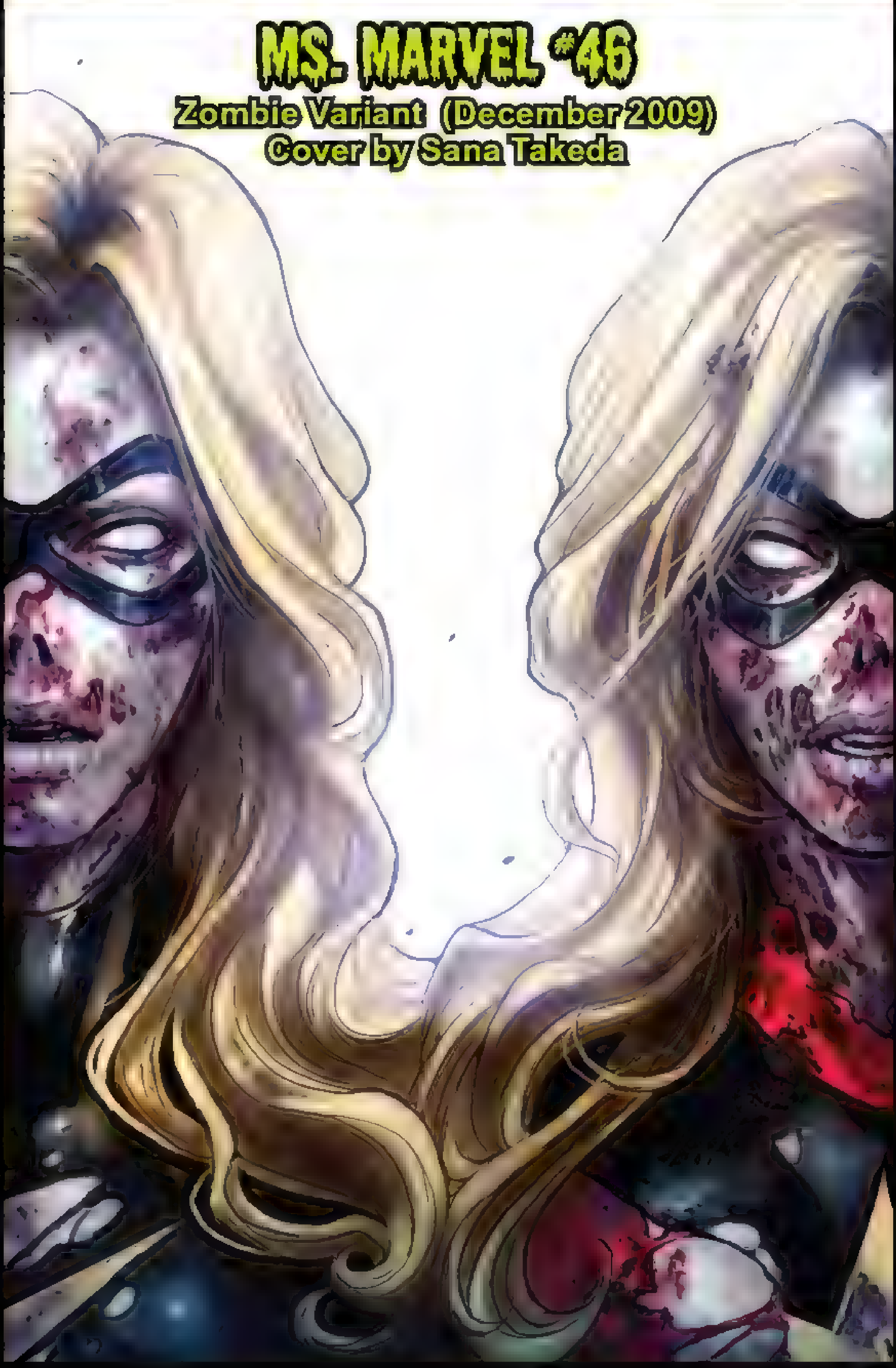
INCREDIBLE HERCULES #136

Zombie Variant (December 2009) Cover by Salva Espín



INCREDIBLE HULK #603

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Salva Espín

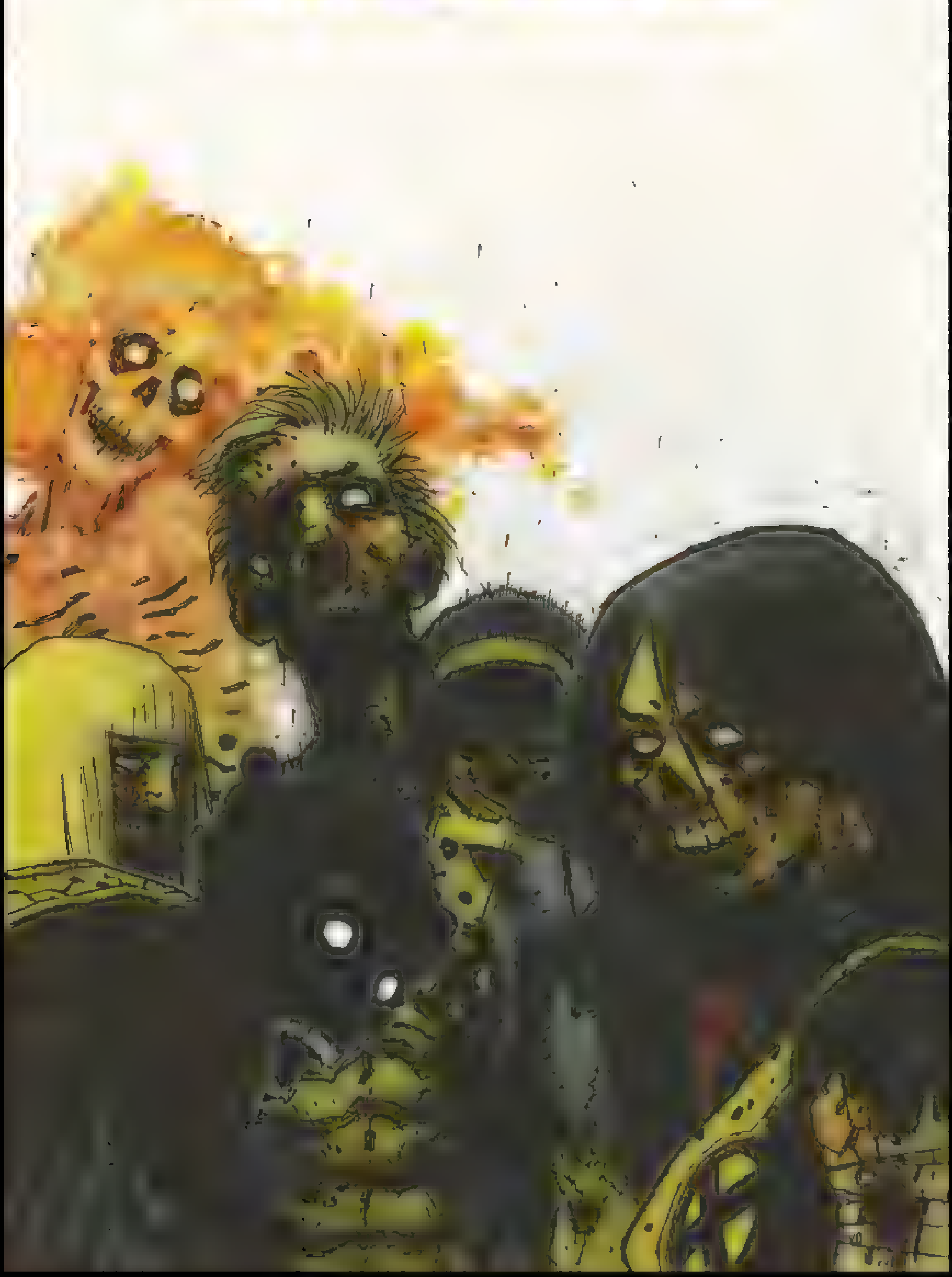


MS. MARVEL #46

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Sana Takeda

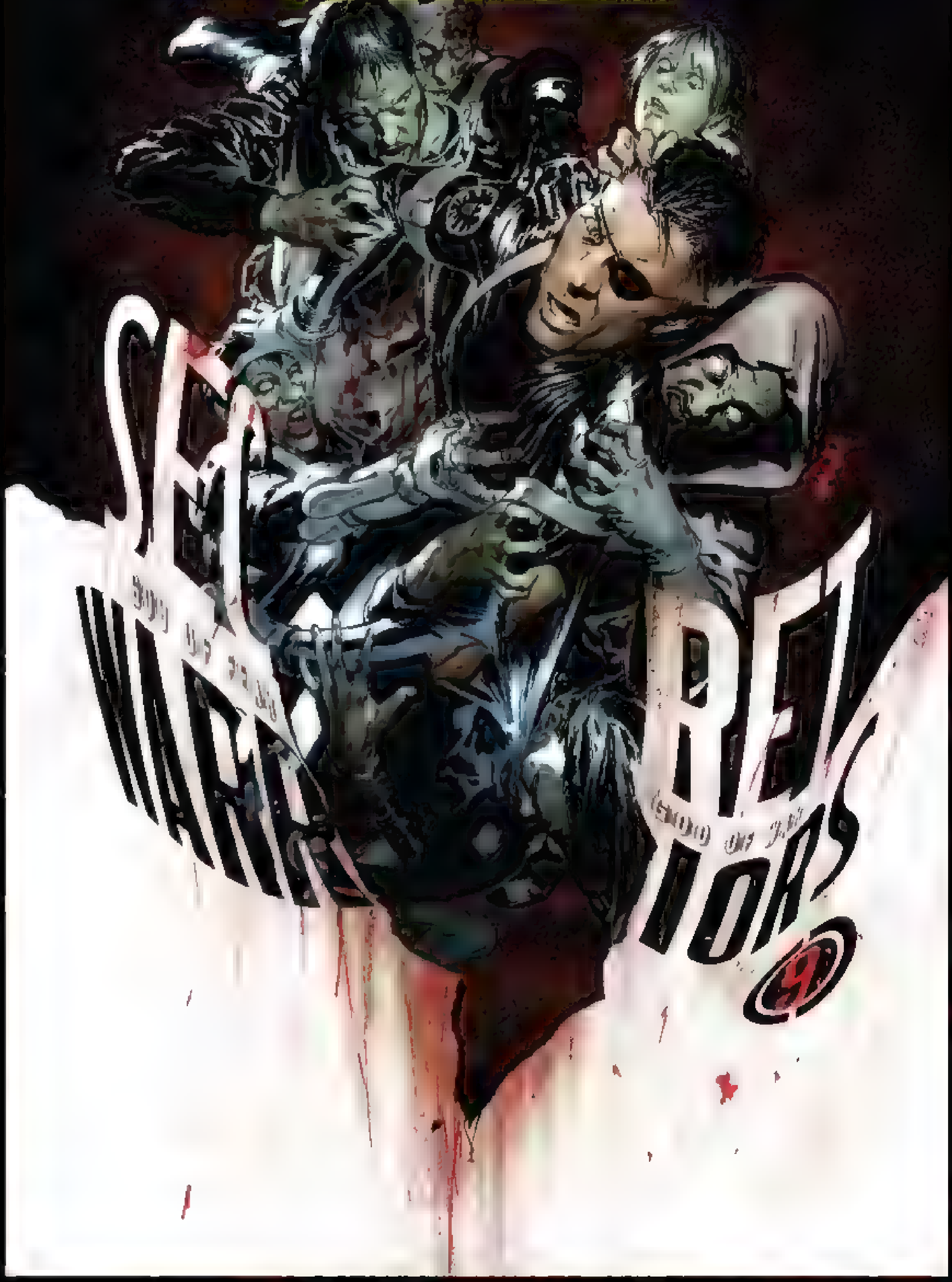
NEW MUTANTS #6

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Gabriel Hernandez Walta



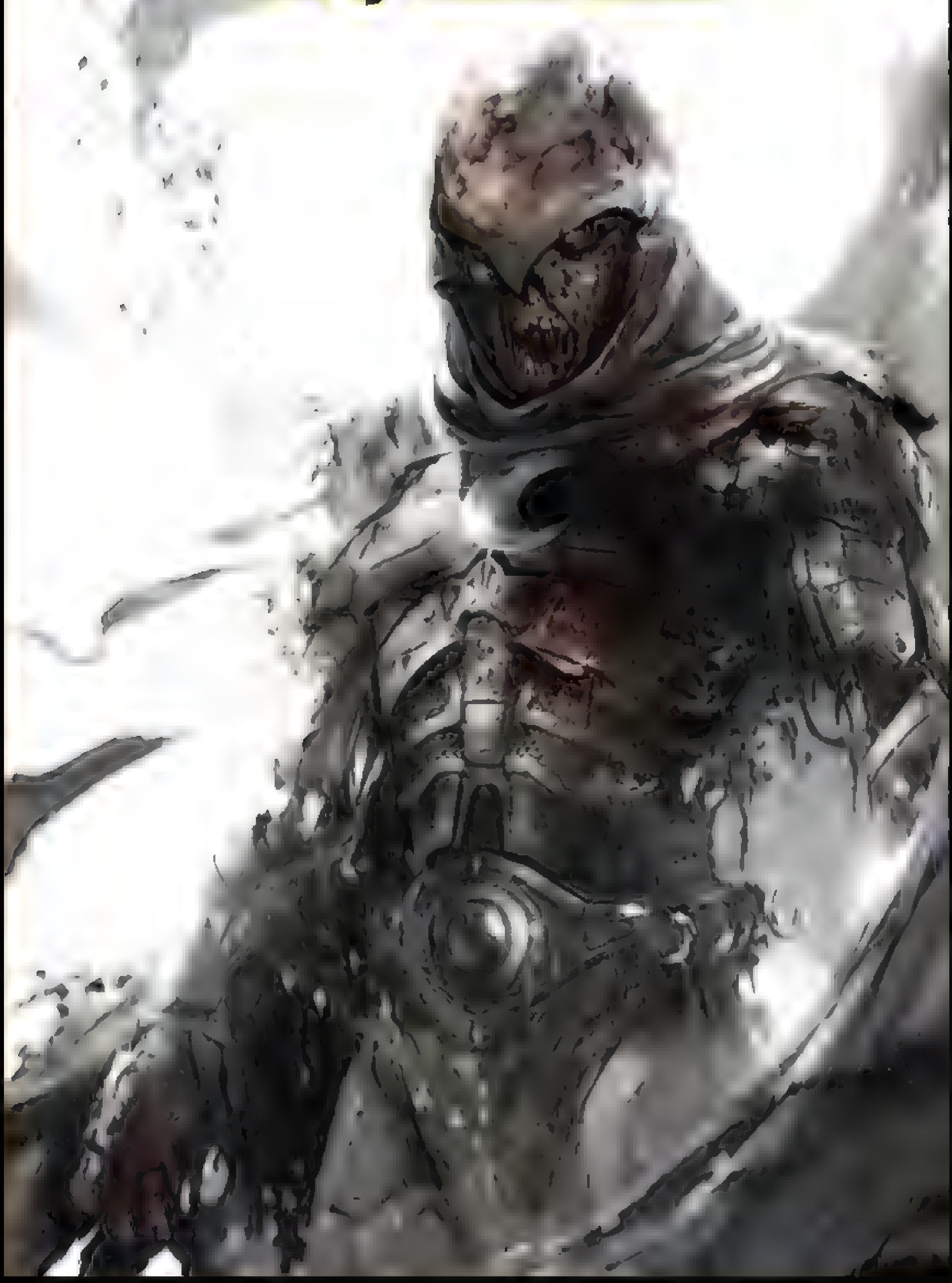
SECRET WARRIORS #9

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Gerald Parel


SECRET WARRIORS
9

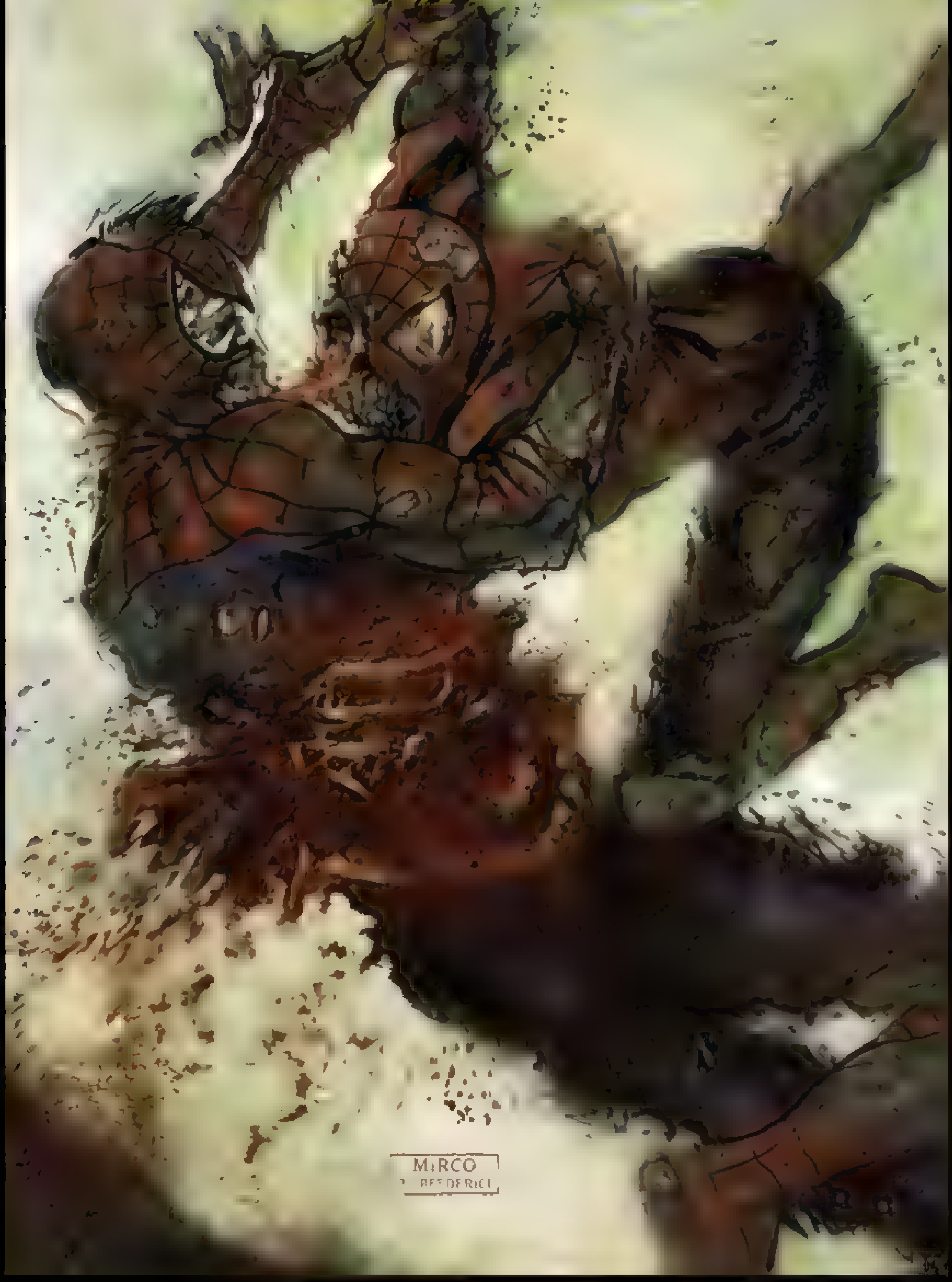
VENGEANCE OF THE MOON KNIGHT #2

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Francesco Mattina



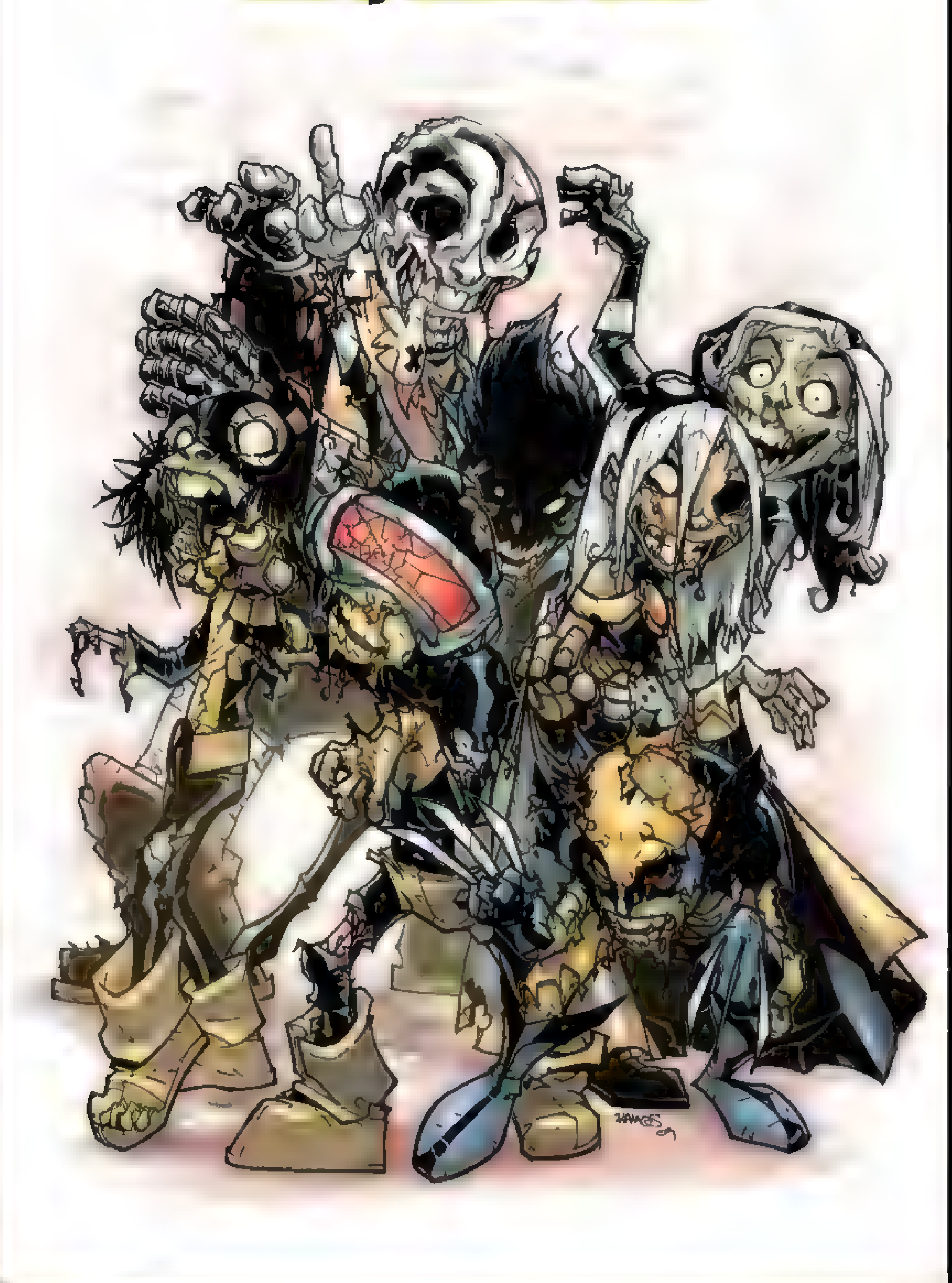
WEB OF SPIDER-MAN #1

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Mirco Pierfederici


MIRCO PIERFEDERICI

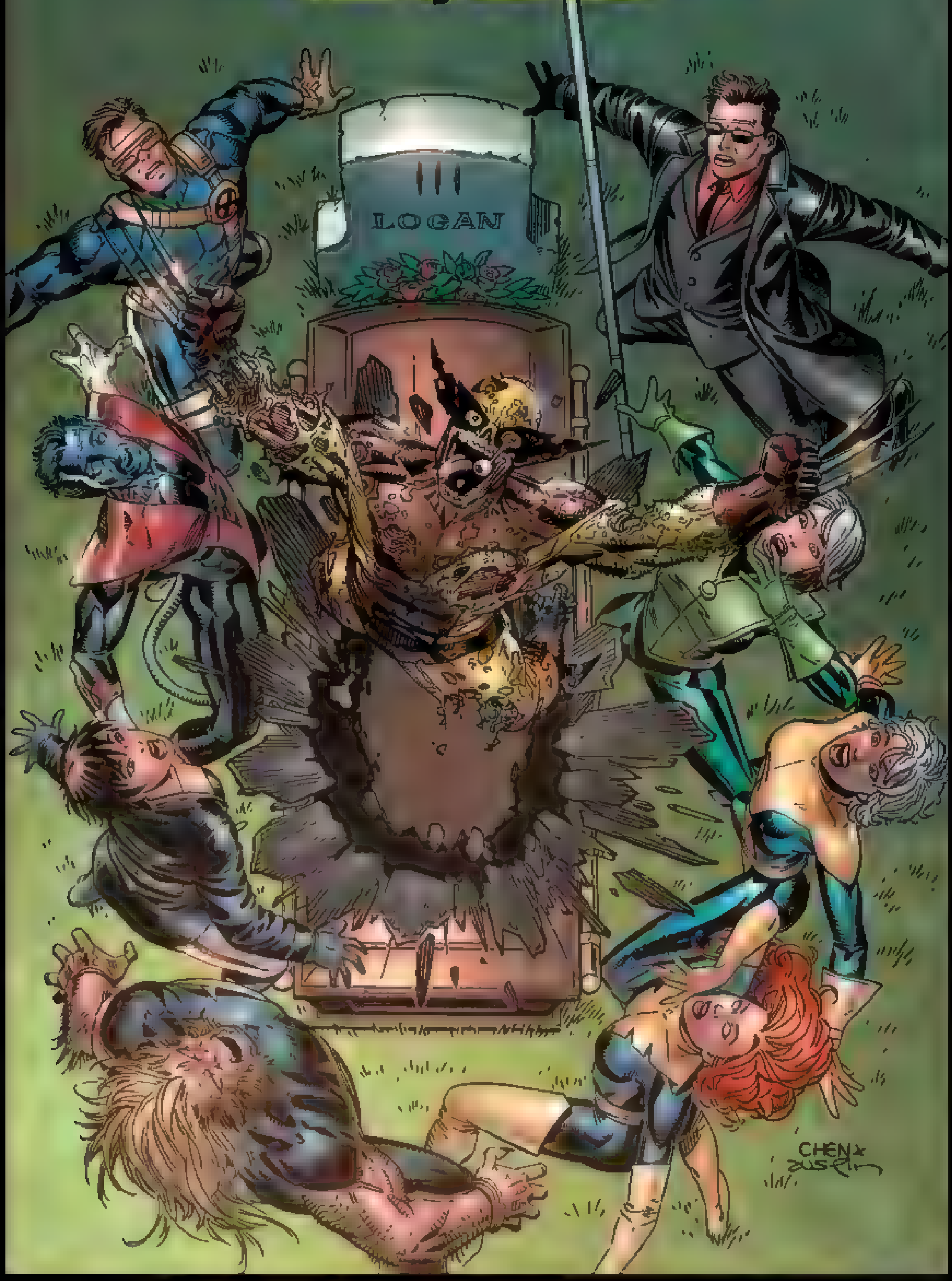
X-BABIES #1

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Humberto Ramos



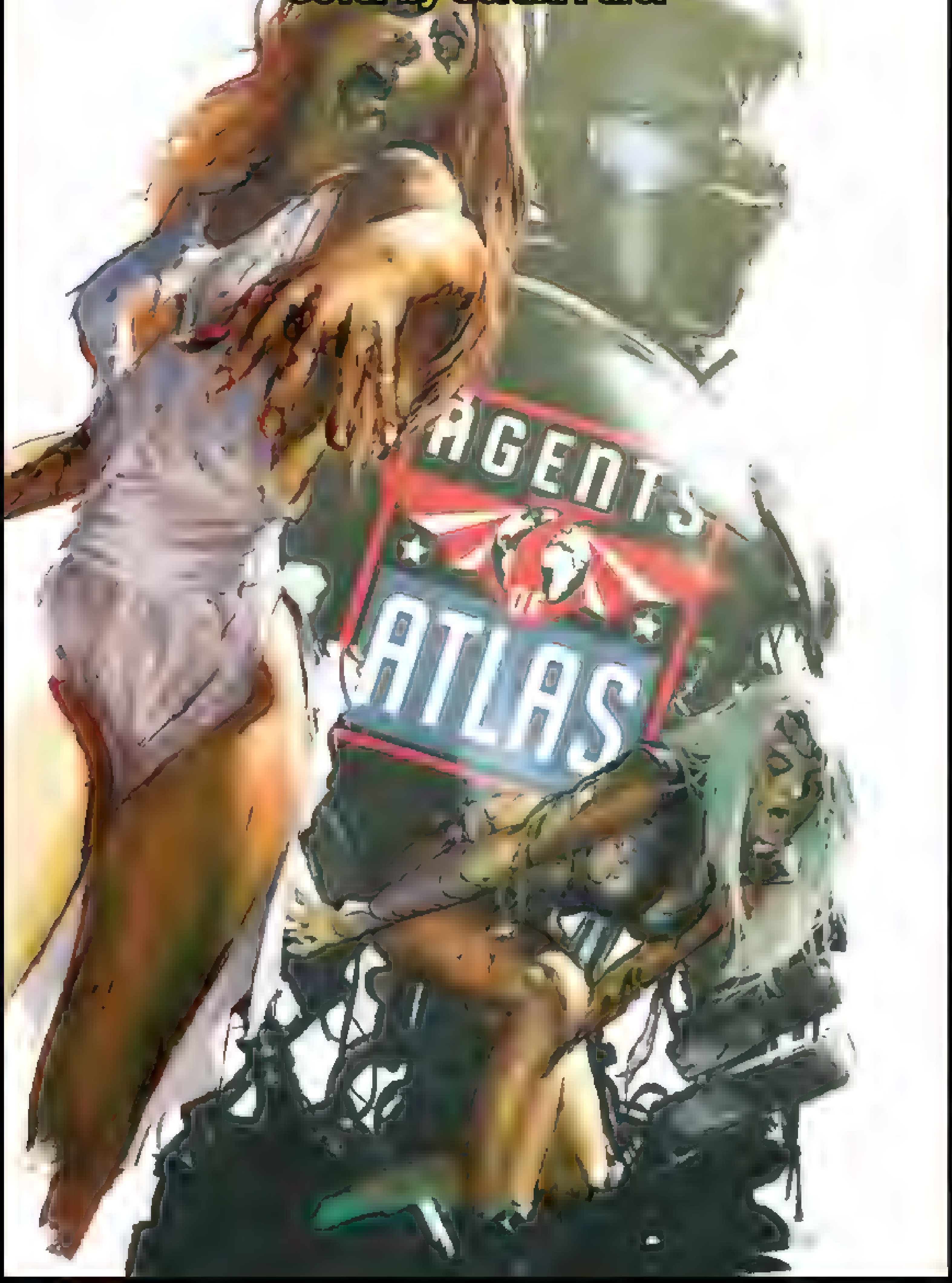
X-MEN FOREVER #10

Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Sean Chen


LOGAN
CHEN & ZUSKIN

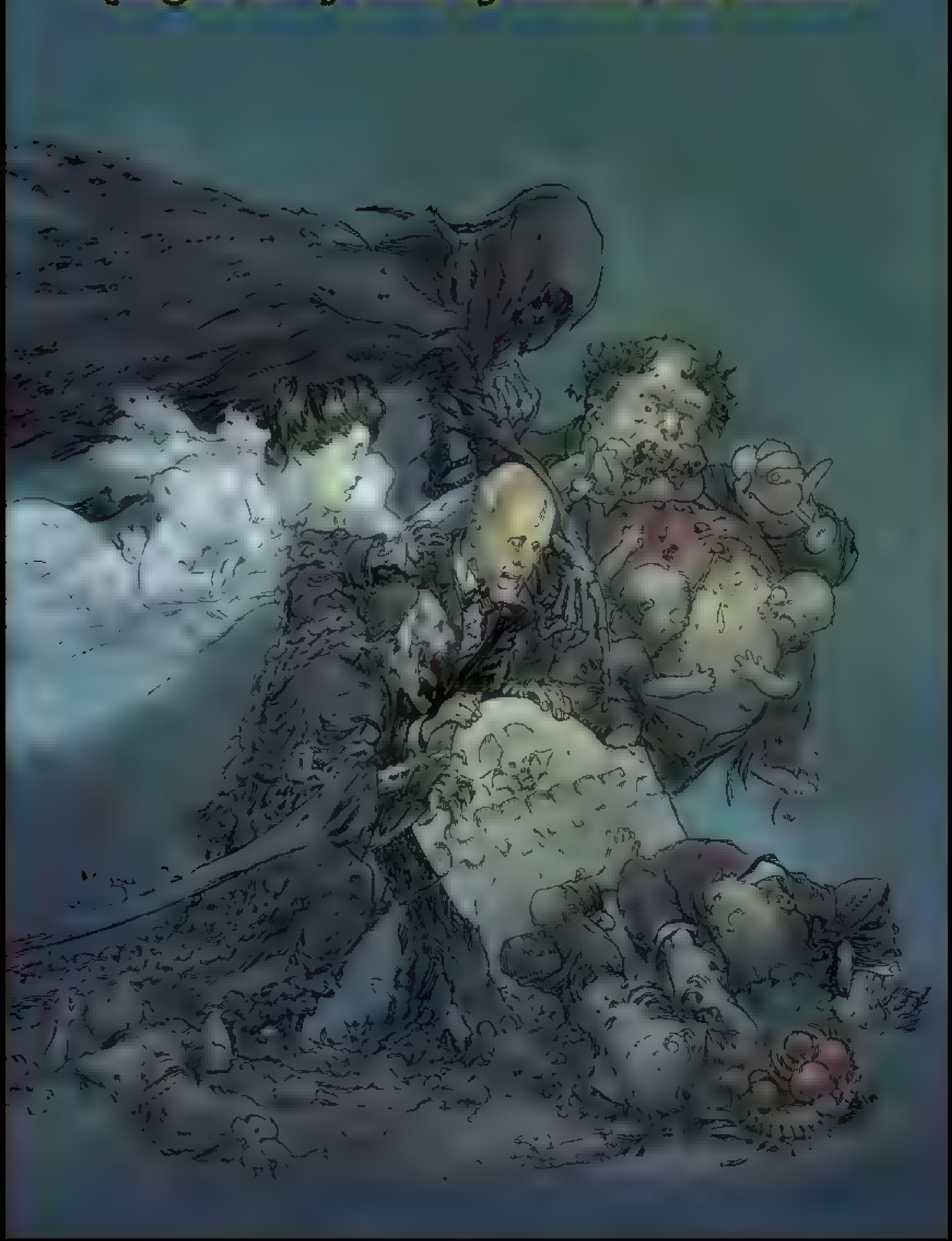
X-MEN VS. AGENTS OF ATLAS #1

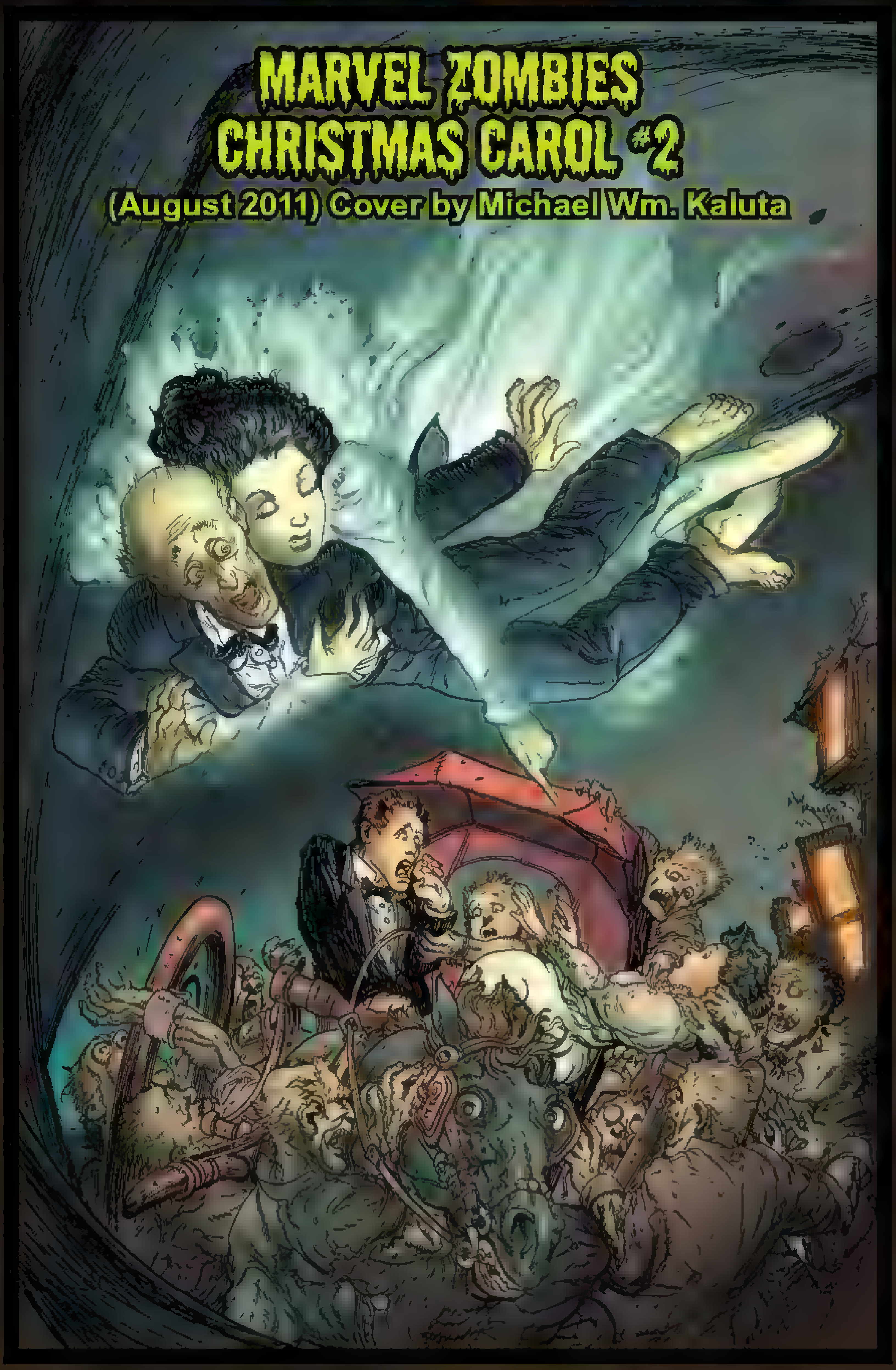
Zombie Variant (December 2009)
Cover by Gerald Parel


AGENTS of ATLAS

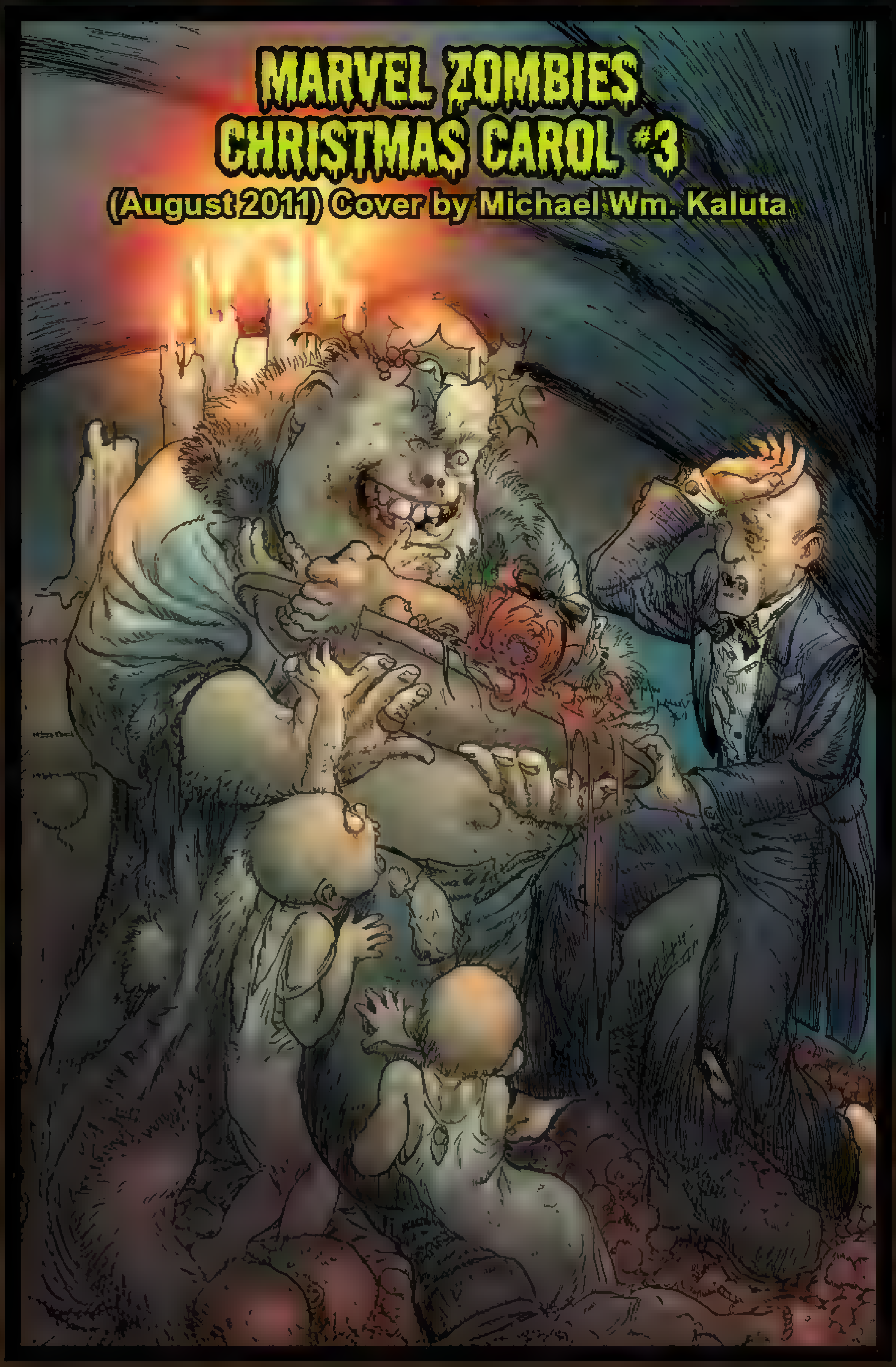
MARVEL ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #1

(August 2011) Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta

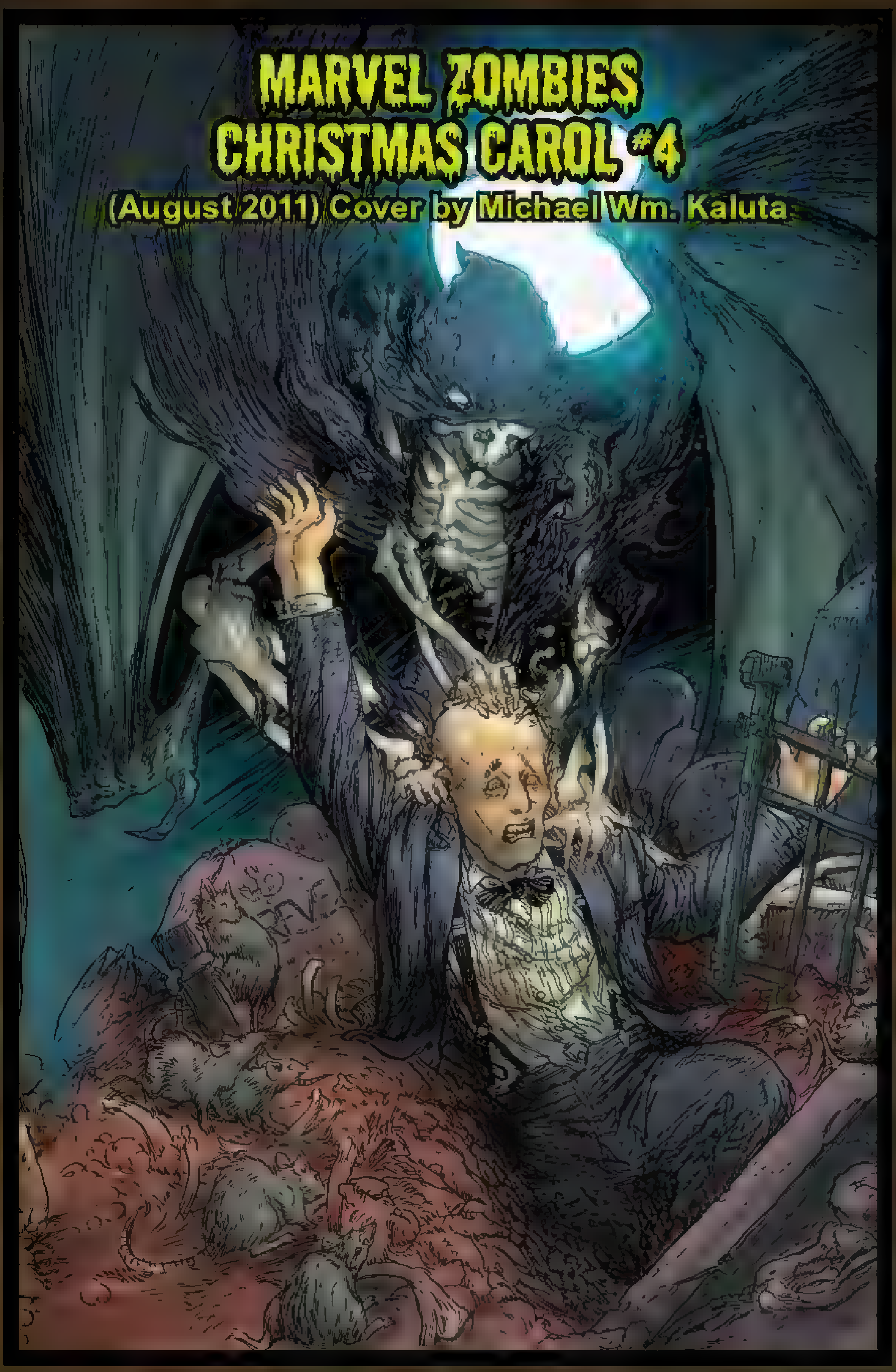




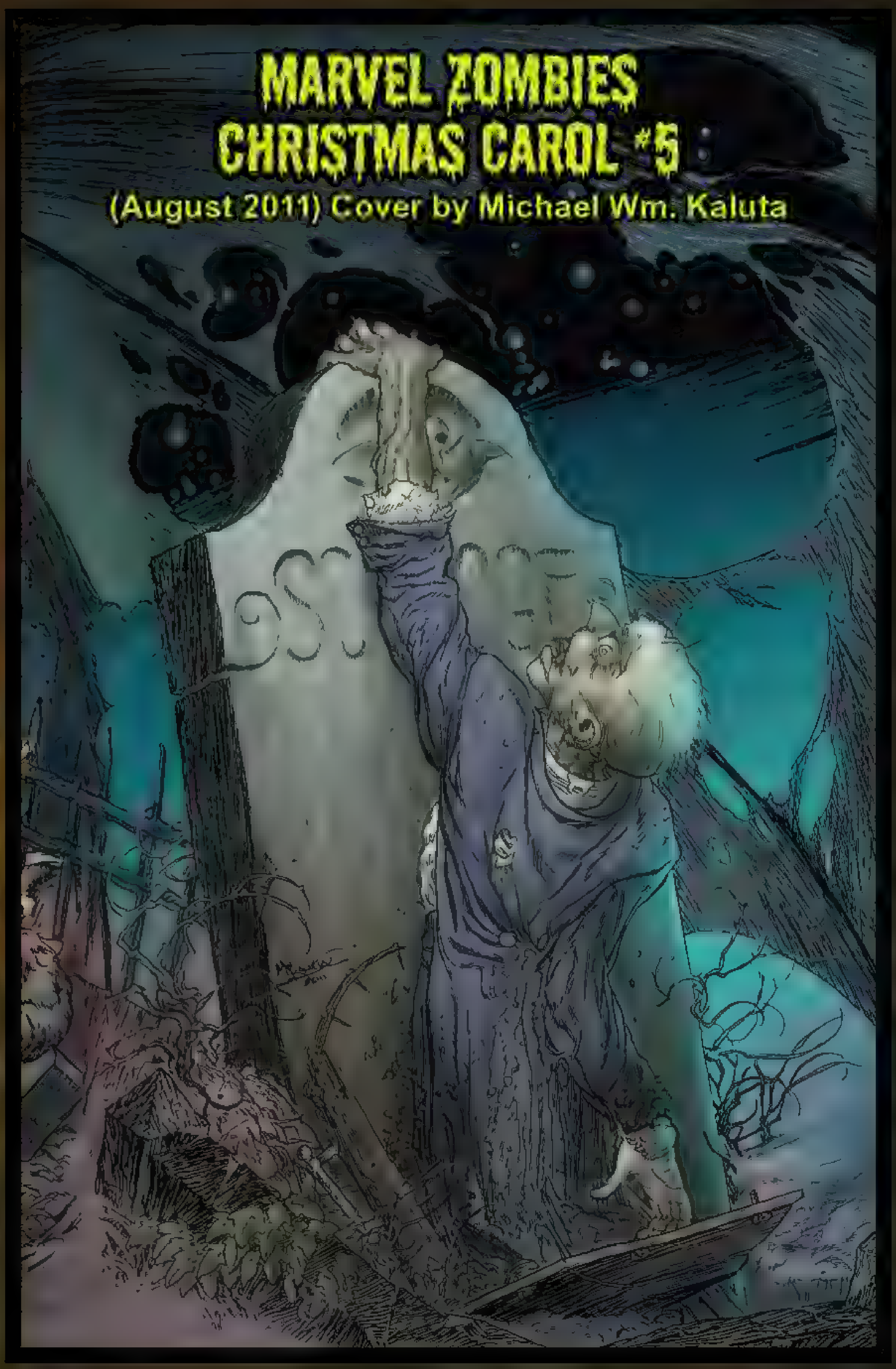
MARVEL ZOMBIES
CHRISTMAS CAROL #2
(August 2011) Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta



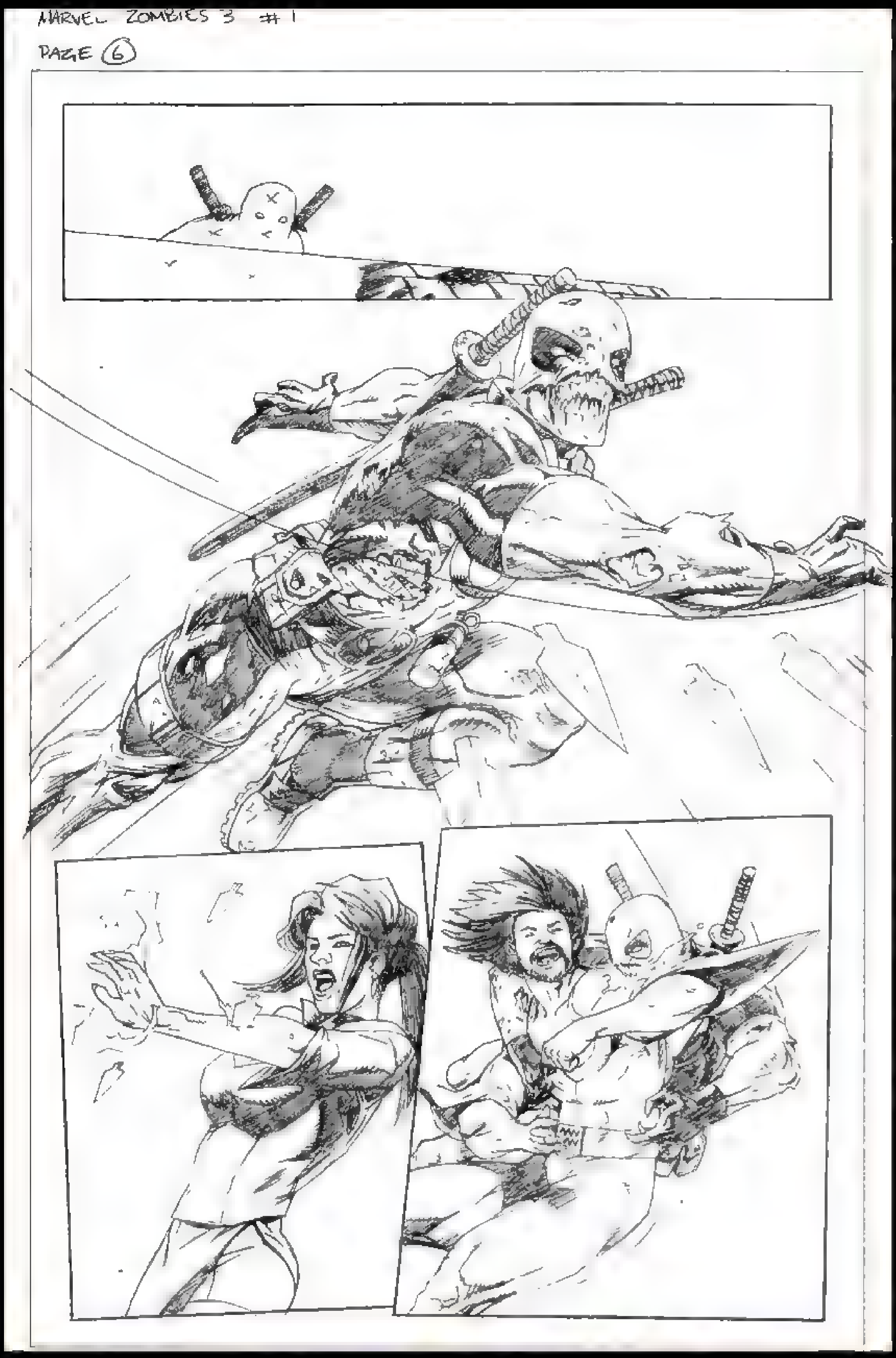
MARVEL ZOMBIES
CHRISTMAS CAROL #3
(August 2011) Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta



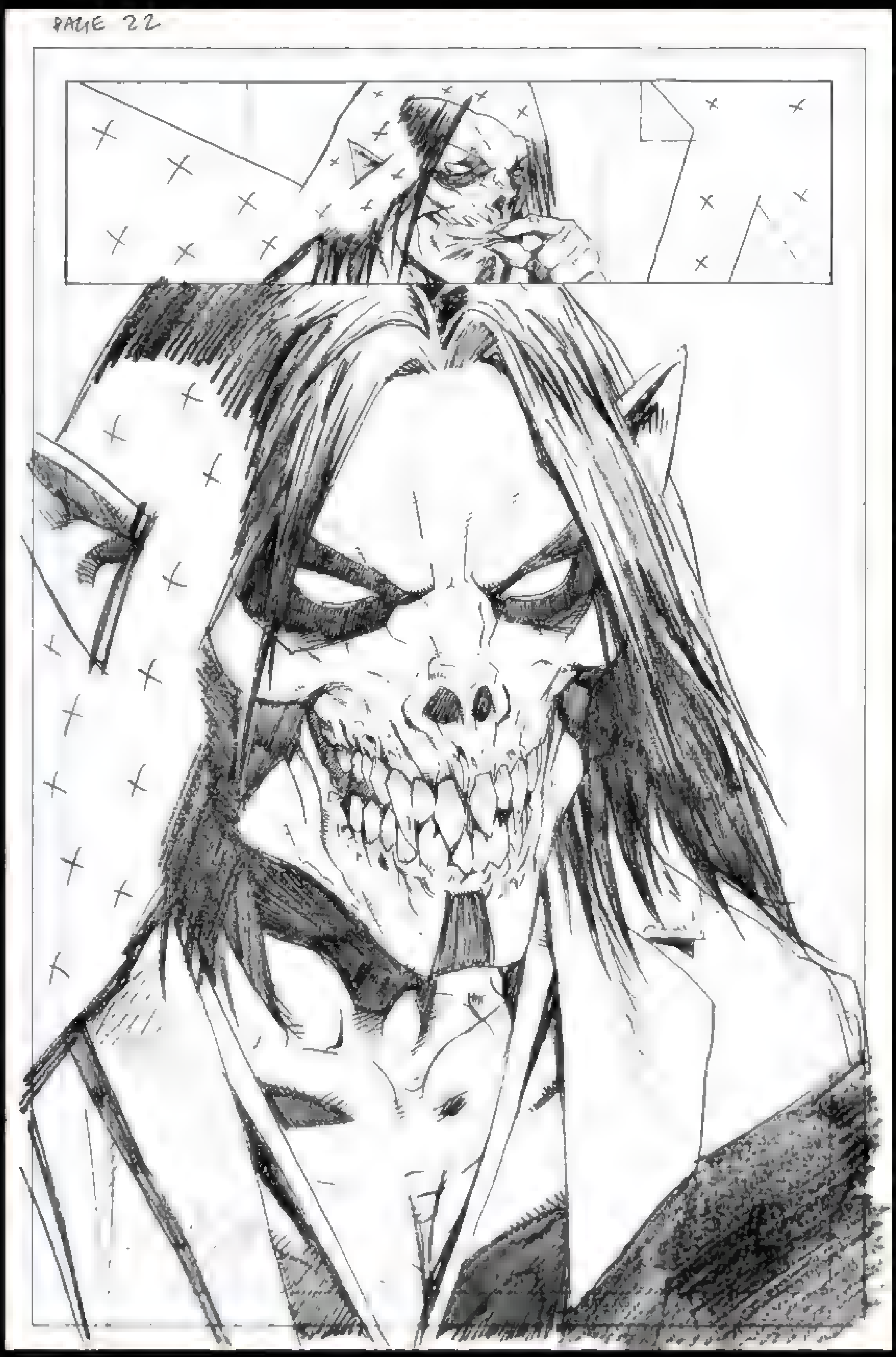
MARVEL ZOMBIES
CHRISTMAS CAROL #4
(August 2011) Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta



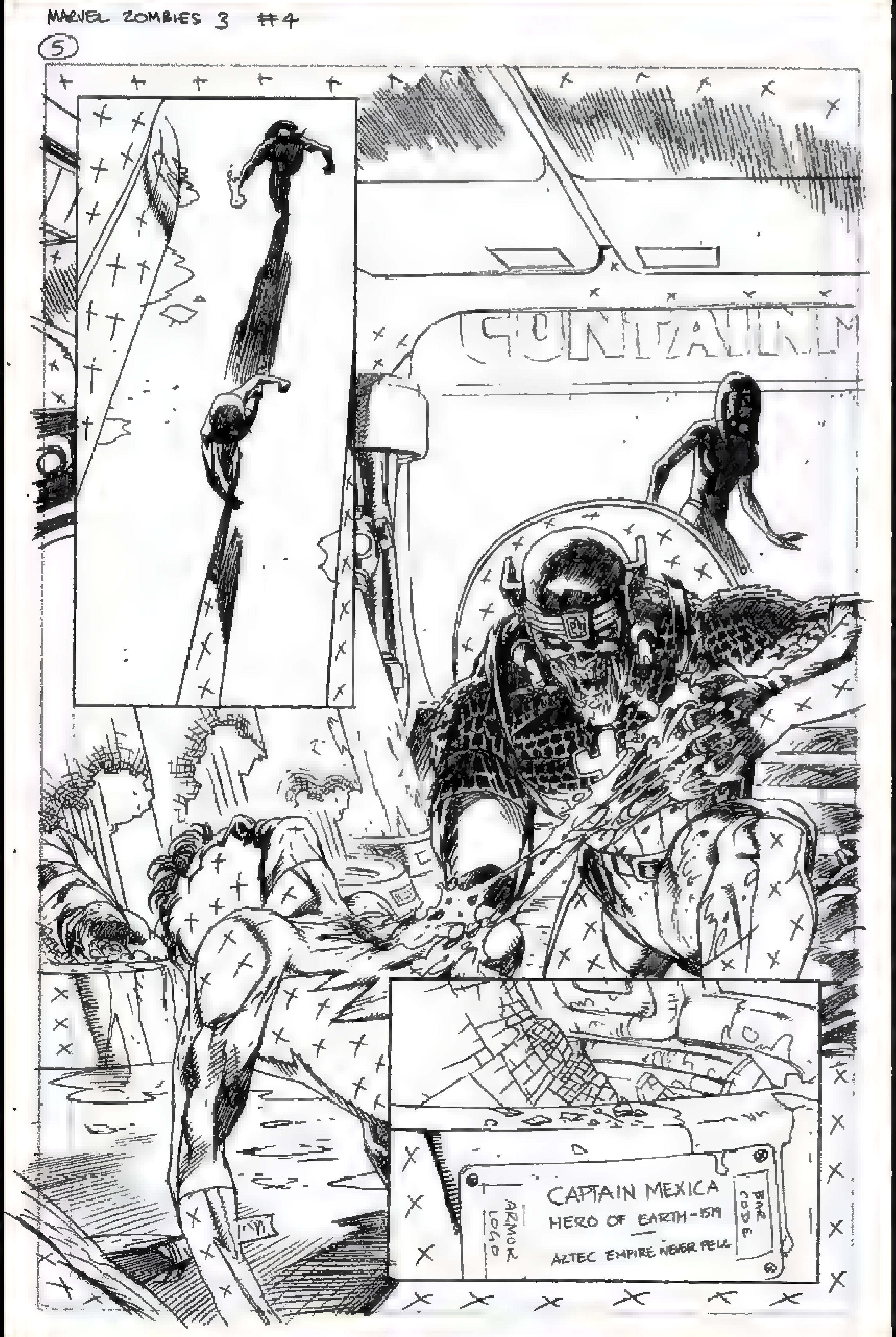
MARVEL ZOMBIES
CHRISTMAS CAROL #5
(August 2011) Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta


MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1
PAGE 6

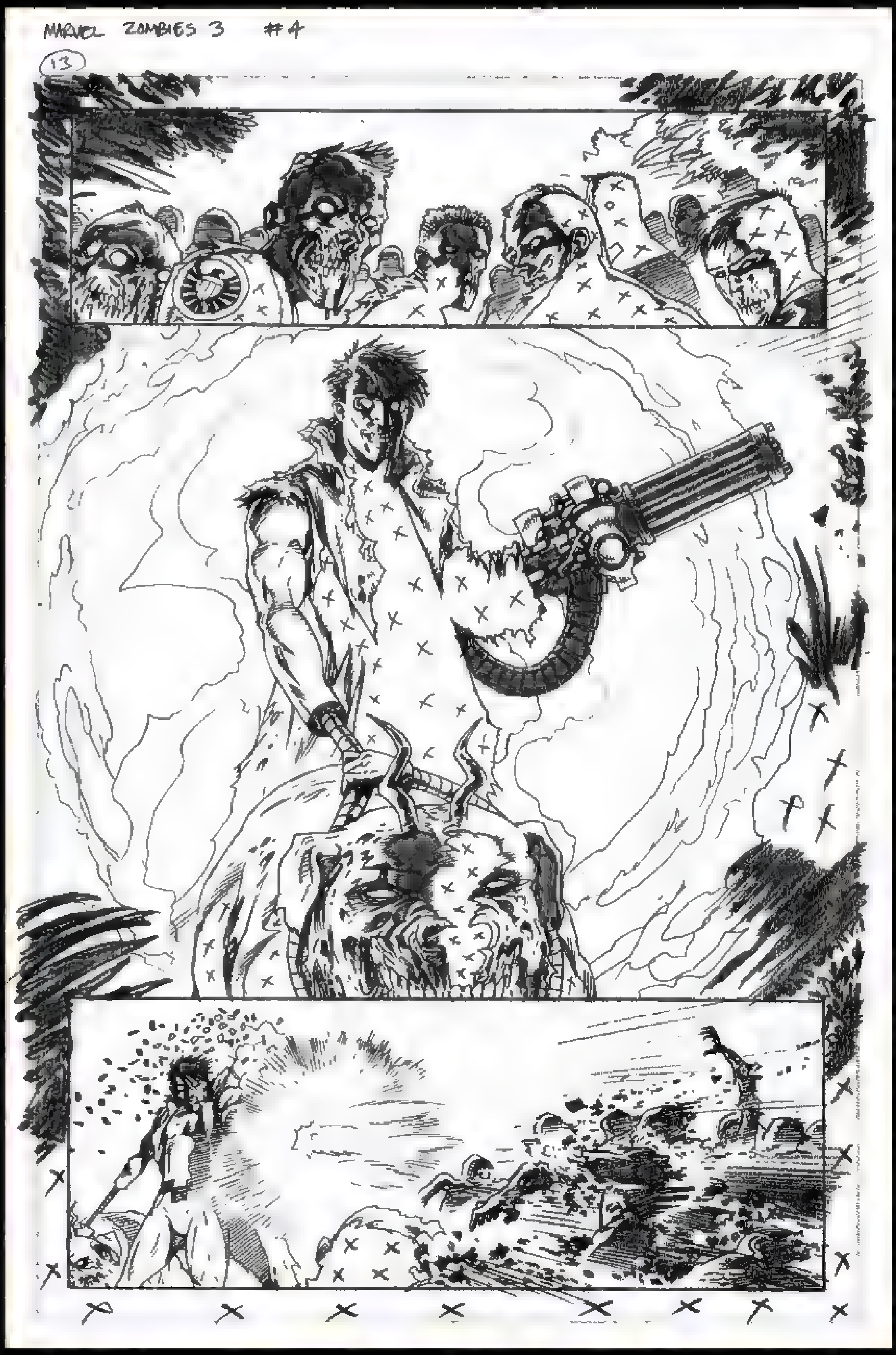
MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1,
PAGE 6



MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #1,
PAGE 22


MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4
5
CONTAINM
CAPTAIN MEXICA
HERO OF EARTH-159
AZTEC EMPIRE NEVER FELL
ARMOR LOGO
BAR CODE

MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4,
PAGE 5


MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4
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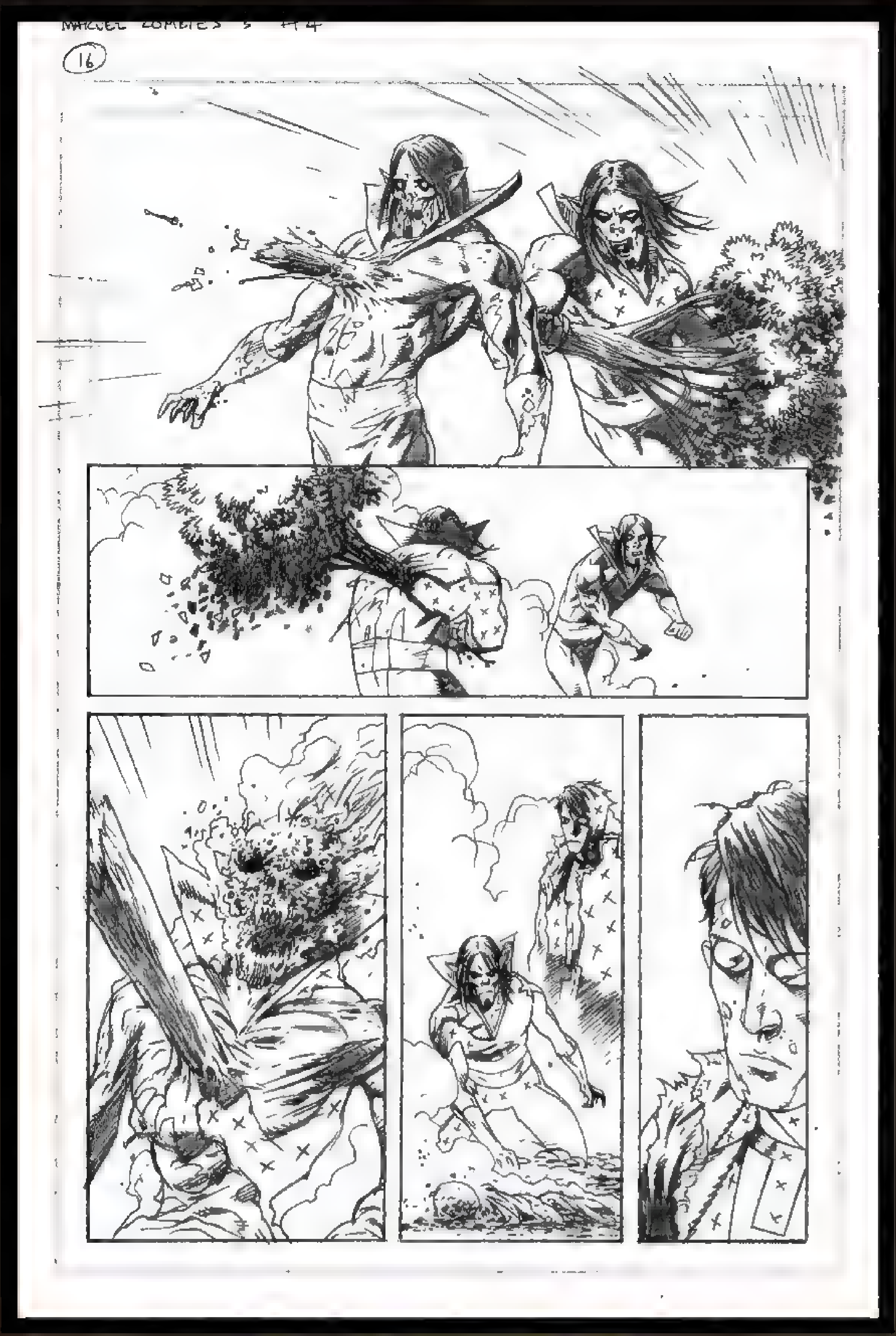
MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4,
PAGE 13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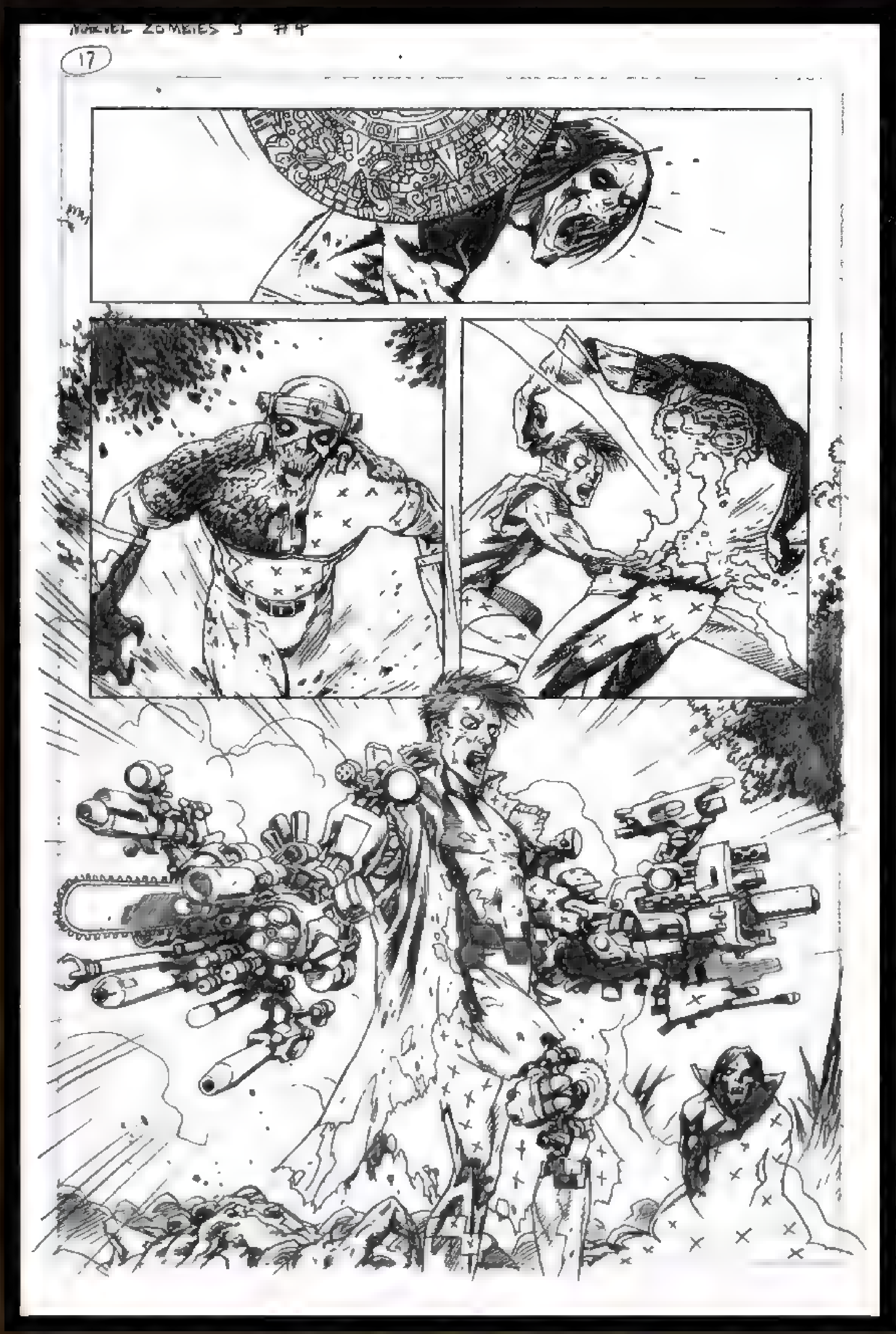
MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4,
PAGE 16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17

MARVEL ZOMBIES 3 #4,
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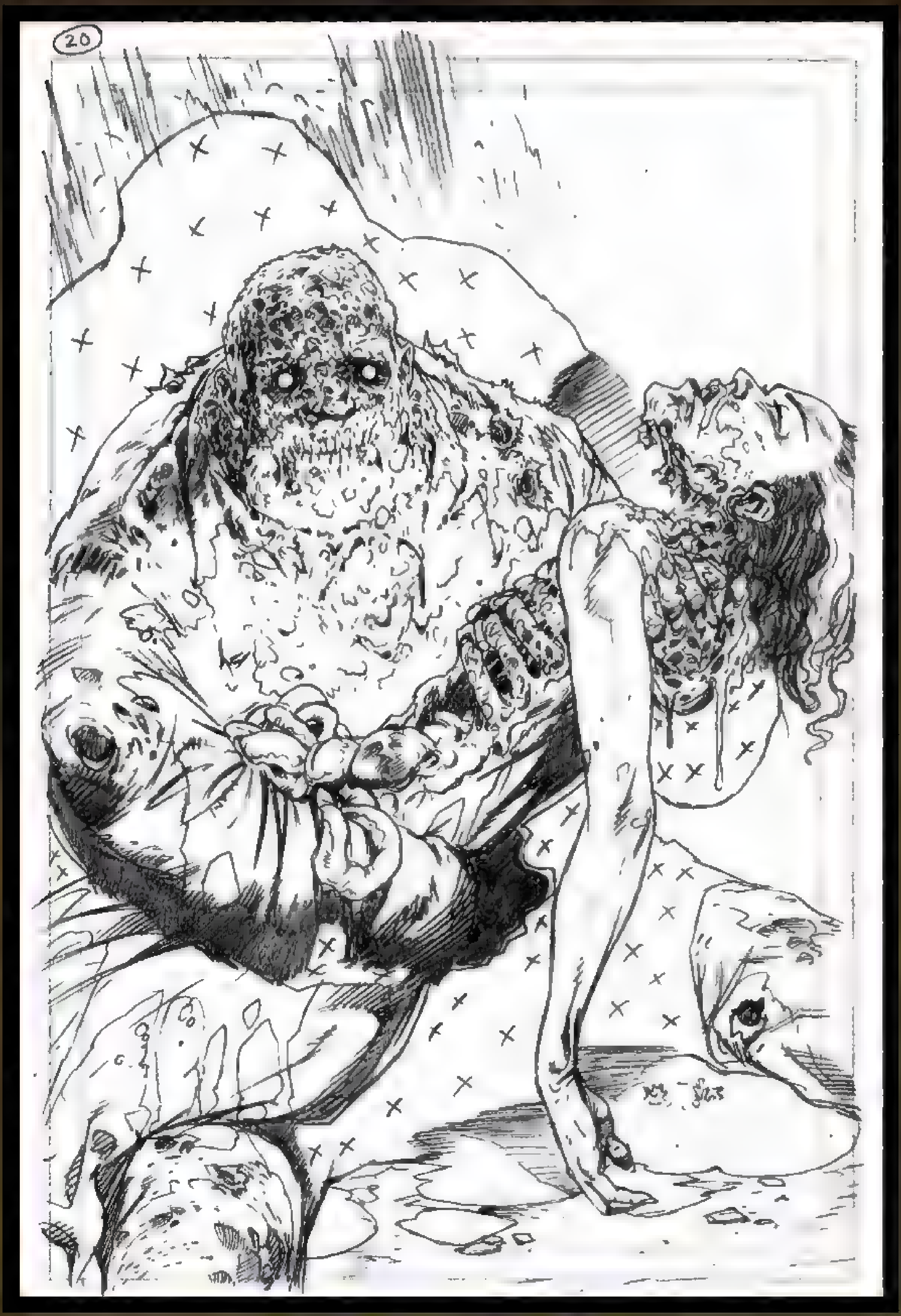

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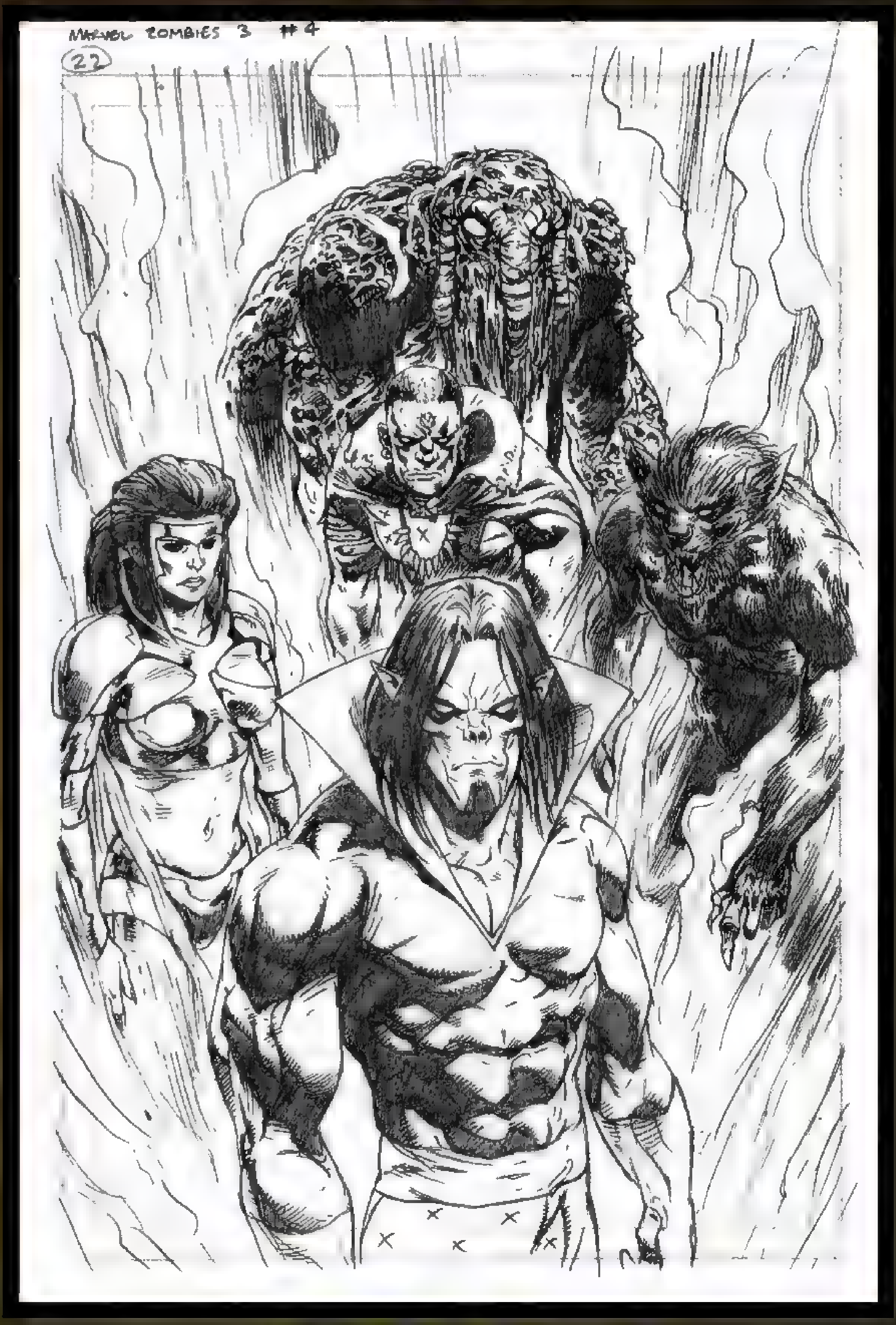
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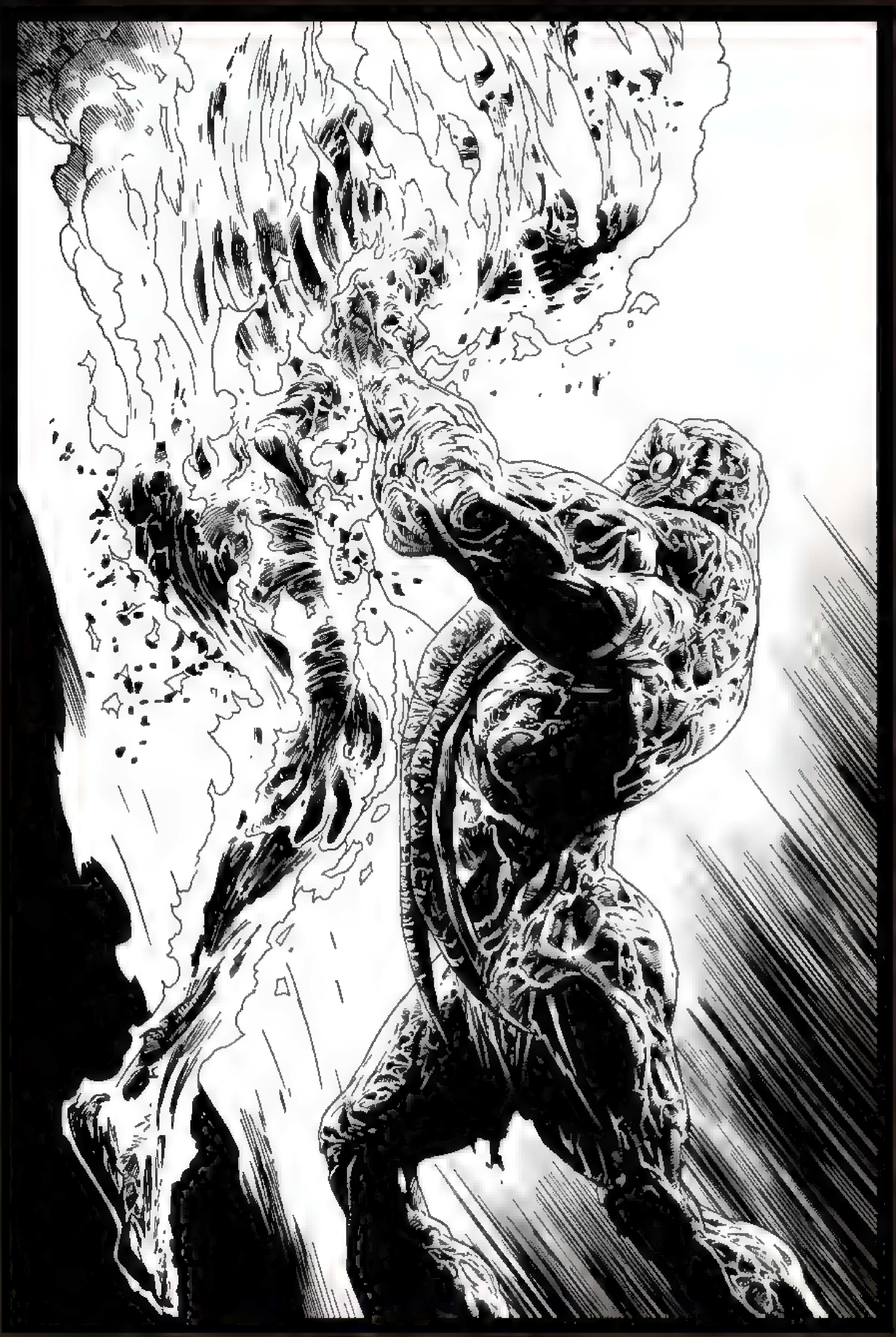

MARVEL ZOMBIES 4 #4, PAGE 18 BY
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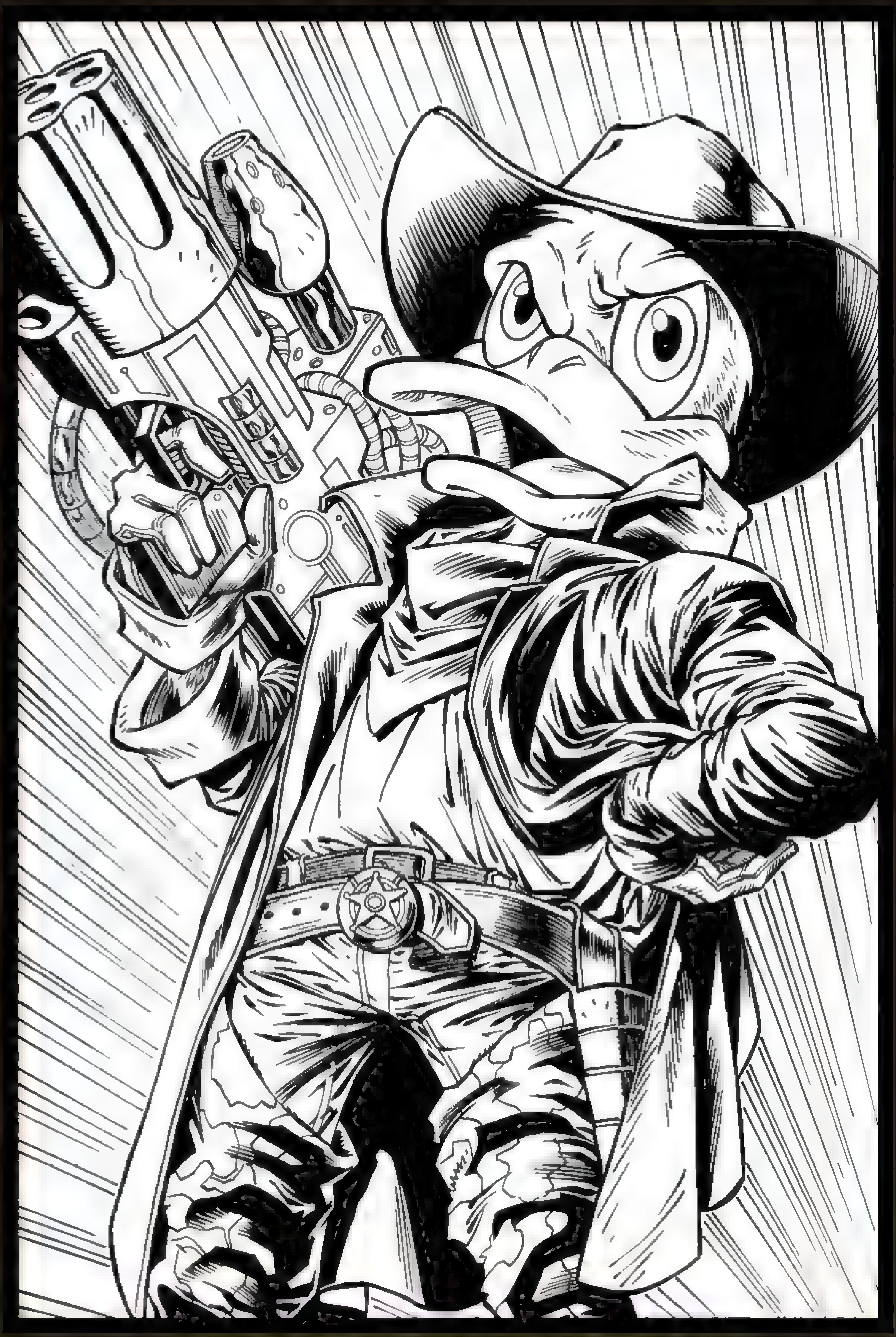

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #1, PAGE 22 BY
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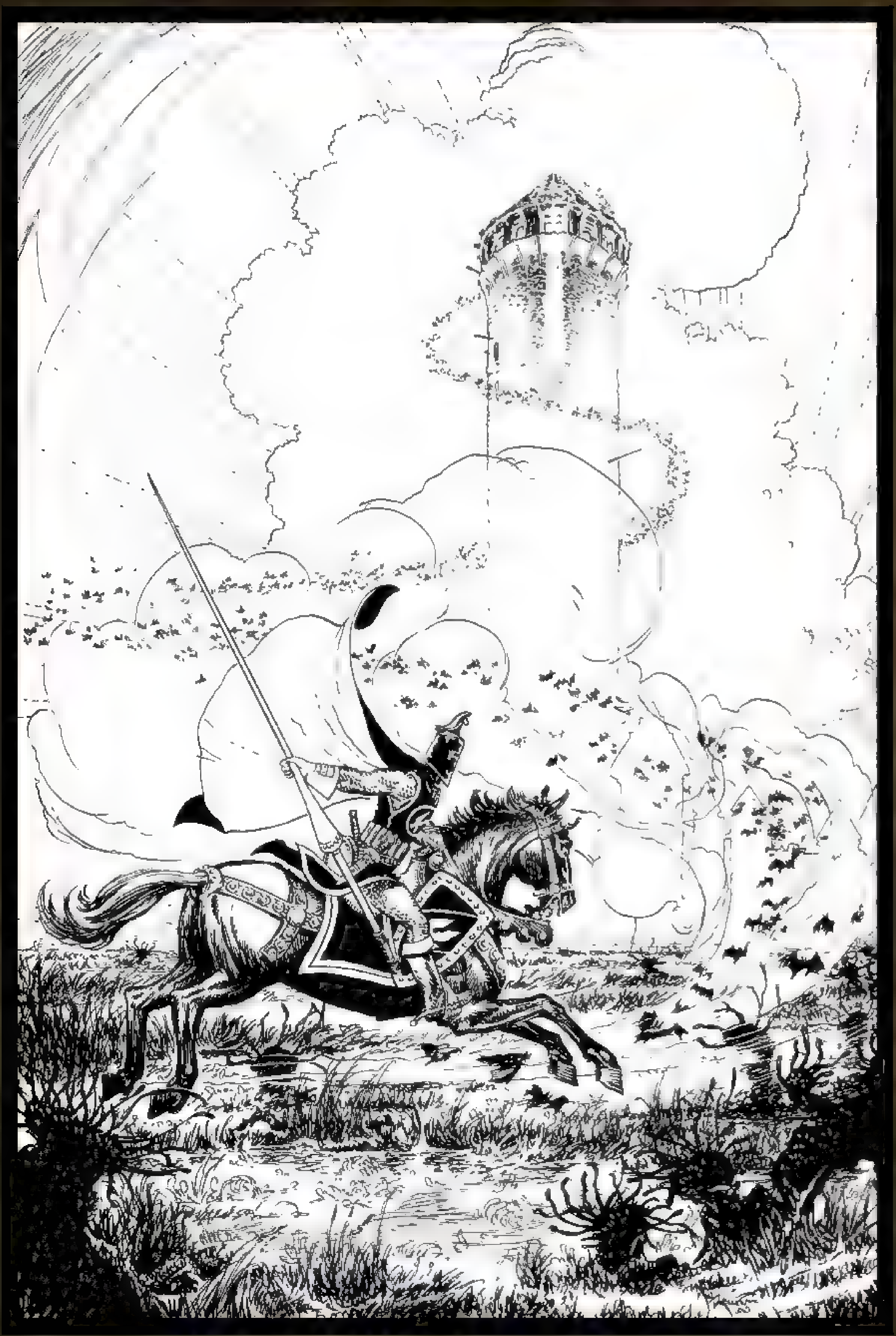

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #3, PAGE 1 BY
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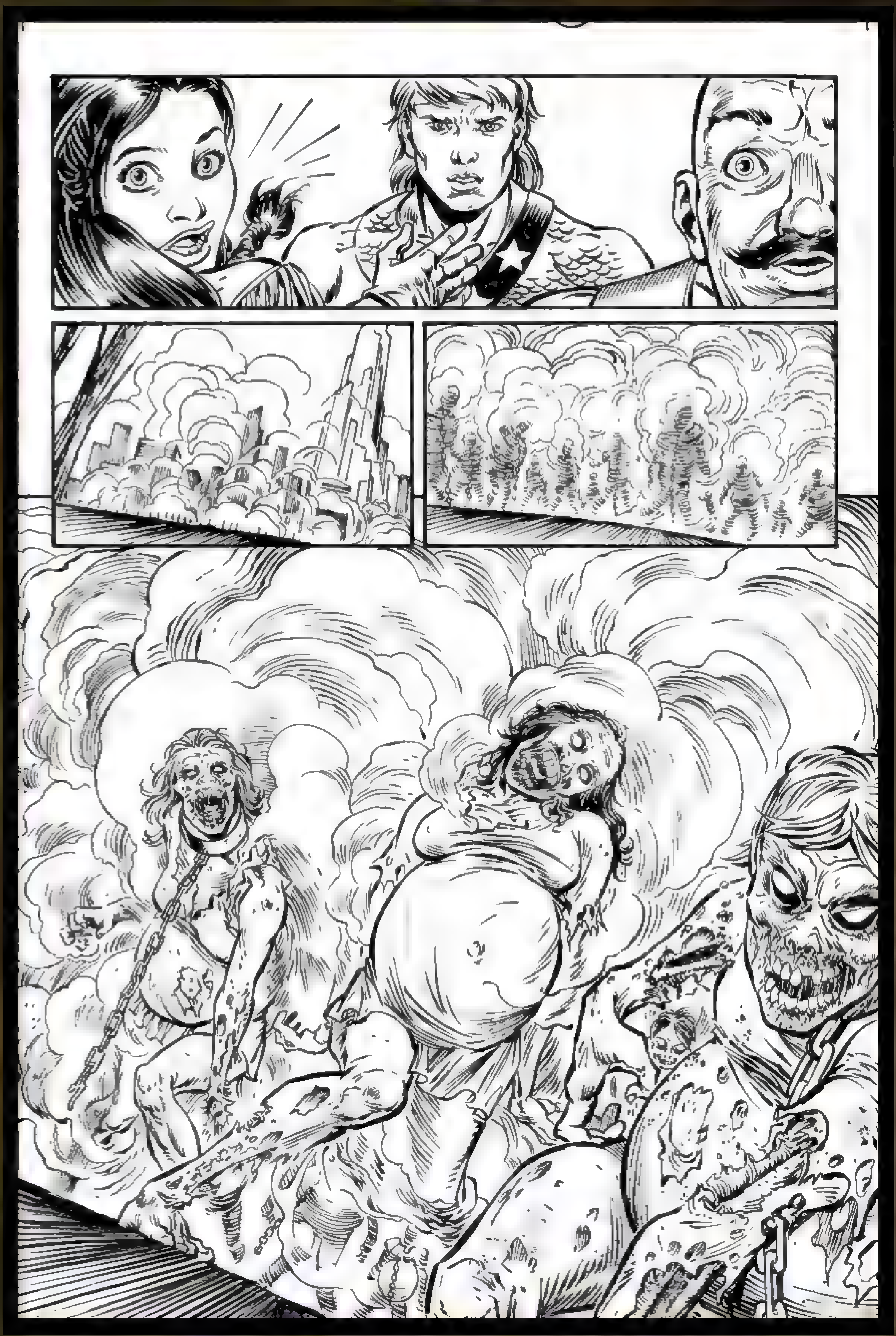

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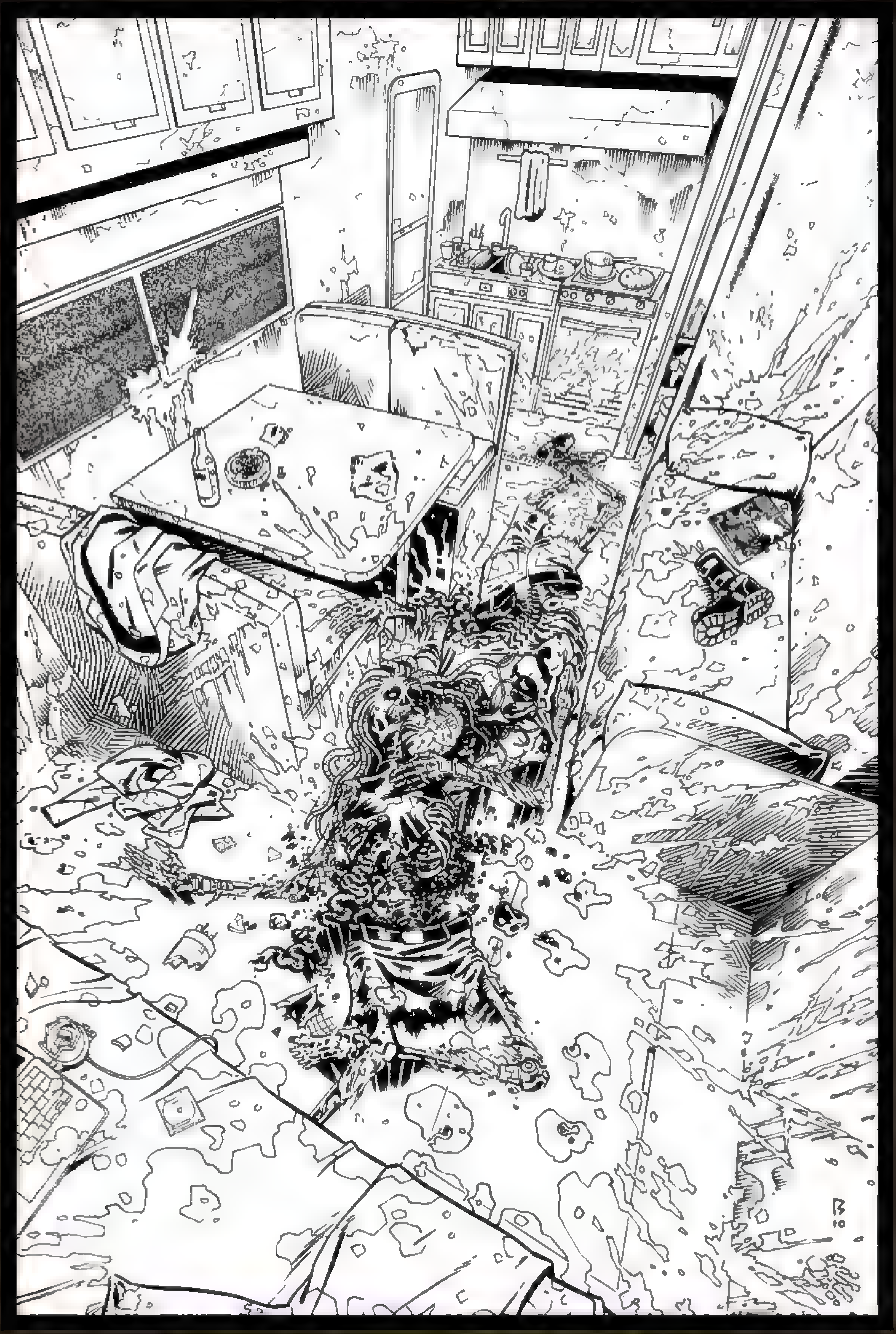

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #4, PAGE 9 BY
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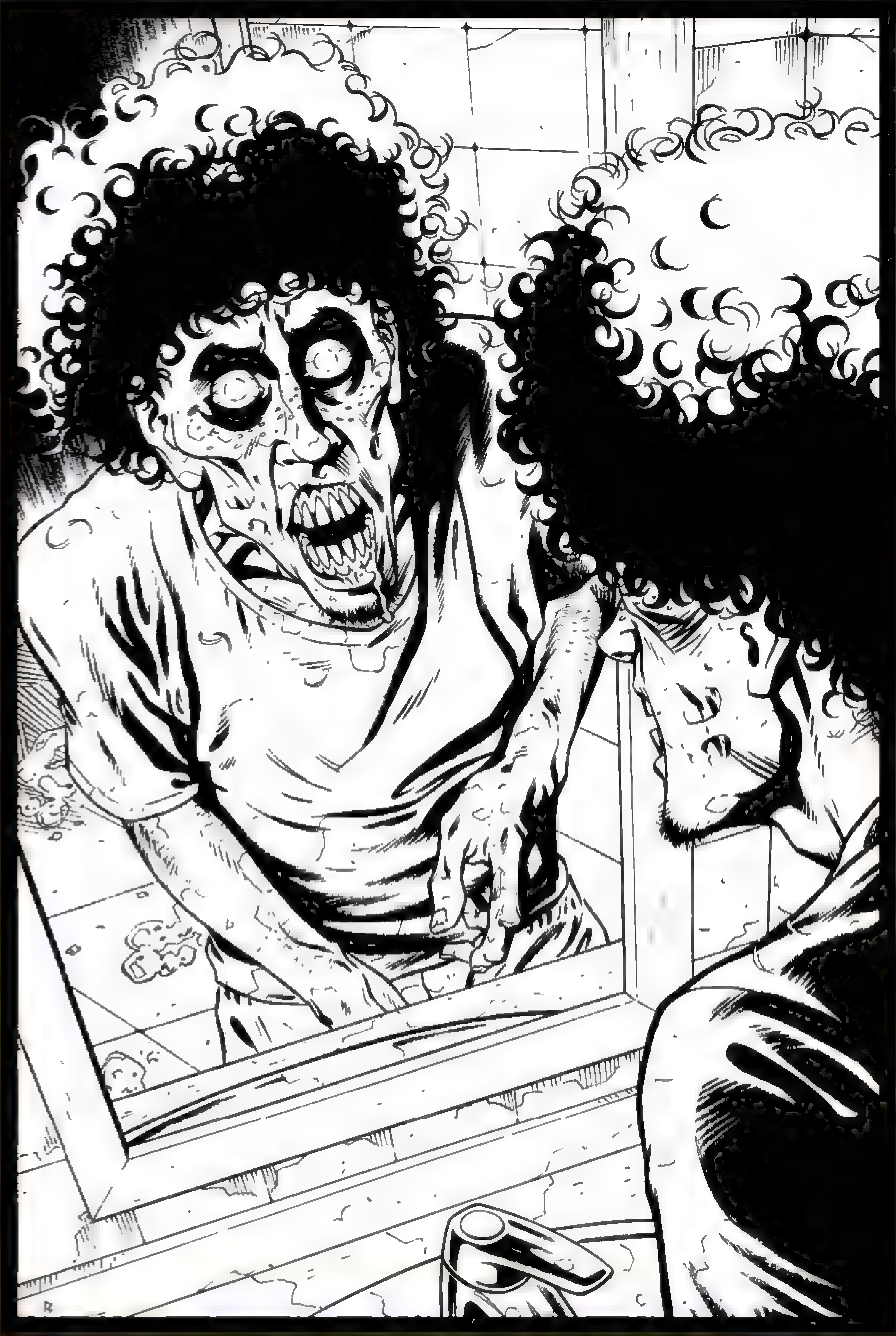

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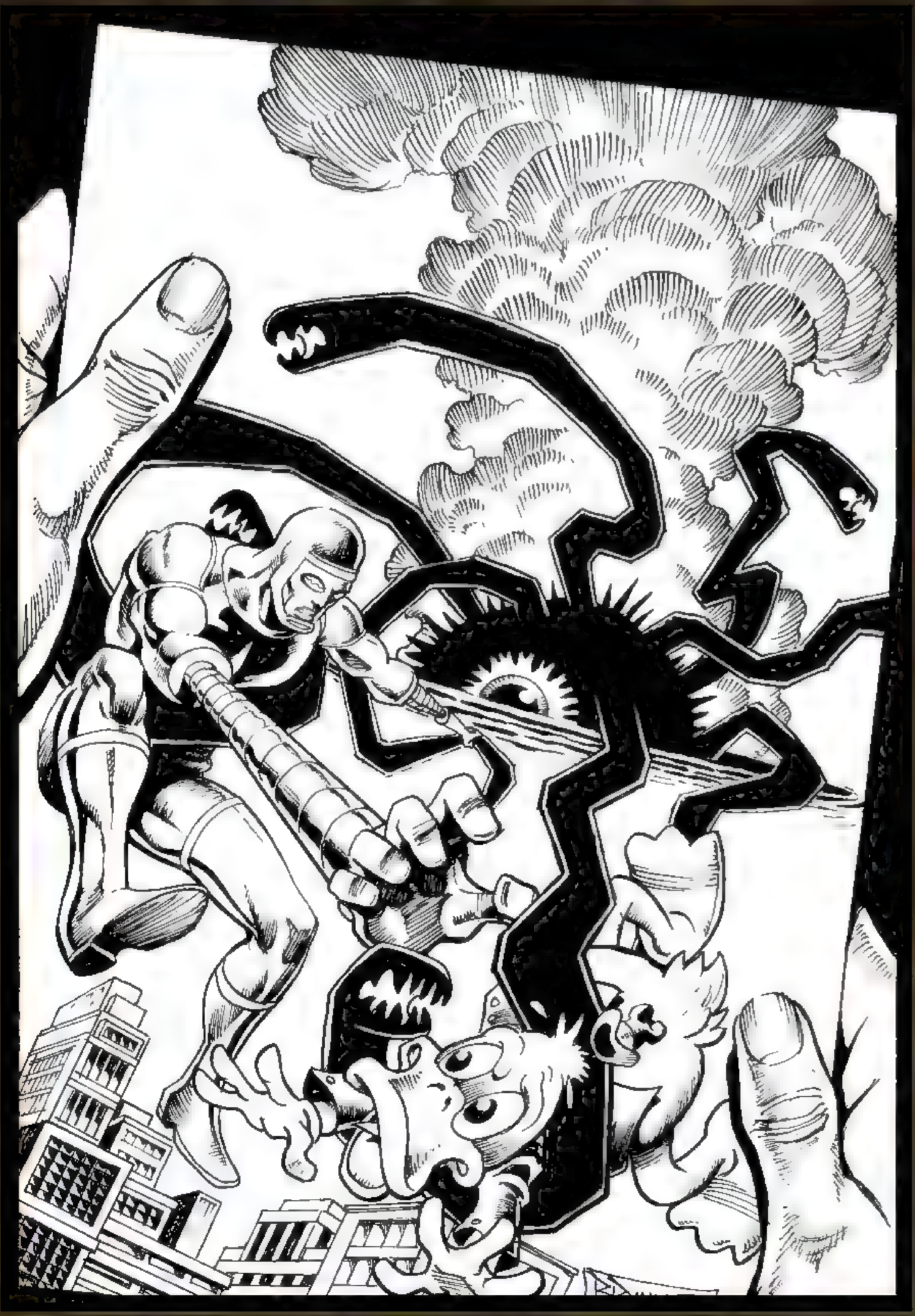

MARVEL ZOMBIES 5 #5, PAGE 3 BY
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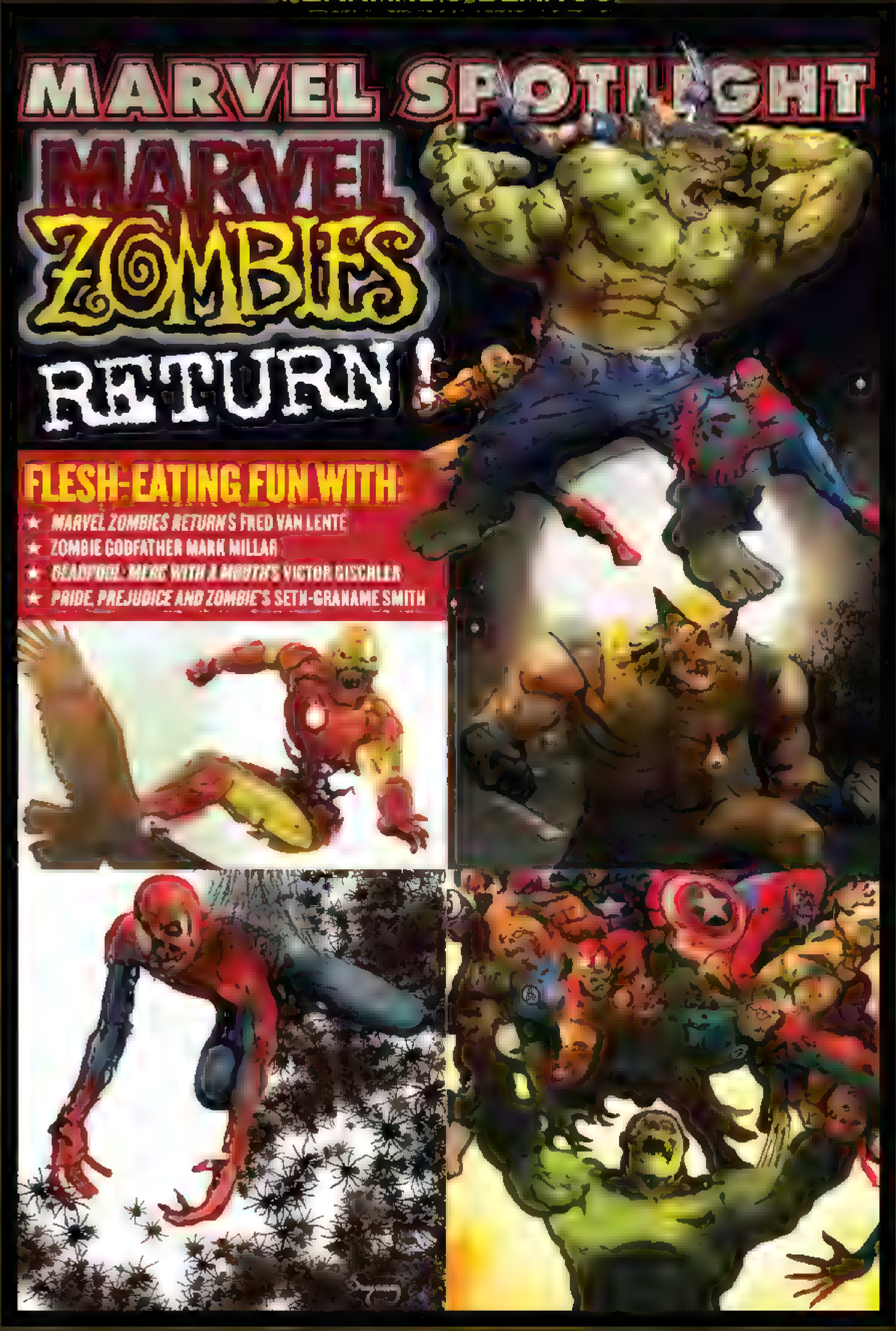
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FLESH-EATING FUN WITH:
★ MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURN'S FRED VAN LENTE
★ ZOMBIE GODFATHER MARK MILLAR
★ DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH'S VICTOR GISCHLER
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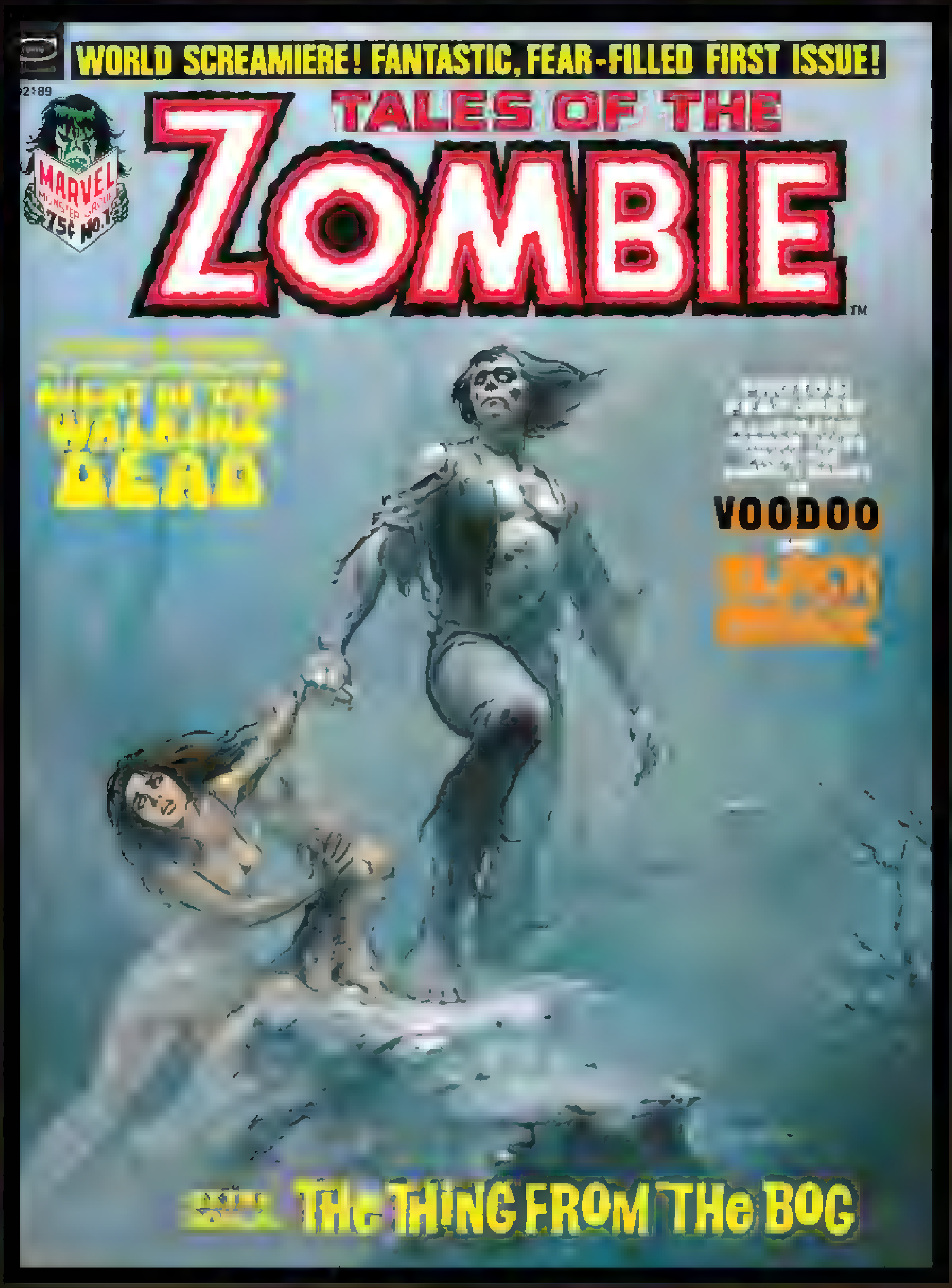
(November 2009)


WORLD SCREAMIERE! FANTASTIC, FEAR-FILLED FIRST ISSUE!
TALES OF THE
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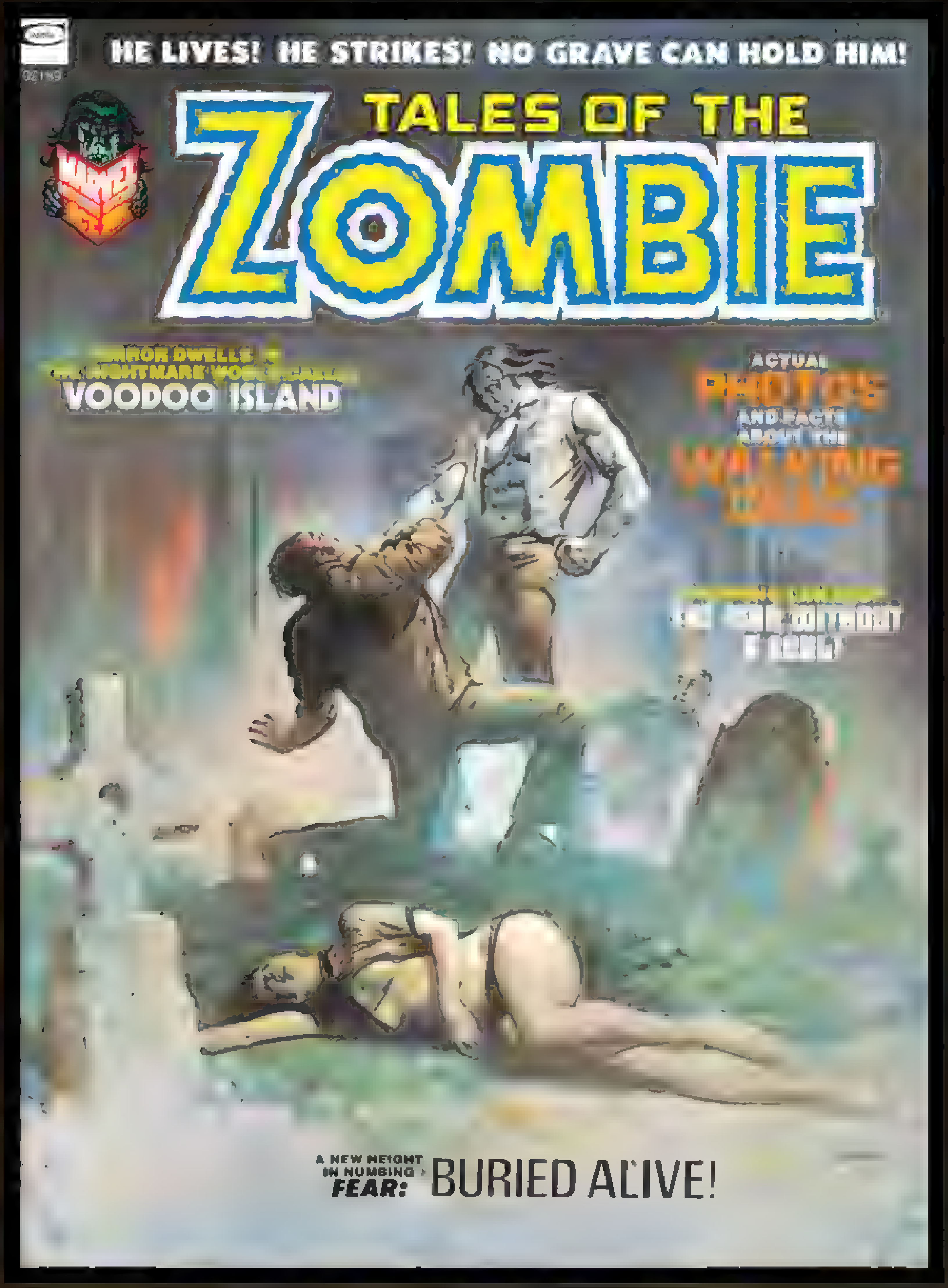
MARVEL
75¢ NO. 1
NIGHT OF THE WALKING DEAD
VOODOO
The THING FROM The BOG

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #1
(1973) Cover by Boris Vallejo


HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE
ZOMBIE
MARVEL
VOODOO ISLAND
ACTUAL PHOTOS AND FACTS ABOUT THE WALKING DEAD
A NEW HEIGHT IN NUMBING FEAR: BURIED ALIVE!

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #2
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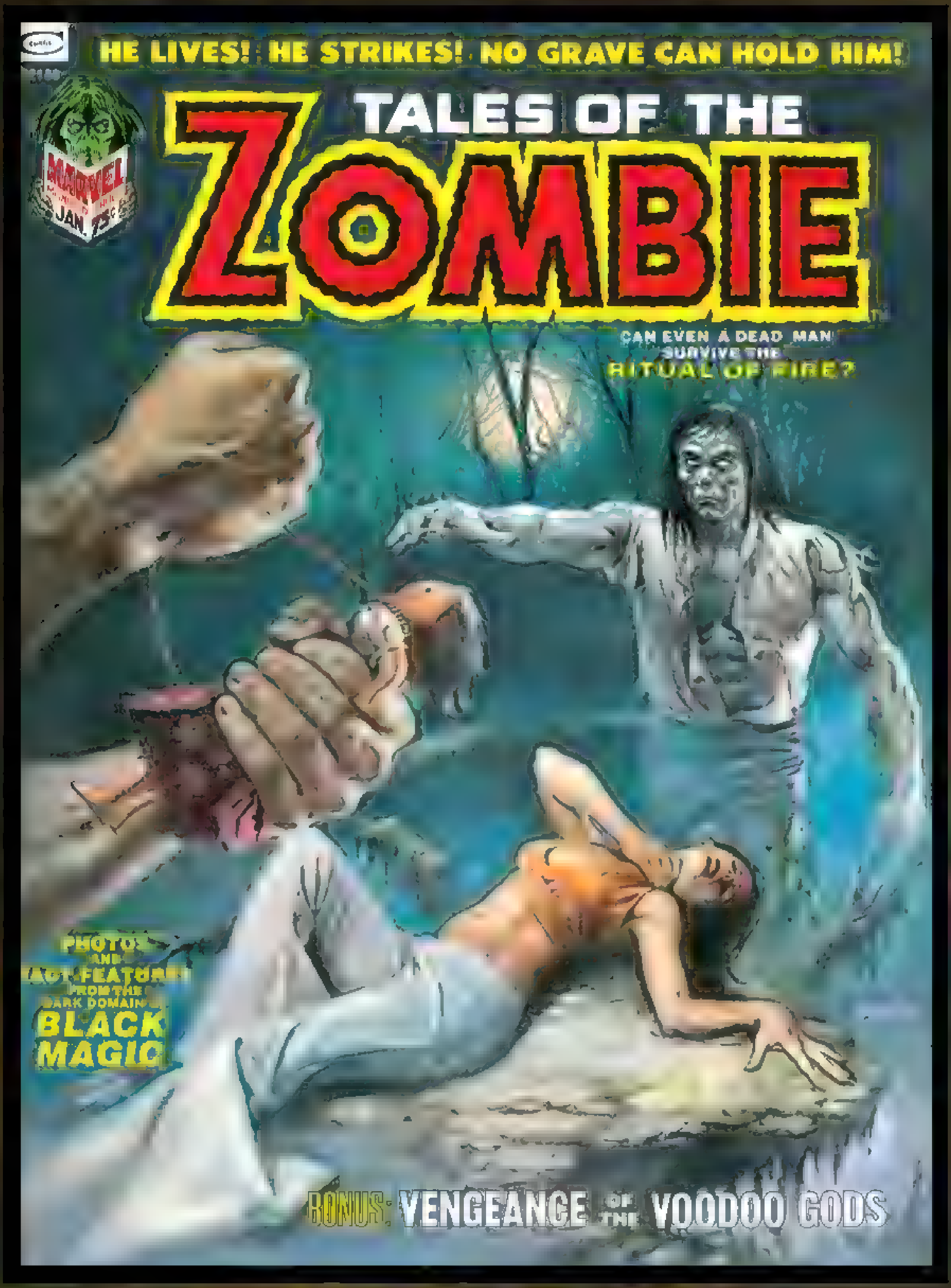
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE
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CAN EVEN A DEAD MAN SURVIVE THE RITUAL OF FIRE?
PHOTOS AND FACT-FEATURES FROM THE DARK DOMAIN OF BLACK MAGIC
BONUS: VENGEANCE OF THE VOODOO GODS

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #3
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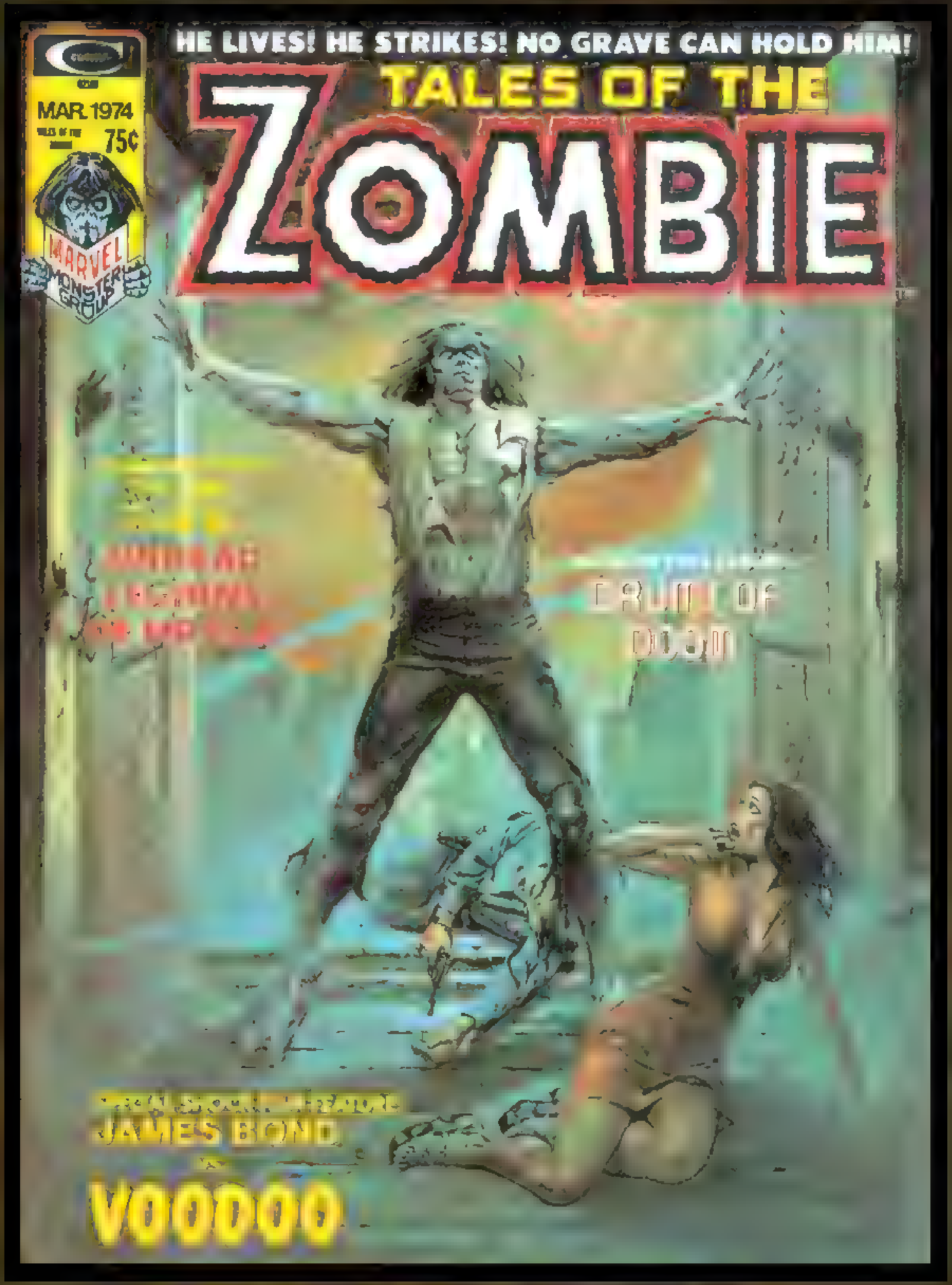
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
MAR. 1974
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TALES OF THE
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MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
DRUM OF DOOM
JAMES BOND
VOODOO

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #4
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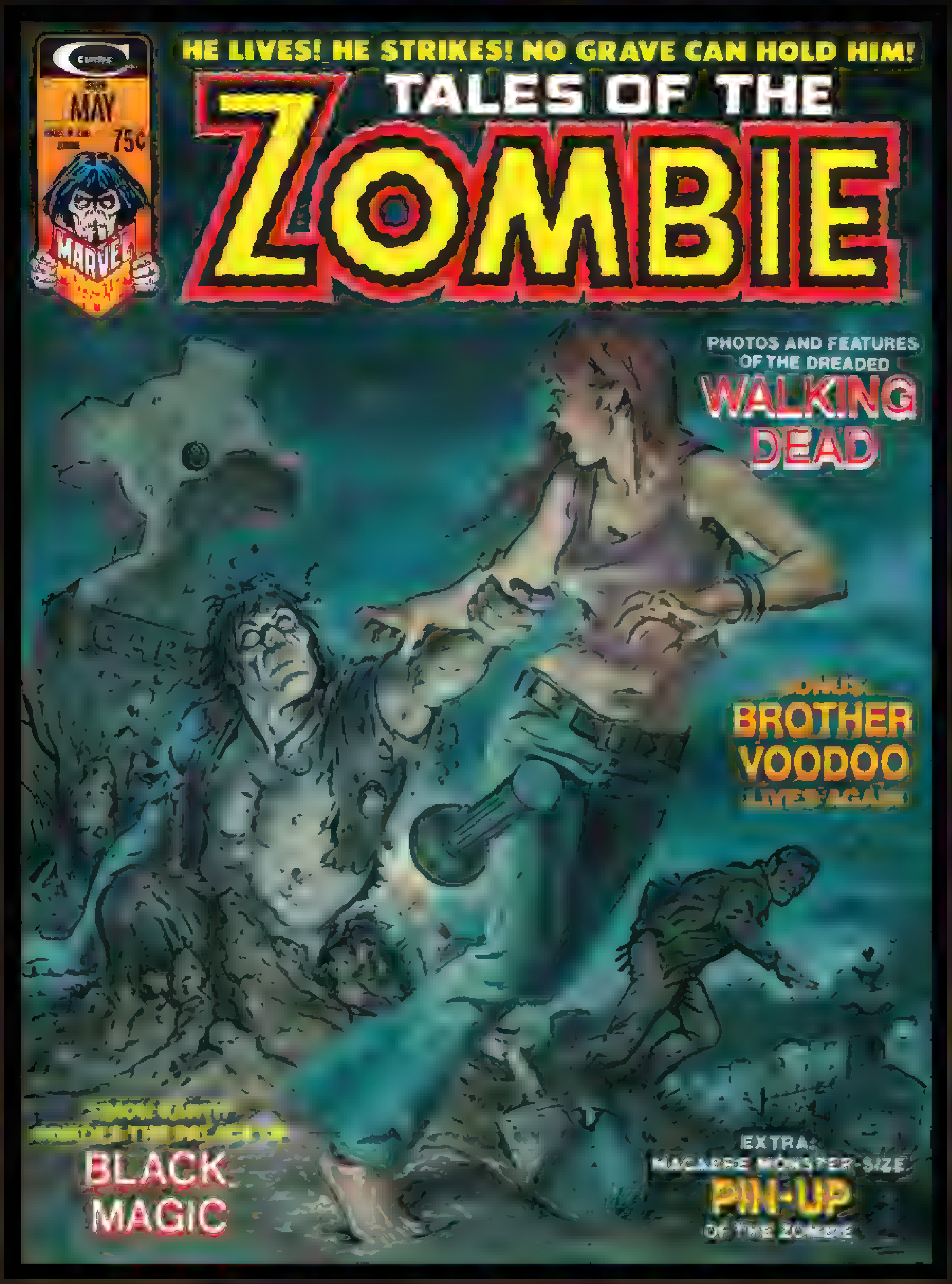
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE
MAY
75¢
MARVEL
PHOTOS AND FEATURES OF THE DREADED WALKING DEAD
BONUS: BROTHER VOODOO LIVES AGAIN!
SIMON GARTH INVADES THE PALACE OF BLACK MAGIC
EXTRA: MACABRE MONSTER-SIZE PIN-UP OF THE ZOMBIE

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #5

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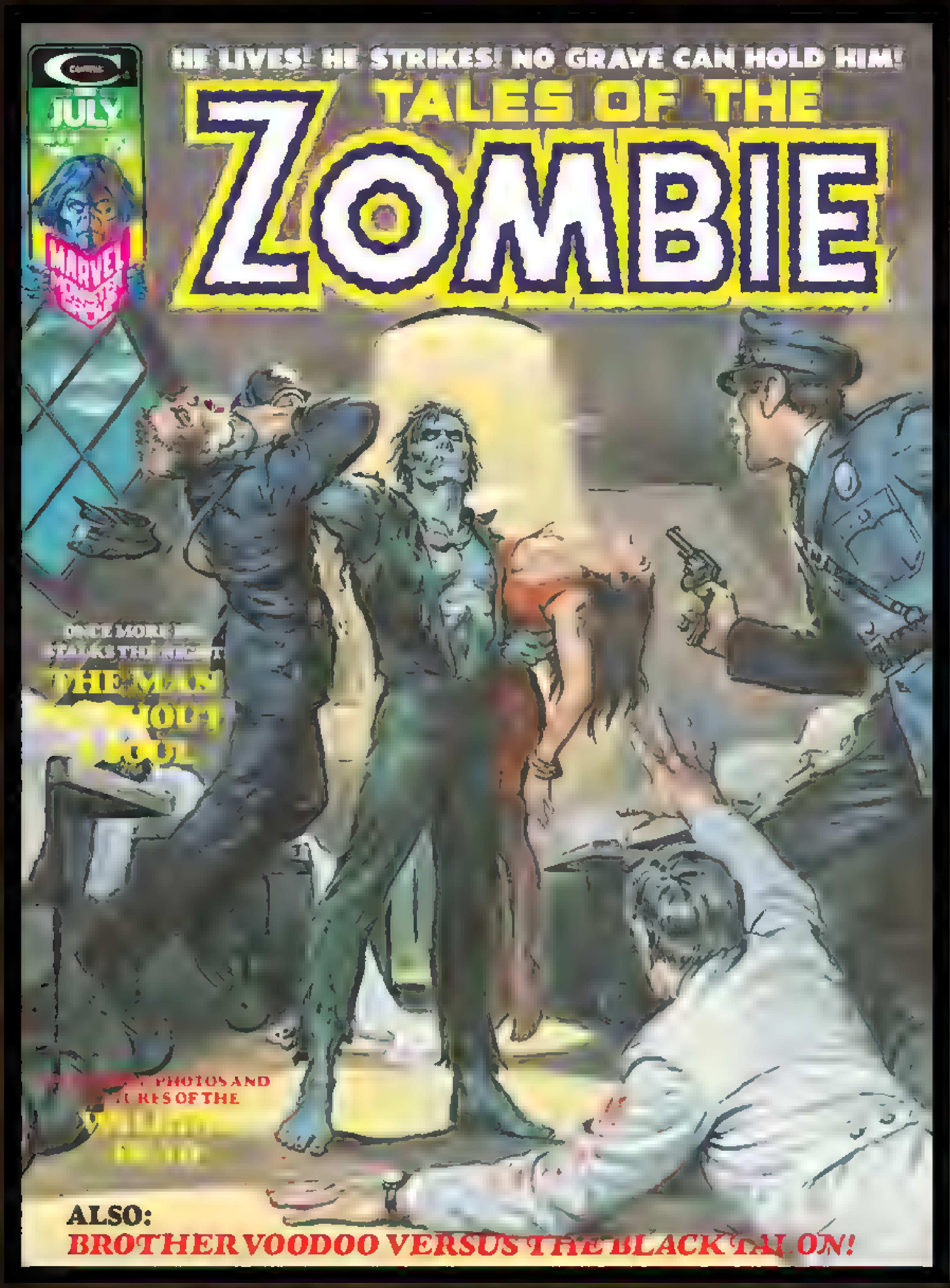
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE
JULY
MARVEL
ONCE MORE HE STALKS THE NIGHT
THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL
PHOTOS AND FEATURES OF THE WALKING DEAD
ALSO:
BROTHER VOODOO VERSUS THE BLACK TALON!

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #6

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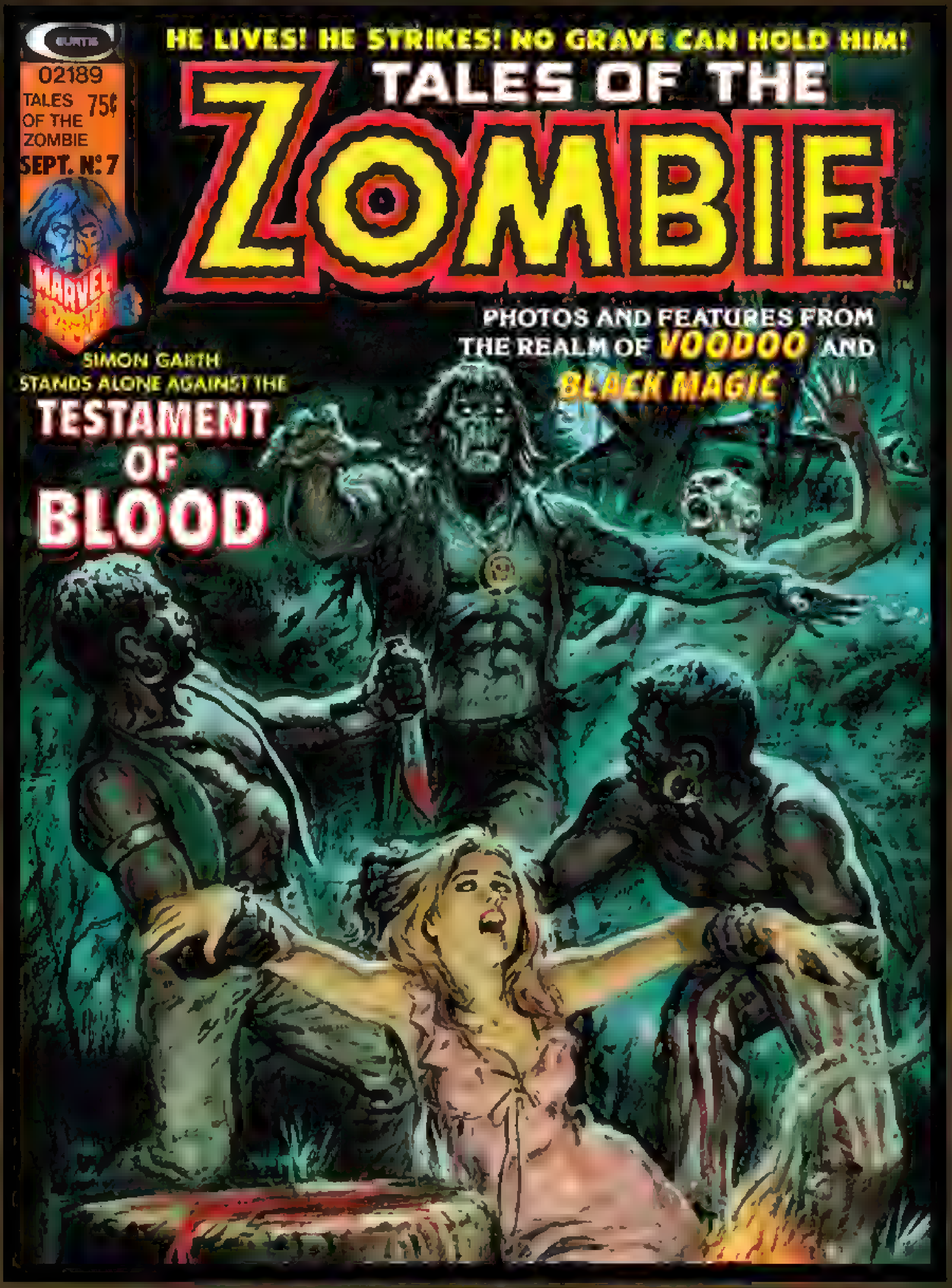
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE
02189
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE 75¢
SEPT. Nº 7
MARVEL
PHOTOS AND FEATURES FROM THE REALM OF VOODOO AND BLACK MAGIC
SIMON GARTH STANDS ALONE AGAINST THE
TESTAMENT OF BLOOD

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #7

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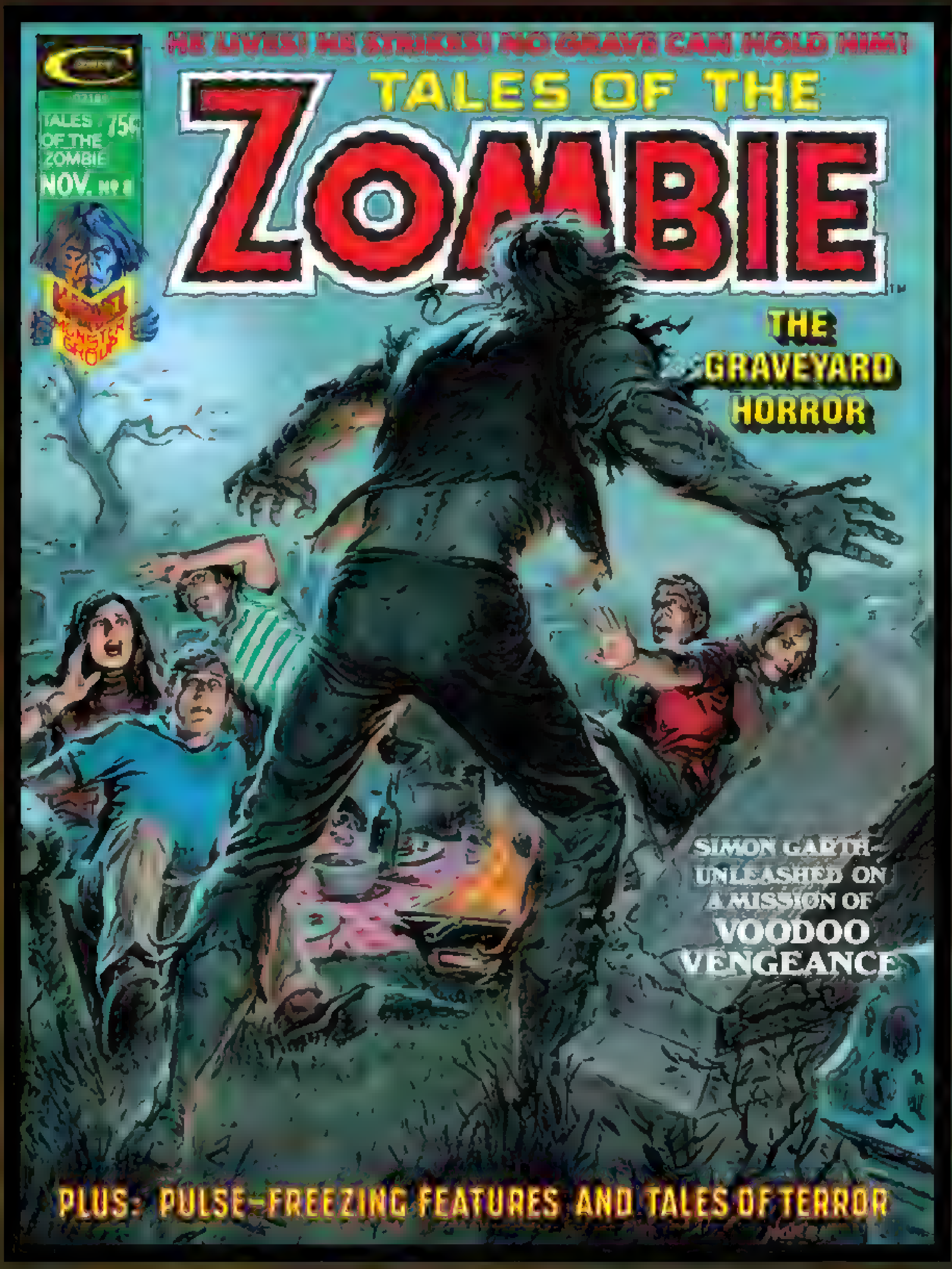
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE 75¢
NOV. Nº 8
MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
THE GRAVEYARD HORROR
SIMON GARTH-UNLEASHED ON A MISSION OF VOODOO VENGEANCE
PLUS: PULSE-FREEZING FEATURES AND TALES OF TERROR
NOREM

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #8

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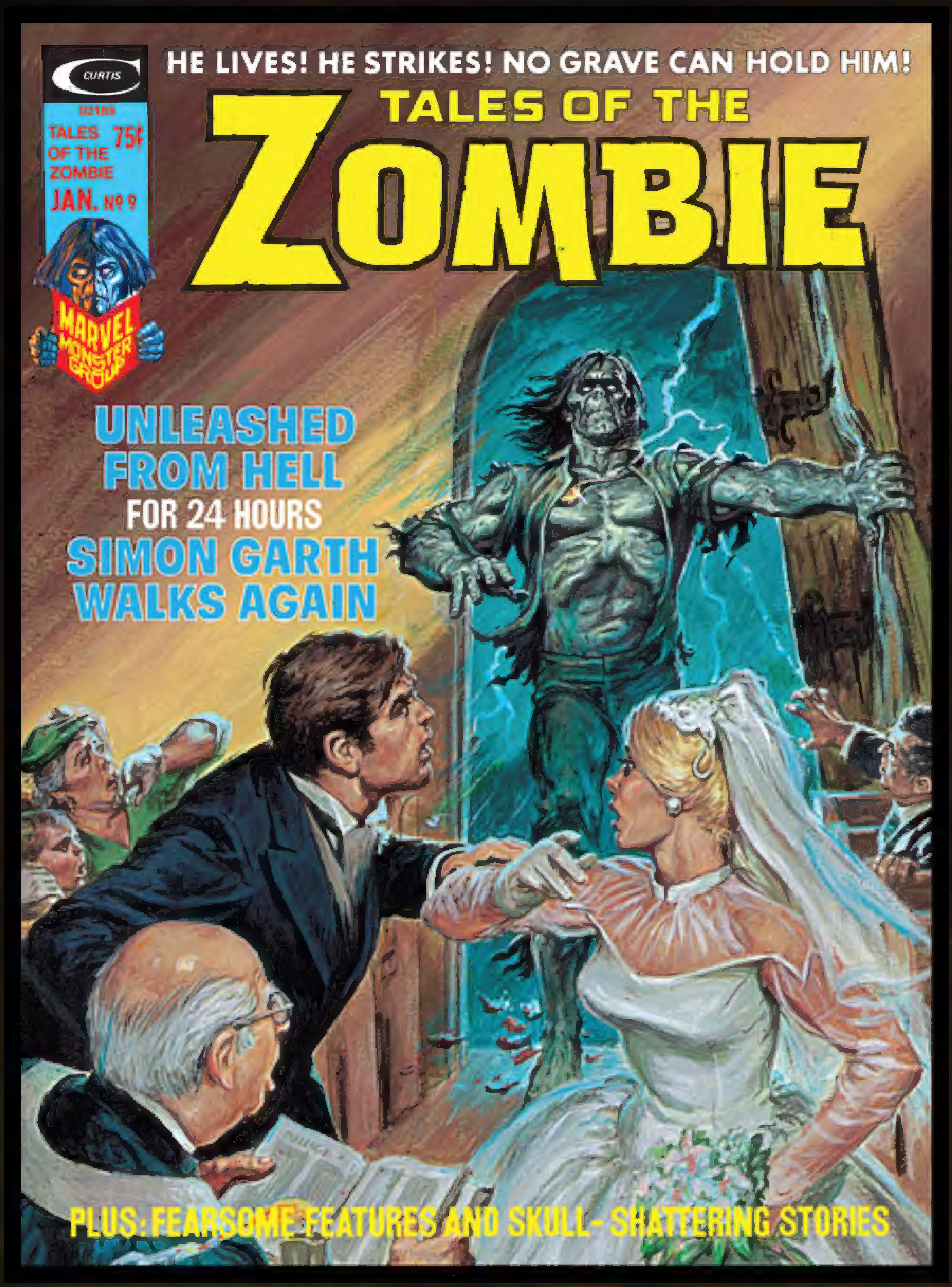
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HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
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TALES OF THE ZOMBIE 75¢
JAN. Nº 9
MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
UNLEASHED FROM HELL FOR 24 HOURS SIMON GARTH WALKS AGAIN
PLUS: FEARSOME FEATURES AND SKULL-SHATTERING STORIES

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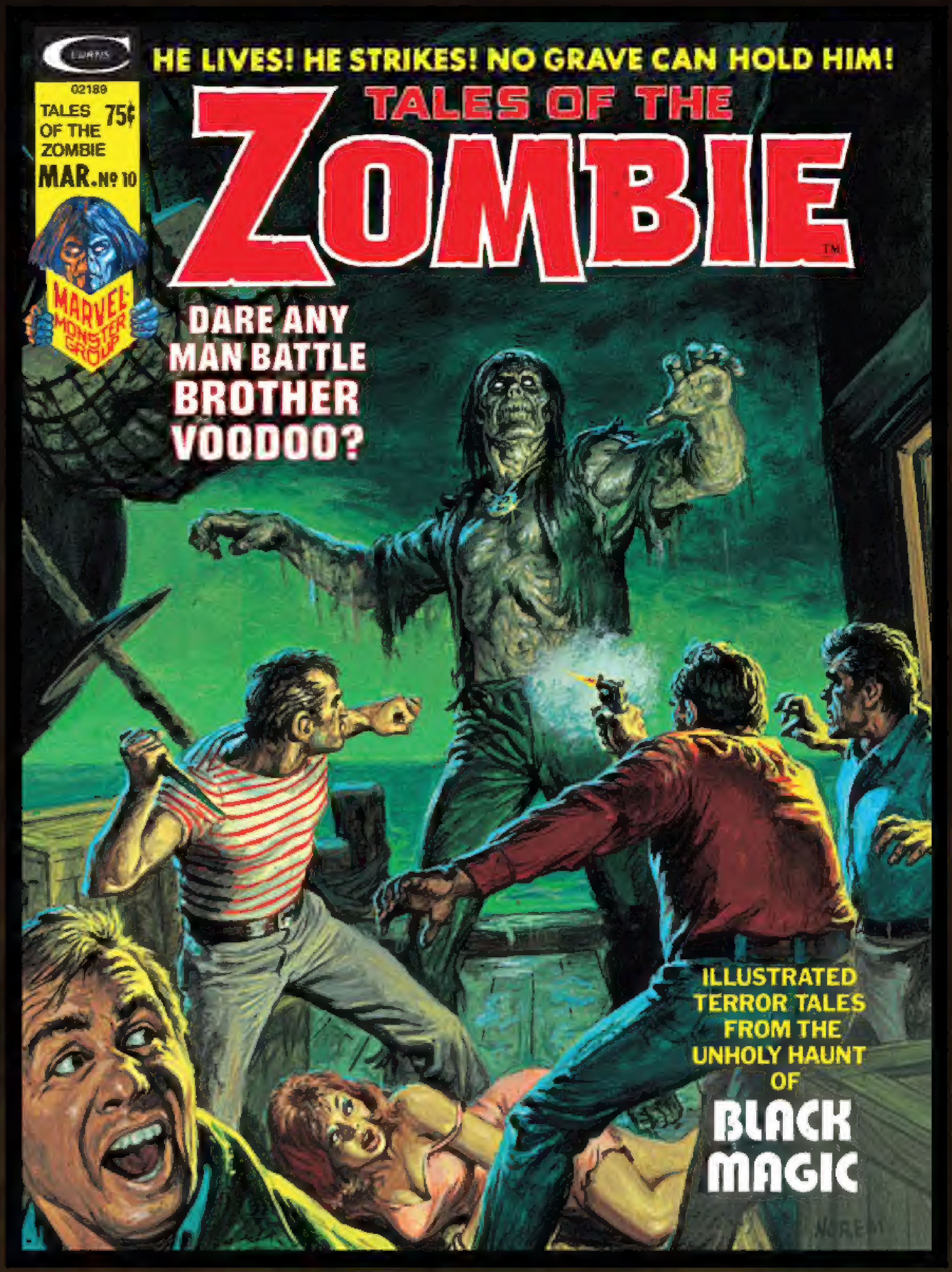
CURTIS
HE LIVES! HE STRIKES! NO GRAVE CAN HOLD HIM!
TALES OF THE
ZOMBIE
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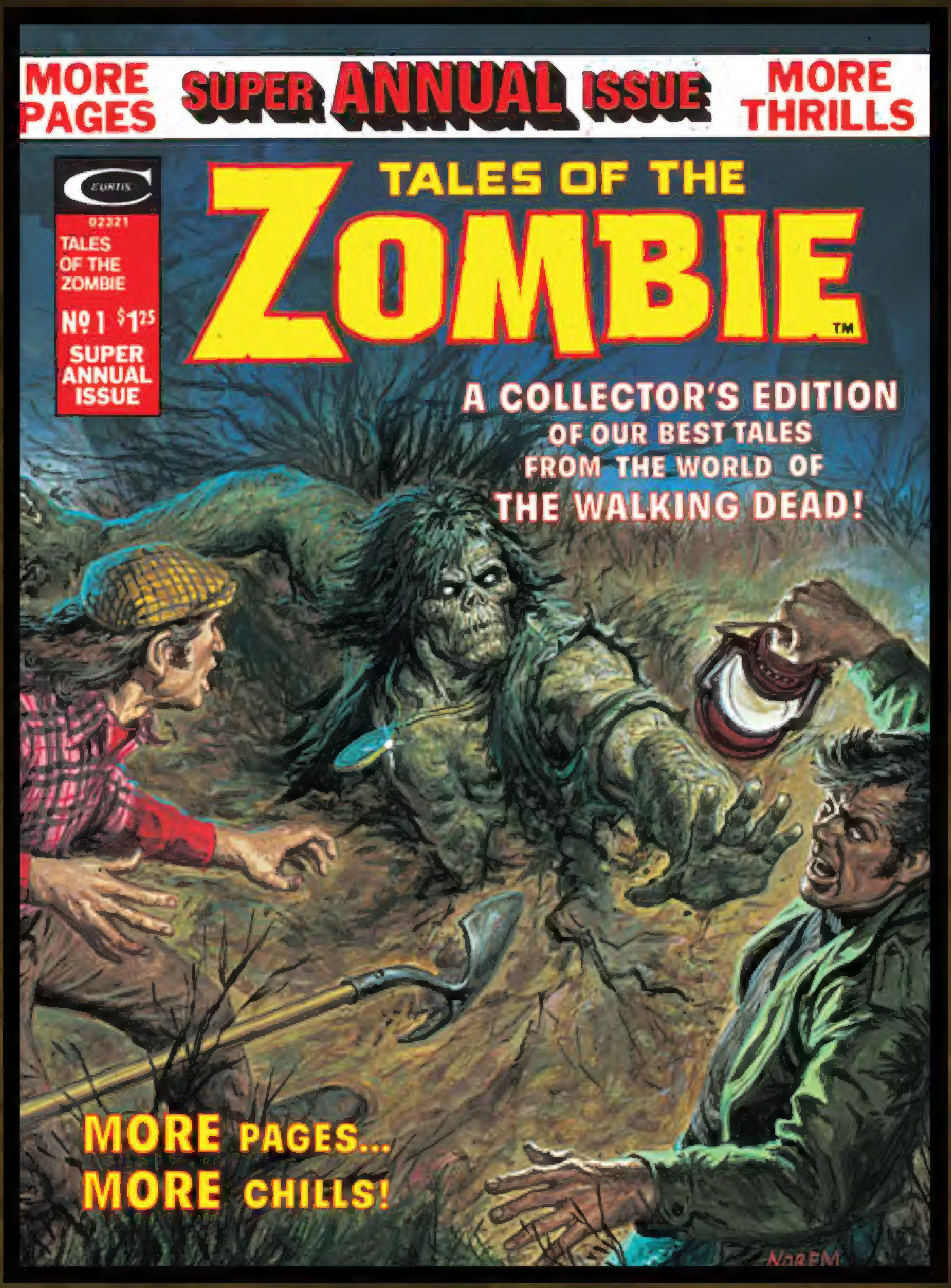
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE 75¢
MAR. Nº 10
MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
DARE ANY MAN BATTLE BROTHER VOODOO?
ILLUSTRATED TERROR TALES FROM THE UNHOLY HAUNT OF
BLACK MAGIC
NOREM

TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #10
(March 1975) Cover by Earl Norem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02321
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NOREM

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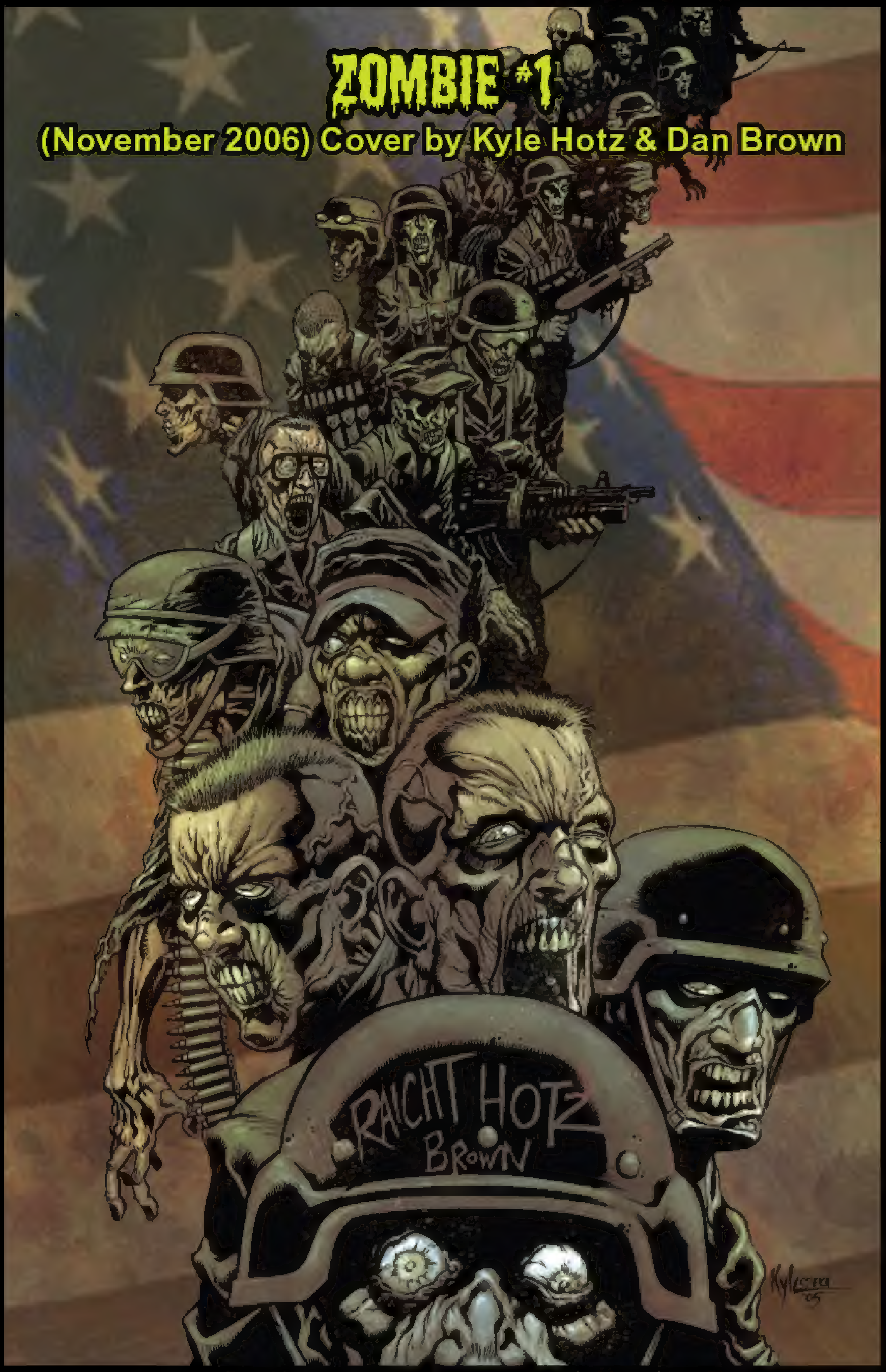

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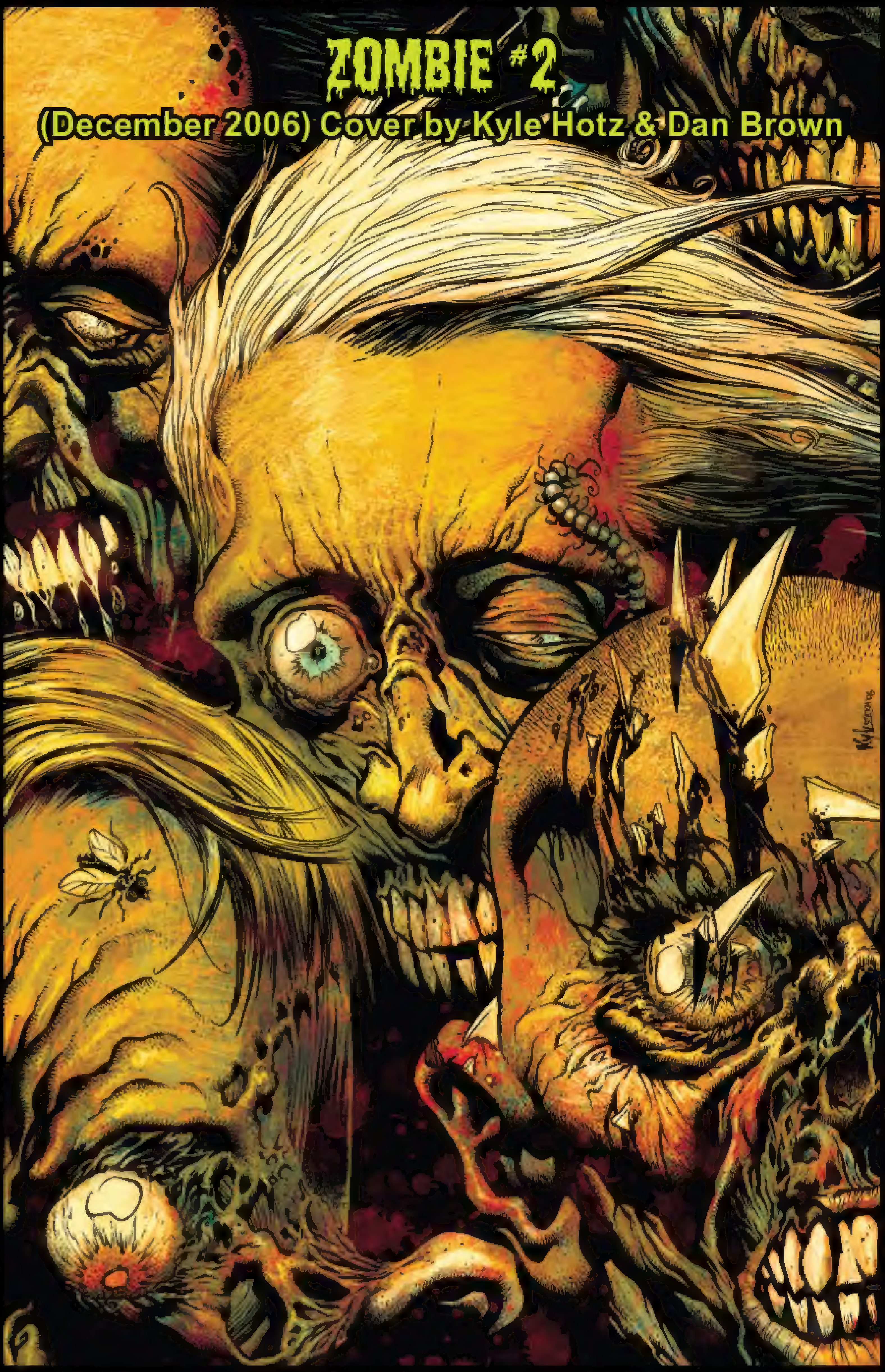

ZOMBIE #2

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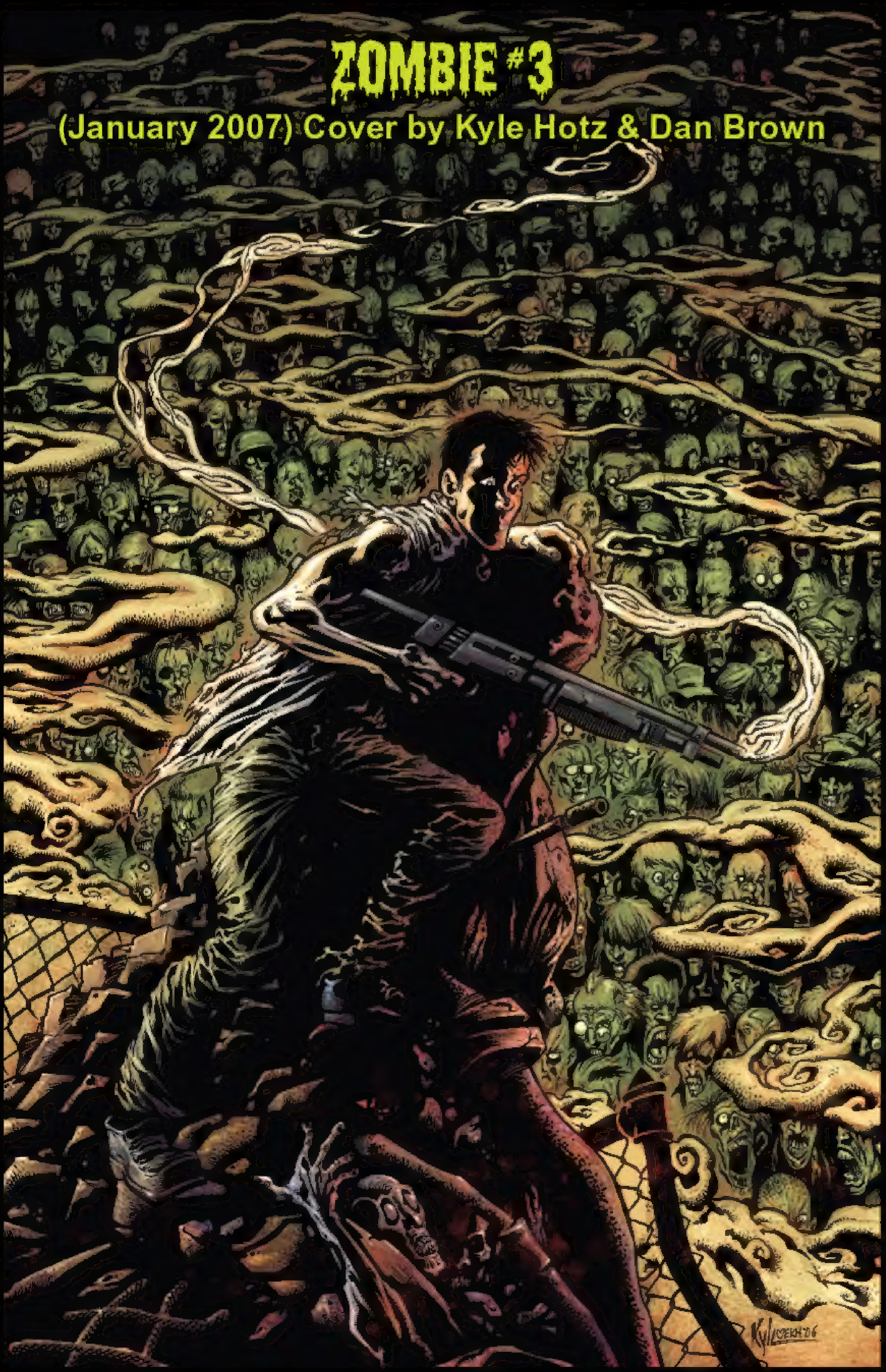

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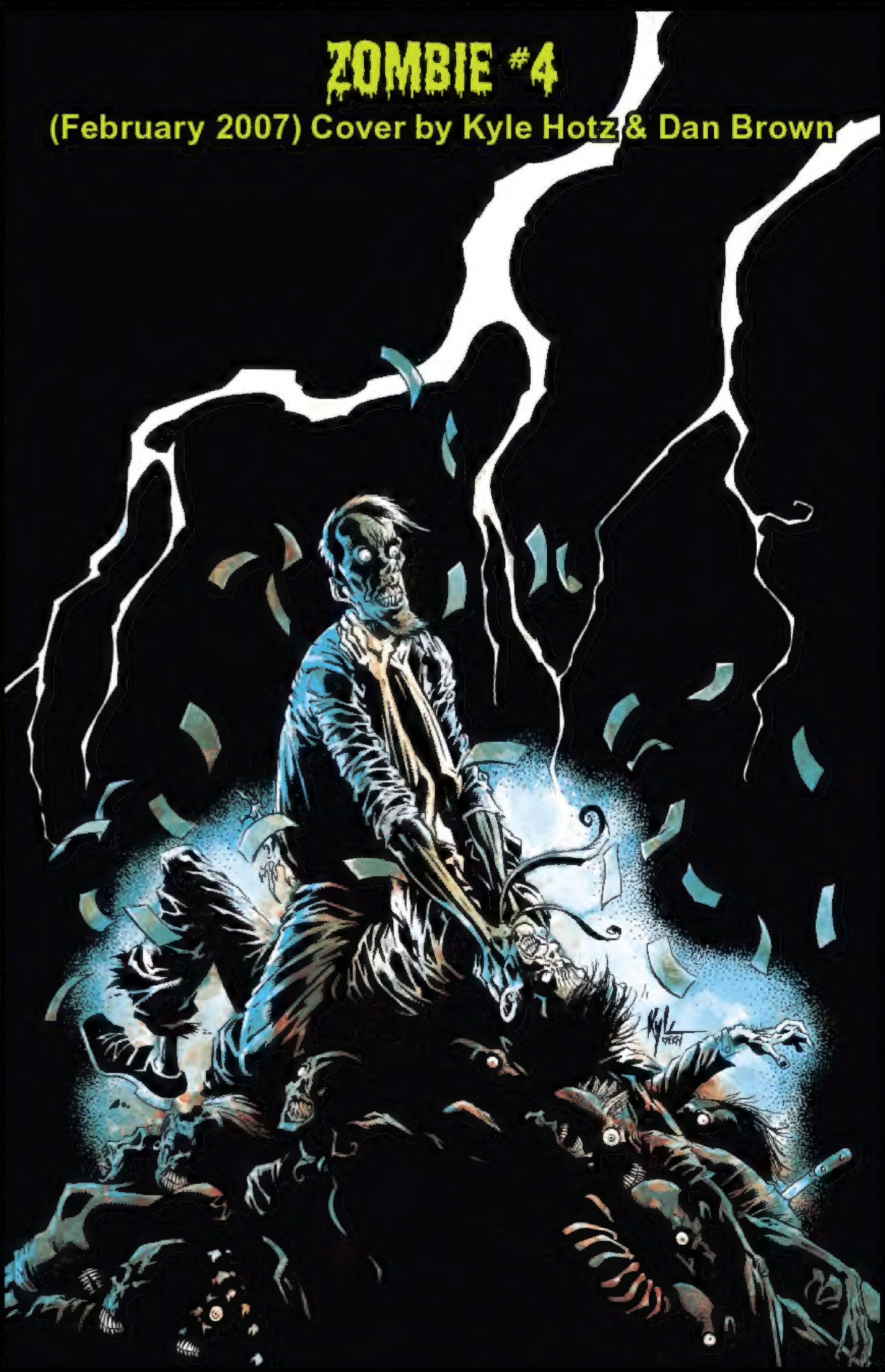

ZOMBIE #4

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THE ZOMBIE: SIMON GARTH #1

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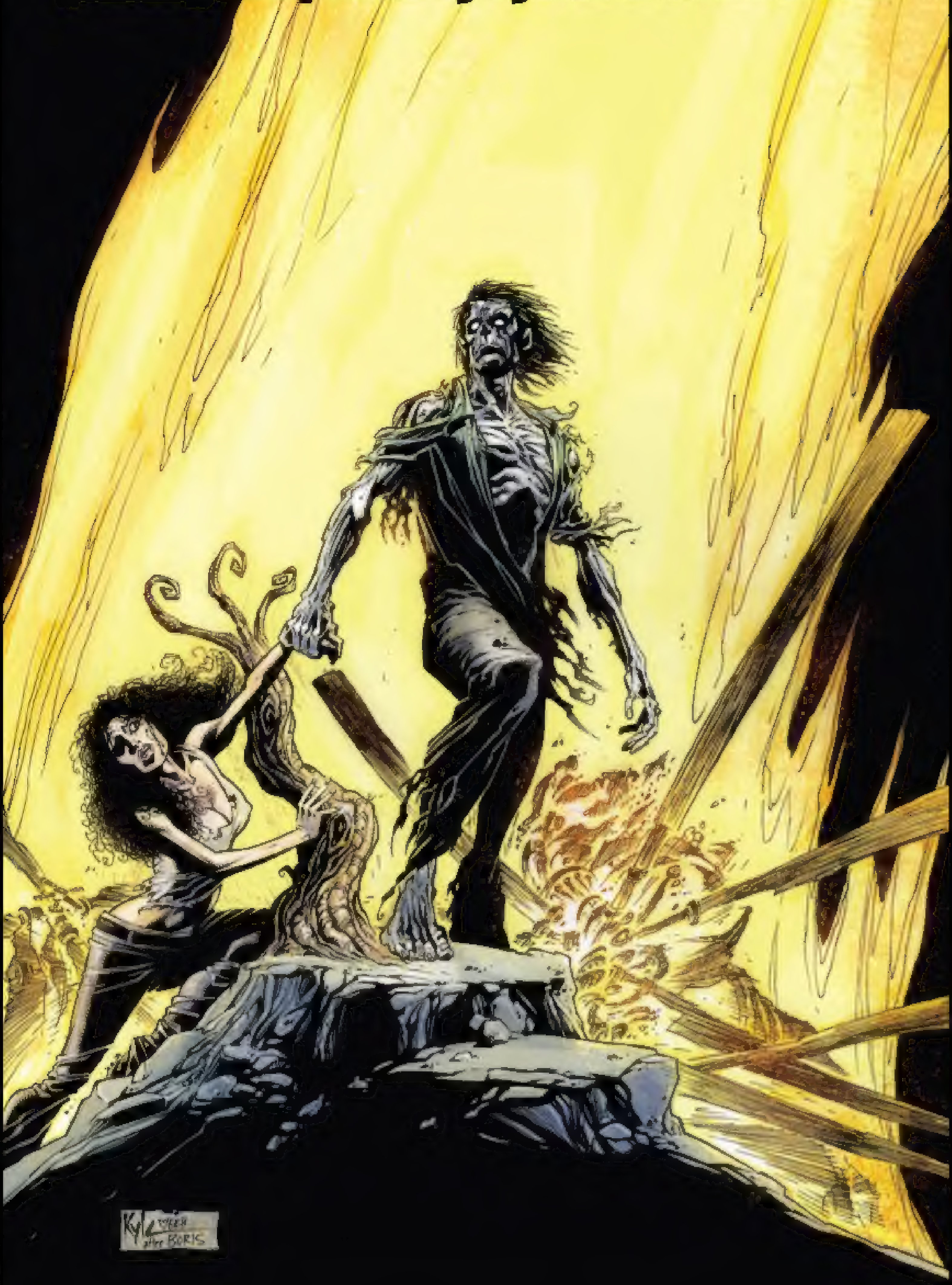

THE ZOMBIE: SIMON GARTH #2

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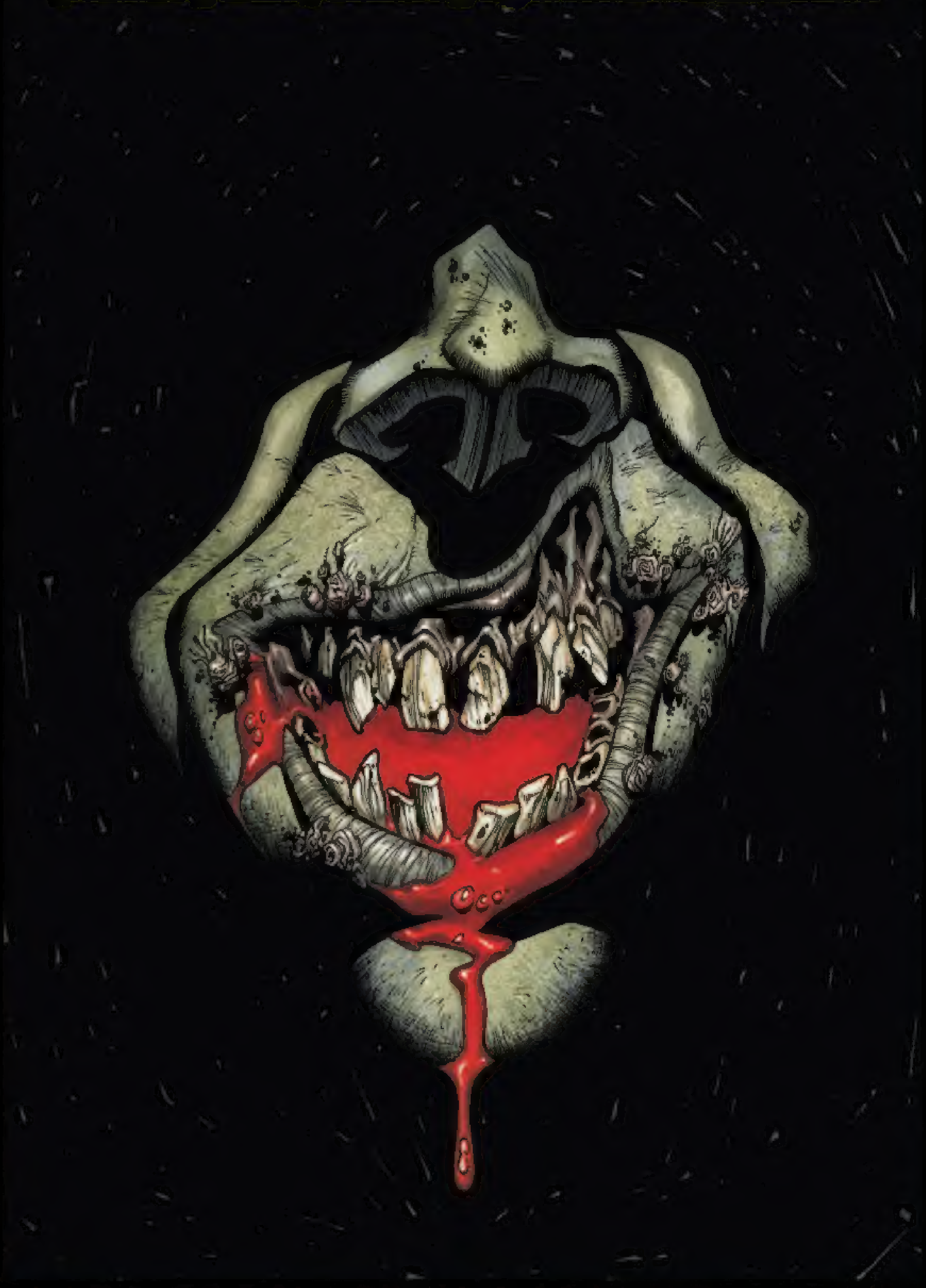
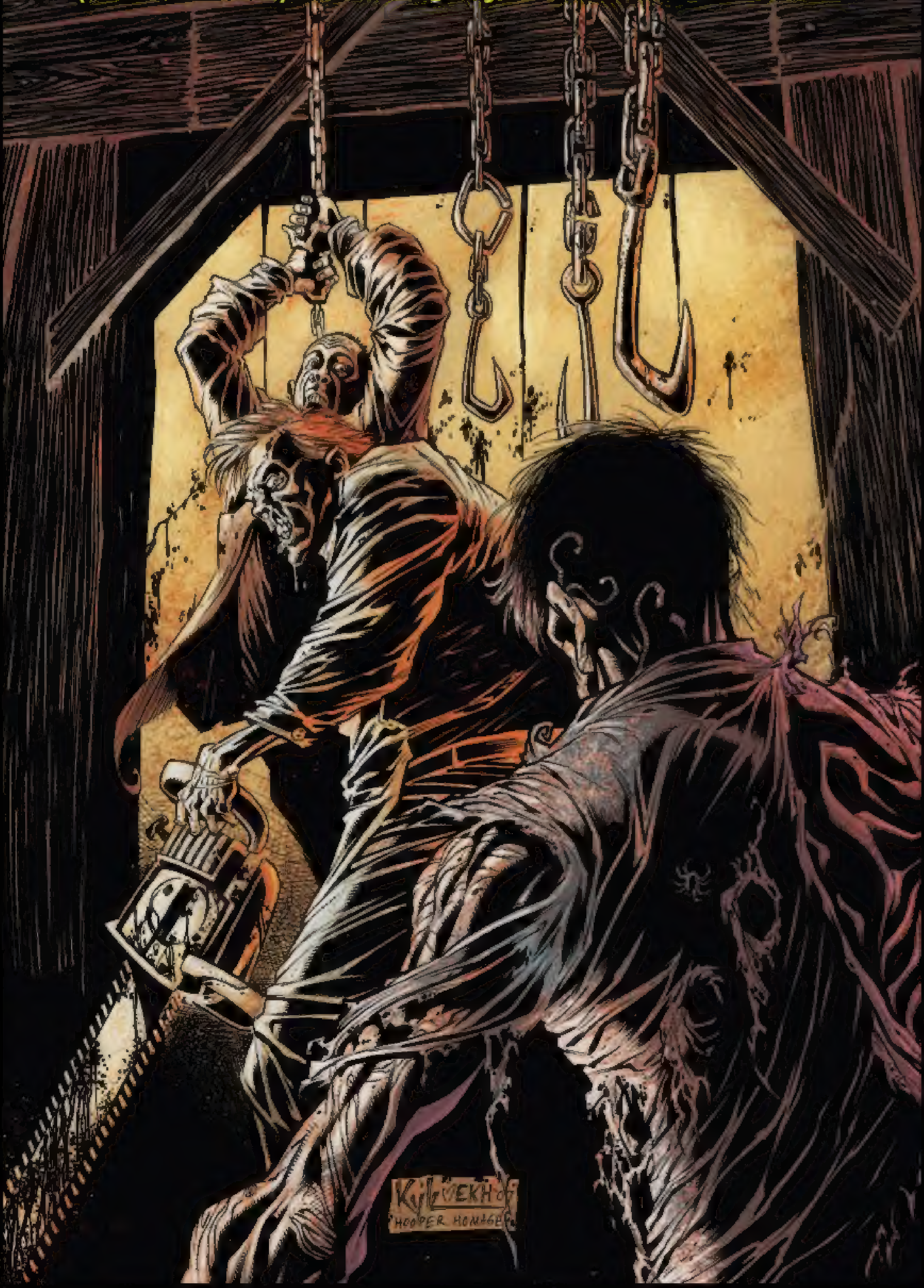


THE ZOMBIE: SIMON GARTH #3

(March 2008) Cover by Kyle Hotz & Dan Brown



THE ZOMBIE: SIMON GARTH #4

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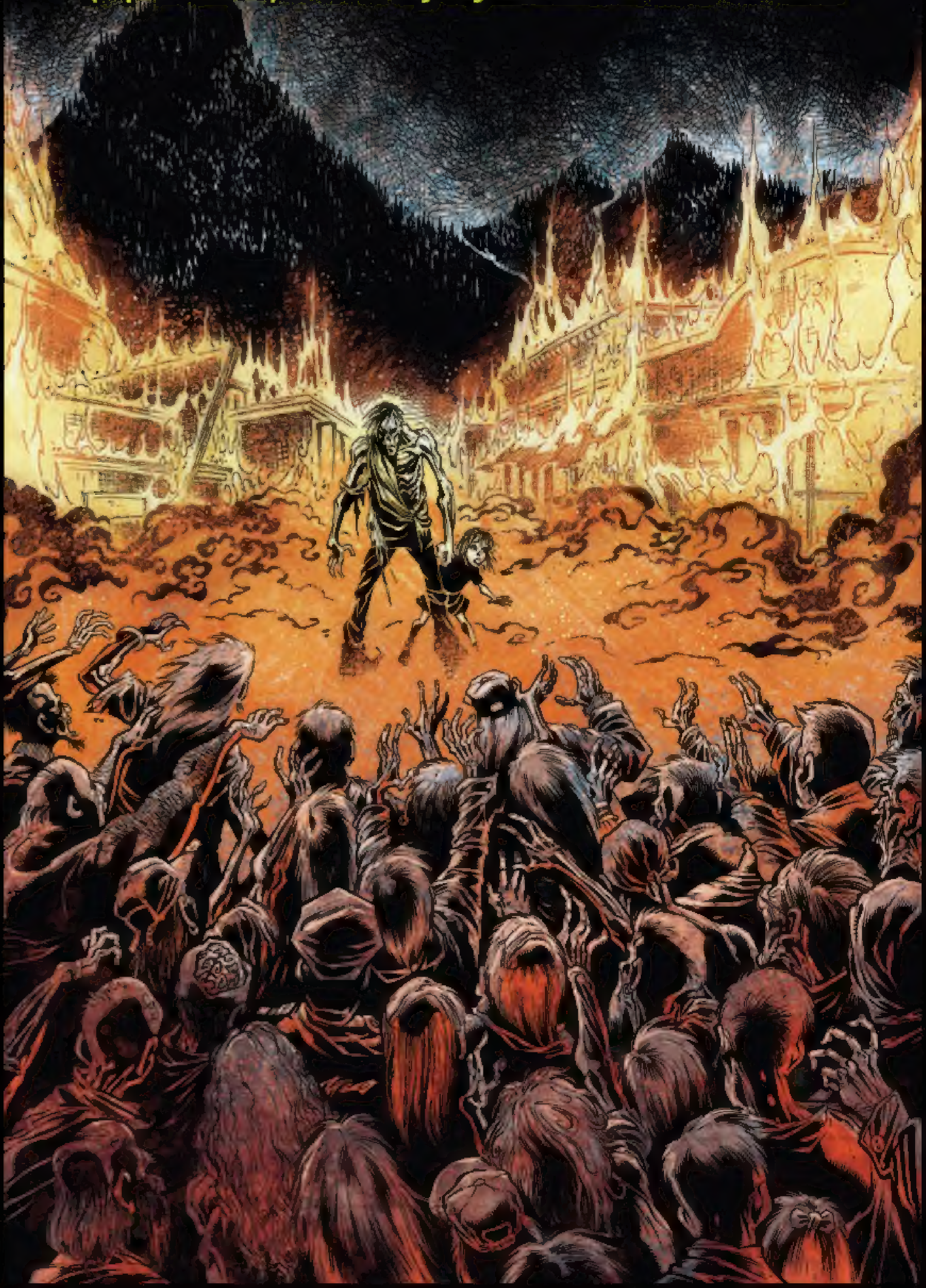

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